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OUR HERITAGE OF WORLD LITERATU

THOMPSON, STITH

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OUR
HERITAGE
OF WORLD
LITERATURE

REVISED EDITION

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INDIANA UNIVERSITY
AND
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HUNTER COLLEGE



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PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

Our Heritage of World Literature has been prepared in the belief that a certain rather definite part of the literature of the world has come to belong to our cultural inheritance. This is by no means confined to works written in English. Homer and the Bible, Æschylus and Dante, Cervantes and Molière, are as truly within our great literary tradition as are Chaucer, Milton, and Shakespeare. Indeed, a considerable number of writers in foreign tongues have had so much vitality that even under the handicap of translation they have entered into the very bloodstream of our culture. It is from such men that selections for this anthology have been chosen. On the other hand, many authors have been important in their own time or their own land but have failed to extend their influence to us. They are felt to be exotic: though they may at some time have been important to us or may be so in the future, they are not now part of our intellectual or artistic life. These men have been excluded to make more room for those really significant to us of the English-speaking world.

In preparing the revised edition of this work care has been taken to retain all the features that recommended *Our Heritage of World Literature* to teachers and students.

While retaining the basic organization of the material into national strains in roughly chronological order, the editors have rearranged some of the chapters in order to highlight certain periods. Accordingly the anthology is divided into five parts. *Part I*, following Matthew Arnold's suggestion, groups the Hellenic and Hebraic Worlds. The literature of the Orient is treated in *Part II*. The Medieval World of Saga and Romance constitutes *Part III*, and it is followed by The Renaissance and Modern Worlds, *Part IV*. The last section of the anthology, *Part V*, treats the writings of Britain and America. It is hoped that this slight reorganization will serve to clarify the structure of the whole and to trace our literary heritage in a meaningful pattern.

Some two hundred pages of new texts have been added for the purpose of ensuring more satisfactory representation for various periods and for various forms of writing. While there have been some additions to Parts I, II, and III, it is Part IV that has been most extensively amplified. The additions to this modern section bring the reader nearer to our own day, without violating the principle that all selections must be in some respect part of our literary heritage.

Wherever possible substantial selections have been provided. Though this practice has caused the omission of novels and long treatises, except where a real unit could be separated from the whole, it has permitted very generous representation of Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, the Bible, Horace, Dante, Cervantes, Villon, Montaigne, Rabelais, Voltaire, Heine, Zola, and others. Among the foreign authors represented by *complete* works are Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plautus, Molière, Racine, Balzac, Flaubert, Anatole France, Goethe, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Gogol, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, and Chekhov. By this plan, rather than by the inclusion of fragments from a multitude of lesser writers, the reader is made keenly aware of certain important men and movements and is not confused by a mass of overwhelming details.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

In order to promote the reader's understanding of the selections and relieve him of the necessity of resorting to many supplementary texts, the introductions to Book One: Literature in Translation (pages 1-984) have been revised and extended. Taken together, they constitute a brief history of comparative literature. As a further help toward the understanding of the old literatures, some appropriate essays, such as Arnold's "Hebraism and Hellenism" and his "On Celtic Literature" and Gilbert Murray's discussion of the special contribution of the Greeks, have been included.

The notes have been prepared on the assumption that the reader has available a good dictionary and knows how to use the special aids that it supplies. Helps to the understanding of literature have been given by (1) the maps in the end-papers, (2) the mythological sketches, in which at appropriate places all the essential part of Bulfinch's work appears, (3) the account of Greek philosophy, (4) the material on the Greek theater—Sheldon Cheney's "Attending a Greek Play" and the editorial interpolation of some facts about Greek staging, and (5) the introduction to poetic form.

Standard translations have been used throughout. Special attention may well be called to Nicolson's version of *The Canterbury Tales*, Banks's *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (in the original alliterative meter), and Leppar's translation of Villon's *Little Testament*. Dean Selatie E. Stout of Indiana University contributed from his exhaustive knowledge of Pliny's letters and has permitted some of his new renderings to be published here for the first time. Professors Manchester and Lancaster of Vanderbilt University have contributed selections from their translation of *La Araucana*, the first real epic to have been written in our hemisphere. In many cases the editors have chosen translations made by such notable poets as Crashaw, Byron, Shelley, Arnold, Dryden, Pope, Emerson, Longfellow, Rossetti, Morris, and others.

The entire volume has been set in the same large type-face which was used in the original edition. An effort has been made by The Dryden Press to present our literary heritage in a fitting and congenial typographical format.

Our Heritage of World Literature is constituted of Book One: Literature in Translation (pages 1-984) and Book Two: British and American Literature (pages 985-1418). For the convenience of those whose study of world literature omits writings in our own tongue, Book One: Literature in Translation has been made available in a single volume. Teachers, therefore, can select either the complete anthology or Literature in Translation only.

In preparing the revised edition the editors have not altered the section devoted to British and American writing. The introductions for Book One have been almost entirely the work of Mr. Gassner.

The editors have incurred many obligations in preparing this anthology and many people have helped with suggestions. To publishers and authors who have been good enough to grant permission for the use of copyrighted material acknowledgment is given at appropriate places.

S. T.
J. G.

May, 1942

OUR LITERARY HERITAGE

The struggle to find and to fill one's place in the amazing welter of forces in the modern world is so insistent that little time is left to consider the forces themselves. We are thrust into such a world without our will or knowledge. We enjoy good roads and schools, parks and transportation. With the slightest expenditure, we have conveniences and pleasures that wealth could not purchase in the days of our fathers. And we have burdens which have come from their misdeeds, or their bungling, or possibly from no fault of theirs—poverty, disease, and the continual threat of world catastrophes.

Such is the world we come to at birth. It is our inheritance as truly as is the fortune handed down from father to son. We cannot escape this inheritance but must make the best of it. We may improve it. We may make greatest use of its goods and strive to remedy its evils. We may leave the great estate enlarged for those who come after if only we will enter wholeheartedly into possession of what the untold ages have given us.

This heritage from the past is of many kinds. That which first impresses us is perhaps the material conquest of nature which our ancestors have accomplished and which they have handed on to us. Not to speak of the great recent developments whereby time and space and drudgery and disease are conquered—railways, steam power, electricity, immunity—we are likewise heirs of the man who first learned to plow, to thresh, to sail a ship, to mine and work in iron. To only the slightest degree can we call our present physical comforts our own work. They come to us from the past.

The greatest inheritance we enter into from those who have gone before us, however, is not these physical comforts. For thousands of years our ancestors have been thinking and feeling and have gradually built up a great tradition of the finest of these thoughts and emotions. They have evolved great religious systems. They have worked out political and philosophical principles. They have sung and played on instruments and have left us a great heritage of music. They have striven to catch beauty of form and color and have slowly learned the secret of sculpture and painting. They have told tales and chanted poems and through long centuries have recorded for us their thoughts and feelings. They have, also, through all these means and many others, established agelong mental and emotional habits. All these activities and tendencies together we call a people's culture.

We are all born into some type of cultural surroundings. As children we think and feel as our parents do and usually as our community does. We are little Americans or Englishmen or Russians. Thousands of years of tradition have gone to make us what we are. Such general patterns of thought and feeling come to us unconsciously. They are the very air we breathe as children.

But there are other parts of our culture—in many ways the most precious parts—which we may never come to possess. We have inherited them, but they are like a fortune which is held in trust till the heir is able to spend it profitably. Such is true of music, of art, of literature. Bach and Beethoven and Wagner may be had for the asking, but the full possession of their marvelous gift to us comes only as we ourselves grow in appreciation and understanding. Watch any true music lover and see how the greatest music becomes a lasting passion that grows always stronger and adds a beauty to all his days. It is the same with great art. At first the taste may be

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for the garish, the sensational, or the tawdry, but with time and loving study, one comes to know his values and to be satisfied only with the best. And when this happens, one has truly entered into his inheritance and his life has been made rich.

It is literature that needs most of all to be made one's own if one is ever to possess it. Symphonies may come to us over the radio and great statues and pictures may surround us or look down at us daily. They may gradually and imperceptibly influence us until we come to cherish them. But books are on shelves and between covers, and unless they are taken from the shelves and the covers are opened and the words read and understood, they are lifeless. When one approaches them, however, with good intelligence and sympathetic feeling, they may well be the most valuable inheritance that has come from the past.

"A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit," wrote one of the greatest of these masters. As I see this inscription facing me each day over the portal of my own university library, I think of the hundreds of thousands of books ranged in the long rows of stacks inside. After all, it is only the great book that Milton meant, and most books are not great. They give information, or facts, or pile up records. But on those same shelves are, nevertheless, many books of many kinds that are truly great. They give to us the very best in thought or imagination or observation or emotion that the greatest spirits of the past have left us. They have enriched the lives of readers for many generations.

Happy is the man who truly comes under the spell of great books. His enjoyment continually increases. Each time he makes real contact with a masterpiece, his capacity for appreciation grows. His thought, usually sluggish, may be stirred by one of the world's thinkers and he thrills to see light appearing in many a region that was dark before. Such an experience leads him to long for its repetition, and soon a passion for clear thinking brings him to seek the guidance of others and still others. Or he may have been seeing the earth with half-closed eyes, little aware of its wealth of shapes and colors, and of its interesting beasts and men. And then for a little, with the aid of a book, he sees all with new eyes. What was dull and commonplace is now filled with wonder and fascination. Other writers will carry him with them because of their exuberant imagination or their power to understand or express emotions, or their habit of seeing the humor of life. When once a man has learned the joy of such companionship, he seeks it more and more. Life becomes too short for its full enjoyment.

Even in the hurry of the modern world, the great books have never lost their power. With Homer we may still give overselves up to the glory of adventure and noble achievement in a heroic world. We may go with Herodotus and see Egypt of twenty-five centuries ago. We may explore the depths of human tragedy with Sophocles or Shakespeare. We may join Plato and Socrates and discuss the great problems of life and death, of right and wrong, of the soul and the after life. With Theocritus we may make an afternoon call and attend a great festival in Alexandria and marvel how little change twenty-two centuries have wrought in our manners and actions. We may stand with Ruth amid the alien corn or wonder at the dignity and profound beauty of scripture, hallowed as it has been by a thousand sacred associations. We may give ourselves up to the witchery of Deirdre and luxuriate in its imaginative richness. Chaucer and Don Quixote and Milton and Emerson, and a hundred others, need only to be taken from the shelves and read. There they stand, those silent books, waiting. They are our literary heritage. Shall we not go and take possession, like heirs who have come of age?

S. T.

BOOK ONE

LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

Those of us who use the English language have a vast inheritance. It comes to us not only from the literature of two great nations, the British Empire and the United States, but from many races and nations of the globe. The internationalism of culture has nowhere been exemplified so fully as in our assimilation of nearly three thousand years of civilization from the banks of the Nile to the shores of China, from sunny Sicily and Athens to the arctic regions of Iceland. This became our own gradually, through translation and through absorption by British and American writers.

Time, the mighty winnower, has eliminated a great deal that was written in our own and other languages. Much that was accounted superb before the age of printing, was lost by flood, fire, and the ravages of conquest and fanaticism. Thus only a small portion of the work of Homer's predecessors, and of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Menander has come down to our generation. Time has also leveled many reputations that had once been exaggerated by the special tastes or needs of different periods. Remote sectors of the world like India and the Far East have fostered some literature that has not been found directly assimilable because of its dependence upon esoteric mythologies and philosophies. The productions of small and distant countries separated from us by long-enduring linguistic barriers also have failed to become a part of our heritage, while other nations attained

maturity or distinctness too late to exert a literary influence on us.

However, no important literary culture has been wholly withheld from us. Even exotic writings, unassimilable for the average reader, have permeated the body of English letters through the interest of writers and thinkers whose own work has been widely read by us. Many of us who would find it hard to respond to Hindu mystical literature have made informal contact with it through Sir Edwin Arnold, Emerson, Schopenhauer, and Yeats. The strongest link between different national literatures is our basic humanity. Adventure, physical struggle between man and man, or man and nature, spiritual gropings, and the elemental virtues of courage, generosity, kindliness, and love speak a common language. The words of the Roman playwright Terence, "*Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto*"—I am a man and nothing human can be alien to me—sum up the relation of literature to life; and it is life that is the international language of the world's literature. British writers, moreover, have been mighty translators, with the result that many foreign classics have become English classics.

How this heritage became our property is told by nearly sixteen centuries of history. The process started with the dawn of Anglo-Saxon civilization, when the material of *Beowulf* was brought to England by its Teutonic conquerors. By the end of the sixth century, with the conversion of the

country to Christianity, we were also beginning to receive portions of Hebrew literature. The English people acquired a rapidly increasing number of Anglo-Saxon redactions of biblical episodes, as well as a good deal of the theological and legendary matter from the early Christian Church. By the end of the ninth century, during the civilizing reign of Alfred the Great in Wessex, we were already also adding to our stock some Latin literature through translations of the late Roman philosopher Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy* and *The Universal History* of Orosius. French verse forms established themselves in England along with the Norman barons who came in the wake of William the Conqueror's triumph in 1066; and French romance, itself based on Celtic legend, found a new homeland in England. By the middle of the fourteenth century, the early renaissance of Dante's and Boccaccio's Italy began to filter through in the work of Chaucer and his contemporaries, and the full-blown renaissance of the succeeding centuries became English property in the sixteenth century.

It was at this time, too, that such ancient classics as Homer and Plutarch, the English Bible, Rabelais and Montaigne, were added to our literary store. Then in the seventeenth century, largely through contact between the French and the exiled English courts, French neo-classicism was brought to our shores, and Molière became a valuable acquisition. In the eighteenth century, as the British empire began to spread over the Orient, our ancestors fell under the spell of the *Arabian Nights* and the glamorous Moslem world, and became interested in the Sanskrit literature of India. At this time they also discovered the long-neglected writings of the Anglo-Saxon period, along with the lays and sagas of Scandinavia and Iceland. Finally, the eighteenth century gave us the masters of the French Enlightenment, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and others.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the English-speaking world made the acquaintance of Goethe and other German romanticists. Then, as our knowledge of the East was enlarged, a variety of exotic literatures entered our consciousness. Chinese, Persian, and Japanese, as well as more Hindu, masterpieces became known to us. Egyptology recovered specimens of one of the world's oldest cultures; and our growing knowledge of Celtic literature culminated in the popularization of Gaelic poetry and legend by the Irish nationalist movement. Toward the end of the century, con-

tinued familiarity with French culture and contact with hitherto remote Russia brought us such masters of realistic fiction as Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola, Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoyevsky. About this time, too, Scandinavia contributed Ibsen's realistic plays to the English theater. Since that time, many other foreign works have enjoyed vogues, although it is too early to say whether they will endure as a vital part of our literary culture. Personal taste alone will dictate any predictions one may venture on this score. All that can be said is that some writers, most notably Marcel Proust and Thomas Mann, have already made strong bids for inclusion in our heritage with one or more of their works.

The present collection of *Literature in Translation* brings together some of the greatest of the writings that have come into our heritage. They were produced in many different times and places, but they were so filled with life that they have transcended geographical and linguistic boundaries. They have kept their power in a new and different world than that in which they were created, and they have been sufficiently rich and rewarding to survive even the inevitable reduction they have had to suffer, in many instances, by translation.

Each of the foreign literatures that have contributed masterpieces to us has added something significant, whose loss would leave us poorer. We cannot fail to see how distinctly the Hebrew and Greek classics left their mark on all that we think and feel, as well as on all that we create in our own tongue. Indeed, as Matthew Arnold noted, they have dominated all that is fundamental in our culture. Much that is most pleasantly fanciful in our reading has come to us, as Arnold also observed, directly and indirectly from the Celtic world. We have shared in the courtesy and the wit and clear thinking of the French, and in the brilliant narrative skill of the Italians, as well as in the florid imagination of the Arabian story-tellers and the mysticism of the Hindu sages. We have enjoyed the romanticism of the German, the penetrating social analysis of the Norwegian, the sympathetic realism of the Russian. And other lands have bestowed their characteristic gifts. From them all we have received much sustenance and strength. It remains only to be added that to those nations that could avail themselves of the privilege we made generous payment in kind, for the literature that contains the writings of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens, Whitman, and many other masters has had currency enough to pay all debts.

INTRODUCTION TO PART ONE

HELLENIC AND HEBRAIC WORLDS

Our heritages from the Hellenic world of Greece and Rome and from the Hebraic world of Palestine have usually appeared to be in conflict with each other, but have just as often appeared in some form of synthesis. Because of their importance, their seeming conflict, and the balance which they can provide (and have provided) when taken together, the masterpieces of classic and Hebraic literature are collected in this book into a single division. Together they form the foundation of our culture and of its literary expression.

The moral fervor of the Hebrews, along with their sense of social justice and of divine retribution for evil, may be traced through the greater part of our literature. One cannot read Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Dickens, and Carlyle, not to mention numerous minor writers, without realizing this. With it, however, most important writers have combined the love of beauty, awareness of form, and enjoyment of natural gratifications which we associate with Greece.

It was the noble and penetrating English critic Matthew Arnold who succeeded in defining most sharply the respective merits and shortcomings of our dual heritage, in pointing out their clash of principles, and emphasizing the importance of finding the proper balance between them. In the light of modern research, it is possible to qualify Arnold's distinctions somewhat. Neither Hellenism nor Hebraism was a full-grown and static concept; actually, they both grew up slowly and naturally in relation to historical circumstances, and they did not for long follow any single path undiverted by influences from without and impulses from within. The Greeks were by no means consistently beauty-loving and joy-seeking pagans; the ancient Hebrews were not always conscience-burdened puritans—as *The Song of Songs* alone would attest. Examples of puritanism, suppression of individualism and of free thought, moral fervor, consciousness of sin, and of the necessity of purification through mystic rites can be adduced from the his-

tory of Greece. At a late stage Hebrew literature was veering toward a Hellenistic skepticism, and Greek philosophical literature toward Hebraic moralism and oriental mysticism.

Nevertheless, we find that only the features

singled out by Arnold impressed themselves upon the consciousness of the English-speaking peoples, and to this extent his essay, herewith reprinted, correctly analyzes the two pivots around which they and their literature have revolved.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Hebraism and Hellenism

Both Hellenism and Hebraism arise out of the wants of human nature, and address themselves to satisfying those wants. But their methods are so different, they lay stress on such different points, and call into being by their respective disciplines such different activities, that the face which human nature presents when it passes from the hands of one of them to those of the other, is no longer the same. To get rid of one's ignorance, to see things as they are, and by seeing them as they are to see them in their beauty, is the simple and attractive ideal which Hellenism holds out before human nature; and from the simplicity and charm of this ideal, Hellenism, and human life in the hands of Hellenism, is invested with a kind of aerial ease, clearness, and radiancy; they are full of what we call sweetness and light. Difficulties are kept out of view, and the beauty and rationalness of the ideal have all our thoughts. "The best man is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he *is* perfecting himself,"—this account of the matter by Socrates, the true Socrates of the *Memorabilia*,¹ has something so simple, spontaneous, and unsophisticated about it, that it seems to fill us with clearness and hope when we hear it. But there is a saying which I have heard attributed to Mr. Carlyle about Socrates—a very happy saying, whether it is really Mr. Carlyle's or not—which excellently marks the essential point in which Hebraism differs from Hellenism. "Socrates," this saying goes, "is terribly *at ease* in Zion." Hebraism—and here is the source of its wonderful strength—has always been severely preoccupied with an awful sense of the impossibility

of being at ease in Zion; of the difficulties which oppose themselves to man's pursuit or attainment of that perfection of which Socrates talks so hopefully and, as from this point of view one might almost say, so glibly. It is all very well to talk of getting rid of one's ignorance, of seeing things in their reality, seeing them in their beauty; but how is this to be done when there is something which thwarts and spoils all our efforts?

This something is sin; and the space which sin fills in Hebraism, as compared with Hellenism, is indeed prodigious. This obstacle to perfection fills the whole scene, and perfection appears remote and rising away from earth, in the background. Under the name of sin, the difficulties of knowing oneself and conquering oneself which impede man's passage to perfection, become, for Hebraism, a positive, active entity hostile to man, a mysterious power which I heard Dr. Pusey the other day, in one of his impressive sermons, compare to a hideous hunchback seated on our shoulders, and which it is the main business of our lives to hate and oppose. The discipline of the Old Testament may be summed up as a discipline teaching us to abhor and flee from sin; the discipline of the New Testament, as a discipline teaching us to die to it. As Hellenism speaks of thinking clearly, seeing things in their essence and beauty, as a grand and precious feat for man to achieve, so Hebraism speaks of becoming conscious of sin, of awakening to a sense of sin, as a feat of this kind. It is obvious to what wide divergence these differing tendencies, actively followed, must lead. As one passes and repasses from Hellenism to Hebraism, from

Hebraism and Hellenism. In this long essay Matthew Arnold has been discussing the contribution of the Greek world (Hellenism) and the Jewish. This English essayist and poet (1822-1888) is also represented in this anthology. See page 1156 for some facts concerning his life and works.

¹ Socrates as presented in Xenophon's *Memorabilia of Socrates*.

Plato to St. Paul, one feels inclined to rub one's eyes and ask oneself whether man is indeed a gentle and simple being, showing the traces of a noble and divine nature; or an unhappy chained captive, laboring with groanings that cannot be uttered to free himself from the body of this death.

Apparently it was the Hellenic conception of human nature which was unsound, for the world could not live by it. Absolutely to call it unsound, however, is to fall into the common error of its Hebraizing enemies; but it was unsound at that particular moment of man's development, it was premature. The indispensable basis of conduct and self-control, the platform upon which alone the perfection aimed at by Greece can come into bloom, was not to be reached by our race so easily; centuries of probation and discipline were needed to bring us to it. Therefore the bright promise of Hellenism faded, and Hebraism ruled the world. Then was seen that astonishing spectacle, so well marked by the often-quoted words of the prophet Zechariah, when men of all languages and nations took hold of the skirt of him that was a Jew, saying:—"We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you." And the Hebraism which thus received and ruled a world all gone out of the way and altogether become unprofitable, was, and could not but be, the later, the more spiritual, the more attractive development of Hebraism. It was Christianity; that is to say, Hebraism aiming at self-conquest and rescue from the thrall of vile affections, not by obedience to the letter of a law, but by conformity to the image of a self-sacrificing example. To a world stricken with moral enervation Christianity offered its spectacle of an inspired self-sacrifice; to men who refused themselves nothing, it showed one who refused himself everything;—"my Saviour banished joy!" says George Herbert. When the *alma Venus*, the life-giving and joy-giving power of nature, so fondly cherished by the Pagan world, could not save her followers from self-dissatisfaction and ennui, the severe words of the apostle came bracingly and refreshingly: "Let no man deceive you with vain words, for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." Through age after age and generation after generation, our race, or all that part of our race which was most living and progressive, was *baptized into a death*; and endeavored, by suffering in the flesh, to cease from sin. Of this endeavor, the animating labors and afflictions of early Christianity, the touching asceticism of mediæval Christianity, are

the great historical manifestations. Literary monuments of it, each in its own way incomparable, remain in the *Epistles* of St. Paul, in St. Augustine's *Confessions*, and in the two original and simplest books of the *Imitation*.

Of two disciplines laying their main stress, the one, on clear intelligence, the other, on firm obedience; the one, on comprehensively knowing the ground of one's duty, the other, on diligently practicing it; the one, on taking all possible care (to use Bishop Wilson's words again) that the light we have be not darkness, the other, that according to the best light we have we diligently walk,—the priority naturally belongs to that discipline which braces all man's moral powers, and founds for him an indispensable basis of character. And, therefore, it is justly said of the Jewish people, who were charged with setting powerfully forth that side of the divine order to which the words *conscience* and *self-conquest* point, that they were "entrusted with the oracles of God"; as it is justly said of Christianity, which followed Judaism and which set forth this side with a much deeper effectiveness and a much wider influence, that the wisdom of the old Pagan world was foolishness compared to it. No words of devotion and admiration can be too strong to render thanks to these beneficent forces which have so borne forward humanity in its appointed work of coming to the knowledge and possession of itself; above all, in those great moments when their action was the wholesomest and the most necessary.

But the evolution of these forces, separately and in themselves, is not the whole evolution of humanity,—their single history is not the whole history of man; whereas their admirers are always apt to make it stand for the whole history. Hebraism and Hellenism are, neither of them, the *law* of human development, as their admirers are prone to make them; they are, each of them, contributions to human development,—august contributions, invaluable contributions; and each showing itself to us more august, more invaluable, more preponderant over the other, according to the moment in which we take them, and the relation in which we stand to them. The nations of our modern world, children of that immense and salutary movement which broke up the Pagan world, inevitably stand to Hellenism in a relation which dwarfs it, and to Hebraism in a relation which magnifies it. They are inevitably prone to take Hebraism as the law of human development, and not as simply a contribution to it, however precious.

INTRODUCTION TO PART ONE

And yet the lesson must perforce be learned, that the human spirit is wider than the most priceless of the forces which bear it onward, and that to the whole development of man Hebraism itself is, like Hellenism, but a contribution.

Perhaps we may help ourselves to see this clearer by an illustration drawn from the treatment of a single great idea which has profoundly engaged the human spirit, and has given it eminent opportunities for showing its nobleness and energy. It surely must be perceived that the idea of immortality, as this idea rises in its generality before the human spirit, is something grander, truer, and more satisfying than it is in the particular forms by which St. Paul, in the famous fifteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians, and Plato, in the *Phædo*, endeavor to develop and establish it. Surely we cannot but feel that the argumentation with which the Hebrew apostle goes about to expound this great idea is, after all, confused and inconclusive; and that the reasoning, drawn from analogies of likeness and equality, which is employed upon it by the Greek philosopher, is over-subtle and sterile. Above and beyond the inadequate solutions which Hebraism and Hellenism here attempt, extends the immense and august problem itself, and the human spirit which gave birth to it. And this single illustration may suggest to us how the same thing happens in other cases also.

But meanwhile, by alternations of Hebraism and Hellenism, of a man's intellectual and moral impulses, of the effort to see things as they really are, and the effort to win peace by self-conquest, the human spirit proceeds; and each of these two forces has its appointed hours of culmination and seasons of rule. As the great movement of Christianity was a triumph of Hebraism and man's moral impulses, so the great movement which goes by the name of the Renaissance was an uprising and reinstatement of man's intellectual impulses and of Hellenism. We in England, the devoted children of Protestantism, chiefly know the Renaissance by its subordinate and secondary side of the Reformation. The Reformation has been often called a Hebraizing revival, a return to the ardor and sincereness of primitive Christianity. No one, however, can study the development of Protestantism and of Protestant churches without feeling that into the Reformation, too,—Hebraizing child of the Renaissance and offspring of its fervor, rather than its intelligence, as it undoubtedly was,—the subtle Hellenic leaven of the Renaissance found its way, and that the exact respective parts,

in the Reformation, of Hebraism and of Hellenism, are not easy to separate. But what we may with truth say is, that all which Protestantism was to itself clearly conscious of, all which it succeeded in clearly setting forth in words, had the characters of Hebraism rather than of Hellenism. The Reformation was strong, in that it was an earnest return to the Bible and to doing from the heart the will of God as there written. It was weak, in that it never consciously grasped or applied the central idea of the Renaissance,—the Hellenic idea of pursuing, in all lines of activity, the law and science, to use Plato's words, of things as they really are. Whatever direct superiority, therefore, Protestantism had over Catholicism was a moral superiority, a superiority arising out of its greater sincerity and earnestness,—at the moment of its apparition at any rate,—in dealing with the heart and conscience. Its pretensions to an intellectual superiority are in general quite illusory. For Hellenism, for the thinking side in man as distinguished from the acting side, the attitude of mind of Protestantism towards the Bible in no respect differs from the attitude of mind of Catholicism towards the Church. The mental habit of him who imagines that Balaam's ass spoke, in no respect differs from the mental habit of him who imagines that a Madonna of wood or stone winked; and the one, who says that God's Church makes him believe what he believes, and the other, who says that God's Word makes him believe what he believes, are for the philosopher perfectly alike in not really and truly knowing, when they say *God's Church* and *God's Word*, what it is they say, or whereof they affirm.

In the sixteenth century, therefore, Hellenism re-entered the world, and again stood in presence of Hebraism,—a Hebraism renewed and purged. Now, it has not been enough observed, how, in the seventeenth century, a fate befell Hellenism in some respects analogous to that which befell it at the commencement of our era. The Renaissance, that great re-awakening of Hellenism, that irresistible return of humanity to nature and to seeing things as they are, which in art, in literature, and in physics, produced such splendid fruits, had, like the anterior Hellenism of the Pagan world, a side of moral weakness and of relaxation or insensibility of the moral fiber, which in Italy showed itself with the most startling plainness, but which in France, England, and other countries was very apparent, too. Again this loss of spiritual balance, this exclusive preponderance given to man's perceiving

and knowing side, this unnatural defect of his feeling and acting side, provoked a reaction. Let us trace that reaction where it most nearly concerns us.

Science has now made visible to everybody the great and pregnant elements of difference which lie in race, and in how signal a manner they make the genius and history of an Indo-European people vary from those of a Semitic people. Hellenism is of Indo-European growth, Hebraism is of Semitic growth; and we English, a nation of Indo-European stock, seem to belong naturally to the movement of Hellenism. But nothing more strongly marks the essential unity of man than the affinities we can perceive, in this point or that, between members of one family of peoples and members of another. And no affinity of this kind is more strongly marked than that likeness in the strength and prominence of the moral fiber, which, notwithstanding immense elements of difference, knits in some special sort the genius and history of us English, and our American descendants across the Atlantic, to the genius and history of the Hebrew people. Puritanism, which has been so great a power in the English nation, and in the strongest part of the English nation, was originally the reaction in the seventeenth century of the conscience and moral sense of our race, against the moral indifference and lax rule of conduct which in the sixteenth century came in with the Renaissance. It was a reaction of Hebraism against Hellenism; and it powerfully manifested itself, as was natural, in a people with much of what we call a Hebraizing turn, with a signal affinity for the bent which was the master-bent of Hebrew life. Eminently Indo-European by its *humor*, by the power it shows, through this gift, of imaginatively acknowledging the multiform aspects of the problem of life, and of thus getting itself unfixed from its own over-certainty, of smiling at its own over-tenacity, our race has yet (and a great part of its strength lies here), in matters of practical life and moral conduct, a strong share of the assuredness, the tenacity, the intensity of the Hebrews. This turn manifested itself in Puritanism, and has had a great part in shaping our history for the last two hundred years. Undoubtedly it checked and changed amongst us that movement of the Renaissance which we see producing in the reign of Elizabeth such wonderful fruits. Undoubtedly it stopped the prominent rule and direct develop-

ment of that order of ideas which we call by the name of Hellenism, and gave the first rank to a different order of ideas. Apparently, too, as we said of the former defeat of Hellenism, if Hellenism was defeated, this shows that Hellenism was imperfect, and that its ascendancy at that moment would not have been for the world's good.

Yet there is a very important difference between the defeat inflicted on Hellenism by Christianity eighteen hundred years ago, and the check given to the Renaissance by Puritanism. The greatness of the difference is well measured by the difference in force, beauty, significance, and usefulness, between primitive Christianity and Protestantism. Eighteen hundred years ago it was altogether the hour of Hebraism. Primitive Christianity was legitimately and truly the ascendant force in the world at that time, and the way of mankind's progress lay through its full development. Another hour in man's development began in the fifteenth century, and the main road of his progress then lay for a time through Hellenism. Puritanism was no longer the central current of the world's progress, it was a side stream crossing the central current and checking it. The cross and the check may have been necessary and salutary, but that does not do away with the essential difference between the main stream of man's advance and a cross or side stream. For more than two hundred years the main stream of man's advance has moved towards knowing himself and the world, seeing things as they are, spontaneity of consciousness; the main impulse of a great part, and that the strongest part, of our nation has been towards strictness of conscience. They have made the secondary the principal at the wrong moment, and the principal they have at the wrong moment treated as secondary. This contravention of the natural order has produced, as such contravention always must produce, a certain confusion and false movement, of which we are now beginning to feel, in almost every direction, the inconvenience. In all directions our habitual causes of action seem to be losing efficaciousness, credit, and control, both with others and even with ourselves. Everywhere we see the beginnings of confusion, and we want a clue to some sound order and authority. This we can only get by going back upon the actual instincts and forces which rule our life, seeing them as they really are, connecting them with other instincts and forces, and enlarging our whole view and rule of life.

ANCIENT CLASSICAL LITERATURES

The term "classic" has been freely applied to any work that has become a standard of excellence for a particular period, nation, or group of nations. We may thus speak of a "classic of romanticism," a "classic of English literature," or a "European classic." The word was first used by the Romans, when only members of the chief class of the state were called *classici*, as compared with the poorer people who were described as *infra classem*—that is, below the true class. Used in a figurative sense, a "classic" was a writer of prime distinction. Sainte-Beuve's definition in his essay *What Is a Classic?* refers to the classic writer as "an old author canonized by admiration, and an authority in his particular style." He sets forth the essential qualities that in the long run assure such canonization:

"A true classic, as I should like to see it defined, is an author who has enriched the mind of man, increased its treasure, and enabled it to advance a step; who has discovered a moral and unequivocal truth or revealed some eternal passion in that heart in which all seemed known and revealed; who has expressed his thought, observation, or invention, in no matter what form, provided only it be broad and great, refined, sane, and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in his own peculiar style, but a style which is found to be also the property of the whole world and is new without neologism, new and yet old, contemporary with all time."

Many writers who wrote after the fall of Rome would qualify under Sainte-Beuve's catholic definition, but the terms "classic," "classics," and "classical literature" have long been employed in a

strict sense as a synonym for Greek and Roman writing. To the Romans, the Greeks were the classics. Later ages made the Romans classics too. During the medieval centuries, in Western Europe, while the Greek language and its masterpieces were largely unknown, men looked back on Latin writings with admiration and sometimes even with the kind of reverence that Dante displayed toward Virgil. During the Renaissance this veneration was extended to Greek authors whose general superiority became ultimately recognized.

THE MAIN PERIODS OF GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE

The Greek and Latin masterpieces develop out of two related and long-evolving cultures. They arise in different, more or less well-defined, ages, and represent their highest achievements. A preliminary review of the main periods of classical literature may help to relate a richly diversified heritage. For convenience they may be listed in the following order:

1. *The Homeric Age*

In this period (*circa* 850 B.C.) the Greek epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, were created. This age was no doubt preceded by a good deal of "floating" or unwritten literature about which very little is known. In the succeeding and less exalted centuries, from the eighth to the end of the sixth, more floating literature was composed by rhapsodists who elaborated the epic material that provided subjects for many a later Greek

tragedy. From these narratives, that took the form of "cycles," only fragments have come down to us. In addition we have the didactic and largely uninspired poetry of the Boeotian poet Hesiod, who was considered by some ancient writers as Homer's contemporary and by others as his junior by several generations. His lowly *Works and Days* or *Erga* recounts the workaday life of an agricultural community, retails such common superstitions as the lucky and unlucky days of the year, and contains popular saws that reflect the complaints and the wry wisdom of a hard-pressed peasantry. In contrast to Homer's admiration for the primitive kings, Hesiod's social animus is democratic; his philosophy has been aptly described by Gilbert Murray as bitter insurgency against the oligarchy of noblemen who oppress the common people. His poem also includes the classic myths of Pandora and the Four Ages—of gold, silver, bronze, and iron. Hesiod's other poem, the *Theogony*, is an attempt to systematize Greek religion and to correlate its myths and local cults. This codification of religious material gave to later centuries a kind of lay Bible and a source for literary references. Comic war poems, an extant example of which is *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, also abounded in the seventh and sixth centuries, and a series of hymns, believed to have been associated with the recital of epic poetry, have survived from that time. Long philosophical works, of which only fragments survive, were written in verse, and the authors—Thales, Solon, Xenophanes, Parmenides, Heraclitus, and others—are significant in the early history of philosophy. The seventh and sixth centuries also gave rise to various forms of lyric poetry and were graced by the well-known names of Sappho, Anacreon, and Simonides, who were succeeded in the next century by the great Theban poet Pindar.

2. *The Attic Age*

During the Attic Age of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. the city-state of Athens was culturally predominant. This is the period of the superb playwrights Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; of the great historians Herodotus and Thucydides; and of the philosophers Anaxagoras and Socrates. Their work belongs for the most part to the fifth century, the time of the political supremacy of Athens after the battles of Marathon and Salamis. In the main, this period, the most glorious in ancient history, revolves around its political leader, Pericles, and is conse-

quently known as the "Periclean Age." But, although Athens was defeated by Sparta in 404 B.C. and became so politically weakened that it lost its independence under Philip of Macedonia and Alexander the Great, Athens retained cultural primacy for nearly another remarkable century. The fourth century B.C. is noted for the comedies of Menander and many other playwrights whose work has been lost; for the philosophical masterpieces of Plato and Aristotle; the historical writings of Xenophon, and the oratory of Demosthenes.

3. *The Hellenistic or Alexandrian Age*

This age may be said to begin in 322 B.C., the year of the death of both Demosthenes and Aristotle, the year politically punctuated by the division of Alexander's empire by his generals, after his death in 323. The literary predominance of Athens passed to Alexandria, the city in Egypt founded by Alexander, which became the capital of his successors, the Ptolemies. Only in one respect did Athens retain its intellectual leadership; it remained the home of philosophers, and it was there that Epicurus and Zeno established their influential schools of thought. Alexandria, enjoying royal patronage and a magnificent library, became the metropolis of the Hellenistic world—that is, of Greek-dominated Mediterranean civilization. Although largely derivative and academic, Alexandrian culture produced, in addition to such scholars and scientists as Euclid, Eratosthenes, and Hipparchus, some notable poets: the third-century writers of idylls Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. It was here, too, that followers of Plato became permeated with oriental mysticism and produced neo-platonic systems of thought that were later used by Christian apologists to establish a connection between Christian theology and Greek philosophy.

Alexandria, however, was only one center of Hellenism, and the late products of Greek genius appeared throughout the Mediterranean world, especially in Rome. Notable work graced the declining years of Hellenism—the histories of Polybius (205-123 B.C.) and the Hellenized Jew, Josephus (A.D. 37?-95?), the geography of Strabo (63 B.C.-A.D. 21), the biographies and essays of Plutarch (A.D. 46?-120?), the philosophical lectures of Epictetus (A.D. 97-175), and the satires of Lucian (A.D. 125?-200?). It was during this period, too, that the Greek Anthology was enriched with many short lyrics and epigrams by minor poets. Hellenic literary activity continued until the fourth century

A.D. with diminishing results, until classic Greek literature became virtually extinct owing to the opposition of Christianity, the infiltration of the Orient, the corruption of the Greek language, and a succession of political catastrophes.

4. Early Roman Literature

Literature written in the Latin language started after the First Punic War. It began about the middle of the third century B.C. with imitations of Greek epic poetry by Livius Andronicus. He was followed by a more original writer of epic verse and comedy, Nævius, and by the dramatic and epic poet Ennius (239-169 B.C.) who was highly regarded by Cicero and Horace. None of their work became part of our literary heritage, but the third and the second centuries were noteworthy for the development of Roman comedy by its two masters, Plautus (254-184 B.C.) and Terence (194-159 B.C.), whose work influenced all European comedy. This period also witnessed the dawn of Roman satire, oratory, and history.

5. The Age of Cicero and the Augustan Period

This period covers roughly the first century B.C. and the first two decades of the first century A.D. (100 B.C.-A.D. 14), when the Roman Empire was master of western and southern Europe and of the Mediterranean areas of Asia and Africa. It includes the reign of Augustus Cæsar (27 B.C.-A.D. 14), the greatest of Roman emperors.

The republican period of the first century before Christ, which preceded the reign of Augustus, produced the orations, essays, and letters of Cicero (106-43 B.C.); the *Commentaries* of Julius Cæsar (100-44 B.C.); the histories of Sallust (86-34 B.C.) and Livy (59-17 B.C.), who also belongs to the age of Augustus, who befriended him; the great philosophical poem *De Rerum Natura* (The Nature of Things) by Lucretius (96-55 B.C.), and the lyric poetry of Catullus (87-54 B.C.).

To the Augustan Age belongs the best poetry of Virgil (70-19 B.C.), Horace (65-8 B.C.), Propertius (50?-15? B.C.), and Ovid (43 B.C.-A.D. 17).

6. The Post-Augustan Period

The period from the death of Augustus to the close of the reign of Theodosius in A.D. 526 and the end of the Roman Empire marked the gradual decline of Roman culture, with intermittent interludes of revival. Roman satire developed in the work of Persius, Juvenal, Martial, and Petronius during the first century A.D.; Seneca wrote his in-

fluent closet dramas during Nero's reign; and epic poetry continued to be written by Lucan, Statius, and others. History and biography achieved notable extension at the hands of Tacitus (A.D. 55?-120), and about the same time Suetonius wrote his terrifying portraits of some of the decadent Emperors in his *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*. Pliny the Younger established letter writing on a high plane, and picaresque or adventure fiction made its appearance in Petronius' satirical novel *The Satyricon* and Apuleius' romance *The Golden Ass*. In the third, fourth, and fifth centuries A.D., considerable literary activity continued, but only some of the poetry of Ausonius (310-394), Claudius Claudianus (365?-408?), Sidonius Apollinaris (5th century), and the anonymous *Vigil of Venus* have any claim to attention.

For the convenience and instruction of the reader, we have presented the vast field of Greek and Roman writing telescopically in this anthology. We have singled out a few periods, such as the Periclean Age, because of its well-defined unity; but wherever such unity is of secondary importance, the selections are grouped under some unifying heading (such as Greek and Latin Poetry).

The reader should remember that the selections in the classic section have been culled from a literature that stretched over thirteen centuries, if not more. The people who expressed themselves in this literature faced so vast a variety of circumstances and conflicts that their experience may be said to sum up the entire history of man's glory and travail on this earth. In the selections that follow we may, above all, see the peculiar blend of the intellectual and the emotional, of the physical and the mental, that made these people the originators of so much that we prize in civilization. We may also learn much about their way of life—their social systems, politics, religious practices, and even their intimate human interests. Despite their many differences, the ancient classical literatures reveal considerable literary continuity. A distinct style sets the genuinely classical author apart from, let us say, medieval and romantic writers. We discover in his work scrupulous attention to literary form, clarity of observation and statement, and fundamental directness and balance.

MYTHOLOGY

One other thing that the Greeks and Romans held in common and passed on to later genera-

tions is a mythology. Ignorance of this wealth of traditional matter to which classic writers refer constantly is the principal barrier to an understanding of their work. For this reason, and because classic mythology has an inherent charm and interest, the first selection in this section is an account of the best-known myths as given by Thomas Bulfinch. (Stories referring to the Trojan War, the *Odyssey*, and some great tragic cycles are, however, postponed until the Homeric poems and the Greek tragedies are reached.)

Although variously modified and elaborated by later writers, mythology was originally a "floating" or oral literature stemming from primitive times; consequently it is shrouded in obscurity. Parallels to the myths of Greece will be found in other cultures; in Egypt, Syria, and Persia, and among the ancient Hindus, who were related to the classic Greeks as members of the Indo-European family, which has a common linguistic basis. All myths are obviously rooted in primitive society, in ritual and magic-making, and ultimately, of course, in primitive psychology.

Some important scholars have stressed Nature mythology, but the extremists among them have been criticized for maintaining that primitive man is "highly interested in natural phenomena, and that his interest is predominantly of a theoretical, contemplative, and poetical character."¹ In expressing or interpreting nature, man creates personified concepts and stories, and each myth therefore contains some kernel of natural fact elaborated beyond easy recognition. The objection to accepting this theory strictly is that primitive man "has to a very limited extent the purely artistic or scientific interest in nature," and that "there is but little room for symbolism in his ideas and tales." Yet nature appears in many myths.

Another view of mythology has stressed the historical record of the past. Unquestionably, primitive history and the deeds of remote heroes, or the founders of powerful ruling families, left an imprint on the myths. But this is not the whole explanation by any means. It is also possible to find imbedded in mythology primitive sexual conflicts from which neurotic modern man has by no means found release, such as incest (and the taboo against it), and the tensions that must have existed between the all-powerful fathers of patriarchal societies and their sons. No doubt some myths reflect the struggle against such antisocial impulses.

The most authoritative contemporary opinion, however, puts the main stress on the myth's service to primitive society or culture, largely in connection with established magical practices and religious rites, with moral regulations that restrain antisocial impulses, and such social facts as the existence of distinct tribes and of useful customs. The myth becomes "a warrant of antiquity, reality, and sanctity" for a magic-making rite, a ceremony, or a social or moral rule. It embodies a cultural fact, and is often regarded by primitive peoples "to be the real cause which has brought about the moral rule, the social grouping, the rite, or the custom"; it states a precedent, so to speak. When it expresses some idea of immortality, it voices a belief inherent in human nature and in social practices; when it deals with the origins of families, tribes, or dynasties, it expresses the gregarious instincts of man and gives sanction to the social organization of a given period. When it revolves, as it often does, around the recurrent cycle of life and death—as in the death and resurrection stories of mythological figures like Osiris, Attis, Adonis, Orpheus, Dionysus, and the Mexican god Quetzalcoatl—the myth releases its believer from fears of death and of loss of potency on the one hand, and on the other hand, it gives explanatory sanction to magic intended to further such a practical end as assuring the return of the fruitful season. Rites undertaken for the promotion of fertility, tribal unity, and tribal order are similarly justified by the tale; that is, the myth of magic justifies the claims of the practitioner to potency, warrants the correctness of his procedure, and vouches for the truth of its underlying belief.

Whatever may be the actual uses of myths in any society, it is clear that the various stories in any mythology have often had a long and complicated history before they were worked into the larger pattern of a mythological system or adapted to the uses of the people where they are found. But a really adequate study of the origins and wanderings of the various myths has hardly begun.

What interests us here, however, is not this extensive anthropological background (although it serves to counteract a naïve or flippant attitude toward mythology) but the literary aspect of this abundant material. Myth contains the seeds of later epics, romances, and dramas. Its beliefs are close to the desires, obsessions, fears, and aspirations of

¹ The quotations in this paragraph are from Bronislaw Malinowski's *Myth in Primitive Psychology*, Norton, 1926.

humanity. "Myths of love and death, stories of the loss of immortality, of the passing of the Golden Age, and of the banishment from Paradise, myths of incest and of sorcery play with the very elements which enter into the artistic forms of tragedy, of lyric, and of romantic narrative."² Moreover, in strengthening tradition, they promote culture, which is the source of later literature; and as the first works of fiction of any society, they set examples for future and more consciously created literary art.

² *Ibid.*, p. 88.

³ Jane Ellen Harrison, *Mythology*, Marshall Jones, 1924.

The magnificence of Greek mythology fore-shadows the genius that later expressed itself in the work of the Greek masters. "A nation less gifted loads the name of its god with epithets and his idol with attributes; the Greek, because dowered with imagination, feels his god as a *personality*, with a live human history."³ In their myths, the people of Hellas began the art of humanization, of beauty, of blitheness, and of release from fear that glows in the greatest Greek literature.

THOMAS BULFINCH

Myths of Greece and Rome

The Greek Gods

The religions of ancient Greece and Rome are extinct. The so-called divinities of Olympus have not a single worshiper among living men. They belong now not to the department of theology, but to those of literature and taste. There they still hold their place, and will continue to hold it, for they are too closely connected with the finest productions of poetry and art, both ancient and modern, to pass into oblivion.

We propose to tell the stories relating to them which have come down to us from the ancients, and which are alluded to by modern poets, essayists, and orators. Our readers may thus at the same time be entertained by the most charming fictions which fancy has ever created, and put in possession of information indispensable to everyone who would read with intelligence the elegant literature of his own day.

In order to understand these stories, it will be necessary to acquaint ourselves with the ideas of the structure of the universe which prevailed among the Greeks—the people from whom the Romans, and other nations through them, received their science and religion.

The Greeks believed the earth to be flat and circular, their own country occupying the middle of it, the central point being either Mount Olympus,

the abode of the gods, or Delphi, so famous for its oracle.

The circular disk of the earth was crossed from west to east and divided into two equal parts by the *Sea*, as they called the Mediterranean, and its continuation the Euxine, the only seas with which they were acquainted.

Around the earth flowed the *River Ocean*, its course being from south to north on the western side of the earth, and in a contrary direction on the eastern side. It flowed in a steady, equable current, un vexed by storm or tempest. The sea, and all the rivers on earth, received their waters from it.

The northern portion of the earth was supposed to be inhabited by a happy race named the Hyperboreans, dwelling in everlasting bliss and spring beyond the lofty mountains whose caverns were supposed to send forth the piercing blasts of the north wind, which chilled the people of Hellas (Greece). Their country was inaccessible by land or sea. They lived exempt from disease or old age, from toils and warfare.

On the south side of the earth, close to the stream of Ocean, dwelt a people happy and virtuous as the Hyperboreans. They were named the Ethiopians. The gods favored them so highly that they were wont to leave at times their Olympian abodes and go to share their sacrifices and banquets.

On the western margin of the earth, by the stream of Ocean, lay a happy place named the Elysian Plain, whither mortals favored by the gods were transported without tasting of death, to enjoy an immortality of bliss. This happy region was also called the "Fortunate Fields," and the "Isles of the Blessed."

We thus see that the Greeks of the early ages knew little of any real people except those to the east and south of their own country, or near the coast of the Mediterranean. Their imagination meantime peopled the western portion of this sea with giants, monsters, and enchantresses; while they placed around the disk of the earth, which they probably regarded as of no great width, nations enjoying the peculiar favor of the gods, and blessed with happiness and longevity.

The Dawn, the Sun, and the Moon were supposed to rise out of the Ocean, on the eastern side, and to drive through the air, giving light to gods and men. The stars, also, except those forming the Wain or Bear, and others near them, rose out of and sank into the stream of Ocean. There the sun-god embarked in a winged boat, which conveyed him round by the northern part of the earth, back to his place of rising in the east.

The abode of the gods was on the summit of Mount Olympus, in Thessaly. A gate of clouds, kept by the goddesses named the Seasons, opened to permit the passage of the Celestials to earth, and to receive them on their return. The gods had their separate dwellings; but all, when summoned, repaired to the palace of Jupiter, as did also those deities whose usual abode was the earth, the waters, or the underworld. It was also in the great hall of the palace of the Olympian king that the gods feasted each day on ambrosia and nectar, their food and drink, the latter being handed round by the lovely goddess Hebe. Here they conversed of the affairs of heaven and earth; and as they quaffed their nectar, Apollo, the god of music, delighted them with the tones of his lyre, to which the Muses sang in responsive strains. When the sun was set, the gods retired to sleep in their respective dwellings.

The following lines from the *Odyssey* will show how Homer conceived of Olympus:

So saying, Minerva, goddess azure-eyed,
Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat
Eternal of the gods, which never storms
Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm
The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day.
There the inhabitants divine rejoice
Forever.

The robes and other parts of the dress of the goddesses were woven by Minerva and the Graces, and everything of a more solid nature was formed of the various metals. Vulcan was architect, smith, armorer, chariot builder, and artist of all work in Olympus. He built of brass the houses of the gods; he made for them the golden shoes with which they trod the air or the water, and moved from place to place with the speed of the wind, or even of thought. He also shod with brass the celestial steeds, which whirled the chariots of the gods through the air, or along the surface of the sea. He was able to bestow on his workmanship self-motion, so that the tripods (chairs and tables) could move of themselves in and out of the celestial hall. He even endowed with intelligence the golden handmaidens whom he made to wait on himself.

Jupiter, or Jove (Zeus), though called the father of gods and men, had himself a beginning. Saturn (Cronos) was his father, and Rhea (Ops) his mother. Saturn and Rhea were of the race of Titans, who were the children of Earth and Heaven, which sprang from Chaos, of which we shall give a further account in our next chapter.

There is another cosmogony, or account of the creation, according to which Earth, Erebus, and Love were the first of beings. Love (Eros) issued from the egg of Night, which floated on Chaos. By his arrows and torch he pierced and vivified all things, producing life and joy.

Saturn and Rhea were not the only Titans. There were others, whose names were Oceanus, Hyperion, Iapetus, and Ophion, males; and Themis, Minemosyn, Eurynome, females. They are spoken of as the elder gods, whose dominion was afterwards transferred to others. Saturn yielded to Jupiter, Oceanus to Neptune, Hyperion to Apollo. Hyperion was the father of the Sun, Moon, and Dawn. He is therefore the original sun-god, and is painted with the splendor and beauty which were afterwards bestowed on Apollo.

Ophion and Eurynome ruled over Olympus till they were dethroned by Saturn and Rhea.

The representations given of Saturn are not very consistent; for on the one hand his reign is said to have been the golden age of innocence and purity, and on the other he is described as a monster who devoured his children. Jupiter, however, escaped this fate, and when grown up espoused Metis (Prudence), who administered a draught to Saturn which caused him to disgorge his children. Jupiter, with his brothers and sisters, now rebelled

against their father Saturn and his brothers the Titans, vanquished them, and imprisoned some of them in Tartarus, inflicting other penalties on others. Atlas was condemned to bear up the heavens on his shoulders.

On the dethronement of Saturn, Jupiter with his brothers Neptune (Poseidon) and Pluto (Dis) divided his dominions. Jupiter's portion was the heavens, Neptune's the ocean, and Pluto's the realms of the dead. Earth and Olympus were common property. Jupiter was king of gods and men. The thunder was his weapon, and he bore a shield called *Ægis*, made for him by Vulcan. The eagle was his favorite bird, and bore his thunderbolts.

Juno (Hera) was the wife of Jupiter, and queen of the gods. Iris, the goddess of the rainbow, was her attendant and messenger. The peacock was her favorite bird.

Vulcan (Hephæstos), the celestial artist, was the son of Jupiter and Juno. He was born lame, and his mother was so displeased at the sight of him that she flung him out of heaven. Other accounts say that Jupiter kicked him out for taking part with his mother in a quarrel which occurred between them. Vulcan's lameness, according to this account, was the consequence of his fall. He was a whole day falling, and at last alighted on the Island of Lemnos, which was thenceforth sacred to him. Milton alludes to this story in *Paradise Lost*, Book i:

... From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle.

Mars (Ares), the god of war, was the son of Jupiter and Juno.

Phœbus Apollo, the god of archery, prophecy, and music, was the son of Jupiter and Latona, and brother of Diana (Artemis). He was god of the sun, as Diana, his sister, was the goddess of the moon.

Venus (Aphrodite), the goddess of love and beauty, was the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. Others say that Venus sprang from the foam of the sea. The zephyr wafted her along the waves to the Isle of Cyprus, where she was received and attired by the Seasons, and then led to the assembly of the gods. All were charmed with her beauty, and each one demanded her for his wife. Jupiter gave her to so Vulcan, in gratitude for the service he had rendered in forging thunderbolts. So the most beautiful of the goddesses became the wife of the most

ill-favored of gods. Venus possessed an embroidered girdle called Cestus, which had the power of inspiring love. Her favorite birds were swans and doves, and the plants sacred to her were the rose and the myrtle.

Cupid (Eros), the god of love, was the son of Venus. He was her constant companion; and, armed with bow and arrows, he shot the darts of desire into the bosoms of both gods and men. There was a deity named Anteros, who was sometimes represented as the avenger of slighted love, and sometimes as the symbol of reciprocal affection. The following legend is told of him:

Venus, complaining to Themis that her son Eros continued always a child, was told by her that it was because he was solitary, and that if he had a brother he would grow apace. Anteros was soon afterwards born, and Eros immediately was seen to increase rapidly in size and strength.

²⁰ Minerva (Pallas, Athene), the goddess of wisdom, was the offspring of Jupiter, without a mother. She sprang forth from his head completely armed. Her favorite bird was the owl, and the plant sacred to her the olive.

Mercury (Hermes) was the son of Jupiter and Maia. He presided over commerce, wrestling, and other gymnastic exercises, even over thieving, and everything, in short, which required skill and dexterity. He was the messenger of Jupiter, and wore ^{so} a winged cap and winged shoes. He bore in his hand a rod entwined with two serpents, called the caduceus.

Mercury is said to have invented the lyre. He found, one day, a tortoise, of which he took the shell, made holes in the opposite edges of it, and drew cords of linen through them, and the instrument was complete. The cords were nine, in honor of the nine Muses. Mercury gave the lyre to Apollo, and received from him in exchange the caduceus.

⁴⁰ Ceres (Demeter) was the daughter of Saturn and Rhea. She had a daughter named Proserpine (Persephone), who became the wife of Pluto, and queen of the realms of the dead. Ceres presided over agriculture.

Bacchus (Dionysus), the god of wine, was the son of Jupiter and Semele. He represents not only the intoxicating power of wine, but its social and beneficent influences likewise, so that he is viewed as the promoter of civilization, and a lawgiver and lover of peace.

The Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne (Memory). They presided over song, and prompted the memory. They were nine in

number, to each of whom was assigned the presidency over some particular department of literature, art, or science. Calliope was the muse of epic poetry, Clio of history, Euterpe of lyric poetry, Mel-pomene of tragedy, Terpsichore of choral dance and song, Erato of love poetry, Polyhymnia of sacred poetry, Urania of astronomy, Thalia of comedy.

The Graces were goddesses presiding over the banquet, the dance, and all social enjoyments and elegant arts. They were three in number. Their names were Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia.

The Fates were also three—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Their office was to spin the thread of human destiny, and they were armed with shears, with which they cut it off when they pleased. They were the daughters of Themis (Law), who sits by Jove on his throne to give him counsel.

The Erinnyses, or Furies, were three goddesses who punished by their secret stings the crimes of those who escaped or defied public justice. The heads of the Furies were wreathed with serpents, and their whole appearance was terrific and appalling. Their names were Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megæra. They were also called Eumenides.

Nemesis was also an avenging goddess. She represents the righteous anger of the gods, particularly towards the proud and insolent.

Pan was the god of flocks and shepherds. His favorite residence was in Arcadia.

The Satyrs were deities of the woods and fields. They were conceived to be covered with bristly hair, their heads decorated with short, sprouting horns, and their feet like goats' feet.

Momus was the god of laughter, and Plutus the god of wealth.

Roman Divinities

The preceding are Grecian divinities, though received also by the Romans. Those which follow are peculiar to Roman mythology:

Saturn was an ancient Italian deity. It was attempted to identify him with the Grecian god Cronos, and fabled that after his dethronement by Jupiter he fled to Italy, where he reigned during what was called the Golden Age. In memory of his beneficent dominion, the feast of Saturnalia was held every year in the winter season. Then all public business was suspended, declarations of war and criminal executions were postponed, friends made presents to one another, and the slaves were indulged with great liberties. A feast was given

them at which they sat at table, while their masters served them, to show the natural equality of men, and that all things belonged equally to all, in the reign of Saturn.

Faunus, the grandson of Saturn, was worshiped as the god of fields and shepherds, and also as a prophetic god. His name in the plural, Fauns, expressed a class of gamesome deities, like the Satyrs of the Greeks.

Quirinus was a war god, said to be no other than Romulus, the founder of Rome, exalted after his death to a place among the gods.

Bellona, a war goddess.

Terminus, the god of landmarks. His statue was a rude stone or post, set in the ground to mark the boundaries of fields.

Pales, the goddess presiding over cattle and pastures.

Pomona presided over fruit trees.

Flora, the goddess of flowers.

Lucina, the goddess of childbirth.

Vesta (the Hestia of the Greeks) was a deity presiding over the public and private hearth. A sacred fire, tended by six virgin priestesses called Vestals, flamed in her temple. As the safety of the city was held to be connected with its conservation, the neglect of the virgins, if they let it go out, was severely punished, and the fire was rekindled from the rays of the sun.

³⁰ Liber is the Latin name of Bacchus; and Mulciber of Vulcan.

Janus was the porter of heaven. He opens the year, the first month being named after him. He is the guardian deity of gates, on which account he is commonly represented with two heads, because every door looks two ways. His temples at Rome were numerous. In war time the gates of the principal one were always open. In peace they were closed; but they were shut only once between the reign of Numa and that of Augustus.

The Penates were the gods who were supposed to attend to the welfare and prosperity of the family. Their name is derived from Penus, the pantry, which was sacred to them. Every master of a family was the priest to the Penates of his own house.

The Lares, or Lars, were also household gods, but differed from the Penates in being regarded as the deified spirits of mortals. The family Lars were held to be the souls of the ancestors, who watched over and protected their descendants. The words Lemur and Larva more nearly correspond to our word Ghost.

The Romans believed that every man had his

Genius, and every woman her Juno: that is, a spirit who had given them being, and was regarded as their protector through life. On their birthdays men made offerings to their Genius, women to their Juno.

The Creation and First Ages

Before earth and sea and heaven were created, all things wore one aspect, to which we give the name of Chaos—a confused and shapeless mass, nothing but dead weight, in which, however, slumbered the seeds of things. Earth, sea, and air were all mixed up together; so the earth was not solid, the sea was not fluid, and the air was not transparent. God and Nature at last interposed, and put an end to this discord, separating earth from sea, and heaven from both. The fiery part, being the lightest, sprang up, and formed the skies; the air was next in weight and place. The earth, being heavier, sank below; and the water took the lowest place, and buoyed up the earth.

Here some god—it is not known which—gave his good offices in arranging and disposing the earth. He appointed rivers and bays their places, raised mountains, scooped out valleys, distributed woods, fountains, fertile fields, and stony plains. The air being cleared, the stars began to appear, fishes took possession of the sea, birds of the air, and four-footed beasts of the land.

But a nobler animal was wanted, and Man was made. It is not known whether the creator made him of divine materials, or whether in the earth, so lately separated from heaven, there lurked still some heavenly seeds. Prometheus took some of this earth, and kneading it up with water, made man in the image of the gods. He gave him an upright stature, so that while all other animals turn their faces downward, and look to the earth, he raises his to heaven, and gazes on the stars.

Prometheus was one of the Titans, a gigantic race who inhabited the earth before the creation of man. To him and his brother Epimetheus was committed the office of making man, and providing him and all other animals with the faculties necessary for their preservation. Epimetheus undertook to do this, and Prometheus was to overlook his work when it was done. Prometheus accordingly proceeded to bestow upon the different animals the various gifts of courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity; wings to one, claws to another, a shelly covering to a third, etc. But when man came to be provided for, who was to be superior to all

other animals, Epimetheus had been so prodigal of his resources that he had nothing left to bestow upon him. In his perplexity he resorted to his brother Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up to heaven, and lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun, and brought down fire to man. With this gift man was more than a match for all other animals. It enabled him to make weapons wherewith to subdue them; tools with which to cultivate the earth; to warm his dwelling, so as to be comparatively independent of climate; and finally to introduce the arts and to coin money, the means of trade and commerce.

Woman was not yet made. The story (absurd enough!) is that Jupiter made her, and sent her to Prometheus and his brother, to punish them for their presumption in stealing fire from heaven; and man, for accepting the gift. The first woman was named Pandora. She was made in heaven, every god contributing something to perfect her. Venus gave her beauty, Mercury persuasion, Apollo music, etc. Thus equipped, she was conveyed to earth, and presented to Prometheus, who gladly accepted her, though cautioned by his brother to beware of Jupiter and his gifts. Prometheus had in his house a jar, in which were kept certain noxious articles, for which, in fitting man for his new abode, he had had no occasion. Pandora was seized with an eager curiosity to know what this jar contained; and one day she slipped off the cover and looked in. Forthwith there escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man,—such as gout, rheumatism, and colic for his body, and envy, spite, and revenge for his mind,—and scattered themselves far and wide. Pandora hastened to replace the lid! but, alas! the whole contents of the jar had escaped, one thing only excepted, which lay at the bottom, and that was *hope*. So we see at this day, whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us; and while we have *that*, no amount of other ills can make us completely wretched.

Another story is that Pandora was sent in good faith, by Jupiter, to bless man; that she was furnished with a box, containing her marriage presents, into which every god had put some blessing. She opened the box incautiously, and the blessings all escaped, *hope* only excepted. This story seems more probable than the former; for how could hope, so precious a jewel as it is, have been kept in a jar full of all manner of evils, as in the former statement?

The world being thus furnished with inhabitants, the first age was an age of innocence and

happiness, called the *Golden Age*. Truth and right prevailed, though not enforced by law, nor was there any magistrate to threaten or punish. The forest had not yet been robbed of its trees to furnish timbers for vessels, nor had men built fortifications round their towns. There were no such things as swords, spears, or helmets. The earth brought forth all things necessary for man, without his labor in plowing or sowing. Perpetual spring reigned, flowers sprang up without seed, the rivers flowed with milk and wine, and yellow honey distilled from the oaks.

Then succeeded the *Silver Age*, inferior to the *Golden*, but better than that of brass. Jupiter shortened the spring, and divided the year into seasons. Then, first, men had to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and houses became necessary. Caves were the first dwellings, and leafy coverts of the woods, and huts woven of twigs. Crops would no longer grow without planting. The farmer was obliged to sow the seed, and the toiling ox to draw the plow.

Next came the *Brazen Age*, more savage of temper, and readier to the strife of arms, yet not altogether wicked. The hardest and worst was the *Iron Age*. Crime burst in like a flood; modesty, truth, and honor fled. In their places came fraud and cunning, violence, and the wicked love of gain. Then seamen spread sails to the wind, and the trees were torn from the mountains to serve for keels to ships, and vex the face of ocean. The earth, which till now had been cultivated in common, began to be divided off into possessions. Men were not satisfied with what the surface produced, but must dig into its bowels, and draw forth from thence the ores of metals. Mischievous iron, and more mischievous gold, were produced. War sprang up, using both as weapons; the guest was not safe in his friend's house; and sons-in-law and fathers-in-law, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, could not trust one another. Sons wished their fathers dead, that they might come to the inheritance; family love lay prostrate. The earth was wet with slaughter, and the gods abandoned it, one by one, till Astræa alone was left, and finally she also took her departure.

Jupiter, seeing this state of things, burned with anger. He summoned the gods to council. They obeyed the call, and took the road to the palace of heaven. The road, which anyone may see in a clear night, stretches across the face of the sky, and is called the Milky Way. Along the road stand the palaces of the illustrious gods; the common people

of the skies live apart, on either side. Jupiter addressed the assembly. He set forth the frightful condition of things on the earth, and closed by announcing his intention to destroy the whole of its inhabitants, and provide a new race, unlike the first, who would be more worthy of life, and much better worshipers of the gods. So saying he took a thunderbolt, and was about to launch it at the world, and destroy it by burning; but recollecting the danger that such a conflagration might set heaven itself on fire, he changed his plan, and resolved to drown it. The north wind, which scatters the clouds, was chained up; the south was sent out, and soon covered all the face of heaven with a cloak of pitchy darkness. The clouds, driven together, resound with a crash; torrents of rain fall; the crops are laid low; the year's labor of the husbandman perishes in an hour. Jupiter, not satisfied with his own waters, calls on his brother Neptune to aid him with his. He lets loose the rivers, and pours them over the land. At the same time, he heaves the land with an earthquake, and brings in the reflux of the ocean over the shores. Flocks, herds, men, and houses are swept away, and temples, with their sacred enclosures, profaned. If any edifice remained standing, it was overwhelmed, and its turrets lay hid beneath the waves. Now all was sea, sea without shore. Here and there an individual remained on a projecting hilltop, and a few, in boats, pulled the oar where they had lately driven the plow. The fishes swim among the tree-tops; the anchor is let down into a garden. Where the graceful lambs played but now, unwieldy sea calves gambol. The wolf swims among the sheep, the yellow lions and tigers struggle in the water. The strength of the wild boar serves him not, nor his swiftness the stag. The birds fall with weary wing into the water, having found no land for a resting-place. Those living beings whom the water spared fell a prey to hunger.

Parnassus alone, of all the mountains, overtopped the waves; and there Deucalion, and his wife Pyrrha, of the race of Prometheus, found refuge—he a just man, and she a faithful worshiper of the gods. Jupiter, when he saw none left alive but this pair, and remembered their harmless lives and pious demeanor, ordered the north winds to drive away the clouds, and disclose the skies to earth, and earth to the skies. Neptune also directed Triton to blow on his shell, and sound a retreat to the waters. The waters obeyed, and the sea returned to its shores, and the rivers to their channels. Then Deucalion thus addressed Pyrrha: "O

wife, only surviving woman, joined to me first by the ties of kindred and marriage, and now by a common danger, would that we possessed the power of our ancestor Prometheus, and could renew the race as he at first made it! But as we cannot, let us seek yonder temple, and inquire of the gods what remains for us to do." They entered the temple, deformed as it was with slime, and approached the altar, where no fire burned. There they fell prostrate on the earth, and prayed the goddess to inform them how they might retrieve their miserable affairs. The oracle answered, "Depart from the temple with head veiled and garments unbound, and cast behind you the bones of your mother." They heard the words with astonishment. Pyrrha first broke silence: "We cannot obey; we dare not profane the remains of our parents." They sought the thickest shades of the wood, and revolved the oracle in their minds. At length Deucalion spoke: "Either my sagacity deceives me, or the command is one we may obey without impiety. The earth is the great parent of all; the stones are her bones; these we may cast behind us; and I think this is what the oracle means. At least, it will do no harm to try." They veiled their faces, unbound their garments, and picked up stones, and cast them behind them. The stones (wonderful to relate) began to grow soft, and assume shape. By degrees, they put on a rude resemblance to the human form, like a block half finished in the hands of the sculptor. The moisture and slime that were about them became flesh; the stony part became bones; the veins remained veins, retaining their name, only changing their use. Those thrown by the hand of the man became men, and those by the woman became women. It was a hard race, and well adapted to labor, as we find ourselves to be at this day, giving plain indications of our origin.

Prometheus has been a favorite subject with the poets. He is represented as the friend of mankind, who interposed in their behalf when Jove was incensed against them, and who taught them civilization and the arts. But as, in so doing, he transgressed the will of Jupiter, he drew down on himself the anger of the ruler of gods and men. Jupiter had him chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where a vulture preyed on his liver, which was renewed as fast as devoured. This state of torment might have been brought to an end at any time by Prometheus, if he had been willing to submit to his oppressor; for he possessed a secret which involved the stability of Jove's throne, and if he

would have revealed it, he might have been at once taken into favor. But that he disdained to do. He has therefore become the symbol of magnanimous endurance of unmerited suffering, and strength of will resisting oppression.

The Python

The slime with which the earth was covered by the waters of the flood produced an excessive fertility, which called forth every variety of production, both bad and good. Among the rest, Python, an enormous serpent, crept forth, the terror of the people, and lurked in the caves of Mount Parnassus. Apollo slew him with his arrows—weapons which he had not before used against any but feeble animals, hares, wild goats, and such game. In commemoration of this illustrious conquest he instituted the Pythian games, in which the victor in feats of strength, swiftness of foot, or in the chariot race was crowned with a wreath of beech leaves; for the laurel was not yet adopted by Apollo as his own tree.

The famous statue of Apollo called the Belvedere represents the god after this victory over the serpent Python.

Apollo and Daphne

Daphne was Apollo's first love. It was not brought about by accident, but by the malice of Cupid. Apollo saw the boy playing with his bow and arrows; and being himself elated with his recent victory over Python, he said to him, "What have you to do with warlike weapons, saucy boy? Leave them for hands worthy of them. Behold the conquest I have won by means of them over the vast serpent who stretched his poisonous body over acres of the plain! Be content with your torch, child, and kindle up your flames, as you call them, where you will, but presume not to meddle with my weapons." Venus's boy heard these words, and rejoined, "Your arrows may strike all things else, Apollo, but mine shall strike you." So saying, he took his stand on a rock of Parnassus, and drew from his quiver two arrows of different workmanship, one to excite love, the other to repel it. The former was of gold and sharp-pointed, the latter blunt and tipped with lead. With the leaden shaft he struck the nymph Daphne, the daughter of the river god Peneus, and with the golden one Apollo, through the heart. Forthwith the god was seized with love for the maiden, and she abhorred the

thought of loving. Her delight was in woodland sports and in the spoils of the chase. Many lovers sought her, but she spurned them all, ranging the woods, and taking no thought of Cupid nor of Hymen. Her father often said to her, "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law; you owe me grandchildren." She, hating the thought of marriage as a crime, with her beautiful face tinged all over with blushes, threw her arms around her father's neck, and said, "Dearest father, grant me this favor, that I may always remain unmarried, like Diana." He consented, but at the same time said, "Your own face will forbid it."

Apollo loved her, and longed to obtain her; and he who gives oracles to all the world was not wise enough to look into his own fortunes. He saw her hair flung loose over her shoulders, and said, "If so charming in disorder, what would it be if arranged?" He saw her eyes bright as stars; he saw her lips, and was not satisfied with only seeing them. He admired her hands and arms, naked to the shoulder, and whatever was hidden from view he imagined more beautiful still. He followed her; she fled, swifter than the wind, and delayed not a moment at his entreaties. "Stay," said he, "daughter of Peneus; I am not a foe. Do not fly me as a lamb flies the wolf, or a dove the hawk. It is for love I pursue you. You make me miserable, for fear you should fall and hurt yourself on these stones, and I should be the cause. Pray run slower, and I will follow slower. I am no clown, no rude peasant. Jupiter is my father, and I am lord of Delphos and Tenedos, and know all things, present and future. I am the god of song and the lyre. My arrows fly true to the mark; but, alas! an arrow more fatal than mine has pierced my heart! I am the god of medicine, and know the virtues of all healing plants. Alas! I suffer a malady that no balm can cure!"

The nymph continued her flight, and left his plea half uttered. And even as she fled she charmed him. The wind blew her garments, and her unbound hair streamed loose behind her. The god grew impatient to find his wooings thrown away, and, sped by Cupid, gained upon her in the race. It was like a hound pursuing a hare, with open jaws ready to seize, while the feebler animal darts forward, slipping from the very grasp. So flew the god and the virgin—he on the wings of love, and she on those of fear. The pursuer is the more rapid, however, and gains upon her, and his panting breath blows upon her hair. Her strength begins to fail, and, ready to sink, she calls upon her father,

the river god: "Help me, Peneus! open the earth to enclose me, or change my form, which has brought me into this danger!" Scarcely had she spoken, when a stiffness seized all her limbs; her bosom began to be enclosed in a tender bark; her hair became leaves; her arms became branches; her foot stuck fast in the ground, as a root; her face became a tree-top, retaining nothing of its former self but its beauty. Apollo stood amazed. He touched the stem, and felt the flesh tremble under the new bark. He embraced the branches, and lavished kisses on the wood. The branches shrank from his lips. "Since you cannot be my wife," said he, "you shall assuredly be my tree. I will wear you for my crown; I will decorate with you my harp and my quiver; and when the great Roman conquerors lead up the triumphal pomp to the Capitol, you shall be woven into wreaths for their brows. And, as eternal youth is mine, you also shall be always green, and your leaf know no decay." The nymph, now changed into a laurel tree, bowed its head in grateful acknowledgment.

Io

Juno one day perceived it suddenly grow dark, and immediately suspected that her husband had raised a cloud to hide some of his doings that would not bear the light. She brushed away the cloud, and saw her husband on the banks of a glassy river, with a beautiful heifer standing near him. Juno suspected the heifer's form concealed some fair nymph of mortal mold—as was, indeed, the case; for it was Io, the daughter of the river god Inachus, whom Jupiter had been flirting with, and, when he became aware of the approach of his wife, had changed into that form.

Juno joined her husband, and noticing the heifer, praised its beauty, and asked whose it was, and of what herd. Jupiter, to stop questions, replied that it was a fresh creation from the earth. Juno asked to have it as a gift. What could Jupiter do? He was loath to give his mistress to his wife; yet how refuse so trifling a present as a simple heifer? He could not, without exciting suspicion; so he consented. The goddess was not yet relieved of her suspicions; so she delivered the heifer to Argus, to be strictly watched.

Now Argus had a hundred eyes in his head, and never went to sleep with more than two at a time, so that he kept watch of Io constantly. He suffered her to feed through the day, and at night tied her up with a vile rope round her neck. She would

have stretched out her arms to implore freedom of Argus, but she had no arms to stretch out, and her voice was a bellow that frightened even herself. She saw her father and her sisters, went near them, and suffered them to pat her back, and heard them admire her beauty. Her father reached her a tuft of grass, and she licked the outstretched hand. She longed to make herself known to him, and would have uttered her wish; but, alas! words were wanting. At length she bethought herself of writing, and inscribed her name—it was a short one—with her hoof on the sand. Inachus recognized it, and discovering that his daughter, whom he had long sought in vain, was hidden under this disguise, mourned over her, and, embracing her white neck, exclaimed, “Alas! my daughter, it would have been a less grief to have lost you altogether!” While he thus lamented, Argus, observing, came and drove her away, and took his seat on a high bank, from whence he could see all round in every direction.

Jupiter was troubled at beholding the sufferings of his mistress, and calling Mercury told him to go and despatch Argus. Mercury made haste, put his winged slippers on his feet, and cap on his head, took his sleep-producing wand, and leaped down from the heavenly towers to the earth. There he laid aside his wings, and kept only his wand, with which he presented himself as a shepherd driving his flock. As he strolled on he blew upon his pipes. These were what are called the Syrinx or Pandean pipes. Argus listened with delight, for he had never seen the instrument before. “Young man,” said he, “come and take a seat by me on this stone. There is no better place for your flocks to graze in than hereabouts, and here is a pleasant shade such as shepherds love.” Mercury sat down, talked, and told stories till it grew late, and played upon his pipes his most soothing strains, hoping to lull the watchful eyes to sleep, but all in vain; for Argus still contrived to keep some of his eyes open though he shut the rest.

Among other stories, Mercury told him how the instrument on which he played was invented. “There was a certain nymph, whose name was Syrinx, who was much beloved by the satyrs and spirits of the wood; but she would have none of them, but was a faithful worshiper of Diana, and followed the chase. You would have thought it was Diana herself, had you seen her in her hunting dress, only that her bow was of horn and Diana’s of silver. One day, as she was returning from the chase, Pan met her, told her just this, and added more of the same sort. She ran away, without stop-

ping to hear his compliments, and he pursued till she came to the bank of the river, where he overtook her, and she had only time to call for help on her friends the water nymphs. They heard and consented. Pan threw his arms around what he supposed to be the form of the nymph, and found he embraced only a tuft of reeds! As he breathed a sigh, the air sounded through the reeds, and produced a plaintive melody. The god, charmed with the novelty and with the sweetness of the music, said, ‘Thus, then, at least, you shall be mine.’ And he took some of the reeds, and placing them together, of unequal lengths, side by side, made an instrument which he called Syrinx, in honor of the nymph.” Before Mercury had finished his story he saw Argus’s eyes all asleep. As his head nodded forward on his breast, Mercury with one stroke cut his neck through, and tumbled his head down the rocks. O hapless Argus! the light of your hundred eyes is quenched at once! Juno took them and put them as ornaments on the tail of her peacock, where they remain to this day.

But the vengeance of Juno was not yet satiated. She sent a gadfly to torment Io, who fled over the whole world from its pursuit. She swam through the Ionian Sea, which derived its name from her, then roared over the plains of Illyria, ascended Mount Hæmus, and crossed the Thracian strait, thence named the Bosphorus (cow-ford), rambled on through Scythia, and the country of the Cimmerians, and arrived at last on the banks of the Nile. At length Jupiter interceded for her, and upon his promising not to pay any more attentions to her Juno consented to restore her to her form. It was curious to see her gradually recover her former self. The coarse hairs fell from her body, her horns shrank up, her eyes grew narrower, her mouth shorter; hands and fingers came instead of hoofs to her forefeet; in fine there was nothing left of the heifer, except her beauty. At first she was afraid to speak, for fear she should low, but gradually she recovered her confidence and was restored to her father and sisters.

Callisto

Callisto was another maiden who excited the jealousy of Juno, and the goddess changed her into a bear. “I will take away,” said she, “that beauty with which you have captivated my husband.” Down fell Callisto on her hands and knees; she tried to stretch out her arms in supplication—they were already beginning to be covered with black

hair. Her hands grew rounded, became armed with crooked claws, and served for feet; her mouth, which Jove used to praise for its beauty, became a horrid pair of jaws; her voice, which if unchanged would have moved the heart to pity, became a growl, more fit to inspire terror. Yet her former disposition remained, and with continual groaning, she bemoaned her fate, and stood upright as well as she could, lifting up her paws to beg for mercy, and felt that Jove was unkind,¹⁰ though she could not tell him so. Ah, how often, afraid to stay in the woods all night alone, she wandered about the neighborhood of her former haunts; how often, frightened by the dogs, did she, so lately a huntress, fly in terror from the hunters! Often she fled from the wild beasts, forgetting that she was now a wild beast herself; and, bear as she was, was afraid of the bears.

One day a youth espied her as he was hunting. She saw him and recognized him as her own son,²⁰ now grown a young man. She stopped and felt inclined to embrace him. As she was about to approach, he, alarmed, raised his hunting spear, and was on the point of transfixing her, when Jupiter, beholding, arrested the crime, and snatching away both of them, placed them in the heavens as the Great and Little Bear.

Juno was in a rage to see her rival so set in honor, and hastened to ancient Tethys and Oceanus, the powers of ocean, and in answer to their inquiries thus told the cause of her coming: "Do you ask why I, the queen of the gods, have left the heavenly plains and sought your depths? Learn that I am supplanted in heaven—my place is given to another. You will hardly believe me; but look when night darkens the world, and you shall see the two of whom I have so much reason to complain exalted to the heavens, in that part where the circle is the smallest, in the neighborhood of the pole. Why should anyone hereafter tremble at the thought of offending Juno, when such rewards are the consequence of my displeasure? See what I have been able to effect! I forbade her to wear the human form—she is placed among the stars! So do my punishments result—such is the extent of my power! Better that she should have resumed her former shape, as I permitted Io to do. Perhaps he means to marry her, and put me away! But you, my foster-parents, if you feel for me, and see with displeasure this unworthy treatment of me, show it, I beseech you, by forbidding this guilty couple from coming into your waters." The powers of the ocean assented, and consequently the two constel-

lations of the Great and Little Bear move round and round in heaven, but never sink, as the other stars do, beneath the ocean.

Diana and Actæon

Thus in two instances we have seen Juno's severity to her rivals; now let us learn how a virgin goddess punished an invader of her privacy.

It was midday, and the sun stood equally distant from either goal, when young Actæon, son of King Cadmus, thus addressed the youths who with him were hunting the stag in the mountains:

"Friends, our nets and our weapons are wet with the blood of our victims; we have had sport enough for one day, and tomorrow we can renew our labors. Now, while Phœbus parches the earth, let us put by our implements and indulge ourselves with rest."

There was a valley thick enclosed with cypresses and pines, sacred to the huntress queen, Diana. In the extremity of the valley was a cave, not adorned with art, but nature had counterfeited art in its construction, for she had turned the arch of its roof with stones as delicately fitted as if by the hand of man. A fountain burst out from one side, whose open basin was bounded by a grassy rim. Here the goddess of the woods used to come when weary with hunting and lave her virgin limbs in the sparkling water.

One day, having repaired thither with her nymphs, she handed her javelin, her quiver, and her bow to one, her robe to another, while a third unbound the sandals from her feet. Then Crocale, the most skillful of them, arranged her hair, and Nephele, Hyale, and the rest drew water in spacious urns. While the goddess was thus employed in the labors of the toilet, behold Actæon, having quitted his companions, and rambling without any especial object, came to the place, led thither by his destiny. As he presented himself at the entrance of the cave, the nymphs, seeing a man, screamed and rushed towards the goddess to hide her with their bodies. But she was taller than the rest and overtopped them all by a head. Such a color as tinged the clouds at sunset or at dawn came over the countenance of Diana thus taken by surprise. Surrounded as she was by her nymphs, she yet turned half away, and sought with a sudden impulse for her arrows. As they were not at hand, she dashed the water into the face of the intruder, adding these words: "Now go and tell, if you can, that you have seen Diana unappareled" Immediately a

pair of branching stag's horns grew out of his head, his neck gained in length, his ears grew sharp-pointed, his hands became feet, his arms long legs, his body was covered with a hairy spotted hide. Fear took the place of his former boldness, and the hero fled. He could not but admire his own speed; but when he saw his horns in the water, "Ah, wretched me!" he would have said, but no sound followed the effort. He groaned, and tears flowed down the face which had taken the place of his own. Yet his consciousness remained. What shall he do?—go home to seek the palace, or lie hid in the woods? The latter he was afraid, the former he was ashamed, to do. While he hesitated the dogs saw him. First Melampus, a Spartan dog, gave the signal with his bark, then Pamphagus, Dorceus, Lelaps, Theron, Nape, Tigris, and all the rest, rushed after him swifter than the wind. Over rocks and cliffs, through mountain gorges that seemed impracticable, he fled and they followed. Where he had often chased the stag and cheered on his pack, his pack now chased him, cheered on by his huntsmen. He longed to cry out, "I am Actæon; recognize your master!" but the words came not at his will. The air resounded with the bark of the dogs. Presently one fastened on his back, another seized his shoulder. While they held their master, the rest of the pack came up and buried their teeth in his flesh. He groaned,—not in a human voice, yet certainly not in a stag's,—and falling on his knees, raised his eyes, and would have raised his arms in supplication, if he had had them. His friends and fellow-huntsmen cheered on the dogs, and looked everywhere for Actæon, calling on him to join the sport. At the sound of his name, he turned his head, and heard them regret that he should be away. He earnestly wished he was. He would have been well pleased to see the exploits of his dogs, but to feel them was too much. They were all around him, rending and tearing; and it was not till they had torn his life out that the anger of Diana was satisfied.

Midas

Bacchus, on a certain occasion, found his old schoolmaster and foster-father, Silenus, missing. The old man had been drinking, and in that state wandered away, and was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas. Midas recognized him, and treated him hospitably, entertaining him for ten days and nights with an unceasing round of jollity. On the eleventh day he brought

Silens back, and restored him in safety to his pupil. Whereupon Bacchus offered Midas his choice of a reward, whatever he might wish. He asked that whatever he might touch should be changed into gold. Bacchus consented, though sorry that he had not made a better choice. Midas went his way, rejoicing in his new-acquired power, which he hastened to put to the test. He could scarce believe his eyes when he found a twig of an oak, which he plucked from the branch, became gold in his hand. He took up a stone; it changed to gold. He touched a sod; it did the same. He took an apple from the tree; you would have thought he had robbed the garden of the Hesperides. His joy knew no bounds, and as soon as he got home, he ordered the servants to set a splendid repast on the table. Then he found to his dismay that whether he touched bread, it hardened in his hand; or put a morsel to his lips, it defied his teeth. He took a glass of wine, but it flowed down his throat like melted gold.

In consternation at the unprecedented affliction, he strove to divest himself of his power; he hated the gift he had lately coveted. But all in vain; starvation seemed to await him. He raised his arms, all shining with gold, in prayer to Bacchus, begging to be delivered from his glittering destruction. Bacchus, merciful deity, heard and consented. "Go," said he, "to the River Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountainhead, there plunge your head and body in, and wash away your fault and its punishment." He did so, and scarce had he touched the waters before the gold-creating power passed into them, and the river sands became changed into gold, as they remain to this day.

Thenceforth Midas, hating wealth and splendor, dwelt in the country, and became a worshiper of Pan, the god of the fields. On a certain occasion Pan had the temerity to compare his music with that of Apollo, and to challenge the god of the lyre to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted, and Tmolus, the mountain god, was chosen umpire. The senior took his seat, and cleared away the trees from his ears to listen. At a given signal Pan blew on his pipes, and with his rustic melody gave great satisfaction to himself and his faithful follower Midas, who happened to be present. Then Tmolus turned his head toward the Sun-god, and all his trees turned with him. Apollo rose, his brow wreathed with Parnassian laurel, while his robe of Tyrian purple swept the ground. In his left hand he held the lyre, and with his right hand struck the strings. Ravished with the harmony, Tmolus

at once awarded the victory to the god of the lyre, and all but Midas acquiesced in the judgment. He dissented, and questioned the justice of the award. Apollo would not suffer such a depraved pair of ears any longer to wear the human form, but caused them to increase in length, grow hairy, within and without, and movable on their roots; in short, to be on the perfect pattern of those of an ass.

Mortified enough was King Midas at this mishap; but he consoled himself with the thought that it was possible to hide his misfortune, which he attempted to do by means of an ample turban or head-dress. But his hair-dresser of course knew the secret. He was charged not to mention it, and threatened with dire punishment if he presumed to disobey. But he found it too much for his discretion to keep such a secret; so he went out into the meadow, dug a hole in the ground, and stooping down, whispered the story, and covered it up. Before long a thick bed of reeds sprang up in the meadow, and as soon as it had gained its growth, began whispering the story, and has continued to do so, from that day to this, every time a breeze passes over the place.

Venus and Adonis

Venus, playing one day with her boy Cupid, wounded her bosom with one of his arrows. She pushed him away, but the wound was deeper than she thought. Before it healed she beheld Adonis, and was captivated with him. She no longer took any interest in her favorite resorts—Paphos, and Cnidos, and Amathos, rich in metals. She absented herself even from heaven, for Adonis was dearer to her than heaven. Him she followed and bore him company. She who used to love to recline in the shade, with no care but to cultivate her charms, now rambles through the woods and over the hills, dressed like the huntress Diana; and calls her dogs, and chases hares and stags, or other game that it is safe to hunt, but keeps clear of the wolves and bears, reeking with the slaughter of the herd. She charged Adonis, too, to beware of such dangerous animals. "Be brave towards the timid," said she; "courage against the courageous is not safe. Beware how you expose yourself to danger and put my happiness to risk. Attack not the beasts that Nature has armed with weapons. I do not value your glory so high as to consent to purchase it by such exposure. Your youth, and the beauty that charms Venus, will not touch the

hearts of lions and bristly boars. Think of their terrible claws and prodigious strength! I hate the whole race of them. Do you ask me why?" Then she told him the story of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who were changed into lions for their ingratitude to her.

Having given him this warning, she mounted her chariot drawn by swans, and drove away through the air. But Adonis was too noble to heed such counsels. The dogs had roused a wild boar from his lair, and the youth threw his spear and wounded the animal with a sidelong stroke. The beast drew out the weapon with his jaws, and rushed after Adonis, who turned and ran; but the boar overtook him, and buried his tusks in his side, and stretched him dying upon the plain.

Venus, in her swan-drawn chariot, had not yet reached Cyprus, when she heard coming up through mid-air the groans of her beloved, and turned her white-winged coursers back to earth. As she drew near and saw from on high his lifeless body bathed in blood, she alighted and, bending over it, beat her breast and tore her hair. Reproaching the Fates, she said, "Yet theirs shall be but a partial triumph; memorials of my grief shall endure, and the spectacle of your death, my Adonis, and of my lamentation shall be annually renewed. Your blood shall be changed into a flower; that consolation none can envy me." Thus speaking, she sprinkled nectar on the blood; and as they mingled, bubbles rose as in a pool on which raindrops fall, and in an hour's time there sprang up a flower of bloody hue like that of the pomegranate. But it is short-lived. It is said the wind blows the blossoms open, and afterwards blows the petals away; so it is called Anemone, or Wind Flower, from the cause which assists equally in its production and its decay.

Echo and Narcissus

Echo was a beautiful nymph, fond of the woods and hills, where she devoted herself to woodland sports. She was a favorite of Diana, and attended her in the chase. But Echo had one failing; she was fond of talking, and whether in chat or argument, would have the last word. One day Juno was seeking her husband, who, she had reason to fear, was amusing himself among the nymphs. Echo by her talk contrived to detain the goddess till the nymphs made their escape. When Juno discovered it, she passed sentence upon Echo in these words: "You shall forfeit the use of that tongue with which you have cheated me, except for that one purpose you

are so fond of—*reply*. You shall still have the last word, but no power to speak first."

This nymph saw Narcissus, a beautiful youth, as he pursued the chase upon the mountains. She loved him and followed his footsteps. Oh, how she longed to address him in the softest accents, and win him to converse! but it was not in her power. She waited with impatience for him to speak first, and had her answer ready. One day the youth, being separated from his companions, shouted aloud, "Who's here?" Echo replied, "Here." Narcissus looked around, but seeing no one, called out, "Come." Echo answered, "Come." As no one came, Narcissus called again, "Why do you shun me?" Echo asked the same question. "Let us join one another," said the youth. The maid answered with all her heart in the same words, and hastened to the spot, ready to throw her arms about his neck. He started back, exclaiming, "Hands off! I would rather die than you should have me!" "Have me," said she; but it was all in vain. He left her, and she went to hide her blushes in the recesses of the woods. From that time forth she lived in caves and among mountain cliffs. Her form faded with grief, till at last all her flesh shrank away. Her bones were changed into rocks and there was nothing left of her but her voice. With that she is still ready to reply to anyone who calls her, and keeps up her old habit of having the last word.

Narcissus's cruelty in this case was not the only instance. He shunned all the rest of the nymphs, as he had done poor Echo. One day a maiden who had in vain endeavored to attract him uttered a prayer that he might some time or other feel what it was to love and meet no return of affection. The avenging goddess heard and granted the prayer.

There was a clear fountain, with water like silver, to which the shepherds never drove their flocks, nor the mountain goats resorted, nor any of the beasts of the forest; neither was it defaced with fallen leaves or branches; but the grass grew fresh around it, and the rocks sheltered it from the sun. Hither came one day the youth, fatigued with hunting, heated and thirsty. He stooped down to drink, and saw his own image in the water; he thought it was some beautiful water-spirit living in the fountain. He stood gazing with admiration at those bright eyes, those locks curled like the locks of Bacchus or Apollo, the rounded cheeks, the ivory neck, the parted lips, and the glow of health and exercise over all. He fell in love with himself. He brought his lips near to take a kiss; he plunged his arms in to embrace the beloved object.

It fled at the touch, but returned again after a moment and renewed the fascination. He could not tear himself away; he lost all thought of food or rest, while he hovered over the brink of the fountain gazing upon his own image. He talked with the supposed spirit: "Why, beautiful being, do you shun me? Surely my face is not one to repel you. The nymphs love me, and you yourself look not indifferent upon me. When I stretch forth my arms you do the same; and you smile upon me and answer my beckonings with the like." His tears fell into the water and disturbed the image. As he saw it depart, he exclaimed, "Stay, I entreat you! Let me at least gaze upon you, if I may not touch you." With this, and much more of the same kind, he cherished the flame that consumed him, so that by degrees he lost his color, his vigor, and the beauty which formerly had so charmed the nymph Echo. She kept near him, however, and when he exclaimed, "Alas! alas!" she answered him with the same words. He pined away and died; and when his shade passed the Stygian river, it leaned over the boat to catch a look at itself in the waters. The nymphs mourned for him, especially the water-nymphs; and when they smote their breasts Echo smote hers also. They prepared a funeral pile and would have burned the body, but it was nowhere to be found; but in its place a flower, purple within, and surrounded with white leaves, which bears the name and preserves the memory of Narcissus.

Perseus and Medusa

Perseus was the son of Jupiter and Danaë. His grandfather Acrisius, alarmed by an oracle which had told him that his daughter's child would be the instrument of his death, caused the mother and child to be shut up in a chest and set adrift on the sea. The chest floated towards Seriphus, where it was found by a fisherman who conveyed the mother and infant to Polydectes, the king of the country, by whom they were treated with kindness. When Perseus was grown up Polydectes sent him to attempt the conquest of Medusa, a terrible monster who had laid waste the country. She was once a beautiful maiden whose hair was her chief glory, but as she dared to vie in beauty with Minerva, the goddess deprived her of her charms and changed her beautiful ringlets into hissing serpents. She became a cruel monster of so frightful an aspect that no living thing could behold her without being turned into stone. All around the cavern where she dwelt might be seen the

stony figures of men and animals which had chanced to catch a glimpse of her and had been petrified with the sight. Perseus, favored by Minerva and Mercury, the former of whom lent him her shield and the latter his winged shoes, approached Medusa while she slept and taking care not to look directly at her, but guided by her image reflected in the bright shield which he bore, he cut off her head and gave it to Minerva, who fixed it in the middle of her *Aegis*.

The Sea-Monster

Perseus, continuing his flight, arrived at the country of the *Æthiopians*, of which Cepheus was king. Cassiopeia his queen, proud of her beauty, had dared to compare herself to the Sea-Nymphs, which roused their indignation to such a degree that they sent a prodigious sea-monster to ravage the coast. To appease the deities, Cepheus was directed by the oracle to expose his daughter Andromeda to be devoured by the monster. As Perseus looked down from his aerial height he beheld the virgin chained to a rock, and waiting the approach of the serpent. She was so pale and motionless that if it had not been for her flowing tears and her hair that moved in the breeze, he would have taken her for a marble statue. He was so startled at the sight that he almost forgot to wave his wings. As he hovered over her he said, "O virgin, undeserving of those chains, but rather of such as bind fond lovers together, tell me, I beseech you, your name, and the name of your country, and why you are thus bound." At first she was silent from modesty, and, if she could, would have hid her face with her hands; but when he repeated his questions, for fear she might be thought guilty of some fault which she dared not tell, she disclosed her name and that of her country, and her mother's pride of beauty. Before she had done speaking, a sound was heard off upon the water, and the sea-monster appeared, with his head raised above the surface, cleaving the waves with his broad breast. The virgin shrieked, the father and mother who had now arrived at the scene, wretched both, but the mother more justly so, stood by, not able to afford protection, but only to pour forth lamentations and to embrace the victim. Then spoke Perseus: "There will be time enough for tears; this hour is all we have for rescue. My rank as the son of Jove and my renown as the slayer of the Gorgon might make me acceptable as a suitor; but I will try to win her by services rendered, if the gods will

only be propitious. If she be rescued by my valor, I demand that she be my reward." The parents consent (how could they hesitate?) and promise a royal dowry with her.

And now the monster was within the range of a stone thrown by a skillful slinger, when with a sudden bound the youth soared into the air. As an eagle, when from his lofty flight he sees a serpent basking in the sun, pounces upon him and seizes ²⁰ him by the neck to prevent him from turning his head round and using his fangs, so the youth darted down upon the back of the monster and plunged his sword into its shoulder. Irritated by the wound, the monster raised himself into the air, then plunged into the depth; then, like a wild boar surrounded by a pack of barking dogs, turned swiftly from side to side, while the youth eluded its attacks by means of his wings. Wherever he can find passage for his sword between the scales he makes a wound, piercing now the side, now the flank, as it slopes towards the tail. The brute spouts from his nostrils water mixed with blood. The wings of the hero are wet with it, and he dares no longer trust to them. Alighting on a rock which rose above the waves, and holding on by a projecting fragment, as the monster floated near he gave him a death stroke. The people who had gathered on the shore shouted so that the hills re-echoed with the sound. The parents, transported with joy, embraced their future son-in-law, calling him their deliverer and the savior of their house, and the virgin, both cause and reward of the contest, descended from the rock.

The Golden Fleece

In very ancient times there lived in Thessaly a king and queen named Athamas and Nephele. They had two children, a boy and a girl. After a time Athamas grew indifferent to his wife, put her away, and took another. Nephele suspected danger to her children from the influence of the stepmother, and took measures to send them out of her reach. Mercury assisted her, and gave her a ram with a *golden fleece*, on which she set the two children, trusting that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. The ram vaulted into the air with the children on his back, taking his course to the east, till when crossing the strait that divides Europe and Asia, the girl, whose name was Helle, fell from his back into the sea, which from her was called the Hellespont,—now the Dardanelles. The ram continued his career till he

reached the kingdom of Colchis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, where he safely landed the boy Phryxus, who was hospitably received by Æetes, king of the country. Phryxus sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the *Golden Fleece* to Æetes, who placed it in a consecrated grove, under the care of a sleepless dragon.

There was another kingdom in Thessaly near to that of Athamas, and ruled over by a relative of his. The king Æson, being tired of the cares of government, surrendered his crown to his brother Pelias on condition that he should hold it only during the minority of Jason, the son of Æson. When Jason was grown up and came to demand the crown from his uncle, Pelias pretended to be willing to yield it, but at the same time suggested to the young man the glorious adventure of going in quest of the *Golden Fleece*, which it was well known was in the kingdom of Colchis, and was, as Pelias pretended, the rightful property of their family. Jason was pleased with the thought and forthwith made preparations for the expedition. At that time the only species of navigation known to the Greeks consisted of small boats or canoes hollowed out from trunks of trees, so that when Jason employed Argus to build him a vessel capable of containing fifty men, it was considered a gigantic undertaking. It was accomplished, however, and the vessel named "Argo," from the name of the builder. Jason sent his invitation to all the adventurous young men of Greece, and soon found himself at the head of a band of bold youths, many of whom afterwards were renowned among the heroes and demigods of Greece. Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, and Nestor were among them. They are called the Argonauts, from the name of their vessel.

The "Argo" with her crew of heroes left the shores of Thessaly and having touched at the Island of Lemnos, thence crossed to Mysia and thence to Thrace. Here they found the sage Phineus, and from him received instruction as to their future course. It seems the entrance of the Euxine Sea was impeded by two small rocky islands, which floated on the surface, and in their tossings and heavings occasionally came together, crushing and grinding to atoms any object that might be caught between them. They were called the Symplegades, or Clashing Islands. Phineus instructed the Argonauts how to pass this dangerous strait. When they reached the islands they let go a dove, which took her way between the rocks, and passed in safety, only losing some feathers of her tail.

Jason and his men seized the favorable moment of the rebound, plied their oars with vigor, and passed safe through, though the islands closed behind them, and actually grazed their stern. They now rowed along the shore till they arrived at the eastern end of the sea, and landed at the kingdom of Colchis.

Jason made known his message to the Colchian king, Æetes, who consented to give up the golden fleece if Jason would yoke to the plow two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and sow the teeth of the dragon which Cadmus had slain, and from which it was well known that a crop of armed men would spring up, who would turn their weapons against their producer. Jason accepted the conditions, and a time was set for making the experiment. Previously, however, he found means to plead his cause to Medea, daughter of the king. He promised her marriage, and as they stood before the altar of Hecate, called the goddess to witness his oath. Medea yielded, and by her aid, for she was a potent sorceress, he was furnished with a charm, by which he could encounter safely the breath of the fire-breathing bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

At the time appointed, the people assembled at the grove of Mars, and the king assumed his royal seat, while the multitude covered the hillsides. The brazen-footed bulls rushed in, breathing fire from their nostrils that burned up the herbage as they passed. The sound was like the roar of a furnace, and the smoke like that of water upon quick-lime. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. His friends, the chosen heroes of Greece, trembled to behold him. Regardless of the burning breath, he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with fearless hand, and adroitly slipped over them the yoke, and compelled them to drag the plow. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy. Jason next proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth and plow them in. And soon the crop of armed men sprang up, and, wonderful to relate! no sooner had they reached the surface than they began to brandish their weapons and rush upon Jason. The Greeks trembled for their hero, and even she who had provided him a way of safety and taught him how to use it, Medea herself, grew pale with fear. Jason for a time kept his assailants at bay with his sword and shield, till, finding their numbers overwhelming, he resorted to the charm which Medea had taught him, seized a stone and threw it in the midst of his foes. They immediately turned their arms against one an-

other, and soon there was not one of the dragon's brood left alive. The Greeks embraced their hero, and Medea, if she dared, would have embraced him too.

It remained to lull to sleep the dragon that guarded the fleece, and this was done by scattering over him a few drops of a preparation which Medea had supplied. At the smell he relaxed his rage, stood for a moment motionless, then shut those great round eyes, that had never been known to shut before, and turned over on his side, fast asleep. Jason seized the fleece and with his friends and Medea accompanying, hastened to their vessel before Æetes the king could arrest their departure, and made the best of their way back to Thessaly, where they arrived safe, and Jason delivered the fleece to Pelias, and dedicated the "Argo" to Neptune. What became of the fleece afterwards we do not know, but perhaps it was found after all, like many other golden prizes, not worth the trouble it had cost to procure it.

Medea and Æson

Amid the rejoicings for the recovery of the *Golden Fleece*, Jason felt that one thing was wanting, the presence of Æson, his father, who was prevented by his age and infirmities from taking part in them. Jason said to Medea, "My spouse, would that your arts, whose power I have seen so mighty for my aid, could do me one further service, take some years from my life and add them to my father's." Medea replied, "Not at such a cost shall it be done, but if my art avails me, his life shall be lengthened without abridging yours." The next full moon she issued forth alone, while all creatures slept; not a breath stirred the foliage, and all was still. To the stars she addressed her incantations, and to the moon; to Hecate, the goddess of the under-world, and to Tellus the goddess of the earth, by whose power plants potent for enchantment are produced. She invoked the gods of the woods and caverns, of mountains and valleys, of lakes and rivers, of winds and vapors. While she spoke the stars shone brighter, and presently a chariot descended through the air, drawn by flying serpents. She ascended it, and borne aloft made her way to distant regions, where potent plants grew which she knew how to select for her purpose. Nine nights she employed in her search, and during that time came not within the doors of her palace nor under any roof, and shunned all intercourse with mortals.

She next erected two altars, the one to Hecate, the other to Hebe, the goddess of youth, and sacrificed a black sheep, pouring libations of milk and wine. She implored Pluto and his stolen bride that they would not hasten to take the old man's life. Then she directed that Æson should be led forth, and having thrown him into a deep sleep by a charm, had him laid on a bed of herbs, like one dead. Jason and all others were kept away from the place, that no profane eyes might look upon her mysteries. Then, with streaming hair, she thrice moved round the altars, dipped flaming twigs in the blood, and laid them thereon to burn. Meanwhile the cauldron with its contents was got ready. In it she put magic herbs, with seeds and flowers of acrid juice, stones from the distant east, and sand from the shore of the all-surrounding ocean; hoarfrost, gathered by moonlight, a screech owl's head and wings, and the entrails of a wolf. She added fragments of the shells of tortoises, and the liver of stags—animals tenacious of life—and the head and beak of a crow, that outlives nine generations of men. These with many other things "without a name" she boiled together for her purposed work, stirring them up with a dry olive branch; and behold! the branch when taken out instantly became green, and before long was covered with leaves and a plentiful growth of young olives; and as the liquor boiled and bubbled, and sometimes ran over, the grass wherever the sprinklings fell shot forth with a verdure like that of spring.

Seeing that all was ready, Medea cut the throat of the old man and let out all his blood, and poured into his mouth and into his wound the juices of her cauldron. As soon as he had completely imbibed them, his hair and beard laid by their whiteness and assumed the blackness of youth; his paleness and emaciation were gone; his veins were full of blood, his limbs of vigor and robustness. Æson is amazed at himself, and remembers that such as he now is, he was in his youthful days, forty years before.

Medea used her arts here for a good purpose, but not so in another instance, where she made them the instruments of revenge. Pelias, our readers will recollect, was the usurping uncle of Jason, and had kept him out of his kingdom. Yet he must have had some good qualities, for his daughters loved him, and when they saw what Medea had done for Æson, they wished her to do the same for their father. Medea pretended to consent, and prepared her cauldron as before. At her request an

old sheep was brought and plunged into the cauldron. Very soon a bleating was heard in the kettle, and when the cover was removed, a lamb jumped forth and ran frisking away into the meadow. The daughters of Pelias saw the experiment with delight, and appointed a time for their father to undergo the same operation. But Medea prepared her cauldron for him in a very different way. She put in only water and a few simple herbs. In the night she with the sisters entered the bed chamber of the old king, while he and his guards slept soundly under the influence of a spell cast upon them by Medea. The daughters stood by the bedside with their weapons drawn, but hesitated to strike, till Medea chid their irresolution. Then turning away their faces, and giving random blows, they smote him with their weapons. He, starting from his sleep, cried out, "My daughters, what are you doing? Will you kill your father?" Their hearts failed them and their weapons fell from their hands, but Medea struck him a fatal blow, and prevented his saying more.

Then they placed him in the cauldron, and Medea hastened to depart in her serpent-drawn chariot before they discovered her treachery, or their vengeance would have been terrible. She escaped, however, but had little enjoyment of the fruits of her crime. Jason, for whom she had done so much, wishing to marry Creusa, princess of Corinth, put away Medea. She, enraged at his ingratitude, called on the gods for vengeance, sent a poisoned robe as a gift to the bride, and then killing her own children, and setting fire to the palace, mounted her serpent-drawn chariot and fled to Athens, where she married King Ægeus, the father of Theseus, and we shall meet her again when we come to the adventures of that hero.

Meleager

One of the heroes of the Argonautic expedition was Meleager, son of Æneus and Althea, king and queen of Calydon. Althea, when her son was born, beheld the three destinies, who as they spun their fatal thread, foretold that the life of the child should last no longer than a brand then burning upon the hearth. Althea seized and quenched the brand, and carefully preserved it for years, while Meleager grew to boyhood, youth, and manhood. It chanced, then, that Æneus, as he offered sacrifices to the gods, omitted to pay due honors to Diana; and she, indignant at the neglect, sent a wild boar of enormous size to lay waste the fields

of Calydon. Its eyes shone with blood and fire, its bristles stood like threatening spears, its tusks were like those of Indian elephants. The growing corn was trampled, the vines and olive trees laid waste, the flocks and herds were driven in wild confusion by the slaughtering foe. All common aid seemed vain; but Meleager called on the heroes of Greece to join in a bold hunt for the ravenous monster. Theseus and his friend Pirithous, Jason, Peleus, afterwards the father of Achilles, Telamon the father of Ajax, Nestor, then a youth, but who in his age bore arms with Achilles and Ajax in the Trojan War—these and many more joined in the enterprise. With them came Atalanta, the daughter of Iasius, king of Arcadia. A buckle of polished gold confined her vest, an ivory quiver hung on her left shoulder, and her left hand bore the bow. Her face blent feminine beauty with the best graces of martial youth. Meleager saw and loved. But now already they were near the monster's lair. They stretched strong nets from tree to tree; they uncoupled their dogs; they tried to find the footprints of their quarry in the grass. From the wood was a descent to marshy ground. Here the boar, as he lay among the reeds, heard the shouts of his pursuers, and rushed forth against them. One and another is thrown down and slain. Jason throws his spear, with a prayer to Diana for success; and the favoring goddess allows the weapon to touch, but not to wound, removing the steel point of the spear in its flight. Nestor, assailed, seeks and finds safety in the branches of a tree. Telamon rushes on, but stumbling at a projecting root, falls prone. But an arrow from Atalanta at length for the first time tastes the monster's blood. It is a slight wound, but Meleager sees and joyfully proclaims it. Anceus, excited to envy by the praise given to a female, loudly proclaims his own valor, and defies alike the boar and the goddess who had sent it; but as he rushes on, the infuriated beast lays him low with a mortal wound. Theseus throws his lance, but it is turned aside by a projecting bough. The dart of Jason misses its object, and kills instead one of their own dogs. But Meleager, after one unsuccessful stroke, drives his spear into the monster's side, then rushes on and despatches him with repeated blows.

Then rose a shout from those around; they congratulated the conqueror, crowding to touch his hand. He, placing his foot upon the head of the slain boar, turned to Atalanta and bestowed on her the head and the rough hide which were the trophies of his success. But at this, envy excited the

rest to strife. Plexippus and Toxeus, the brothers of Meleager's mother, beyond the rest opposed the gift, and snatched from the maiden the trophy she had received. Meleager, kindling with rage at the wrong done to himself, and still more at the insult offered to her whom he loved, forgot the claims of kindred, and plunged his sword into the offenders' hearts.

As Althea bore gifts of thankfulness to the temples for the victory of her son, the bodies of her murdered brothers met her sight. She shrieks, and beats her breast, and hastens to change the garments of rejoicing for those of mourning. But when the author of the deed is known, grief gives way to the stern desire of vengeance on her son. The fatal brand, which once she rescued from the flames, the brand which the destinies had linked with Meleager's life, she brings forth, and commands a fire to be prepared. Then four times she essays to place the brand upon the pile; four times she draws back, shuddering at the thought of bringing destruction on her son. The feelings of the mother and the sister contend within her. Now she is pale at the thought of the proposed deed, now flushed again with anger at the act of her son. As a vessel, driven in one direction by the wind, and in the opposite by the tide, the mind of Althea hangs suspended in uncertainty. But now the sister prevails above the mother, and she begins as she holds the fatal wood: "Turn, ye Furies, goddesses of punishment! turn to behold the sacrifice I bring! Crime must atone for crime. Shall Æneus rejoice in his victor's son, while the house of Thestius is desolate? But, alas! to what deed am I borne along? Brothers, forgive a mother's weakness! my hand fails me. He deserves death, but not that I should destroy him. But shall he then live, and triumph, and reign over Calydon, while you, my brothers, wander unavenged among the shades? No! thou hast lived by my gift; die, now, for thine own crime. Return the life which twice I gave thee, first at thy birth, again when I snatched this brand from the flames. O that thou hadst then died! Alas! evil is the conquest; but, brothers, ye have conquered." And, turning away her face, she threw the fatal wood upon the burning pile.

It gave, or seemed to give, a deadly groan. Meleager, absent and unknowing of the cause, felt a sudden pang. He burns, and only by courageous pride conquers the pain which destroys him. He mourns only that he perishes by a bloodless and unhonored death. With his last breath he calls upon his aged father, his brother, and his fond sis-

ters, upon his beloved Atalanta, and upon his mother, the unknown cause of his fate. The flames increase, and with them the pain of the hero. Now both subside; now both are quenched. The brand is ashes, and the life of Meleager is breathed forth to the wandering winds.

Althea, when the deed was done, laid violent hands upon herself. The sisters of Meleager mourned their brother with uncontrollable grief; till Diana, pitying the sorrows of the house that once had aroused her anger, turned them into birds.

Atalanta

The innocent cause of so much sorrow was a maiden whose face you might truly say was boyish for a girl, yet too girlish for a boy. Her fortune had been told, and it was to this effect: "Atalanta, do not marry; marriage will be your ruin." Terrified by this oracle, she fled the society of men, and devoted herself to the sports of the chase. To all suitors (for she had many) she imposed a condition which was generally effectual in relieving her of their persecutions,—"I will be the prize of him who shall conquer me in the race; but death must be the penalty of all who try and fail." In spite of this hard condition some would try. Hippomenes was to be judge of the race. "Can it be possible that any will be so rash as to risk so much for a wife?" said he. But when he saw her lay aside her robe for the race, he changed his mind, and said, "Pardon me, youths, I knew not the prize you were competing for." As he surveyed them he wished them all to be beaten, and swelled with envy of anyone that seemed at all likely to win. While such were his thoughts, the virgin darted forward. As she ran she looked more beautiful than ever. The breezes seemed to give wings to her feet; her hair flew over her shoulders, and the gay fringe of her garment fluttered behind her. A ruddy hue tinged the whiteness of her skin, such as a crimson curtain casts on a marble wall. All her competitors were distanced, and were put to death without mercy. Hippomenes, not daunted by this result, fixing his eyes on the virgin, said, "Why boast of beating those laggards? I offer myself for the contest." Atalanta looked at him with a pitying countenance, and hardly knew whether she would rather conquer him or not. "What god can tempt one so young and handsome to throw himself away? I pity him, not for his beauty (yet he is beautiful), but for his youth. I wish he would give up the race, or if he will be so mad, I hope he may

outrun me." While she hesitates, revolving these thoughts, the spectators grow impatient for the race, and her father prompts her to prepare. Then Hippomenes addressed a prayer to Venus: "Help me, Venus, for you have led me on." Venus heard and was propitious.

In the garden of her temple, in her own island of Cyprus, is a tree with yellow leaves and yellow branches and golden fruit. Hence she gathered three golden apples, and unseen by anyone else, gave them to Hippomenes, and told him how to use them. The signal is given; each starts from the goal and skims over the sand. So light their tread, you would almost have thought they might run over the river surface or over the waving grain without sinking. The cries of the spectators cheered Hippomenes,—"Now, now, do your best! haste, hasten! you gain on her! relax not! one more effort!" It was doubtful whether the youth or the maiden heard these cries with the greater pleasure. But his breath began to fail him, his throat was dry, the goal yet far off. At that moment he threw down one of the golden apples. The virgin was all amazement. She stopped to pick it up. Hippomenes shot ahead. Shouts burst forth from all sides. She redoubled her efforts, and soon overtook him. Again he threw an apple. She stopped again, but again came up with him. The goal was near; one chance only remained. "Now, goddess," said he, "prosper your gift!" and threw the last apple off at one side. She looked at it, and hesitated; Venus impelled her to turn aside for it. She did so, and was vanquished. The youth carried off his prize.

But the lovers were so full of their own happiness that they forgot to pay due honor to Venus; and the goddess was provoked at their ingratitude. She caused them to give offense to Cybele. That powerful goddess was not to be insulted with impunity. She took from them their human form and turned them into animals of characters resembling their own: of the huntress-heroine, triumphing in the blood of her lovers, she made a lioness, and of her lord and master a lion, and yoked them to her car, where they are still to be seen in all representations, in statuary or painting, of the goddess Cybele.

Hercules

Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. As Juno was always hostile to the offspring of her husband by mortal mothers, she declared war against Hercules from his birth. She sent two serpents to destroy him as he lay in his cradle, but

the precocious infant strangled them with his own hands. He was, however, by the arts of Juno rendered subject to Eurystheus and compelled to perform all his commands. Eurystheus enjoined upon him a succession of desperate adventures, which are called the "Twelve Labors of Hercules." The first was the fight with the Nemean lion. The valley of Nemea was infested by a terrible lion. Eurystheus ordered Hercules to bring him the skin of this monster. After using in vain his club and arrows against the lion, Hercules strangled the animal with his hands. He returned carrying the dead lion on his shoulders; but Eurystheus was so frightened at the sight of it and at this proof of the prodigious strength of the hero, that he ordered him to deliver the account of his exploits in future outside the town.

His next labor was the slaughter of the Hydra. This monster ravaged the country of Argos, and dwelt in a swamp near the well of Amymone. This well had been discovered by Amymone when the country was suffering from drought, and the story was that Neptune, who loved her, had permitted her to touch the rock with his trident, and a spring of three outlets burst forth. Here the Hydra took up his position, and Hercules was sent to destroy him. The Hydra had nine heads, of which the middle one was immortal. Hercules struck off its heads with his club, but in the place of the head knocked off, two new ones grew forth each time. At length with the assistance of his faithful servant Iolaus, he burned away the heads of the Hydra, and buried the ninth or immortal one under a huge rock.

Another labor was the cleaning of the Augean stables. Augeas, king of Elis, had a herd of three thousand oxen, whose stalls had not been cleansed for thirty years. Hercules brought the rivers Alpheus and Peneus through them, and cleansed them thoroughly in one day.

His next labor was of a more delicate kind. Admeta, the daughter of Eurystheus, longed to obtain the girdle of the queen of the Amazons, and Eurystheus ordered Hercules to go and get it. The Amazons were a nation of women. They were very warlike and held several flourishing cities. It was their custom to bring up only the female children; the boys were either sent away to the neighboring nations or put to death. Hercules was accompanied by a number of volunteers, and after various adventures at last reached the country of the Amazons. Hippolyta, the queen, received him kindly, and consented to yield him her girdle,

but Juno, taking the form of an Amazon, went and persuaded the rest that the strangers were carrying off their queen. They instantly armed and came in great numbers down to the ship. Hercules, thinking that Hippolyta had acted treacherously, slew her, and taking her girdle made sail homewards.

Another task enjoined him was to bring to Eurystheus the oxen of Geryon, a monster with three bodies, who dwelt in the island of Erytheia (the red), so called because it lay at the west, under the rays of the setting sun. This description is thought to apply to Spain, of which Geryon was king. After traversing various countries, Hercules reached at length the frontiers of Libya and Europe, where he raised the two mountains of Calpe and Abyla, as monuments of his progress, or, according to another account, rent one mountain into two and left half on each side, forming the straits of Gibraltar, the two mountains being called the Pillars of Hercules. The oxen were guarded by the giant Eurytion and his two-headed dog, but Hercules killed the giant and his dog and brought away the oxen in safety to Eurystheus.

The most difficult labor of all was getting the golden apples of the Hesperides, for Hercules did not know where to find them. These were the apples which Juno had received at her wedding from the goddess of the Earth, and which she had intrusted to the keeping of the daughters of Hesperus, assisted by a watchful dragon. After various adventures Hercules arrived at Mount Atlas in Africa. Atlas was one of the Titans who had warred against the gods, and after they were subdued, Atlas was condemned to bear on his shoulders the weight of the heavens. He was the father of the Hesperides, and Hercules thought that he, if anyone, could find the apples and bring them to him. But how to send Atlas away from his post, or bear up the heavens while he was gone? Hercules took the burden on his own shoulders, and sent Atlas to seek the apples. He returned with them, and though somewhat reluctantly, took his burden upon his shoulders again, and let Hercules return with the apples to Eurystheus.

Milton, in his *Comus*, makes the Hesperides the daughters of Hesperus and nieces of Atlas:

... amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree.

The poets, led by the analogy of the lovely appearance of the western sky at sunset, viewed the

west as a region of brightness and glory. Hence they placed in it the Isles of the Blest, the ruddy Isle Erytheia, on which the bright oxen of Geryon were pastured, and the Isle of the Hesperides. The apples are supposed by some to be the oranges of Spain, of which the Greeks had heard some obscure accounts.

A celebrated exploit of Hercules was his victory over Antæus. Antæus, the son of Terra, the Earth, was a mighty giant and wrestler, whose strength was invincible so long as he remained in contact with his mother Earth. He compelled all strangers who came to his country to wrestle with him, on condition that if conquered (as they all were) they should be put to death. Hercules encountered him, and finding that it was of no avail to throw him, for he always rose with renewed strength from every fall, he lifted him up from the earth and strangled him in the air.

Cacus was a huge giant, who inhabited a cave on Mount Aventine, and plundered the surrounding country. When Hercules was driving home the oxen of Geryon, Cacus stole part of the cattle, while the hero slept. That their footprints might not serve to show where they had been driven, he dragged them backward by their tails to his cave; so their tracks all seemed to show that they had gone in the opposite direction. Hercules was deceived by this stratagem, and would have failed to find his oxen, if it had not happened that in driving the remainder of the herd past the cave where the stolen ones were concealed, those within began to low, and were thus discovered. Cacus was slain by Hercules.

The last exploit we shall record was bringing Cerberus from the lower world. Hercules descended into Hades, accompanied by Mercury and Minerva. He obtained permission from Pluto to carry Cerberus to the upper air, provided he could do it without the use of weapons; and in spite of the monster's struggling, he seized him, held him fast, and carried him to Eurystheus, and afterwards brought him back again. When he was in Hades he obtained the liberty of Theseus, his admirer and imitator, who had been detained a prisoner there for an unsuccessful attempt to carry off Proserpine.

Hercules in a fit of madness killed his friend Iphitus, and was condemned for this offense to become the slave of Queen Omphale for three years. While in this service the hero's nature seemed changed. He lived effeminately, wearing at times the dress of a woman, and spinning wool with the

handmaidens of Omphale, while the queen wore his lion's skin. When this service was ended he married Dejanira and lived in peace with her three years. On one occasion as he was traveling with his wife, they came to a river, across which the Centaur Nessus carried travelers for a stated fee. Hercules himself forded the river, but gave Dejanira to Nessus to be carried across. Nessus attempted to run away with her, but Hercules heard her cries and shot an arrow into the heart of Nessus. The dying Centaur told Dejanira to take a portion of his blood and keep it, as it might be used as a charm to preserve the love of her husband.

Dejanira did so, and before long fancied she had occasion to use it. Hercules in one of his conquests had taken prisoner a fair maiden, named Iole, of whom he seemed more fond than Dejanira approved. When Hercules was about to offer sacrifices to the gods in honor of his victory, he sent to his wife for a white robe to use on the occasion. Dejanira, thinking it a good opportunity to try her love-spell, steeped the garment in the blood of Nessus. We are to suppose she took care to wash out all traces of it, but the magic power remained, and as soon as the garment became warm on the body of Hercules the poison penetrated into all his limbs and caused him the most intense agony. In his frenzy he seized Lichas, who had brought him the fatal robe, and hurled him into the sea. He wrenched off the garment, but it stuck to his flesh, and with it he tore away whole pieces of his body. In this state he embarked on board a ship and was conveyed home. Dejanira, on seeing what she had unwittingly done, hung herself. Hercules, prepared to die, ascended Mount Oeta, where he built a funeral pile of trees, gave his bow and arrows to Philoctetes, and laid himself down on the pile, his head resting on his club, and his lion's skin spread over him. With a countenance as serene as if he were taking his place at a festal board he commanded Philoctetes to apply the torch. The flames spread apace and soon invested the whole mass.

Theseus

Theseus was the son of Ægeus, king of Athens, and of Æthra, daughter of the king of Troezen. He was brought up at Troezen, and when arrived at manhood was to proceed to Athens and present himself to his father. Ægeus on parting from Æthra, before the birth of his son, placed his sword and shoes under a large stone and directed

her to send his son to him when he became strong enough to roll away the stone and take them from under it. When she thought the time had come, his mother led Theseus to the stone, and he removed it with ease and took the sword and shoes. As the roads were infested with robbers, his grandfather pressed him earnestly to take the shorter and safer way to his father's country—by sea; but the youth, feeling in himself the spirit and the soul of a hero, and eager to signalize himself like Hercules, with whose fame all Greece then rang, by destroying the evil-doers and monsters that oppressed the country, determined on the more perilous and adventurous journey by land.

His first day's journey brought him to Epidaurus, where dwelt a man named Periphetes, a son of Vulcan. This ferocious savage always went armed with a club of iron, and all travelers stood in terror of his violence. When he saw Theseus approach he assailed him, but speedily fell beneath the blows of the young hero, who took possession of his club and bore it ever afterwards as a memorial of his first victory.

Several similar contests with the petty tyrants and marauders of the country followed, in all of which Theseus was victorious. One of these evildoers was called Procrustes, or the Stretcher. He had an iron bedstead, on which he used to tie all travelers who fell into his hands. If they were shorter than the bed, he stretched their limbs to make them fit it; if they were longer than the bed, he lopped off a portion. Theseus served him as he had served others.

Having overcome all the perils of the road, Theseus at length reached Athens, where new dangers awaited him. Medea, the sorceress, who had fled from Corinth after her separation from Jason, had become the wife of Ægeus, the father of Theseus. Knowing by her arts who he was, and fearing the loss of her influence with her husband if Theseus should be acknowledged as his son, she filled the mind of Ægeus with suspicions of the young stranger, and induced him to present him a cup of poison; but at the moment when Theseus stepped forward to take it, the sight of the sword which he wore discovered to his father who he was, and prevented the fatal draught. Medea, detected in her arts, fled once more from deserved punishment, and arrived in Asia, where the country afterwards called Media received its name from her. Theseus was acknowledged by his father, and declared his successor.

The Athenians were at that time in deep afflic-

tion, on account of the tribute which they were forced to pay to Minos, king of Crete. This tribute consisted of seven youths and seven maidens, who were sent every year to be devoured by the Minotaur, a monster with a bull's body and a human head. It was exceedingly strong and fierce, and was kept in a labyrinth constructed by Dædalus, so artfully contrived that whoever was enclosed in it could by no means find his way out unassisted. Here the Minotaur roamed, and was fed with human victims.

Theseus resolved to deliver his countrymen from this calamity, or to die in the attempt. Accordingly, when the time of sending off the tribute came, and the youths and maidens were, according to custom, drawn by lot to be sent, he offered himself as one of the victims, in spite of the entreaties of his father. The ship departed under black sails, as usual, which Theseus promised his father to change for white, in case of his returning victorious. When they arrived in Crete, the youths and maidens were exhibited before Minos; and Ariadne, the daughter of the king, being present, became deeply enamored of Theseus, by whom her love was readily returned. She furnished him with a sword, with which to encounter the Minotaur, and with a clue of thread by which he might find his way out of the labyrinth. He was successful, slew the Minotaur, escaped from the labyrinth, and taking Ariadne as the companion of his way, with his rescued companions sailed for Athens.²⁰ On their way they stopped at the island of Naxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne, leaving her asleep. His excuse for this ungrateful treatment of his benefactress was that Minerva appeared to him in a dream and commanded him to do so.

On approaching the coast of Attica, Theseus forgot the signal appointed by his father, and neglected to raise the white sails, and the old king, thinking his son had perished, put an end to his own life. Theseus thus became king of Athens.

One of the most celebrated of the adventures of Theseus is his expedition against the Amazons. He assailed them before they had recovered from the attack of Hercules, and carried off their queen Antiope. The Amazons in their turn invaded the country of Athens and penetrated into the city itself; and the final battle in which Theseus overcame them was fought in the very midst of the city. This battle was one of the favorite subjects of the ancient sculptors, and is commemorated in

The friendship between Theseus and Pirithous was of a most intimate nature, yet it originated in the midst of arms. Pirithous had made an irruption into the plain of Marathon, and carried off the herds of the king of Athens. Theseus went to repel the plunderers. The moment Pirithous beheld him, he was seized with admiration; he stretched out his hand as a token of peace, and cried, "Be judge thyself—what satisfaction dost thou require?" "Thy friendship," replied the Athenian, and they swore inviolable fidelity. Their deeds corresponded to their professions, and they ever continued true brothers in arms. Each of them aspired to espouse a daughter of Jupiter. Theseus fixed his choice on Helen, then but a child, afterwards so celebrated as the cause of the Trojan War, and with the aid of his friend he carried her off. Pirithous aspired to the wife of the monarch of Erebus; and Theseus, though aware of the danger, accompanied the ambitious lover in his descent to the under-world. But Pluto seized and set them on an enchanted rock at his palace gate, where they remained till Hercules arrived and liberated Theseus, leaving Pirithous to his fate.

After the death of Antiope, Theseus married Phædra, daughter of Minos, king of Crete. Phædra saw in Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, a youth endowed with all the graces and virtues of his father, and of an age corresponding to her own. She loved him, but he repulsed her advances, and her love was changed to hate. She used her influence over her infatuated husband to cause him to be jealous of his son, and he imprecated the vengeance of Neptune upon him. As Hippolytus was one day driving his chariot along the shore, a sea-monster raised himself above the waters, and frightened the horses so that they ran away and dashed the chariot to pieces. Hippolytus was killed,³⁰ but by Diana's assistance Aesculapius restored him to life. Diana removed Hippolytus from the power of his deluded father and false stepmother, and placed him in Italy under the protection of the nymph Egeria.

Theseus at length lost the favor of his people, and retired to the court of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, who at first received him kindly, but afterwards treacherously slew him. In a later age the Athenian general Cimon discovered the place where his remains were laid, and caused them to be removed to Athens, where they were deposited in a temple called the Theseum, erected in honor

Dædalus

The labyrinth from which Theseus escaped by means of the clue of Ariadne was built by Dædalus, a most skillful artificer. It was an edifice with numberless winding passages and turnings opening into one another, and seeming to have neither beginning nor end, like the river Mæander, which returns on itself, and flows now onward, now backward, in its course to the sea. Dædalus ²⁰ built the labyrinth for King Minos, but afterwards lost the favor of the king, and was shut up in a tower. He contrived to make his escape from his prison, but could not leave the island by sea, as the king kept strict watch on all the vessels, and permitted none to sail without being carefully searched. "Minos may control the land and sea," said Dædalus, "but not the regions of the air. I will try that way." So he set to work to fabricate wings for himself and his young son Icarus. He wrought feathers together, beginning with the smallest and adding larger, so as to form an increasing surface. The larger ones he secured with thread and the smaller with wax, and gave the whole a gentle curvature like the wings of a bird. Icarus, the boy, stood and looked on, sometimes running to gather up the feathers which the wind had blown away, and then handling the wax and working it over with his fingers, by his play impeding his father in his labors. When at last the ³⁰ work was done, the artist, waving his wings, found himself buoyed upward, and hung suspended, poising himself on the beaten air. He next equipped his son in the same manner and taught him how to fly, as a bird tempts her young ones from the lofty nest into the air. When all was prepared for flight he said, "Icarus, my son, I charge you to keep at a moderate height, for if you fly too low the damp will clog your wings, and if too high the heat will melt them. Keep near me and you will be safe." While he gave him these instructions and fitted the wings to his shoulders, the face of the father was wet with tears, and his hands trembled. He kissed the boy, not knowing that it was for the last time. Then rising on his wings, he flew off, encouraging him to follow, and looked back from his own flight to see how his son managed his wings. As they flew the plowman stopped his work to gaze, and the shepherd leaned on his staff and watched them, astonished at the sight, ⁵⁰ and thinking they were gods who could thus cleave the air.

They passed Samos and Delos on the left and

Lebynthos on the right, when the boy, exulting in his career, began to leave the guidance of his companion and soar upward as if to reach heaven. The nearness of the blazing sun softened the wax which held the feathers together, and they came off. He fluttered with his arms, but no feathers remained to hold the air. While his mouth uttered cries to his father it was submerged in the blue waters of the sea, which thenceforth was called by his name. His father cried, "Icarus, Icarus, where are you?" At last he saw the feathers floating on the water, and bitterly lamenting his own arts, he buried the body and called the land Icaria in memory of his child. Dædalus arrived safe in Sicily, where he built a temple to Apollo, and hung up his wings, an offering to the god.

Orpheus and Eurydice

Orpheus was the son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope. He was presented by his father with a lyre and taught to play upon it, which he did to such perfection that nothing could withstand the charm of his music. Not only his fellow-mortals, but wild beasts were softened by his strains, and gathering round him laid by their fierceness, and stood entranced with his lay. Nay, the very trees and rocks were sensible to the charm. The former crowded round him and the latter relaxed somewhat of their hardness, softened by his notes.

Hymen had been called to bless with his presence the nuptials of Orpheus with Eurydice; but though he attended, he brought no happy omens with him. His very torch smoked and brought tears into their eyes. In coincidence with such prognostics, Eurydice, shortly after her marriage, while wandering with the nymphs, her companions, was seen by the shepherd Aristæus, who was struck with her beauty and made advances to her. She fled, and in flying trod upon a snake in the grass, was bitten in the foot, and died. Orpheus sang his grief to all who breathed the upper air, both gods and men, and finding it all unavailing resolved to seek his wife in the regions of the dead. He descended by a cave situated on the side of the promontory of Tænarus and arrived at the Stygian realm. He passed through crowds of ghosts and presented himself before the throne of Pluto and Proserpine. Accompanying the words with the ⁵⁰ lyre, he sung, "O deities of the under-world, to whom all we who live must come, hear my words, for they are true. I come not to spy out the secrets of Tartarus, nor to try my strength against the

three-headed dog with snaky hair who guards the entrance. I come to seek my wife, whose opening years the poisonous viper's fang has brought to an untimely end. Love has led me here, Love, a god all powerful with us who dwell on the earth, and, if old traditions say true, not less so here. I implore you by these abodes full of terror, these realms of silence and uncreated things, unite again the thread of Eurydice's life. We all are destined to you, and sooner or later must pass to your domain. She too, when she shall have filled her term of life, will rightly be yours. But till then grant her to me, I beseech you. If you deny me I cannot return alone; you shall triumph in the death of us both."

As he sang these tender strains, the very ghosts shed tears. Tantalus, in spite of his thirst, stopped for a moment his efforts for water, Ixion's wheel stood still, the vulture ceased to tear the giant's liver, the daughters of Danaüs rested from their task of drawing water in a sieve, and Sisyphus sat on his rock to listen. Then for the first time, it is said, the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears. Proserpine could not resist, and Pluto himself gave way. Eurydice was called. She came from among the new-arrived ghosts, limping with her wounded foot. Orpheus was permitted to take her away with him on one condition, that he should not turn round to look at her till they should have reached the upper air. Under this condition they proceeded on their way, he leading, she following, through passages dark and steep, in total silence, till they had nearly reached the outlet into the cheerful upper world, when Orpheus, in a moment of forgetfulness, to assure himself that she was still following, cast a glance behind him, when instantly she was borne away. Stretching out their arms to embrace each other, they grasped only the air! Dying now a second time, she yet cannot reproach her husband, for how can she blame his impatience

to behold her? "Farewell," she said, "a last farewell,"—and was hurried away, so fast that the sound hardly reached his ears.

Orpheus endeavored to follow her, and besought permission to return and try once more for her release; but the stern ferryman repulsed him and refused passage. Seven days he lingered about the brink, without food or sleep; then bitterly accusing of cruelty the powers of Erebus, he sang his complaints to the rocks and mountains, melting the hearts of tigers and moving the oaks from their stations. He held himself aloof from woman-kind, dwelling constantly on the recollection of his sad mischance. The Thracian maidens tried their best to captivate him, but he repulsed their advances. They bore with him as long as they could; but finding him insensible one day, excited by the rites of Bacchus, one of them exclaimed, "See yonder our despiser!" and threw at him her javelin. The weapon, as soon as it came within the sound of his lyre, fell harmless at his feet. So did also the stones that they threw at him. But the women raised a scream and drowned the voice of the music, and then the missiles reached him and soon were stained with his blood. The maniacs tore him limb from limb, and threw his head and his lyre into the river Hebrus, down which they floated, murmuring sad music, to which the shores responded a plaintive symphony. The Muses gathered up the fragments of his body and buried them at Libethra, where the nightingale is said to sing over his grave more sweetly than in any other part of Greece. His lyre was placed by Jupiter among the stars. His shade passed a second time to Tartarus, where he sought out his Eurydice and embraced her with eager arms. They roam the happy fields together now, sometimes he leading, sometimes she; and Orpheus gazes as much as he will upon her, no longer incurring a penalty for a thoughtless glance.

THE HOMERIC POEMS

A few minutes' study of a map of the Ancient World will show the Greek Peninsula jutting southwards into the Mediterranean Sea. It is a mountainous land, with some plains, divided by small streams. And the entire peninsula is almost cut in two at the Isthmus of Corinth. The whole contour of this land promoted from the beginning the growth of small, independent states. Outside the peninsula proper the Greek World consisted of a large number of islands which formed stepping stones completely across the Aegean Sea and encouraged the colonization of the further shores in Asia Minor. There was a time when the Greeks were settled about the Black Sea and on many a coast of the Mediterranean in North Africa, southern Italy and France, as well as on the island of Sicily.

We first learn of this world of the Greeks before the Greeks themselves entered it. For many centuries before 1200 B.C., a very vigorous and progressive civilization had existed on the island of Crete. Looking as it does toward Egypt in one direction, the eastern shores of the Mediterranean in another, and continental Greece in a third, it served for a thousand years or more as a prosperous center of trade. Enormous palaces were built, equipped with many conveniences—baths, "modern" plumbing, and the like.

In this pre-Greek world were also other centers of activity and of advancing civilization. At Mycenae and Argos and Tiryns on the Greek mainland and at Troy on the Asiatic coast, trade centers had been built up, kingdoms established, and certain achievements reached in arts and crafts.

By a series of waves of migration, tribes from the country north of Greece, belonging to the Indo-European family of peoples, pushed southward and gradually overthrew these early kingdoms. These newcomers are the Greeks.

Whatever may have been the exact relation of the various groups of Greeks, there can be no doubt of an age of conflict and eventual conquest after which Greek-speaking peoples were in control of Greece and all the Aegean Islands as well as the Asiatic coast. To us this period of wars is more important than its mere historical significance would justify. For the memory of this age persisted and came to be the subject of songs—among them the world's greatest epic poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

We shall begin our reading of Greek literature with its oldest, and in many ways its best, poems, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. We shall see depicted in these poems a heroic time in which gods and heroes and supernatural events abound. The author is looking back to an age known only in tradition and he is free to invent as he will. There is no doubt that his stories have a solid basis of history and that Troy once did yield to hosts from across the Aegean. But the whole of this war is placed on a noble plane. Everything is glorified. The warriors were godlike, and even at times the sons of gods.

The audience who listened to these poems of Homer were already steeped in the stories of the gods and heroes. A large part of the Greek mythology had already been elaborated and it had come to be an indispensable background for all the heroic poetry.

The Greek audience for Homer's poems also knew much about the Greek world. They could, at least in imagination, follow Odysseus in his wanderings. They knew where Egypt and Troy and Sparta and Athens are. It is not hard with the aid of a map for us to see the relation of these places or to follow the historian when he tells us of how a very remarkable civilization even before Homer had arisen in Crete and was destroyed by

the ancestors of the Greeks when they came from the north. On a good map we can also see why the Greeks on the mainland tended to live in small communities and how they came to settle the islands of the Aegean and the coasts of Asia Minor, not to speak of more remote regions such as the northern shores of the Black Sea and the coast of Southern France. All this we can see on a map.

And in the works that we shall read we shall see that peculiar blend of the intellectual and the emotional, of the physical and the mental, that made these people the originators of so much that we hold precious in civilization. We can find in these same works much of their way of life—of their social systems, their politics, their religious practices, and even their kitchen utensils.

About these two poems there are many matters of uncertainty, but scholars are generally agreed that they must be based on some kind of historic foundation. Not that they represent real history, for it is clear that the wars and adventures treated in the poems have already become distant memories. There has been time for legends to grow up. Kings and warriors have taken on supernatural qualities and become heroes and demigods, while the gods themselves consort familiarly with men. The hosts arrayed in war have been multiplied in the telling until their number seems fabulous. Strange creatures of folk legend or superstition aid or hinder Odysseus on his prodigious wanderings. Even the world of the dead shows us its secrets. Centuries of retelling have obscured the facts. At last the poet looks back at them through a haze of poetic imaginings. Perhaps scores of bards have made their contributions, each adding his bit to the splendor of the tradition until over all these battles and adventures there has been cast a sheen of glory and nobility not of this earth.

The facts about the two poems are relatively simple. They are written in a six-foot dactylic meter that for long afterward was considered the proper form for an epic poem. It is impossible to show with any exactness the effect of this meter; for the basic principle of the Greek verse was not *accent*, as with us in English, but quantity, or the length or shortness of a syllable. The six-foot dactylic in English, as seen in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, is too light and tripping a measure for comparison with the Greek. The English poem is like a tune played on a piano with its accented beat;

the Greek like the same tune on an organ with its long and stately tones.

Fortunately there is much in these great epic poems besides the music, so that even if we read them in English, whether in prose or some poetic form, we have a memorable experience. The Siege of Troy and the Wanderings of Odysseus have become part of the dream world of all poets and artists since Homer's day. Listen to what John Keats, a young English poet who knew no Greek, but loved the Greeks, says of his first discovery "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer:"

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne—
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The poems are now divided into twenty-four books each, the books corresponding to the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet. These divisions were made long after Homer's own time, though most of them represent logical stopping places in the poems, pauses that would be convenient to the old bards.

There is no doubt that for many generations these poems were handed down by memory and that there was a professional class of bards who recited or sang these at the courts of nobles and kings. The holding of such long poems in memory was an everyday occurrence, and will excite no wonder in those who have heard old men in the west of Ireland tell tales hour after hour, word for word as they have told them for years and as they will tell them for years hence. The ancient bard, however, differed from our Irish tale-teller in that his was an aristocratic tradition. He was singing or reciting for kings and great nobles and his attitude was that of his masters. Homer was probably himself such a minstrel, if indeed there ever was a Homer. His glorifying of kings and warriors appears on nearly every page. And in the few places where common men are mentioned

they are despised. Or if they are admirable it will appear that they are really nobles by birth.

That the poems come from this world of bards and noble or royal patrons none can doubt. Seven cities claimed Homer as theirs and no one now knows whether he ever lived. For more than a century, scholars were inclined to speak of the poems as resulting from the gradual growth of songs about the same subject, and the final bringing of these together by a combiner or editor. Such work was actually done in 1835 for the epic songs of Finland and made into the epic *Kalevala*, so that the idea is not utterly fantastic. The tendency recently, however, has been to think of a Homeric poem as the result of an author's conscious artistic creation. There may, these later critics agree, have been a different author for the *Iliad* than for the *Odyssey*, and most agree that the *Odyssey* seems the later of the two poems. Both may be roughly placed in the ninth or tenth century before Christ. All critics agree that many changes have crept into the poems since their first composition—changes due to faulty memory, errors in copying, and even deliberate falsification. Such would be the inevitable fate of any poem produced and preserved for centuries by professional bards. For the poems were probably not reduced to writing until the sixth century before Christ—not less than three or four hundred years after they were composed and almost twice that long after the events which furnished their subject.

The presentation of the stories may well be left to the poet himself, for he did not write for a learned audience. They were simple kings and nobles who had never been to a school in their lives. They knew life at first hand just as each of us may know it if we will. They were touched by sorrow; they laughed at humor; they gloried in great deeds; they rejoiced in their hero's good fortune and grieved at his misfortunes; they marveled at the world of wonder.

Of course, these kings and nobles had some special knowledge of their own, knowledge that we can attain only from books. They knew their neighbors, the history of their own generation and perhaps something of that gone before. They had in mind something of the geography of the Mediterranean and Aegean world. The latter knowledge would help them much in their listening to the *Odyssey*.

This kind of information the modern student must obtain if he is to enjoy the poems as they were first enived. The ignorancy he can learn

from his map. What he must learn from books in order to enjoy Homer is really very little if he already knows something of the Greek gods and heroes. But it would be well if, before beginning the *Iliad*, he reads the mythological background as Mr. Bulfinch has retold it.

THE LITERARY QUALITIES OF THE HOMERIC EPICS

The literary qualities of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are too transparent to require extensive explanation. These poems are the best examples we have of that form of literature which we call the *folk epic*, by which we mean an epic or long narrative poem that developed gradually out of the national consciousness of a people. Such an epic reflects a people's traditions and beliefs, its customs and its manner of living. Although the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were composed several generations after the events recorded by the poems, we have evidence that life could not have changed so radically in the interim as to alienate their poet from the heroic age. The state in which we now find both poems reveals the shaping hand of a later age, but this does not invalidate them as folk literature, for the shaping was made in the spirit of a people close to its roots. This is conclusively revealed not only by the lighthearted, amoral treatment of the gods, which reflected the common view (despite some suggestions of a later morality and the incorporation of a later mystical view of the underworld in the *Odyssey*), but also by the fact that all Greece accepted the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as a national bible.

For the shaping hand we must be exceedingly grateful. Although the presence of a few episodes suggests that the various tales of the Trojan War sung by early minstrels were not completely fused, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are basically unified. The *Iliad* deals with one major crisis in the long war and is further unified by its theme—the wrath of Achilles and its consequences. Its high points are Achilles' quarrel with the leader of the Greeks, Agamemnon, and his retirement from the battle; the subsequent defeat of the Greeks; Achilles' reconciliation with his comrades and his return to the battlefield, which stems the success of the Trojans and culminates in the death of their hero and mainstay, Hector. The funeral rites for Achilles' friend Patroclus, the return of Hector's body to his father Priam, and the burial of Hector then round out the story. If some events seem arbitrarily inserted into the epic there do

seriously violate the sequence of the narrative; in a war, separate occurrences are neither incredible nor inappropriate. The *Odyssey*, for all its multiplicity of incident and geographical spread, is as unified as any romance can be, for it is the account of a hero's attempt to return to his country and regain his wife and kingdom. Its progression is not constant, it is true; but far from marring this masterpiece, the flashback method that returns us to the Trojan War and the divergences from a steady voyage to Ithaca, including Odysseus' visit to Hades, only sustain suspense while enriching the narrative.

Characteristic of the epic style, which will also be found in the folk epics of other nations, is the use of such poetic devices as the epithet and the descriptive simile. The *heroic epithet* not only identifies characters or things, but it facilitates one's identification of them by constant reminders of their chief characteristic or the main impression they leave on the poet and his public. The *simile* not only intensifies our perception of some detail or event in an economical manner—that is, without interrupting the flow of narrative—but it enables the poet to dwell pleasurable on familiar natural phenomena and social activities. The descriptiveness of both epics is, indeed, one of their major achievements; by means of apt similes and longer passages, such as the account of Achilles' shield and of the various places visited by Odysseus, the Homeric poems attain remarkable vividness.

Particularly notable is the humanizing power of the poems. Heroes who would normally have been shrouded in obscurity come down to us as living and highly individualized characters. They are drawn with broad but incisive strokes, and without formal stiffness despite their antiquity. Men like Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Odysseus, or the lowly swineherd Eumæus, and women like Helen, Andromache, Nausicaä, or Penelope appear before us as though we had known them personally. Contradictions in human nature are observed objectively. Achilles may be a redoubtable hero in battle, but he is also a devoted friend; he may be reckless, but he also dreads death; he can be savage in grief and triumph, when he avenges his friend cruelly and mistreats Hector's body, but he is also capable of respect and pity when visited by Hector's aged father. The humorous side of character is also present to the poet when he portrays Odysseus' guile and his love of prevarication.

This humanization extends to the supernatural. The gods are only larger human beings, and they are endowed with the same passions and failings. Even mighty Zeus has his domestic troubles and skirmishes; the goddesses quarrel like their mundane counterparts; and they can even be wounded by mortals. The presence of some ancient superstitions, including a melancholy picture of the shadowy dead in the *Odyssey*, cannot cloud the vision that conceives the gods in the image of man. Even in the presence of monsters and terrors, Odysseus retains his confidence in human resourcefulness and intellect. Despite an acute realization of pain and struggle, moreover, the world of the Greek epics is beautiful, and man is constantly aware of its wonder and magnificence. The superb language and music, the imagery and the rapture of the poems, arise naturally and effortlessly from this consciousness of beauty that Matthew Arnold held to be the soul of Hellenism. "You Greeks are always children," said an Egyptian priest to the Greek law-giver Solon. But this youthfulness is a precious spirit so long as it remains uncorrupted.

Equally remarkable, however, is the fact that such a national epic of war as the *Iliad* should in its ultimate form exhibit such fairness to the enemy and such sympathy for human beings regardless of their nationality. In the *Iliad* the common man is still disregarded, his deeds and sufferings in battle are overlooked, and his voice of protest is ridiculed in the characterization of the rebellious Thersites. But ordinary people begin to receive their due in the *Odyssey*, a work of probably later composition. The Trojans, Priam, Hector, and the latter's wife, Andromache, are the most sympathetic characters of the *Iliad*. The pathos of Hector's parting from Andromache and of Priam's visit to his son's murderer, from whom he reclaims the body of Hector, has rarely been equalled in the world's literature. Thus justice and fellow-feeling are added to the loveliness and excitement of the poetry. Here, in the words of Gilbert Murray, is "the true pathos of war: the thing seen on both sides," and in this respect the poem foreshadows the later achievements of Greek literature.¹ This power of entering vividly into the feelings of both parties in a conflict is perhaps the most characteristic gift of the Greek genius; it is the spirit in which Homer, Aeschylus, Herodotus, Euripides, Thucydides, find their kinship, and which enabled Athens to create the drama.¹

¹ Gilbert Murray, *A History of Ancient Greek Literature*, p. 43.

THOMAS BULFINCH

Myths of the Trojan War

Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, but on one occasion she did a very foolish thing; she entered into competition with Juno and Venus for the prize of beauty. It happened thus: At the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis all the gods were invited with the exception of Eris, or Discord. Enraged at her exclusion, the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, "For the fairest." Thereupon Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the apple. Jupiter, not willing to decide in so delicate a matter, sent the goddesses to Mount Ida, where the beautiful shepherd Paris was tending his flocks, and to him was committed the decision. The goddesses accordingly appeared before him. Juno promised him power and riches, Minerva glory and renown in war, and Venus the fairest of women for his wife, each attempting to bias his decision in her own favor. Paris decided in favor of Venus and gave her the golden apple, thus making the two other goddesses his enemies. Under the protection of Venus, Paris sailed to Greece, and was hospitably received by Menelaus, king of Sparta. Now Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the very woman whom Venus had destined for Paris, the fairest of her sex. She had been sought as a bride by numerous suitors, and before her decision was made known, they all, at the suggestion of Ulysses, one of their number, took an oath that they would defend her from all injury and avenge her cause if necessary. She chose Menelaus, and was living with him happily when Paris became their guest. Paris, aided by Venus, persuaded her to elope with him, and carried her to Troy, whence arose the famous Trojan War, the theme of the greatest poems of antiquity, those of Homer and Virgil.

Menelaus called upon his brother chieftains of Greece to fulfill their pledge, and join him in his efforts to recover his wife. They generally came forward, but Ulysses, who had married Penelope, and was very happy in his wife and child, had no disposition to embark in such a troublesome affair. He therefore hung back and Palamedes was sent to urge him. When Palamedes arrived at Ithaca Ulysses pretended to be mad. He yoked an ass and

an ox together to the plow and began to sow salt. Palamedes, to try him, placed the infant Telemachus before the plow, whereupon the father turned the plow aside, showing plainly that he was no madman, and after that could no longer refuse to fulfill his promise. Being now himself gained for the undertaking, he lent his aid to bring in other reluctant chiefs, especially Achilles. This hero was the son of that Thetis at whose marriage the apple of Discord had been thrown among the goddesses. Thetis was herself one of the immortals, a sea-nymph, and knowing that her son was fated to perish before Troy if he went on the expedition, she endeavored to prevent his going. She sent him away to the court of King Lycomedes, and induced him to conceal himself in the disguise of a maiden among the daughters of the king. Ulysses, hearing he was there, went disguised as a merchant to the palace and offered for sale female ornaments, among which he had placed some arms. While the king's daughters were engrossed with the other contents of the merchant's pack, Achilles handled the weapons and thereby betrayed himself to the keen eye of Ulysses, who found no great difficulty in persuading him to disregard his mother's prudent counsels and join his countrymen in the war.

Priam was king of Troy, and Paris, the shepherd and seducer of Helen, was his son. Paris had been brought up in obscurity, because there were certain ominous forebodings connected with him from his infancy that he would be the ruin of the state. These forebodings seemed at length likely to be realized, for the Grecian armament now in preparation was the greatest that had ever been fitted out. Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, and brother of the injured Menelaus, was chosen commander-in-chief. Achilles was their most illustrious warrior. After him ranked Ajax, gigantic in size and of great courage, but dull of intellect; Diomedæ, second only to Achilles in all the qualities of a hero; Ulysses, famous for his sagacity; and Nestor, the oldest of the Grecian chiefs, and one to whom they all looked up for counsel. But Troy was no feeble enemy. Priam, the king, was now

old, but he had been a wise prince and had strengthened his state by good government at home and numerous alliances with his neighbors. But the principal stay and support of his throne was his son Hector, one of the noblest characters painted by heathen antiquity. He felt, from the first, a presentiment of the fall of his country, but still persevered in his heroic resistance, yet by no means justified the wrong which brought this danger upon her. He was united in marriage with Andromache, and as a husband and father his character was not less admirable than as a warrior. The principal leaders on the side of the Trojans, besides Hector, were Æneas and Deiphobus, Glaucus and Sarpedon.

After two years of preparation the Greek fleet and army assembled in the port of Aulis in

Bœotia. Here Agamemnon in hunting killed a stag which was sacred to Diana, and the goddess in return visited the army with pestilence, and produced a calm which prevented the ships from leaving the port. Calchas, the soothsayer, thereupon announced that the wrath of the virgin goddess could only be appeased by the sacrifice of a virgin on her altar, and that none other but the daughter of the offender would be acceptable. Agamemnon, however reluctant, yielded his consent, and the maiden Iphigenia was sent for under the pretense that she was to be married to Achilles. When she was about to be sacrificed the goddess relented and snatched her away, leaving a hind in her place, and Iphigenia, enveloped in a cloud, was carried to Tauri, where Diana made her priestess of her temple.

HOMER

The Iliad

BOOK I

How Agamemnon and Achilles fell out at the siege of Troy; and Achilles withdrew himself from battle, and won from Zeus a pledge that his wrong should be avenged on Agamemnon and the Achaians.

Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles Peleus' son, the ruinous wrath that brought on the Achaians woes innumerable, and hurled down into Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave their bodies to be a prey to dogs and all winged fowls; and so the counsel of Zeus wrought out its accomplishment from the day when first strife parted Atreides king of men and noble Achilles.

Who then among the gods set the twain at strife and variance? Even the son of Leto and of Zeus; for he in anger at the king sent a sore plague upon the host, that the folk began to perish, because Atreides¹ had done dishonor to Chryses the priest. For he had come to the Achaians' fleet ships to win his daughter's freedom, and brought a ransom beyond telling; and bare in his hands the fillet of

Apollo the Far-darter upon a golden staff; and made his prayer unto all the Achaians, and most of all to the two sons of Atreus, orderers of the host: "Ye sons of Atreus and all ye well-greaved Achaians, now may the gods that dwell in the mansions of Olympus grant you to lay waste the city of Priam, and to fare happily homeward; only set ye my dear child free, and accept the ransom in reverence to the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo."

Then all the other Achaians cried assent, to reverence the priest and accept his goodly ransom; yet the thing pleased not the heart of Agamemnon son of Atreus, but he roughly sent him away, and laid stern charge upon him, saying: "Let me not find thee, old man, amid the hollow ships, whether tarrying now or returning again hereafter, lest the staff and fillet of the god avail thee naught. And her will I not set free; nay, ere that shall old age come on her in our house, in Argos, far from her native land, where she shall ply the loom and serve my couch. But depart, provoke me

The Iliad. Translated by Lang, Leaf, and Myers. By permission of The Macmillan Co. Although seven cities claimed to be Homer's birthplace, nothing is certainly known about him, not even whether he actually lived. The value of the poems is not affected by anything we may know or not know of Homer's life.

¹ Son of Atreus, that is, Agamemnon and Menelaus. Here only the former is meant.

not, that thou mayest the rather go in peace."

So said he, and the old man was afraid and obeyed his word, and fared silently along the shore of the loud-sounding sea. Then went that aged man apart and prayed aloud to king Apollo, whom Leto of the fair locks bare: "Hear me, god of the silver bow, that standest over Chryse and holy Killa, and rulest Tenedos with might, O Smintheus! If ever I built a temple gracious in thine eyes, or if ever I burnt to thee fat flesh of thighs of bulls or goats, fulfill thou this my desire; let the Danaans pay by thine arrows for my tears."

So spake he in prayer, and Phœbus Apollo heard him, and came down from the peaks of Olympus wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and covered quiver. And the arrows clanged upon his shoulders in his wrath, as the god moved; and he descended like to night. Then he sate him aloof from the ships, and let an arrow fly; and there was heard a dread clanging of the silver bow. First did he assail the mules and fleet dogs, but afterward, aiming at the men his piercing dart, he smote; and the pyres of the dead burnt continually in multitude.

Now for nine days ranged the god's shafts through the host; but on the tenth Achilles summoned the folk to assembly, for in his mind did goddess Hera of the white arms put the thought, because she had pity on the Danaans when she beheld them perishing. Now when they had gathered and were met in assembly, then Achilles fleet of foot stood up and spake among them: "Son of Atreus, now deem I that we shall return wandering home again—if verily we might escape death—if war at once and pestilence must indeed ravage the Achaians. But come, let us now inquire of some soothsayer or priest, yea, or an interpreter of dreams—seeing that a dream too is of Zeus—who shall say wherefore Phœbus Apollo is so wroth, whether he blame us by reason of vow or hecatomb; if perchance he would accept the savor of lambs or unblemished goats, and so would take away the pestilence from us."

So spake he and sate him down; and there stood up before them Kalchas son of Thestor, most excellent far of augurs, who knew both things that were and that should be and that had been before, and guided the ships of the Achaians to Ilios by his soothsaying that Phœbus Apollo bestowed on him. He of good intent made harangue and spake amid them: "Achilles, dear to Zeus, thou biddest me tell the wrath of Apollo, the king that smiteth afar. Therefore will I speak; but do thou make

covenant with me, and swear that verily with all thy heart thou wilt aid me both by word and deed. For of a truth I deem that I shall provoke one that ruleth all the Argives with might, and whom the Achaians obey. For a king is more of might when he is wroth with a meaner man; even though for the one day he swallow his anger, yet doth he still keep his displeasure thereafter in his breast till he accomplish it. Consider thou, then, if thou wilt hold me safe."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and spake to him: "Yea, be of good courage, speak whatever soothsaying thou knowest; for by Apollo dear to Zeus, him by whose worship thou, O Kalchas, declarest thy soothsaying to the Danaans, no man while I live and behold light on earth shall lay violent hands upon thee amid the hollow ships; no man of all the Danaans, not even if thou mean Agamemnon, that now avoweth him to be greatest far of the Achaians."

Then was the noble seer of good courage, and spake: "Neither by reason of a vow is he displeased, nor for any hecatomb, but for his priest's sake to whom Agamemnon did despite, and set not his daughter free and accepted not the ransom; therefore hath the Far-darter brought woes upon us, yea, and will bring. Nor will he ever remove the loathly pestilence from the Danaans till we have given the bright-eyed damsel to her father, unbought, unransomed, and carried a holy hecatomb to Chryse; then might we propitiate him to our prayer."

So said he and sate him down, and there stood up before them the hero son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, sore displeased; and his dark heart within him was greatly filled with anger, and his eyes were like flashing fire. To Kalchas first spake he with look of ill: "Thou seer of evil, never yet hast thou told me the thing that is pleasant. Evil is ever the joy of thy heart to prophesy, but never yet didst thou tell any good matter nor bring it to pass. And now with soothsaying thou makest harangue among the Danaans, how that the Far-darter bringeth woes upon them because, forsooth, I would not take the goodly ransom of the damsel Chryseis, seeing I am the rather fain to keep her own self within mine house. Yea, I prefer her before Klytaimnestra my wedded wife; in no wise is she lacking beside her, neither in favor nor stature, nor wit nor skill. Yet for all this will I give her back, if that is better; rather would I see my folk whole than perishing. Only make ye me ready a prize of honor forthwith, lest I alone of

all the Argives be disprized, which thing beseemeth not; for ye all behold how my prize is departing from me."

To him then made answer fleet-footed goodly Achilles: "Most noble son of Atreus, of all men most covetous, how shall the great-hearted Achaians give thee a meed of honor? We know naught of any wealth of common store, but what spoil soe'er we took from captured cities hath been apportioned, and it beseemeth not to beg all this back from the folk. Nay, yield thou the damsel to the god, and we Achaians will pay thee back three-fold and fourfold, if ever Zeus grant us to sack some well-walled town of Troy-land."

To him lord Agamemnon made answer and said: "Not in this wise, strong as thou art, O god-like Achilles, beguile thou me by craft; thou shalt not outwit me nor persuade me. Dost thou wish, that thou mayest keep thy meed of honor, for me to sit idle in bereavement, and biddest me give her back? Nay, if the great-hearted Achaians will give me a meed suited to my mind, that the recompense be equal—but if they give it not, then I myself will go and take a meed of honor, thine be it or Aias', or Odysseus' that I will take unto me; wroth shall be he to whomsoever I come. But for this we will take counsel hereafter; now let us launch a black ship on the great sea, and gather picked oarsmen, and set therein a hecatomb, and embark Chryseis of the fair cheeks herself, and let one of our counselors be captain, Aias or Idomeneus or goodly Odysseus, or thou, Peleides, most redoubtable of men, to do sacrifice for us and propitiate the Fardarter."

Then Achilles fleet of foot looked at him scowling and said: "Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how shall any Achaian hearken to thy bidding with all his heart, be it to go a journey or to fight the foe amain? Not by reason of the Trojan spearmen came I hither to fight, for they have not wronged me; never did they harry mine oxen nor my horses, nor ever waste my harvest in deep-soiled Phthia, the nurse of men; seeing there lieth between us long space of shadowy mountains and sounding sea; but thee, thou shameless one, followed we hither to make thee glad, by earning recompense at the Trojans' hands for Menelaos and for thee, thou dog-face! All this thou reckonest not nor takest thought thereof; and now thou threatenest thyself to take my meed of honor, wherefor I travailed much, and the sons of the Achaians gave it me. Never win I meed like unto thine, when the Achaians sack any

populous citadel of Trojan men; my hands bear the brunt of furious war, but when the apportioning cometh then is thy meed far ampler, and I betake me to the ships with some small thing, yet mine own, when I have fought to weariness. Now will I depart to Phthia, seeing it is far better to return home on my beaked ships; nor am I minded here in dishonor to draw thee thy fill of riches and wealth."

Then Agamemnon king of men made answer to him: "Yea, flee, if thy soul be set thereon. It is not I that beseech thee to tarry for my sake; I have others by my side that shall do me honor, and above all Zeus, lord of counsel. Most hateful art thou to me of all kings, fosterlings of Zeus; thou ever lovest strife and wars and fightings. Though thou be very strong, yet that I ween is a gift to thee of God. Go home with thy ships and company and lord it among thy Myrmidons; I reckon not aught of thee nor care I for thine indignation; and this shall be my threat to thee: seeing Phœbus Apollo bereaveth me of Chryseis, her with my ship and my company will I send back; and mine own self will I go to thy hut and take Briseis of the fair cheeks, even that thy meed of honor, that thou mayest well know how far greater I am than thou, and so shall another hereafter abhor to match his words with mine and rival me to my face."

So said he, and grief came upon Peleus' son, and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided in counsel, whether to draw his keen blade from his thigh and set the company aside and so slay Atreides, or to assuage his anger and curb his soul. While yet he doubted thereof in heart and soul, and was drawing his great sword from his sheath, Athene came to him from heaven, sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, whose heart loved both alike and had care for them. She stood behind Peleus' son and caught him by his golden hair, to him only visible, and of the rest no man beheld her. Then Achilles marveled, and turned him about, and straightway knew Pallas Athene; and terribly shone her eyes. He spake to her winged words, and said: "Why now art thou come hither, thou daughter of ægis-bearing Zeus? Is it to behold the insolence of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Yea, I will tell thee that I deem shall even be brought to pass: by his own haughtinesses shall he soon lose his life."

Then the bright-eyed goddess Athene spake to him again: "I came from heaven to stay thine anger, if perchance thou wilt hearken to me, being sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, that

loveth you twain alike and careth for you. Go to now, cease from strife, and let not thine hand draw the sword; yet with words indeed revile him, even as it shall come to pass. For thus will I say to thee, and so it shall be fulfilled; hereafter shall goodly gifts come to thee, yea, in threefold measure, by reason of this despite; hold thou thine hand, and hearken to us."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and said to her: "Goddess, needs must a man observe the saying of you twain, even though he be very wroth at heart; for so is the better way. Whosoever obeyeth the gods, to him they gladly hearken."¹⁰

He said, and stayed his heavy hand on the silver hilt, and thrust the great sword back into the sheath, and was not disobedient to the saying of Athene; and she forthwith was departed to Olympus, to the other gods in the palace of ægis-bearing Zeus.

Then Peleus' son spake again with bitter words to Atreus' son, and in no wise ceased from anger: "Thou heavy with wine, thou with face of dog and heart of deer, never didst thou take courage to arm for battle among thy folk or to lay ambush with the princes of the Achaians; that to thee were even as death. Far better booteth it, forsooth, to seize for thyself the meed of honor of every man through the wide host of the Achaians that speaketh contrary to thee. Folk-devouring king! seeing thou rulest men of naught; else were this despite, thou son of Atreus, thy last. But I will speak my word to thee, and swear a mighty oath therewith: verily by this staff that shall no more put forth leaf or twig, seeing it hath for ever left its trunk among the hills, neither shall it grow green again, because the ax hath stripped it of leaves and bark; and now the sons of the Achaians that exercise judgment bear it in their hands, even they that by Zeus' command watch over the traditions—so shall this be a mighty oath in thine eyes—verily shall longing for Achilles come hereafter upon the sons of the Achaians one and all; and then wilt thou in no wise avail to save them, for all thy grief, when multitudes fall dying before manslaying Hector. Then shalt thou tear thy heart within thee for anger that thou didst in no wise honor the best of the Achaians."²⁰

So said Peleides² and dashed to earth the staff studded with golden nails, and himself sat down; and over against him Atreides waxed furious. Then in their midst rose up Nestor, pleasant of speech, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians, he from

whose tongue flowed discourse sweeter than honey. Two generations of mortal men already had he seen perish, that had been of old time born and nurtured with him in goodly Pylos, and he was king among the third. He of good intent made harangue to them and said: "Alas, of a truth sore lamentation cometh upon the land of Achaia. Verily Priam would be glad and Priam's sons, and all the Trojans would have great joy of heart, were they to hear all this tale of strife between you twain that are chiefest of the Danaans in counsel and chiefest in battle. Nay, hearken to me; ye are younger both than I. Of old days held I converse with better men even than you, and never did they make light of me. Yea, I never beheld such warriors, nor shall behold, as were Peirithoos and Dryas shepherd of the host and Kaineus and Exadios and godlike Polyphemos [and Theseus son of Aigeus, like to the immortals]. Mightiest of growth were they of all men upon the earth; mightiest they were and with the mightiest fought they, even the wild tribes of the mountain caves, and destroyed them utterly. And with these held I converse, being come from Pylos, from a distant land afar; for of themselves they summoned me. So I played my part in fight; and with them could none of men that are now on earth do battle. And they laid to heart my counsels and hearkened to my voice. Even so hearken ye also, for better is it to hearken. Neither do thou, though thou art very great, seize from him his damsel, but leave her as she was given at the first by the sons of the Achaians to be a meed of honor; nor do thou, son of Peleus, think to strive with a king, might against might; seeing that no common honor pertaineth to a sceptered king to whom Zeus apportioneth glory. Though thou be strong, and a goddess mother bare thee, yet his is the greater place, for he is king over more. And thou, Atreides, abate thy fury; nay, it is even I that beseech thee to let go thine anger with Achilles, who is made unto all the Achaians a mighty bulwark of evil war."³⁰

Then lord Agamemnon answered and said: "Yea verily, old man, all this thou sayest is according unto right. But this fellow would be above all others, he would be lord of all and king among all and captain to all; wherein I deem none will hearken to him. Though the immortal gods made him a spearman, do they therefore put revilings in his mouth for him to utter?"

Then goodly Achilles brake in on him and answered: "Yea, for I should be called coward and

² Son of Peleus.

man of naught, if I yield to thee in every matter, howsoe'er thou bid. To others give now thine orders, not to me [play master; for thee I deem that I shall no more obey]. This, moreover, will I say to thee, and do thou lay it to thy heart. Know that not by violence will I strive for the damsel's sake, neither with thee nor any other; ye gave and ye have taken away. But of all else that is mine beside my fleet black ship, thereof shalt thou not take anything or bear it away against my will. Yea, go to now, make trial, that all these may see; forthwith thy dark blood shall gush about my spear."

Now when the twain had thus finished the battle of violent words, they stood up and dissolved the assembly beside the Achaian ships. Peleides went his way to his huts and trim ships with Menoitios' son and his company; and Atreides launched a fleet ship on the sea, and picked twenty oarsmen therefor, and embarked the hecatomb for the god, and brought Chryseis of the fair cheeks and set her therein; and Odysseus of many devices went to be their captain.

So these embarked and sailed over the wet ways; and Atreides bade the folk purify themselves. So they purified themselves, and cast the defilements into the sea and did sacrifice to Apollo, even unblemished hecatombs of bulls and goats, along the shore of the unvintaged sea; and the sweet savor arose to heaven eddying amid the smoke.

Thus were they busied throughout the host; but Agamemnon ceased not from the strife wherewith he threatened Achilles at the first; he spake to Talthybios and Eurybates that were his heralds and nimble squires: "Go ye to the tent of Achilles Peleus' son, and take Briseis of the fair cheeks by the hand and her lead hither; and if he give her not, then will I myself go, and more with me, and seize her; and that will be yet more grievous for him."

So saying he sent them forth, and laid stern charge upon them. Unwillingly went they along the beach of the unvintaged sea, and came to the huts and ships of the Myrmidons. Him found they sitting beside his hut and black ship; nor when he saw them was Achilles glad. So they in dread and reverence of the king stood, and spake to him no word, nor questioned him. But he knew in his heart, and spake to them: "All hail, ye heralds, messengers of Zeus and men, come near; ye are not guilty in my sight, but Agamemnon that sent you for the sake of the damsel Briseis. Go now, heaven-sprung Patroklos, bring forth the damsel, and give them her to lead away. Moreover, let the twain

themselves be my witnesses before the face of the blessed gods and mortal men, yea and of him, that king untoward, against the day when there cometh need of me hereafter to save them all from shameful wreck. Of a truth he raveth with baleful mind, and hath not knowledge to look before and after, that so his Achaians might battle in safety beside their ships."

So said he, and Patroklos hearkened to his dear comrade, and led forth from the hut Briseis of the fair cheeks, and gave them her to lead away. So these twain took their way back along the Achaians' ships, and with them went the woman all unwilling. Then Achilles wept anon, and sat him down apart, aloof from his comrades on the beach of the gray sea, gazing across the boundless main; he stretched forth his hands and prayed instantly to his dear mother: "Mother, seeing thou didst of a truth bear me to so brief span of life, honor at the least ought the Olympian to have granted me, even Zeus that thundereth on high; but now doth he not honor me, no, not one whit. Verily Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon, hath done me disonor; for he hath taken away my meed of honor and keepeth her of his own violent deed."

So spake he weeping, and his lady mother heard him as she sate in the sea-depths beside her aged sire. With speed arose she from the gray sea, like a mist, and sate her before the face of her weeping son, and stroked him with her hand, and spake and called on his name: "My child, why weepest thou? What sorrow hath entered into thy heart? Speak it forth, hide it not in my mind, that both may know it."

Then with heavy moan Achilles fleet of foot spake to her: "Thou knowest it; why should I tell this to thee that knowest all! We had fared to Thebe, the holy city of Eëtion, and laid it waste and carried hither all the spoils. So the sons of the Achaians divided among them all right; and for Atreides they set apart Chryseis of the fair cheeks. But Chryses, priest of Apollo the Far-darter, came unto the fleet ships of the mail-clad Achaians to win his daughter's freedom, and brought a ransom beyond telling, and bare in his hands the fillet of Apollo the Far-darter upon a golden staff, and made his prayer unto all the Achaians, and most of all to the two sons of Atreus, orderers of the host. Then all the other Achaians cried assent, to reverence the priest and accept his goodly ransom; yet the thing pleased not the heart of Agamemnon son of Atreus, but he roughly sent him away and laid stern charge upon him. So the old man went

back in anger; and Apollo heard his prayers, seeing he loved him greatly, and he aimed against the Argives his deadly darts. So the people began to perish in multitudes, and the god's shafts ranged everywhither throughout the wide host of the Achaians. Then of full knowledge the seer declared to us the oracle of the Far-darter. Forthwith I first bade propitiate the god; but wrath gat hold upon Atreus' son thereat, and anon he stood up and spake a threatening word, that hath now been accomplished. Her the glancing-eyed Achaians are bringing on their fleet ship to Chryse, and bear with them offerings to the king; and the other but now the heralds went and took from my hut, even the daughter of Briseus, whom the sons of the Achaians gave me. Thou therefore, if indeed thou canst, guard thine own son; betake thee to Olympus and beseech Zeus by any deed or word whereby thou ever didst make glad his heart. For oft have I heard thee proclaiming in my father's halls and telling that thou alone amid the immortals didst save the son of Kronos, lord of the storm-cloud, from shameful wreck, when all the other Olympians would have bound him, even Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athene. Then didst thou, O goddess, enter in and loose him from his bonds, having with speed summoned to high Olympus him of the hundred arms whom gods call Briareus, but all men call Aigaion; for he is mightier even than his father—so he sate him by Kronion's side rejoicing in his triumph, and the blessed gods feared him withal and bound not Zeus. This bring thou to his remembrance and sit by him and clasp his knees, if perchance he will give succor to the Trojans; and for the Achaians, hem them among their ships' sterns about the bay, given over to slaughter; that they may make trial of their king, and that even Atreides, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may perceive his blindness, in that he honored not at all the best of the Achaians."

Then Thetis weeping made answer to him: "Ah me, my child, why reared I thee, cursed in my motherhood? Would thou hadst been left tearless and griefless amid the ships, seeing thy lot is very brief and endureth no long while; but now art thou made short-lived alike and lamentable beyond all men; in an evil hour I bare thee in our halls. But I will go myself to snow-clad Olympus to tell this thy saying to Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, if perchance he may hearken to me. But tarry thou now amid thy fleet-faring ships, and continue wroth with the Achaians, and refrain utterly from battle: for Zeus went yesterday to Okeanos, unto

the noble Ethiopians for a feast, and all the gods followed with him; but on the twelfth day will he return to Olympus, and then will I fare to Zeus' palace of the bronze threshold, and will kneel to him and think to win him."

So saying she went her way and left him there, vexed in spirit for the fair-girdled woman's sake, whom they had taken perforce despite his will: and meanwhile Odysseus came to Chryse with the holy hecatomb. When they were now entered within the deep haven, they furled their sails and laid them in the black ship, and lowered the mast by the forestays and brought it to the crut^h with speed, and rowed her with oars to the anchorage. Then they cast out the mooring stones and made fast the hawsers, and so themselves went forth on to the sea-beach, and forth they brought the hecatomb for the Far-darter Apollo, and forth came Chryses withal from the seafaring ship. Then Odysseus of many counsels brought her to the altar and gave her into her father's arms, and spake unto him: "Chryses, Agamemnon king of men sent me hither to bring thee thy daughter, and to offer to Phœbus a holy hecatomb on the Danaans' behalf, wherewith to propitiate the king that hath now brought sorrow and lamentation on the Argives."

So saying he gave her to his arms, and he gladly took his dear child; and anon they set in order for the god the holy hecatomb about his well-builted altar; next washed they their hands and took up the barley meal. Then Chryses lifted up his hands and prayed aloud for them: "Hearken to me, god of the silver bow that standest over Chryse and holy Killa, and rulest Tenedos with might; even as erst thou heardest my prayer, and didst me honor, and mightily afflictedst the people of the Achaians, even so now fulfill me this my desire: remove thou from the Danaans forthwith the loathly pestilence."

So spake he in prayer, and Phœbus Apollo heard him. Now when they had prayed and sprinkled the barley meal, first they drew back the victims' heads and slaughtered them and flayed them, and cut slices from the thighs and wrapped them in fat, making a double fold, and laid raw collops thereon, and the old man burnt them on cleft wood and made libation over them of gleaming wine; and at his side the young men in their hands held five-pronged forks. Now when the thighs were burnt and they had tasted the vitals, then sliced they all the rest and pierced it through with spits, and roasted it carefully, and drew all off

again. So when they had rest from the task and had made ready the banquet, they feasted, nor was their heart aught stinted of the fair banquet. But when they had put away from them the desire of meat and drink, the young men crowned the bowls with wine, and gave each man his portion after the drink-offering had been poured into the cups. So all day long worshiped they the god with music, singing the beautiful paean, the sons of the Achaians making music to the Far-darter; and his heart was glad to hear. And when the sun went down and darkness came on them, they laid them to sleep beside the ship's hawsers; and when rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, the child of morning, then set they sail for the wide camp of the Achaians; and Apollo the Far-darter sent them a favoring gale. They set up their mast and spread the white sails forth, and the wind filled the sail's belly and the dark wave sang loud about the stem as the ship made way, and she sped across the wave, accomplishing her journey. So when they were now come to the wide camp of the Achaians, they drew up their black ship to land high upon the sands, and set in line the long props beneath her; and themselves were scattered amid their huts and ships.

But he sat by his swift-faring ships, still wroth, even the heaven-sprung son of Peleus, Achilles fleet of foot; he betook him neither to the assembly that is the hero's glory, neither to war, but consumed his heart in tarrying in his place, and yearned for the war-cry and for battle.

Now when the twelfth morn thereafter was come, then the gods that are for ever fared to Olympus all in company, led of Zeus. And Thetis forgat not her son's charge, but rose up from the sea-wave, and at early morn mounted up to great heaven and Olympus. There found she Kronos' son of the far-sounding voice sitting apart from all on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. So she sat before his face and with her left hand clasped his knees, and with her right touched him beneath his chin, and spake in prayer to king Zeus son of Kronos: "Father Zeus, if ever I gave thee aid amid the immortal gods, whether by word or deed, fulfill thou this my desire: do honor to my son, that is doomed to earliest death of all men: now hath Agamemnon king of men done him dishonor, for he hath taken away his meed of honor and keepeth her of his own violent deed. But honor thou him, Zeus of Olympus, lord of counsel; grant thou victory to the Trojans the

while, until the Achaians do my son honor and exalt him with recompense."

So spake she; but Zeus the cloud-gatherer said no word to her, and sat long time in silence. But even as Thetis had clasped his knees, so held she by him clinging, and questioned him yet a second time: "Promise me now this thing verily, and bow thy head thereto; or else deny me, seeing there is naught for thee to fear; that I may know full well how I among all gods am least in honor."

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer, sore troubled, spake to her: "Verily it is a sorry matter, if thou wilt set me at variance with Hera, whene'er she provoketh me with taunting words. Even now she upbraideth me ever amid the immortal gods, and saith that I aid the Trojans in battle. But do thou now depart again, lest Hera mark aught; and I will take thought for these things to fulfill them. Come now, I will bow my head to thee, that thou mayest be of good courage; for that, of my part, is the surest token amid the immortals; no word of mine is revocable nor false nor unfulfilled when the bowing of my head hath pledged it."

Kronion⁸ spake, and bowed his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head; and he made great Olympus quake.

Thus the twain took counsel and parted; she leapt therewith into the deep sea from glittering Olympus, and Zeus fared to his own palace. All the gods in company arose from their seats before their father's face; neither ventured any to await his coming, but they stood up all before him. So he sate him there upon his throne; but Hera saw, and was not ignorant how that the daughter of the Ancient of the sea, Thetis the silver-footed, had devised counsel with him. Anon with taunting words spake she to Zeus the son of Kronos: "Now who among the gods, thou crafty of mind, hath devised counsel with thee? It is ever thy good pleasure to hold aloof from me and in secret meditation to give thy judgments, nor of thine own good will hast thou ever brought thyself to declare unto me the thing thou purposedst."

Then the father of gods and men made answer to her: "Hera, think not thou to know all my sayings; hard they are for thee, even though thou art my wife. But whichsoever it is seemly for thee to hear, none sooner than thou shall know, be he god or man. Only when I will to take thought aloof from the gods, then do not thou ask of every matter nor make question."

Then Hera the ox-eyed queen made answer to

⁸Son of Kronos or Cronus; that is, Zeus.

him: "Most dread son of Kronos, what word is this thou hast spoken? Yea, surely of old I have not asked thee nor made question, but in very quietness thou devisest all thou wilt. But now is my heart sore afraid lest thou have been won over by silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the Ancient of the sea, for she at early morn sat by thee and clasped thy knees. To her I deem thou gavest a sure pledge that thou wilt do honor to Achilles, and lay many low beside the Achaians' ships."

To her made answer Zeus the cloud-gatherer: "Lady, good lack! ever art thou imagining, nor can I escape thee; yet shalt thou in no wise have power to fulfill, but wilt be the further from my heart; that shall be even the worse for thee. And if it be so, then such must my good pleasure be. Abide thou in silence and hearken to my bidding, lest all the gods that are in Olympus keep not off from thee my visitation, when I put forth my hands unapproachable against thee."

He said, and Hera the ox-eyed queen was afraid, and sat in silence, curbing her heart; but throughout Zeus' palace the gods of heaven were troubled. Then Hephaistos the famed craftsman began to make harangue among them, to do kindness to his dear mother, white-armed Hera: "Verily this will be a sorry matter, neither any more endurable, if ye twain thus fight for mortals' sakes, and bring wrangling among the gods; neither will there any more be joy of the goodly feast, seeing that evil triumpheth. So I give counsel to my mother, though herself is wise, to do kindness to our dear father Zeus, that our father upbraid us not again and cast the banquet in confusion. What if the Olympian, the lord of the lightning, will to dash us from our seats! for he is strongest far. Nay, approach thou him with gentle words, then will the Olympian forthwith be gracious unto us."

So speaking he rose up and set in his dear mother's hand the twy-handled cup, and spake to her: "Be of good courage, mother mine, and endure, though thou art vexed, lest I behold thee, that art so dear, chastised before mine eyes, and then shall I not be able for all my sorrow to save thee; for the Olympian is a hard foe to face. Yea, once ere this, when I was fain to save thee, he caught me by my foot and hurled me from the heavenly threshold; all day I flew, and at the set of sun I fell in Lemnos, and little life was in me. There did the Sintian folk forthwith tend me for my fall."

He spake, and the white-armed goddess Hera smiled, and smiling took the cup at her son's hand.

Then he poured wine to all the other gods from right to left, ladling the sweet nectar from the bowl. And laughter unquenchable arose amid the blessed gods to see Hephaistos bustling through the palace.

So feasted they all day till the setting of the sun; nor was their soul aught stinted of the fair banquet, nor of the beauteous lyre that Apollo held, and the Muses singing alternately with sweet voice.

²⁰ Now when the bright light of the sun was set, these went each to his own house to sleep, where each one had his palace made with cunning device by famed Hephaistos the lame god; and Zeus the Olympian, the lord of lightning, departed to his couch where he was wont of old to take his rest, whenever sweet sleep visited him. There went he up and slept, and beside him was Hera of the golden throne.

²⁰ [Agamemnon now tries to carry on the war without Achilles' help. After various incidents which retard the action he is ready to open the combat which he hopes will capture Troy. But it is now agreed that the issue shall be decided by a single combat between Menelaos and Paris, who are the real causes of the war. In the duel Paris is overcome and is about to be killed when Aphrodite, who is his protectress, takes him unseen to the city where he visits Helen. Meantime, in spite of the truce, Menelaos has been wounded by Pandaros, an ally of the Trojans. This act causes a renewal of the battle, which is in progress as Book VI opens.]

BOOK VI

How Diomedes and Glaukos being about to fight, were known to each other, and parted in friendliness. And how Hector returning to the city bade farewell to Andromache his wife.

⁴⁰ So was the dread fray of Trojans and Achaians left to itself, and the battle swayed oft this way and that across the plain, as they aimed against each other their bronze-shod javelins, between Simceis and the streams of Xanthos.

First Aias son of Telamon, bulwark of the Achaians, brake a battalions of the Trojans and brought his comrades salvation, smiting a warrior that was chiefest among the Thracians, Eussoros' son Akamas the goodly and great. Him first he smote upon his thick-crested helmet-ridge and drove into his forehead, so that the point of bronze pierced into the bone; and darkness shrouded his eyes.

Then Diomedes of the loud war-cry slew Axylos Teuthranos' son that dwelt in stablished Arisbe, a man of substance dear to his fellows; for his dwelling was by the roadside and he entertained all men. Howbeit of all these was there then not one to meet the foe before his face and save him from fell destruction; but Diomedes took the life of both of them, even of him and Kalesios his squire that now was the driver of his chariot; so passed both below the earth.

And Euryalos slew Dresos and Opheltios, and followed after Aisepos and Pedasos whom erst the fountain-nymph Abarbarea bare to noble Boukolion. Now Boukolion was son of proud Laomedon, his eldest born, begotten of a mother unwedded; and as he tended his flocks he had converse with the nymph in love, and she conceived and bare twin sons. And lo, the strength of these and their glorious limbs Mekisteus' son unstrung, and stripped the armor from their shoulders. And stubborn Polypoites slew Astyalos, and Odysseus with spear of bronze laid low Pidyes of Perkote, and so did Teukros to goodly Aretaon. Then was Ableros killed by the glistening spear of Antilochos, Nestor's son, and Elatos by Agamemnon king of men; beside the banks of fair-flowing Satnios dwelt he in steep Pedasos. And Leitos the warrior caught Phylakos, as he fled; and Eurypylos slew Melanthios.

Now did Menelaos of the loud war-cry take Adrestos alive; for his horses took flight across the plain, and stumbling in a tamarisk bough brake the curved car at the pole's foot; so they themselves fared towards the city where the rest were fleeing in rout, and their lord rolled from out the car beside the wheel, prone in the dust upon his face. Then came Atreus' son Menelaos to his side bearing his far-shadowing spear. Thereat Adrestos caught him by his knees and besought him: "Take me captive, thou son of Atreus, and accept a worthy ransom; many a treasure is stored up in my father's rich palace, bronze and gold and smithied iron; thereof would my father yield thee ransom beyond the telling, if he but heard that I am alive at the ships of the Achaians."

So spake he, and moved the spirit in his breast. And now had he forthwith given him to his squire to lead him to the Achaians' fleet ships, but that Agamemnon came running to meet him, and spake a word of chiding to him: "Good Menelaos, why art thou so careful of the foemen? Have then such good deeds been wrought thee in thy house by Trojans? Of them let not one escape sheer de-

struction at our hands, not even the man-child that the mother beareth in her womb; let not even him escape, but all perish together out of Ilios, uncared for and unknown."

So spake the hero and turned his brother's mind with righteous persuasion; so with his hand he thrust the hero Adrestos from him, and lord Agamemnon smote him in the flank, and he was overthrown, and Atreus' son set his heel upon his chest and plucked forth his ashen spear.

Then Nestor called to the Argives with far-reaching shout: "My friends, Danaan warriors, men of Ares' company, let no man now take thought of spoils to tarry behind, that he may bring the greatest burden to the ships; but let us slay the foemen. Thereafter shall ye at your ease also strip of their spoil the dead corpses about the plain."

So spake he and stirred the spirit and soul of every man. Now had the Trojans been chased again by the Achaians, dear to Ares, up into Ilios, in their weakness overcome, but that Priam's son Helenos, far best of augurs, stood by Aineias' side and Hector's, and spake to them: "Aineias and Hector, seeing that on you lieth the task of war in chief of Trojans and Lykians, because for every issue ye are foremost both for fight and counsel, stand ye your ground, and range the host everywhither to rally them before the gates, ere yet they fall fleeing in their women's arms, and be made a rejoicing to the foe. Then when ye have aroused all our battalions we will abide here and fight the Danaans, though in sore weariness; for necessity presseth us hard: but thou, Hector, go into the city, and speak there to thy mother and mine; let her gather the aged wives to bright-eyed Athene's temple in the upper city, and with her key open the doors of the holy house; and let her lay the robe, that seemeth to her the most gracious and greatest in her hall and far dearest unto herself, upon the knees of beauteous-haired Athene; and vow to her to sacrifice in her temple twelve sleek kine, that have not felt the goad, if she will have mercy on the city and the Trojans' wives and little children. So may she perchance hold back Tydeus' son from holy Ilios, the furious spearman, the mighty deviser of rout, whom in good sooth I deem to have proved himself mightiest of the Achaians. Never in this wise feared we Achilles, prince of men, who they say is born of a goddess; nay, but he that we see is beyond measure furious; none can match him for might."

So spake he, and Hector disregarded not his

brother's word, but leapt forthwith from his chariot in his armor to earth, and brandishing two sharp spears passed everywhere through the host, rousing them to battle, and stirred the dread war-cry. So they were rallied and stood to face the Achaians, and the Argives gave ground and ceased from slaughter, and deemed that some immortal had descended from starry heaven to bring the Trojans succor, in such wise rallied they. Then Hector called to the Trojans with far-reaching shout: "O high-souled Trojans and ye far-famed allies, quit you like men, my friends, and take thought of impetuous courage, while I depart to Ilios and bid the elders of the council and our wives pray to the gods and vow them hecatombs."

So saying Hector of the glancing helm departed, and the black hide beat on either side against his ankles and his neck, even the rim that ran uttermost about his bossed shield.

Now Glaukos son of Hippolochos and Tydeus' son met in the mid-space of the foes, eager to do battle. Thus when the twain were come nigh in onset on each other, to him first spake Diomedes of the loud war-cry: "Who art thou, noble sir, of mortal men? For never have I beheld thee in glorious battle ere this, yet now hast thou far outstripped all men in thy hardihood, seeing thou abidest my far-shadowing spear. Luckless are the fathers whose children face my might. But if thou art some immortal come down from heaven, then will not I fight with heavenly gods. Nay moreover even Dryas' son mighty Lykurgos was not for long when he strove with heavenly gods, he that erst chased through the goodly land of Nysa the nursing-mothers of frenzied Dionysos; and they all cast their wands upon the ground, smitten with murderous Lykurgos' ox-goad. Then Dionysos fled and plunged beneath the salt sea-wave, and Thetis took him to her bosom, affrighted, for a mighty trembling had seized him at his foe's rebuke. But with Lykurgos the gods that live at ease were wroth, and Kronos' son made him blind, and he was not for long, because he was hated of all the immortal gods. So would neither I be fain to fight the blessed gods. But if thou art of men that eat the fruit of the field, come nigh, that anon thou mayest enter the toils of destruction."

Then Hippolochos' glorious son made answer to him: "Great-hearted Tydeides,⁴ why enquirest thou of my generation? Even as are the generations of leaves such are those likewise of men; the leaves that be the wind scattereth on the earth, and

the forest buddeth and putteth forth more again, when the season of spring is at hand; so of the generations of men one putteth forth and another ceaseth. Yet if thou wilt, have thine answer, that thou mayest well know our lineage, whereof many men have knowledge. There is a city Ephyre in the heart of Argos, pasture-land of horses, and there dwelt Sisyphos that was craftiest of men, Sisyphos son of Aiolos; and he begat a son, even Glaukos, and Glaukos begat noble Bellerophon. To him the gods granted beauty and lovely manhood; but Proitos in his heart devised ill for him, and being mightier far drove him from the land of the Argives, whom Zeus had made subject to his scepter. Now Proitos' wife, goodly Anteia, lusted after him, to have converse in secret love, but no whit prevailed she, for the uprightness of his heart, on wise Bellerophon. Then spake she lyingly to king Proitos: 'Die, Proitos, or else slay Bellerophon, that would have converse in love with me against my will.' So spake she, and anger gat hold upon the king at that he heard. To slay him he forbore, for his soul had shame of that; but he sent him to Lykia, and gave him tokens of woe, graving in a folded tablet many deadly things, and bade him shew these to Anteia's father, that he might be slain. So fared he to Lykia by the blameless convoy of the gods. Now when he came to Lykia and the stream of Xanthos, then did the king of wide Lykia honor him with all his heart; nine days he entertained him and killed nine oxen. And when on the tenth day rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, then he questioned him and asked to see what token he bare from his son-in-law, even Proitos. Now when he had received of him Proitos' evil token, first he bade him slay Chimaira the unconquerable. Of divine birth was she and not of men, in front a lion, and behind a serpent, and in the midst a goat; and she breathed dread fierceness of blazing fire. And her he slew, obedient to the signs of heaven. Next fought he with the famed Solymi; this, said he, was the mightiest battle of warriors wherein he entered. And thirdly he slew the Amazons, women peers of men. And as he turned back therefrom, the king devised another cunning wile; he picked from wide Lykia the bravest men, and set an ambush. But these returned nowise home again; for noble Bellerophon slew them all. So when the king now knew that he was the brave offspring of a god, he kept him there, and plighted him his daughter, and gave him the half of all the honor of his kingdom; moreover the Lykians

⁴ Son of Tydeus.

meted him a domain pre-eminent above all, fair with vineyards and tilth to possess it. And his wife bare wise Bellerophon three children, Isandros and Hippolochos and Laodameia. With Laodameia lay Zeus the lord of counsel, and she bare godlike Sarpedon, the warrior with arms of bronze. But when even Bellerophon came to be hated of all the gods, then wandered he alone in the Aleian plain, devouring his own soul, and avoiding the paths of men; and Isandros his son was slain by Ares insatiate of battle, as he fought against the famed Solymi, and his daughter was slain in wrath of gold-gleaming Artemis. But Hippolochos begat me, and of him do I declare me to be sprung; he sent me to Troy and bade me very instantly to be ever the best and to excel all other men, nor put to shame the lineage of my fathers that were of noblest blood in Ephyre and in wide Lykia. This is the lineage and blood whereof I avow myself to be."

So said he, and Diomedes of the loud war-cry was glad. He planted his spear in the bounteous earth and with soft words spake to the shepherd of the host: "Surely then thou art to me a guest-friend of old times through my father: for goodly Oineus of yore entertained noble Bellerophon in his halls and kept him twenty days. Moreover they gave each the other goodly gifts of friendship; Oineus gave a belt bright with purple, and Bellerophon a gold twy-handled cup, the which when I came I left in my palace. But of Tydeus I remember naught, seeing I was yet little when he left me, what time the Achaian host perished at Thebes. Therefore now am I to thee a dear guest-friend in midmost Argos, and thou in Lykia, whene'er I fare to your land. So let us shun each other's spears, even amid the throng; Trojans are there in multitudes and famous allies for me to slay, whoe'er it be that God vouchsafeth me and my feet overtakē; and for thee are there Achaians in multitude, to slay whome'er thou canst. But let us make exchange of arms between us, that these also may know how we avow ourselves to be guest-friends by lineage."

So spake the twain, and leaping from their cars clasped each the other by his hand, and pledged their faith. But now Zeus son of Kronos took from Glaukos his wits, in that he made exchange with Diomedes Tydeus' son of golden armor for bronze, the price of five score oxen for the price of nine.

Now when Hector came to the Skaian gates and to the oak-tree, there came running round about him the Trojans' wives and daughters, enquiring

of sons and brethren and friends and husbands. But he bade them thereat all in turn pray to the gods; but sorrow hung over many.

But when he came to Priam's beautiful palace, adorned with polished colonnades—and in it were fifty chambers of polished stone, builded hard by one another, wherein Priam's sons slept beside their wedded wives; and for his daughters over against them on the other side within the courtyard were twelve roofed chambers of polished stone builded hard by one another, wherein slept Priam's sons-in-law beside their chaste wives—then came there to meet him his bountiful mother, leading with her Laodike, fairest of her daughters to look on; and she clasped her hand in his, and spake, and called upon his name: "My son, why hast thou left violent battle to come hither? Surely the sons of the Achaians—name of evil!—press thee hard in fight about thy city, and so thy spirit hath brought thee hither, to come and stretch forth thy hands to Zeus from the citadel. But tarry till I bring thee honey-sweet wine, that thou mayest pour libation to Zeus and all the immortals first, and then shalt thou thyself also be refreshed if thou wilt drink. When a man is awearied wine greatly maketh his strength to wax, even as thou art awearied in fighting for thy fellows."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: "Bring me no honey-hearted wine, my lady mother, lest thou cripple me of my courage and I be forgetful of my might. Moreover I have awe to make libation of gleaming wine to Zeus with hands unwashen; nor can it be in any wise that one should pray to the son of Kronos, god of the storm-cloud, all defiled with blood and filth. But go thou to the temple of Athene, driver of the spoil, with offerings, and gather the aged wives together; and the robe that seemeth to thee the most gracious and greatest in thy palace, and dearest unto thyself, that lay thou upon the knees of beauteous-haired Athene, and vow to her to sacrifice in her temple twelve sleek kine, that have not felt the goad, if she will have mercy on the city and the Trojans' wives and little children. So may she perchance hold back Tydeus' son from holy Ilios, the furious spearman, the mighty deviser of rout. So go thou to the temple of Athene, driver of the spoil; and I will go after Paris, to summon him, if perchance he will hearken to my voice. Would that the earth forthwith might swallow him up! The Olympian fostered him to be a sore bane to the Trojans and to great-hearted Priam, and to Priam's sons. If I but saw him going down to the gates of

death, then might I deem that my heart had forgotten its sorrow."

So said he, and she went into the hall, and called to her handmaidens, and they gathered the aged wives throughout the city. Then she herself went down to her fragrant chamber where were her embroidered robes, the work of Sidonian women, whom godlike Alexandros himself brought from Sidon, when he sailed over the wide sea, that journey wherein he brought home high-born Helen. Of these Hekabe took one to bear for an offering to Athene, the one that was fairest for adornment and greatest, and shone like a star, and lay nethermost of all. Then went she her way and the multitude of aged wives hastened after her.

Now when they came to the temple of Athene in the citadel, fair-cheeked Theano opened them the doors, even Kisseus' daughter, wife of horse-taming Antenor; for her the Trojans had made priestess of Athene. Then lifted they all their hands to Athene with lamentation: and fair-cheeked Theano took the robe and laid it on the knees of beauteous-haired Athene, and lifted up her voice and prayed to the daughter of great Zeus: "Lady Athene, savior of the city, fair among goddesses, break now Diomedes' spear, and grant moreover that himself may fall prone before the Skaian gates; that we may sacrifice thee now forthwith in thy temple twelve sleek kine, that have not felt the goad, if thou wilt have mercy on the city and the Trojans' wives and little children." So spake she praying, but Pallas Athene denied the prayer.

So were these praying to the daughter of great Zeus; and Hector was come to Alexandros' fair palace, that himself had builded with them that were most excellent carpenters then in deep-soiled Troy-land; these made him his chamber and hall and courtyard hard by to Priam and Hector, in the upper city. There entered in Hector dear to Zeus, and his hand bare his spear, eleven cubits long: before his face glittered the bronze spear-point, and a ring of gold ran round about it. And he found Paris in his chamber busied with his beauteous arms, his shield and breastplate, and handling his curved bow; and Helen of Argos sate among her serving-women and appointed brave handiwork for her handmaidens. Then when Hector saw him he rebuked him with scornful words: "Good sir, thou dost not well to cherish this rancor in thy heart. The folk are perishing about the city and high wall in battle, and for thy sake the battle-cry is kindled and war around this city; yea

thyself wouldest thou fall out with another, didst thou see him shrinking from hateful war. Up then, lest the city soon be scorched with burning fire."

And godlike Alexandros⁵ answered him: "Hector, since in measure thou chidest me and not beyond measure, therefore will I tell thee; lay thou it to thine heart and hearken to me. Not by reason so much of the Trojans, for wrath and indignation, sate I me in my chamber, but fain would I yield me to my sorrow. Even now my wife hath persuaded me with soft words, and urged me into battle; and I m^reover, even I, deem that it will be better so; for victory shifteth from man to man. Go to then, tarry awhile, let me put on my armor of war; or else fare thou forth, and I will follow; and I think to overtake thee."

So said he, but Hector of the glancing helm answered him not a word. But Helen spake to him with gentle words: "My brother, even mine that am a dog, mischievous and abominable, would that on the day when my mother bare me at the first, an evil storm-wind had caught me away to a mountain or a billow of the loud-sounding sea, where the billow might have swept me away before all these things came to pass. Howbeit, seeing the gods devised all these ills in this wise, would that then I had been mated with a better man, that felt dishonor and the multitude of men's reproachings: But as for him, neither hath he now sound heart, nor ever will have; thereof deem I moreover that he will reap the fruit. But now come, enter in and sit thee here upon this bench, my brother, since thy heart chiefly trouble hath encompassed, for the sake of me, that am a dog, and for Alexandros' sin; on whom Zeus bringeth evil doom, that even in days to come we may be a song in the ears of men that shall be hereafter."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: "Bid me not sit, Helen, of thy love; thou wilt not persuade me. Already my heart is set to succor the men of Troy, that have great desire for me that am not with them. But rouse thou this fellow, yea let himself make speed, to overtake me yet within the city. For I shall go into mine house to behold my housefolk and my dear wife, and infant boy; for I know not if I shall return home to them again, or if the gods will now overthrow me at the hands of the Achaians."

So spake Hector of the glancing helm and departed; and anon he came to his well-established house. But he found not white-armed Andromache in the halls; she with her boy and fair-robed hand-

⁵ Another name of Paris.

maiden had taken her stand upon the tower, weeping and wailing. And when Hector found not his noble wife within, he came and stood upon the threshold, and spake amid the serving-women: "Come tell me now true, my serving-women. Whither went white-armed Andromache forth from the hall? Hath she gone out to my sisters or unto my brothers' fair-robed wives, or to Athene's temple, where all the fair-tressed Trojan women propitiate the awful goddess?"

Then a busy housedame spake in answer to him: "Hector, seeing thou straitly chargest us tell thee true, neither hath she gone out to any of thy sisters or thy brothers' fair-robed wives, neither to Athene's temple, where all the fair-tressed Trojan women are propitiating the awful goddess; but she went to the great tower of Ilios, because she heard the Trojans were hard pressed, and great victory was for the Achaians. So hath she come in haste to the wall, like unto one frenzied; and the nurse with her beareth the child."

So spake the housedame, and Hector hastened from his house back by the same way down the well-builded streets. When he had passed through the great city and was come to the Skaian gates, whereby he was minded to issue upon the plain, then came his dear-won wife, running to meet him, even Andromache daughter of great-hearted Eëtion, Eëtion that dwelt beneath wooded Plakos, in Thebe under Plakos, and was king of the men of Kilikia; for his daughter was wife to bronze-harnessed Hector. So she met him now, and with her went the handmaid bearing in her bosom the tender boy, the little child, Hector's loved son, like unto a beautiful star. Him Hector called Skamandrios, but all the folk Astyanax; for only Hector guarded Ilios. So now he smiled and gazed at his boy silently, and Andromache stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his, and spake and called upon his name. "Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow; for soon will the Achaians all set upon thee and slay thee. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never more will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. Moreover I have no father nor lady mother: my father was slain of goodly Achilles, for he wasted the populous city of the Kilikians, even high-gated Thebe, and slew Eëtion; yet he despoiled him not, for his soul had shame of that, but he burnt him in his inlaid armor and raised a

barrow over him; and all about were elm-trees planted by the mountain nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus. And the seven brothers that were mine within our halls, all these on the self-same day went within the house of Hades; for fleet-footed goodly Achilles slew them all amid their kine of trailing gait and white-fleeced sheep. And my mother, that was queen beneath wooded Plakos, her brought he hither with the other spoils, but afterward took a ransom untold to set her free; but in her father's halls was she smitten by the Archer Artemis. Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And stay thy folk beside the fig-tree, where best the city may be scaled and the wall is assailable. Thrice came thither the most valiant that are with the two Aiantes and famed Idomeneus and the sons of Atreus and Tydeus' valiant son, and essayed to enter; whether one skilled in soothsaying revealed it to them, or whether their own spirit urgeth and biddeth them on."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: "Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle. Moreover mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learnt ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and mine own. Yea of a surety I know this in heart and soul; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hekabe's own, neither king Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, and bear water from fount Messeis or Hypereia, being grievously entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep: 'This is the wife of Hector, that was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans when men fought so about Ilios.' Thus shall one say hereafter, and fresh grief will be thine for lack of such an husband as thou hadst to ward off the day of thraldom. But me in death may the heaped-up earth be covering,

ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity."

So spake glorious Hector, and stretched out his arm to his boy. But the child shrunk crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horse-hair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother; forthwith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it, all gleaming, upon the earth; then kissed he his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods, "O Zeus and all ye gods, vouchsafe ye that this my son may likewise prove even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and be a great king of Ilios. Then may men say of him, 'Far greater is he than his father,' as he returneth home from battle; and may he bring with him blood-stained spoils from the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart be glad."

So spake he, and laid his son in his dear wife's arms; and she took him to her fragrant bosom, smiling tearfully. And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name: "Dear one, I pray thee be not of oversorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades; only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house and see to thine own tasks, the loom and distaff, and bid thine handmaidens ply their work; but for war shall men provide and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios."

So spake glorious Hector, and took up his horse-hair-crested helmet; and his dear wife departed to her home oft looking back, and letting fall big tears. Anon she came to the well-established house of man-slaying Hector, and found therein her many handmaidens, and stirred lamentation in them all. So bewailed they Hector, while yet he lived, within his house: for they deemed that he would no more come back to them from battle, nor escape the fury of the hands of the Achaians.

Neither lingered Paris long in his lofty house, but clothed on him his brave armor, bedight with bronze, and hasted through the city, trusting to his nimble feet. Even as when a stalled horse, full-fed at the manger, breaketh his tether and speedeth at the gallop across the plain, being wont to bathe him in the fair-flowing stream, exultingly; and holdeth his head on high, and his mane floateth about his shoulders, and he trusteth in his glory,

and nimbly his limbs bear him to the haunts and pasturage of mares; even so Priam's son Paris, glittering in his armor like the shining sun, strode down from high Pergamos laughingly, and his swift feet bare him. Forthwith he overtook his brother noble Hector, even as he was on the point to turn him away from the spot where he had dallied with his wife. To him first spake godlike Alexandros: "Sir, in good sooth I have delayed thee in thine haste by my tarrying, and came not rightly as thou badest me."

And Hector of the glancing helm answered him and said: "Good brother, no man that is right-minded could make light of thy doings in fight, seeing thou art strong: but thou art willfully remiss and hast no care; and for this my heart is grieved within me, that I hear shameful words concerning thee in the Trojans' mouths, who for thy sake endure much toil. But let us be going; all this will we make good hereafter, if Zeus ever vouchsafe us to set before the heavenly gods that are for everlasting the cup of deliverance in our halls, when we have chased out of Troy-land the well-greaved Achaians."

[*The next books describe in detail the battles. At length the Trojans have driven the Achaians back and it looks as if the promise of Zeus to avenge the injury done to Achilles is to be fulfilled. Agamemnon sends an embassy to ask Achilles' help, but he refuses and continues sulking in his tent. The battle is renewed. The gods take sides and give success to the Trojans, then to the Greeks, and finally to the Trojans. In these difficult straits, Achilles permits his friend Patroklos to enter the battle, disguised in Achilles' own armor. Now the Trojans are driven back but Patroklos is killed and Achilles' armor taken.*]

BOOK XVIII

How Achilles grieved for Patroklos, and how Thetis asked for him new armor of Hephaistos; and of the making of the armor.

Thus fought the rest in the likeness of blazing fire, while to Achilles came Antilochos, a messenger fleet of foot. Him found he in front of his ships of upright horns, boding in his soul the things which even now were accomplished. And sore troubled he spake to his great heart: "Aye me, wherefore again are the flowing-haired Achaians flocking to the ships and flying in rout over the plain? May the gods not have wrought against me

the grievous fears at my heart, even as my mother revealed and told me that while I am yet alive the best man of the Myrmidons must by deed of the men of Troy forsake the light of the sun. Surely now must Menoitios' valiant son be dead—foolhardy! surely I bade him when he should have beaten off the fire of the foe to come back to the ships nor with Hector fight amain."

While thus he held debate in his heart and soul, there drew nigh unto him noble Nestor's son, shedding hot tears, and spake his grievous tidings: "Aye me, wise Peleus' son, very bitter tidings must thou hear, such as I would had never been. Fallen is Patroklos, and they are fighting around his body, naked, for his armor is held by Hector of the glancing helm."

Thus spake he, and a black cloud of grief enwrapped Achilles, and with both hands he took dark dust and poured it over his head and defiled his comely face, and on his fragrant doublet black ashes fell. And himself in the dust lay mighty and mightily fallen, and with his own hands tore and marred his hair. And the handmaidens, whom Achilles and Patroklos took captive, cried aloud in the grief of their hearts, and ran forth around valiant Achilles, and all beat on their breasts with their hands, and the knees of each of them were unstrung. And Antilochos on the other side wailed and shed tears, holding Achilles' hands while he groaned in his noble heart, for he feared lest he should cleave his throat with the sword. Then terribly moaned Achilles; and his lady mother heard him as she sate in the depths of the sea beside her ancient sire. And thereon she uttered a cry, and the goddesses flocked around her, all the daughters of Nereus that were in the deep of the sea. There were Glauke, and Thaleia, and Kymodoke, Nesaia and Speio and Thoë and ox-eyed Halië and Kymothoë and Aktaie and Limnorea and Melite and Iaira and Amphithoë and Agauë and Doto and Proto and Pherusa and Dynamene and Dexamene and Amphinome and Kallianeira, Doris and Panope and noble Galateia, and Nemertes, and Apseudes and Kallianassa, and there were Klymene and Ianeira and Ianassa and Maira, and Oreithuia, and fair-tressed Amathyia, and other Nereids that were in the deep of the sea. With these the bright cave was filled, and they all beat together on their breasts, and Thetis led the lament: "Listen, sister Nereids, that ye all hear and know well what sorrows are in my heart. Aye me unhappy, aye me that bare to my sorrow the first of men! For after I had borne a son noble and strong, the chief of

heroes, and he shot up like a young branch, then when I had reared him as a plant in a very fruitful field I sent him in beaked ships to Ilion to fight against the men of Troy; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while he yet liveth in my sight and beholdeth the light of the sun, he sorroweth, neither can I help him any whit though I go unto him. But I will go, that I may look upon my dear child, and learn what sorrow hath come to him though he abide aloof from the war."

Thus spake she and left the cave; and the nymphs went with her weeping, and around them the surge of the sea was sundered. And when they came to deep-soiled Troy-land they went up upon the shore in order, where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up thickly around fleet Achilles. And as he groaned heavily his lady mother stood beside him, and with a shrill cry clasped the head of her child, and spake unto him winged words of lamentation: "My child, why weepest thou? what sorrow hath come to thy heart? Tell it forth, hide it not. One thing at least hath been accomplished of Zeus according to the prayer thou madest, holding up to him thy hands, that the sons of the Achaeans should all be pent in at the ships, through lack of thee, and should suffer hateful things."

Then groaning heavily spake unto her Achilles fleet of foot: "My mother, that prayer truly hath the Olympian accomplished for me. But what delight have I therein, since my dear comrade is dead, Patroklos, whom I honored above all my comrades as it were my very self? Him have I lost, and Hector that slew him hath stripped from him the armor great and fair, a wonder to behold, that the gods gave to Peleus a splendid gift, on the day when they laid thee in the bed of a mortal man. Would thou hadst abode among the deathless daughters of the sea, and Peleus had wedded a mortal bride! But now, that thou mayest have sorrow a thousandfold in thy heart for a dead son, never shalt thou welcome him back home, since my soul biddeth me also live no longer nor abide among men, if Hector be not first smitten by my spear and yield his life, and pay for his slaughter of Patroklos, Menoitios' son."

Then answered unto him Thetis shedding tears: "Short-lived, I ween, must thou be then, my child, by what thou sayest, for straightway after Hector is death appointed unto thee."

Then mightily moved spake unto her Achilles fleet of foot: "Straightway may I die, since I might

not succor my comrade at his slaying. He hath fallen afar from his country and lacked my help in his sore need. Now therefore, since I go not back to my dear native land, neither have at all been succor to Patroklos nor to all my other comrades that have been slain by noble Hector, but I sit beside my ships a profitless burden of the earth, I that in war am such an one as is none else of the mail-clad Achaians, though in council are others better—may strife perish utterly among gods and men, and wrath that stirreth even a wise man to be vexed, wrath that far sweeter than trickling honey waxeth like smoke in the breasts of men, even as I was wroth even now against Agamemnon king of men. But bygones will we let be, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts under necessity. Now go I forth, that I may light on the destroyer of him I loved, on Hector: then will I accept my death whensoever Zeus willeth to accomplish it and the other immortal gods. For not even the mighty Herakles escaped death, albeit most dear to Kronian Zeus the king, but Fate overcame him and Hera's cruel wrath. So also shall I, if my fate hath been fashioned likewise, lie low when I am dead. But now let me win high renown, let me set some Trojan woman, some deepbosomed daughter of Dardanos, staunching with both hands the tears upon her tender cheeks and wailing bitterly; yea, let them know that I am come back, though I tarried long from the war. Hold not me then from the battle in thy love, for thou shalt not prevail with me."

Then Thetis the silver-footed goddess answered him saying: "Yea, verily, my child, no blame is in this, that thou ward sheer destruction from thy comrades in their distress. But thy fair glittering armor of bronze is held among the Trojans. Hector of the glancing helm beareth it on his shoulders in triumph, yet not for long, I ween, shall he glory therein, for death is hard anigh him. But thou go not yet down into the mellay of war until thou see me with thine eyes come hither. In the morning will I return, at the coming up of the sun, bearing fair armor from the king Hephaistos."

Thus spake she and turned to go from her son, and as she turned she spake among her sisters of the sea: "Ye now go down within the wide bosom of the deep, to visit the Ancient One of the Sea and our father's house, and tell him all. I am going to high Olympus to Hephaistos of noble skill, if haply he will give unto my son noble armor shining gloriously."

Thus spake she, and they forthwith went down

beneath the surge of the sea. And the silver-footed goddess Thetis went on to Olympus that she might bring noble armor to her son.

So her unto Olympus her feet bore. But the Achaians with terrible cries were fleeing before man-slaying Hector till they came to the ships and to the Hellespont. Nor might the well-greaved Achaians drag the corpse of Patroklos Achilles' squire out of the darts, for now again overtook him the host and the horses of Troy, and Hector son of Priam, in might as it were a flame of fire. Thrice did glorious Hector seize him from behind by the feet, resolved to drag him away, and mightily called upon the men of Troy. Thrice did the two Aiantes, clothed on with impetuous might, beat him off from the dead man, but he nathless, trusting in his might, anon would charge into the press, anon would stand and cry aloud, but he gave ground never a whit. As when shepherds in the field avail no wise to chase a fiery lion in fierce hunger away from a carcase, so availed not the two warrior Aiantes to scare Hector son of Priam from the dead. And now would he have won the body and gained renown unspeakable, had not fleet wind-footed Iris come speeding from Olympus with a message to the son of Peleus to array him, unknown of Zeus and the other gods, for Hera sent her. And she stood anigh and spake to him winged words: "Rouse thee, son of Peleus, of all men most redoubtable! Succor Patroklos, for whose body is terrible battle afoot before the ships. There slay they one another, these guarding the dead corpse, while the men of Troy are fierce to hale him unto windy Ilios, and chieftiest noble Hector is fain to drag him, and his heart biddeth him fix the head on the stakes of the wall when he hath sundered it from the tender neck. But arise, lie thus no longer! let awe enter thy heart to forbid that Patroklos become the sport of dogs of Troy. Thine were the shame if he go down mangled amid the dead."

Then answered her fleet-footed noble Achilles: "Goddess Iris, what god sent thee a messenger unto me?"

And to him again spake wind-footed fleet Iris: "It was Hera that sent me, the wise wife of Zeus, nor knoweth the high-throned son of Kronos nor any other of the Immortals that on snowy Olympus have their dwelling-place."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer to her and said: "And how may I go into the fray? The Trojans hold my arms; and my dear mother bade me forbear to array me until I behold her with my

eyes returned, for she promised to bring fair armor from Hephaistos. Other man know I none whose noble armor I might put on, save it were the shield of Aias Telamon's son. But himself, I ween, is in the fore-front of the press, dealing death with his spear around Patroklos dead."

Then again spake unto him wind-footed fleet Iris: "Well are we also aware that thy noble armor is held from thee. But go forth unto the trench as thou art and show thyself to the men of Troy, if haply they will shrink back and refrain them from battle, and the warlike sons of the Achaians take breath [amid their toil, for small breathing-time is in the thick of fight]."

Thus spake fleet-footed Iris and went her way. But Achilles dear to Zeus arose, and around his strong shoulders Athene cast her tasseled ægis, and around his head the bright goddess set a crown of a golden cloud, and kindled therefrom a blazing flame. And as when a smoke issueth from a city and riseth up into the upper air, from an island afar off that foes beleaguer, while the others from their city fight all day in hateful war,—but with the going down of the sun blaze out the beacon-fires in line, and high aloft rusheth up the glare for dwellers round about to behold, if haply they may come with ships to help in need—thus from the head of Achilles soared that blaze toward the heavens. And he went and stood beyond the wall beside the trench, yet mingled not among the Achaians, for he minded the wise bidding of his mother. There stood he and shouted aloud, and afar off Pallas Athene uttered her voice, and spread terror unspeakable among the men of Troy. Clear as the voice of a clarion when it soundeth by reason of slaughterous foemen that beleaguer a city, so clear rang forth the voice of Aiakides. And when they heard the brazen voice of Aiakides, the souls of all of them were dismayed, and the horses of goodly manes were fain to turn the chariots backward, for they boded anguish in their hearts. And the charioteers were amazed when they saw the unwearying fire blaze fierce on the head of the great-hearted son of Peleus, for the bright-eyed goddess Athene made it blaze. Thrice from over the trench shouted mightily noble Achilles, and thrice were the men of Troy confounded and their proud allies. Yea there and then perished twelve men of their best by their own chariot wheels and spears. But the Achaians with joy drew Patroklos forth of the darts and laid him on a litter, and his dear comrades stood around lamenting him; and among them followed fleet-footed Achilles, shed-

ding hot tears, for his true comrade he saw lying on the bier, mangled by the keen bronze. Him sent he forth with chariot and horses unto the battle, but home again welcomed never more.

Then Hera the ox-eyed queen sent down the unwearying Sun to be gone unwillingly, unto the streams of Ocean. So the Sun set, and the noble Achaians made pause from the stress of battle and the hazardous war.

Now the men of Troy on their side when they were come back out of the violent fray loosed their swift horses from the chariots and gathered themselves in assembly or ever they would sup. Upon their feet they stood in the assembly, neither had any man heart to sit, for fear was fallen upon all because Achilles was come forth, after long ceasing from fell battle. Then began to speak among them wise Polydamas, son of Panthoos, for he alone saw before and after. Comrade of Hector was he, and in the same night were both born, but the one in speech was far the best, the other with the spear. So with good intent toward them he made harangue and spake: "Take good heed on both sides, O my friends; for my part I would have ye go up now to the city, not wait for bright morning on the plain beside the ships, for we are far off from the wall. So long as this man was wroth with noble Agamemnon, so long were the Achaians easier to fight against, aye and I too rejoiced when I couched nigh their swift ships, trusting that we should seize the curved ships for a prey. But now am I sore afraid of the fleet son of Peleus; so exceeding fierce is his heart, he will not choose to abide in the plain where Trojans and Achaians both in the midst share the spirit of war, but the prize he doeth battle for will be our city and our wives. Now go we up to our fastness; hearken unto me, for thus will it be. Now hath divine night stayed the fleet son of Peleus, but if tomorrow full-armed for the onset he shall light upon us abiding here, well shall each know that it is he, for gladly will whosoever fleeth win to sacred Ilios, and many of the men of Troy shall dogs and vultures devour—far be that from my ear. But if, though loth, we hearken unto my words, this night in counsel we shall possess our strength, and the city shall be guarded of her towers and high gates and tall well-polished doors that fit thereon close-shut. But at dawn of day in armor harnessed will we take our stand along the towers. Ill will he fare if he come forth from the ships to fight with us for our wall. Back to his ships shall he betake him when in vain chase he hath given his strong-

necked horses their fill of hastening everywhither beneath the town. But within it never will he have heart to force his way, nor ever lay it waste; ere then shall he be devoured of swift dogs."

Then with stern gaze spake unto him Hector of the glancing helm: "Polydamas, no longer to my liking dost thou speak now, in that thou biddest us go back and be pent within the town. Have ye not had your fill already of being pent behind the towers? Of old time all mortal men would tell of this city of Priam for the much gold and bronze thereof, but now are its goodly treasures perished out of its dwellings, and much goods are sold away to Phrygia and pleasant Maionia, since mighty Zeus dealt evilly with us. But now when the son of crooked-counseling Kronos hath given me to win glory at the ships and to pen the Achaians beside the sea, no longer, fond man, put forth such counsels among the folk. No man of Troy will hearken unto thee, I will not suffer it. But come let us all be persuaded as I shall say. Sup now in your ranks throughout the host, and keep good ward, and each watch in his place. And whoso of the Trojans is grieved beyond measure for his goods, let him gather them together and give them to the people to consume in common, for it is better they have joy thereof than the Achaians. Then at dawn of day in armor harnessed at the hollow ships we will arouse keen war. What though in very truth noble Achilles be arisen beside the ships, ill shall he fare, if he will have it so. I at least will not flee from him out of the dread-sounding war, but full facing him will I stand, to try whether he win great victory, or haply I. The war-god is alike to all and a slayer of him that would slay."

Thus Hector spake, and the men of Troy applauded with fond hearts, for Pallas Athene bereft them of their wit. And they gave assent to the ill advising of Hector, but none hearkened to Polydamas who devised good counsel. Then they supped throughout the host; but the Achaians all night made moan in lamentation for Patroklos. And first of them in the loud lamentation was the son of Peleus, laying upon the breast of his comrade his man-slaying hands and moaning very sore, even as a deep-bearded lion whose whelps some stag-hunter hath snatched away out of a deep wood; and the lion coming afterward grieveth, and through many glens he rangeth on the track of the footsteps of the man, if anywhere he might find him, for most bitter anger seizeth him;—thus Achilles moaning heavily spake among the Myr-

midons: "Aye me, vain verily was the word I uttered on that day when I cheered the hero Menoitios in his halls and said that I would bring back to Opœis his son in glory from the sack of Ilios with the share of spoil that should fall unto him. Not all the purposes of men doth Zeus accomplish for them. It is appointed that both of us reddent the same earth with our blood here in Troy-land, for neither shall the old knight Peleus welcome me back home within his halls, nor my mother Thetis, but even here shall earth keep hold on me. Yet now, O Patroklos, since I follow thee under earth, I will not hold thy funeral till I have brought hither the armor and the head of Hector, thy high-hearted slayer, and before thy pyre I will cut the throats of twelve noble sons of the men of Troy, for mine anger thou art slain. Till then beside the beaked ships shalt thou lie as thou art, and around the deep-bosomed women, Trojan and Dardanian, shall mourn thee weeping night and day, even they whom we toiled to win by our strength and our long spears when we sacked rich cities of mortal men."

Thus spake noble Achilles, and bade his comrades set a great tripod on the fire, that with all speed they might wash from Patroklos the bloody gore. So they set a tripod of ablution on the burning fire, and poured therein water and took wood and kindled it beneath; and the fire wrapped the belly of the tripod, and the water grew hot. And when the water boiled in the bright bronze, then washed they him and anointed with olive oil, and filled his wounds with fresh ointment, and laid him on a bier and covered him with soft cloth from head to foot, and thereover a white robe. Then all night around Achilles fleet of foot the Myrmidons made lament and moan for Patroklos.

Meanwhile Zeus spake unto Hera his sister and wife: "Thou hast accomplished this, O Hera, ox-eyed queen, thou hast aroused Achilles fleet of foot. Verily of thine own children must the flowing-haired Achaians be."

Then answered unto him Hera the ox-eyed queen: "Most dread son of Kronos, what is this word thou hast said? Truly even a man, I ween, is to accomplish what he may for another man, albeit he is mortal and hath not wisdom as we. How then was I who avow me the first of goddesses both by birth and for that I am called thy wife, and thou art king among all Immortals—how was I not in mine anger to devise evil against the men of Troy?"

So debated they on this wise with one another.

But Thetis of the silver feet came unto the house of Hephaistos, imperishable, starlike, far seen among the dwellings of Immortals, a house of bronze, wrought by the crook-footed god himself. Him found she sweating in toil and busy about his bellows, for he was forging tripods twenty in all to stand around the wall of his stablished hall, and beneath the base of each he had set golden wheels, that of their own motion they might enter the assembly of the gods and again return unto his house, a marvel to look upon. Thus much were they finished that not yet were the ears of cunning work set thereon; these was he making ready, and welding chains. While hereat he was laboring with wise intent, then drew nigh unto him Thetis, goddess of the silver feet. And Charis went forward and beheld her, fair Charis of the shining chaplet whom the renowned lame god had wedded. And she clasped her hand in hers and spake and called her by her name: "Wherefore, long-robed Thetis, comest thou to our house, honored that thou art and dear? No frequent comer art thou hitherto. But come onward with me that I may set guest-cheer before thee."

Thus spake the bright goddess and led her on. Then set she her on a silver-studded throne, goodly, of cunning work, and a footstool was beneath her feet; and she called to Hephaistos, the famed artificer, and said unto him: "Hephaistos, come forth hither, Thetis hath need of thee."

And the renowned lame god made answer to her: "Verily a dread and honored goddess in my sight is she that is within, seeing that she delivered me when pain came upon me from my great fall though the ill-will of my shameless mother who would fain have hid me away, for that I was lame. Then had I suffered anguish of heart had not Eurynome and Thetis taken me into their bosom—Eurynome daughter of Ocean that floweth back ever upon himself. Nine years with them I wrought much cunning work of bronze, brooches and spiral arm-bands and cups and necklaces, in the hollow cave, while around me the stream of Ocean with murmuring foam flowed infinite. Neither knew thereof any other of gods or of mortal men, save only Thetis and Eurynome who delivered me. And now cometh Thetis to our house; wherefore behoveth it me verily in all wise to repay fair-tressed Thetis for the saving of my life. But do thou now set beside her fair entertainment, while I put away my bellows and all my gear."

He said, and from the anvil rose limping, a huge bulk, but under him his slender legs moved nim-

bly. The bellows he set away from the fire, and gathered all his gear wherewith he worked into a silver chest; and with a sponge he wiped his face and hands and sturdy neck and shaggy breast, and did on his doublet, and took a stout staff and went forth limping; but there were handmaidens of gold that moved to help their lord, the semblances of living maids. In them is understanding at their hearts, in them are voice and strength, and they have skill of the immortal gods. These moved beneath their lord, and he gat him haltingly near to where Thetis was, and set him on a bright seat, and clasped her hand in his and spake and called her by her name: "Wherefore, long-robed Thetis, comest thou to our house, honored that thou art and dear? No frequent comer art thou hitherto. Speak what thou hast at heart; my soul is fain to accomplish it, if accomplish it I can, and if it be appointed for accomplishment."

Then answered unto him Thetis shedding tears: "Hephaistos, hath there verily been any of all goddesses in Olympus that hath endured so many grievous sorrows at heart as are the woes that Kronian Zeus hath laid upon me above all others? He chose me from among the sisters of the sea to enthrall me to a man, even Peleus Aiakos' son, and with a man I endured wedlock sore against my will. Now lieth he in his halls forspent with grievous age, but other griefs are mine. A son he gave me to bear and nourish, the chief of heroes, and he shot up like a young branch. Like a plant in a very fruitful field I reared him and sent him forth on beaked ships to Ilios to fight against the men of Troy, but never again shall I welcome him back to his home within the house of Peleus. And while he yet liveth in my sight and beholdeth the light of the sun, he sorroweth, neither can I help him any whit though I go unto him. The maiden whom the sons of the Achaeans chose out to be his prize, her hath the lord Agamemnon taken back out of his hands. In grief for her wasted he his heart; while the men of Troy were driving the Achaeans on their ships, nor suffered them to come forth. And the elders of the Argives entreated him, and told over many noble gifts. Then albeit himself he refused to ward destruction from them, he put his armor on Patroklos and sent him to the war, and much people with him. All day they fought around the Skaian gates and that same day had sacked the town, but that when now Menoitios' valiant son had wrought much harm, Apollo slew him in the forefront of the battle, and gave glory unto Hector. Therefore now come I a sup-

pliant unto thy knees, if haply thou be willing to give my short-lived son shield and helmet, and goodly greaves fitted with ankle-pieces, and cuirass. For the armor that he had erst, his trusty comrade lost when he fell beneath the men of Troy; and my son lieth on the earth with anguish in his soul."

Then made answer unto her the lame god of great renown: "Be of good courage, let not these things trouble thy heart. Would that so might I avail to hide him far from dolorous death, when dread fate cometh upon him, as surely shall goodly armor be at his need, such as all men afterward shall marvel at, whosoever may behold."

Thus saying he left her there and went unto his bellows and turned them upon the fire and bade them work. And the bellows, twenty in all, blew on the crucibles, sending deft blasts on every side, now to aid his labor and now anon howsoever Hephaistos willed and the work went on. And he ²⁰ threw bronze that weareth not into the fire, and tin and precious gold and silver, and next he set on an anvil-stand a great anvil, and took in his hand a sturdy hammer, and in the other he took the tongs.

First fashioned he a shield great and strong, adorning it all over, and set thereto a shining rim, triple, bright-glancing, and therefrom a silver baldric. Five were the folds of the shield itself; and therein fashioned he much cunning work ³⁰ from his wise heart.

There wrought he the earth, and the heavens, and the sea, and the unwearying sun, and the moon waxing to the full, and the signs every one wherewith the heavens are crowned, Pleiads and Hyads and Orion's might, and the Bear that men call also the Wain, her that turneth in her place and watcheth Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean.

Also he fashioned therein two fair cities of mortal men. In the one were espousals and marriage feasts, and beneath the blaze of torches they were leading the brides from their chambers through the city, and loud arose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and among them flutes and viols sounded high; and the women standing each at her door were marvelling. But the folk were gathered in the assembly place; for there a strife was arisen, two men striving about the blood-price of a man slain; the one ⁴⁰ claimed to pay full atonement, expounding to the people, but the other denied him and would take naught; and both were fain to receive arbitrament

at the hand of a daysman. And the folk were cheering both, as they took part on either side. And heralds kept order among the folk, while the elders on polished stones were sitting in the sacred circle, and holding in their hands staves from the loud-voiced heralds. Then before the people they rose up and gave judgment each in turn. And in the midst lay two talents of gold, to be given unto him who should plead among them most ⁵⁰ righteously.

But around the other city were two armies in siege with glittering arms. And two counsels found favor among them, either to sack the town or to share all with the townsfolk even whatsoever substance the fair city held within. But the besieged were not yet yielding, but arming for an ambush. On the wall there stood to guard it their dear wives and infant children, and with these the old men; but the rest went forth, and their leaders ²⁰ were Ares and Pallas Athene, both wrought in gold, and golden was the vesture they had on. Goodly and great were they in their armor, even as gods, far seen around, and the folk at their feet were smaller. And when they came where it seemed good to them to lay ambush, in a river bed where there was a common watering-place of herds, there they set them, clad in glittering bronze. And two scouts were posted by them afar off to spy the coming of flocks and of oxen with crooked horns. And presently came the cattle, and with them two herdsmen playing on pipes, that took no thought of the guile. Then the others when they beheld these ran upon them and quickly cut off the herds of oxen and fair flocks of white sheep, and slew the shepherds withal. But the besiegers, as they sat before the speech-places and heard much din among the oxen, mounted forthwith behind their high-stepping horses, and came up with speed. Then they arrayed their battle and fought beside the river banks, and smote one another with bronze-shod spears. And among them mingled Strife and Tumult, and fell Death, grasping one man alive fresh-wounded, another without wound, and dragging another dead through the mellay by the feet; and the raiment on her shoulders was red with the blood of men. Like living mortals they hurled together and fought, and haled the corpses each of the other's slain.

Furthermore he set in the shield a soft fresh-plowed field, rich tilth and wide, the third time plowed; and many plowers therein drove their yokes to and fro as they wheeled about. Whenso-

ever they came to the boundary of the field and turned, then would a man come to each and give into his hands a goblet of sweet wine, while others would be turning back along the furrows, fain to reach the boundary of the deep tilth. And the field grew black behind and seemed as it were a-plowing, albeit of gold, for this was the great marvel of the work.

Furthermore he set therein the demesne-land of a king, where hinds were reaping with sharp sickles in their hands. Some armfuls along the swathe were falling in rows to the earth, whilst others the sheaf-binders were binding in twisted bands of straw. Three sheaf-binders stood over them, while behind boys gathering corn and bearing it in their arms gave it constantly to the binders; and among them the king in silence was standing at the swathe with his staff, rejoicing in his heart. And henchmen apart beneath an oak were making ready a feast, and preparing a great ox they had sacrificed; while the women were strewing much white barley to be a supper for the hinds.

Also he set therein a vineyard teeming plenteously with clusters, wrought fair in gold; black were the grapes, but the vines hung throughout on silver poles. And around it he ran a ditch of cyanus, and round that a fence of tin; and one single pathway led to it, whereby the vintagers might go when they should gather the vintage.³⁰ And maidens and striplings in childish glee bare the sweet fruit in plaited baskets. And in the midst of them a boy made pleasant music on a clear-toned viol, and sang thereto a sweet Linos-song with delicate voice; while the rest with feet falling together kept time with the music and song.

Also he wrought therein a herd of kine with upright horns, and the kine were fashioned of gold and tin, and with lowing they hurried from the byre to pasture beside a murmuring river, beside the waving reed. And herdsmen of gold were following with the kine, four of them, and nine dogs fleet of foot came after them. But two terrible lions among the foremost kine had seized a loud-roaring bull that bellowed mightily as they haled him, and the dogs and the young men sped after him. The lions rending the great bull's hide were de-

vouring his vitals and his black blood; while the herdsmen in vain tarred on their fleet dogs to set on, for they shrank from biting the lions but stood hard by and barked and swerved away.

Also the glorious lame god wrought therein a pasture in a fair glen, a great pasture of white sheep, and a steading, and roofed huts, and folds.

Also did the glorious lame god devise a dancing-place like unto that which once in wide Knosos Daidalos wrought for Ariadne of the lovely tresses. There were youths dancing and maidens of costly wooing, their hands upon one another's wrists. Fine linen the maidens had on, and the youths well-woven doublets faintly glistening with oil. Fair wreaths had the maidens, and the youths daggers of gold hanging from silver baldrics. And now would they run round with deft feet exceeding lightly, as when a potter sitting by his wheel that fitteth between his hands maketh trial of it whether it run: and now anon they would run in lines to meet each other. And a great company stood round the lovely dance in joy; [and among them a divine minstrel was making music on his lyre,] and through the midst of them, leading the measure, two tumblers whirled.

Also he set therein the great might of the River of Ocean around the uttermost rim of the cunningly-fashioned shield.

Now when he had wrought the shield great and strong, then wrought he him a corslet brighter than a flame of fire, and he wrought him a massive helmet to fit his brows, goodly and graven, and set thereon a crest of gold, and he wrought him greaves of pliant tin.

So when the renowned lame god had finished all the armor, he took and laid it before the mother of Achilles. Then she like a falcon sprang down from snowy Olympus, bearing from Hephaestos the glittering arms.

[*The rest of the poem tells of the defeat of the Trojans; the slaying of Hector by Achilles, who pursues him three times around the walls; the dragging of the dead body of Hector; the embassy of King Priam to secure Hector's body; and finally the funeral rites of Hector. The Iliad implies, but does not relate, the fall of Troy. For this see Book II of Virgil's Aeneid (pp. 279-289).]*

The Odyssey

[The poem begins at Ithaca, the home of Odysseus, one of the heroes of the Trojan War. The home is in possession of suitors who are insisting that Penelope, Odysseus' wife, choose one of them as husband since Odysseus has been unheard of for ten years. The youthful Telemachus is helpless to resist his mother's suitors. Athene, patroness of Odysseus, now advises Telemachus to search for his father. In spite of the suitors' opposition, Telemachus goes first to Pylos the home of Nestor and then to Sparta where he is entertained by Menelaos and Helen but learns little about Odysseus.

The action now moves to an island where Odysseus is being detained by the goddess Calypso. Being at length ordered by the gods, Calypso permits Odysseus to leave on a raft. He is, however, wrecked by Poseidon, who has never forgiven Odysseus for blinding Polyphemus, the Cyclops. Odysseus swims and finally reaches land where he falls into a deep sleep. At this point Book VI begins.]

BOOK VI

Nausicaa, going to a river near that place to wash the clothes of her father, mother, and brethren, while the clothes were drying played with her maids at ball; and Odysseus coming forth is fed and clothed, and led on his way to the house of her father, King Alcinous.

So there he lay asleep, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, fordone with toil and drowsiness. Meanwhile Athene went to the land and the city of the Phœacians, who of old, upon a time, dwelt in spacious Hypereia; near the Cyclôpes they dwelt, men exceeding proud, who harried them continually, being mightier than they. Thence the godlike Nausithous made them depart, and he carried them away, and planted them in Scheria, far off from men that live by bread. And he drew a wall around the town, and builded houses and made temples for the gods and meted out the fields. Howbeit ere this had he been stricken by fate, and had gone down to the house of Hades, and now Alcinous was reigning, with wisdom granted by the gods. To his house went the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, devising a return for the great-hearted Odysseus. She betook her to the rich-

wrought bower, wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside her on either hand of the pillars of the door were two handmaids, dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors were shut.

But the goddess, fleet as the breath of the wind, swept towards the couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spake to her in the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found grace in her sight. In her shape the gray-eyed Athene spake to the princess, saying:

"Nausicaa, how hath thy mother so heedless a maiden to her daughter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared for, and thy marriage-day is near at hand, when thou thyself must needs go beautifully clad, and have garments to give to them who shall lead thee to the house of the bridegroom! And, behold, these are the things whence a good report goes abroad among men, wherein a father and lady mother take delight. But come, let us arise and go a-washing with the breaking of the day, and I will follow with thee to be thy mate in the toil, that without delay thou mayst get thee ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo, already they are wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phœacians, among that people whence thou thyself dost draw thy lineage. So come, beseech thy noble father betimes in the morning to furnish thee with mules and a wain to carry the men's raiment, and the robes, and the shining coverlets. Yea and for thyself it is seemlier far to go thus than on foot, for the places where we must wash are a great way off the town."

So spake the gray-eyed Athene, and departed to Olympus, where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast for ever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth all to the maiden.

Anon came the throned Dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the fair robes, who straightway marveled on the dream, and went through the halls to

tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within, her mother sitting by the hearth with the women her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain, but her father she met as he was going forth to the renowned kings in their council, whither the noble Phœacians called him. Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: "Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, shouldst have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washen garments wherein to go to the dances; for all these things have I taken thought."

This she said, because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage to her father; but he saw all and answered, saying:

"Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee, my child. Go thy ways, and the thralls shall get thee ready a high wagon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame."

Therewith he called to his men, and they gave ear, and without the palace they made ready the smooth-running mule-wain, and led the mules beneath the yoke, and harnessed them under the car, while the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiment. This she stored in the polished car, and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire, dainties too she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wain. And her mother gave her soft olive oil also in a golden cruse, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath. Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; then there was a clatter of hoofs, and on they strained without flagging, with their load of the raiment and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her attendants followed with her.

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules from under the chariot, and turning them loose they drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their

hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea, in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their mid-day meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Artemis, the archer, moveth down the mountain, either along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her the wild wood-nymphs disport them, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the α gis, and Leto is glad at heart, while high over all she rears her head and brows, and easily may she be known,—but all are fair; even so the girl unwed outshone her maiden company.

But when now she was about going homewards, after yoking the mules and folding up the goodly raiment, then gray-eyed Athene turned to other thoughts, that so Odysseus might awake, and see the lovely maiden, who should be his guide to the city of the Phœacian men. So then the princess threw the ball at one of her company; she missed the girl, and cast the ball into the deep eddying current, whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly Odysseus awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit:

"Woe is me! to what men's land am I come now? say, are they foward, and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable, and of God-fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of the nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops, and the river-springs, and the grassy water meadows! It must be, methinks, that I am near men of human speech. Go to, I myself will make trial and see."

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the coppice, having broken with his strong hand a leafy bough from the thick wood, to hold athwart his body, that it might hide his nakedness withal. And forth he sallied like a lion mountain-bred, trusting in his strength, who fares out blown and rainted upon, with flaming eyes; amid the kine he goes or amid the sheep or in the track of the wild deer; yet his belly bids him go even to the good honestlad to make assay upon the flocks.

Even so Odysseus was fain to draw nigh to the fair-tressed maidens, all naked as he was, such need had come upon him. But he was terrible in their eyes, being marred with the salt sea foam, and they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of shore. And the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm, for Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from her limbs. So she halted and stood over against him, and Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden, and so make his prayer, or should stand as he was, apart, and beseech her with smooth words, if haply she might show him the town, and give him raiment. And as he thought within himself, it seemed better to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maiden should be angered with him if he touched her knees: so straightway he spake a sweet and cunning word:

"I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art a goddess or a mortal! If indeed thou art a goddess of them that keep the wide heaven; to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I mainly liken thee, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men who dwell on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and thy lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren. Surely their souls ever glow with gladness for thy sake, each time they see thee entering the dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes upon me as I look on thee. Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing: a young sapling of a palm tree springing by the altar of Apollo. For thither too I went, and much people with me, on that path where my sore troubles were to be. Yea, and when I looked thereupon, long time I marveled in spirit, —for never grew there yet so goodly a shoot from ground,—even in such wise as I wonder at thee, lady, and am astonished and do greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bare me, and the vehement winds drove, from the isle Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, that here too, methinks, some evil may betide me; for I trow not that trouble will cease; the gods ere that time will yet bring many a thing to pass. But, queen, have pity on me, for after many trials and sore to thee first of all

am I come, and of the other folk, who hold this city and land, I know no man. Nay show me the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give—a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best."

Then Nausicaa of the white arms answered him, and said: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish—and it is Olympian Zeus himself that giveth weal to men, to the good and to the evil, to each one as he will, and this thy lot doubtless is of him, and so thou must in anywise endure it:—and now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant, when he has met them who can befriend him. And I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phaeacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phaeacians depend."

Thus she spake, and called to her maidens of the fair tresses: "Halt, my maidens, whither flee ye at the sight of a man? Ye surely do not take him for an enemy? That mortal breathes not, and never will be born, who shall come with war to the land of the Phaeacians, for they are very dear to the gods. Far apart we live in the wash of the waves, the outermost of men, and no other mortals are conversant with us. Nay, but this man is some helpless one come hither in his wanderings, whom now we must kindly entreat, for all strangers and beggars are from Zeus, and a little gift is dear. So, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink, and bathe him in the river, where withal is a shelter from the winds."

So she spake, but they had halted and called each to the other, and they brought Odysseus to the sheltered place, and made him sit down, as Nausicaa bade them, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside him they laid a mantle, and a doublet for raiment, and gave him soft olive oil in the golden cruse, and bade him wash in the streams of the river. Then goodly Odysseus spake among the maidens, saying: "I pray you stand thus apart, while I myself wash the brine from my shoulders; and anoint me with olive oil, for truly oil is long a stranger to my skin. But in your sight I will not

bathe, for I am ashamed to make me naked in the company of fair-tressed maidens."

Then they went apart and told all to their lady. But with the river water the goodly Odysseus washed from his skin the salt scurf that covered his back and broad shoulders, and from his head he wiped the crusted brine of the barren sea. But when he had washed his whole body, and anointed him with olive oil, and had clad himself in the raiment that the unwedded maiden gave him, then ¹⁰ Athene, the daughter of Zeus, made him greater and more mighty to behold, and from his head caused deep curling locks to flow, like the hyacinth flower. And as when some skillful man overlays gold upon silver—one that Hephaestus and Pallas Athene have taught all manner of craft, and full of grace is his handiwork—even so did Athene shed grace about his head and shoulders.

Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus apart, and sat down, glowing in beauty and grace, ²⁰ and the princess marveled at him, and spake among her fair-tressed maidens saying:

"Listen, my white-armed maidens, and I will say somewhat. Not without the will of all the gods who hold Olympus hath this man come among the godlike Phæcians. Erewhile he seemed to me uncomely, but now he is like the gods that keep the wide heaven. Would that such an one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide! But come, my ³⁰ maidens, give the stranger meat and drink."

Thus she spake, and they gave ready ear and hearkened, and set beside Odysseus meat and drink, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus did eat and drink eagerly, for it was long since he had tasted food.

Now Nausicaa of the white arms had another thought. She folded the raiment and stored it in the goodly wain, and yoked the mules strong of hoof, and herself climbed into the car. Then she called on Odysseus, and spake and hailed him: "Up now, stranger, and rouse thee to go to the city, that I may convey thee to the house of my wise father, where, I promise thee, thou shalt get knowledge of all the noblest of the Phæcians. But do thou even as I tell thee, and thou seemest a discreet man enough. So long as we are passing along the fields and farms of men, do thou fare quickly with the maidens behind the mules and the chariot, and I will lead the way. But when we set foot within the city,—whereby goes a high wall with towers, and there is a fair haven on either side of the town, and narrow is the entrance, and

curved ships are drawn up on either hand of the mole, for all the folk have stations for their vessels, each man one for himself. And there is the place of assembly about the goodly temple of Poseidon, furnished with heavy stones, deep bedded in the earth. There men look to the gear of the black ships, hawsers and sails, and there they fine down the oars. For the Phæcians care not for bow nor quiver, but for masts, and oars of ships, and gallant barques, wherein rejoicing they cross the gray sea. Their ungracious speech it is that I would avoid, lest some man afterward rebuke me, and there are but too many insolent folk among the people. And someone of the baser sort might meet me and say: 'Who is this that goes with Nausicaa, this tall and goodly stranger? Where found she him? Her husband he will be, her very own. Either she has taken in some shipwrecked wanderer of strange men,—for no men dwell near us; or some god has come in answer to her instant prayer; from heaven has he descended, and will have her to wife for evermore. Better so, if herself she has ranged abroad and found a lord from a strange land, for verily she holds in no regard the Phæcians here in this country, the many men and noble who are her wooers.' So will they speak, and this would turn to my reproach. Yea, and I myself would think it blame of another maiden who did such things in despite of her friends, her father and mother being still alive, and was conversant with men before the day of open wedlock. But, stranger, heed well what I say, that as soon as may be thou mayest gain at my father's hands an escort and a safe return. Thou shalt find a fair grove of Athene, a poplar grove near the road, and a spring wells forth therein, and a meadow lies all around. There is my father's demesne, and his fruitful close, within the sound of a man's shout from the city. Sit thee down there and wait ⁴⁰ until such time as we may have come into the city, and reached the house of my father. But when thou deemest that we are got to the palace, then go up to the city of the Phæcians, and ask for the house of my father Alcinous, high of heart. It is easily known, and a young child could be thy guide, for nowise like it are builded the houses of the Phæcians, so goodly is the palace of the hero Alcinous. But when thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber, till thou comes^r to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, weaving yarn of sea-purple stain, a wonder to behold. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her

maidens sit behind her. And there my father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine, like an immortal. Pass thou by him, and cast thy hands about my mother's knees, that thou mayest see quickly and with joy the day of thy returning, even if thou art from a very far country. If but her heart be kindly disposed toward thee, then is there hope that thou shalt see thy friends, and come to thy well-builted house, and to thine own country."

She spake, and smote the mules with the shining whip, and quickly they left behind them the streams of the river. And well they trotted and well they paced, and she took heed to drive in such wise that the maidens and Odysseus might follow on foot, and cunningly she plied the lash. Then the sun set, and they came to the famous grove, the sacred place of Athene; so there the goodly Odysseus sat him down. Then straightway he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus: "Listen to me, child of Zeus, lord of the ægis, unwearied maiden; hear me even now, since before thou hearest not when I was smitten on the sea, when the renowned Earth-shaker smote me. Grant me to come to the Phæacians as one dear, and worthy of pity."

So he spake in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him; but she did not yet appear to him face to face, for she had regard unto her father's brother, who furiously raged against the godlike Odysseus, till he should come to his own country.

BOOK VII

Odysseus being received at the house of the king Alcinous, the queen after supper, taking notice of his garments, gives him occasion to relate his passage thither on the raft. Alcinous promises him a convoy for the morrow.

So he prayed there, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, while the two strong mules bare the princess to the town. And when she had now come to the famous palace of her father, she halted at the gateway, and round her gathered her brothers, men like to the immortals, and they loosed the mules from under the car, and carried the raiment within. But the maiden betook her to her chamber; and an aged dame from Aperæa kindled the fire for her, Eurymedusa, the handmaid of the chamber, whom the curved ships upon a time had brought from Aperæa; and men chose her as a prize for Alcinous, seeing that he bare rule over all the Phæacians, and the people hearkened to

him as to a god. She waited on the white-armed Nausicaa in the palace halls; she was wont to kindle the fire and prepare the supper in the inner chamber.

At that same hour Odysseus roused him to go to the city, and Athene shed a deep mist about Odysseus for the favor that she bare him, lest any of the Phæacians, high of heart, should meet him and mock him in sharp speech, and ask him who he was. But when he was now about to enter the pleasant city, then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, met him, in the fashion of a young maiden carrying a pitcher, and she stood over against him, and goodly Odysseus inquired of her:

"My child, couldst thou not lead me to the palace of the lord Alcinous, who bears sway among this people? Lo, I am come here, a stranger travel-worn from afar, from a distant land; wherefore of the folk who possess this city and country I know not any man."

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, answered him saying: "Yea now, father and stranger, I will show thee the house that thou bidst me declare, for it lies near the palace of my noble father; behold, be silent as thou goest, and I will lead the way. And look on no man, nor question any. For these men do not gladly suffer strangers, nor lovingly entreat whoso cometh from a strange land. They trust to the speed of their swift ships, wherewith they cross the great gulf, for the Earth-shaker hath vouchsafed them this power. Their ships are swift as the flight of a bird, or as a thought."

Therewith Pallas Athene led the way swiftly, and he followed hard in the footsteps of the goddess. And it came to pass that the Phæacians, mariners renowned, marked him not as he went down the city through their midst, for the fair-tressed Athene suffered it not, that awful goddess, who shed a wondrous mist about him, for the favor that she bare him in her heart. And Odysseus marveled at the havens and the gallant ships, yea and the places of assembly of the heroes, and the long high walls crowned with palisades, a marvel to behold. But when they had now come to the famous palace of the king, the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake first and said:

"Lo, here, father and stranger, is the house that thou wouldst have me show thee: and thou shalt find kings at the feast, the fosterlings of Zeus; enter then, and fear not in thine heart, for the dauntless man is the best in every adventure, even though he come from a strange land. Thou shalt find the queen first in the halls: Arete is the name

whereby men call her, and she came even of those that begat the king Alcinous. First Nausithous was son of Poseidon, the Earth-shaker, and of Peribcea, the comeliest of women, youngest daughter of great-hearted Eurymedon, who once was king among the haughty Giants. Howbeit, he destroyed his infatuate people, and was himself destroyed; but Poseidon lay with Peribcea and begat a son, proud Nausithous, who sometime was prince among the Phœacians; and Nausithous begat Rhexenor and Alcinous. While Rhexenor had as yet no son, Apollo of the silver bow smote him, a groom new wed, leaving in his halls one only child Arete; and Alcinous took her to wife, and honored her as no other woman in the world is honored, of all that now-a-days keep house under the hand of their lords. Thus she hath, and hath ever had, all worship heartily from her dear children and from her lord Alcinous and from all the folk, who look on her as on a goddess, and greet her with reverend speech, when she goes about the town. Yea, for she too hath no lack of understanding. To whomso she shows favor, even if they be men, she ends their feuds. If but her heart be kindly disposed to thee, then is there good hope that thou mayest see thy friends, and come to thy high-roofed home and thine own country."

Therewith gray-eyed Athene departed over the unharvested seas, and left pleasant Scheria, and came to Marathon and wide-wayed Athens, and entered the good house of Erechtheus. Meanwhile Odysseus went to the famous palace of Alcinous, and his heart was full of many thoughts as he stood there or ever he had reached the threshold of bronze. For there was a gleam as it were of sun or moon through the high-roofed hall of great-hearted Alcinous. Brazen were the walls which ran this way and that from the threshold to the inmost chamber, and round them was a frieze of blue, and golden were the doors that closed in the good house. Silver were the door-posts that were set on the brazen threshold, and silver the lintel thereupon, and the hook of the door was of gold. And on either side stood golden hounds and silver, which Hephaestus wrought by his cunning, to guard the palace of great-hearted Alcinous, being free from death and age all their days. And within were seats arrayed against the wall this way and that, from the threshold even to the inmost chamber, and thereon were spread light coverings finely woven, the handiwork of women. There the Phœacian chieftains were wont to sit eating and drinking, for they had continual store. Yea, and there

were youths fashioned in gold, standing on firm-set bases, with flaming torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters in the palace. And he had fifty handmaids in the house, and some grind the yellow grain on the millstone, and others weave webs and turn the yarn as they sit, restless as the leaves of the tall poplar tree: and the soft olive oil drops off that linen, so closely is it woven. For as the Phœacian men are skilled beyond all others in driving a swift ship upon the deep, even so are the women the most cunning at the loom, for Athene hath given them notable wisdom in all fair handiwork and cunning wit. And without the courtyard hard by the door is a great garden, of four plow-gates, and a hedge runs round on either side. And there grow tall trees blossoming, pear-trees and pomegranates, and apple-trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives in their bloom. The fruit of these trees never perisheth neither faileth, winter nor summer, enduring through all the year. Evermore the West Wind blowing brings some fruits to birth and ripens others. Pear upon pear waxes old, and apple on apple, yea and cluster ripens upon cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig. There too hath he a fruitful vineyard planted, whereof the one part is being dried by the heat, a sunny plot on level ground while other grapes men are gathering and yet others they are treading in the wine-press. In the foremost row are unripe grapes that cast the blossom, and others there be that are growing black to vintaging. There too, skirting the furthest line, are all manner of garden beds, planted trimly, that are perpetually fresh, and therein are two fountains of water, whereof one scatters his streams all about the garden, and the other runs over against it beneath the threshold of the courtyard and issues by the lofty house, and thence did the townsfolk draw water. These were the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinous.

There the steadfast goodly Odysseus stood and gazed. But when he had gazed at all and wondered, he passed quickly over the threshold within the house. And he found the captains and the counselors of the Phœacians pouring forth wine to the keen-sighted god, the slayer of Argos; for to him they poured the last cup when they were minded to take rest. Now the steadfast goodly Odysseus went through the hall, clad in a thick mist, which Athene shed around him, till he came to Arete and the king Alcinous. And Odysseus cast his hands about the knees of Arete, and then it was that the wondrous mist melted from off

him, and a silence fell on them that were within the house at the sight of him, and they marveled as they beheld him. Then Odysseus began his prayer:

"Arete, daughter of godlike Rhexenor, after many toils am I come to thy husband and to thy knees and to these guests, and may the gods vouchsafe them a happy life, and may each one leave to his children after him his substance in his halls and whatever dues of honor the people have rendered unto him. But speed, I pray you, my parting, that I may come the more quickly to mine own country, for already too long do I suffer affliction far from my friends."

Therewith he sat him down by the hearth in the ashes at the fire, and behold, a dead silence fell on all. And at the last the ancient lord Echeneus spake among them, an elder of the Phœacians, excellent in speech and skilled in much wisdom of old time. With good will he made harangue and spake among them:

"Alcinous, this truly is not the more seemly way, nor is it fitting that the stranger should sit upon the ground in the ashes by the hearth, while these men refrain them, waiting thy word. Nay come, bid the stranger arise, and set him on a chair inlaid with silver, and command the henchmen to mix the wine, that we may pour forth likewise before Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, who attendeth upon reverend suppliants. And let the housewife give supper to the stranger out of such stores as be within."

Now when the mighty king Alcinous heard this saying, he took Odysseus, the wise and crafty, by the hand, and raised him from the hearth, and set him on a shining chair, whence he bade his son give place, valiant Laodamas, who sat next him and was his dearest. And a handmaid bare water for the hands in a goodly golden ewer, and poured it forth over a silver basin to wash withal, and drew to his side a polished table. And a grave dame bare wheaten bread and set it by him and laid upon the board many dainties, giving freely of such things as she had by her. So the steadfast goodly Odysseus did eat and drink; and then the mighty Alcinous spake unto the henchman:

"Pontonous, mix the bowl and serve out the wine to all in the hall, that we may pour forth likewise before Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, who attendeth upon reverend suppliants."

So spake he, and Pontonous mixed the honey-hearted wine, and served it out to all, when he had poured for libation into each cup in turn. But

when they had poured forth and had drunken to their hearts' content, Alcinous made harangue and spake among them:

"Hear me, ye captains and counselors of the Phœacians, that I may speak as my spirit bids me. Now that the feast is over, go ye home and lie down to rest; and in the morning we will call yet more elders together, and entertain the stranger in the halls and do fair sacrifice to the gods, and thereafter we will likewise bethink us of the convoy, that so without pain or grief yonder stranger may by our convoy reach his own country speedily and with joy, even though he be from very far away. So shall he suffer no hurt or harm in mid passage, ere he set foot on his own land; but thereafter he shall endure such things as Fate and the stern spinning women drew off the spindles for him at his birth when his mother bare him. But if he is some deathless god come down from heaven, then do the gods herein imagine some new device against us. For always heretofore the gods appear manifest amongst us, whensoever we offer glorious hecatombs, and they feast by our side, sitting at the same board; yea, and even if a wayfarer going all alone has met with them, they use no disguise, since we are near of kin to them, even as are the Cyclôpes and the wild tribes of the Giants."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him, saying, "Alcinous, that thought be far from thee! for I bear no likeness either in form or fashion to the deathless gods, who keep wide heaven, but to men that die. Whomsoever ye know of human kind the heaviest laden with sorrow, to them might I liken myself in my griefs. Yea, and I might tell of yet other woes, even the long tale of toil that by the gods' will I endured. But as for me, suffer me to sup, afflicted as I am; for nought is there more shameless than a ravening belly, which biddeth a man perforce be mindful of him, though one be worn and sorrowful in spirit, even as I have sorrow of heart; yet evermore he biddeth me eat and drink and maketh me utterly to forget all my sufferings, and commandeth me to take my fill. But do ye bestir you at the breaking of the day, that so ye may set me, hapless as I am, upon my country's soil, albeit after much suffering. Ah, and may life leave me when I have had sight of mine own possessions, my thralls, and my dwelling that is great and high!"

So spake he, and they all assented thereto, and bade send the stranger on his way, for that he had spoken aright. Now when they had poured forth

and had drunken to their hearts' content, they went each one to his house to lay them to rest. But goodly Odysseus was left behind in the hall, and by him sat Arete and godlike Alcinous; and the maids cleared away the furniture of the feast; and white-armed Arete first spake among them. For she knew the mantle and the doublet, when she saw the goodly raiment that she herself had wrought with the women her handmaids. So she uttered her voice and spake to him winged words:

"Sir, I am bold to ask thee first of this. Who art thou of the sons of men, and whence? Who gave thee this raiment? Didst thou not say indeed that thou camest hither wandering over the deep?"

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered her, and said: "'Tis hard, O queen, to tell my griefs from end to end, for that the gods of heaven have given me griefs in plenty. But this will I declare to thee, whereof thou dost question and inquire. There is an isle, Ogygia, that lies far off in the sea; there dwells the daughter of Atlas, crafty Calypso, of the braided tresses, an awful goddess, nor is any either of gods or mortals conversant with her. Howbeit, some god brought me to her hearth, wretched man that I am, all alone, for that Zeus with white bolt crushed my swift ship and cleft it in the midst of the wine-dark deep. There all the rest of my good company was lost, but I clung with fast embrace about the keel of the curved ship, and so was I borne for nine whole days. And on the tenth dark night the gods brought me nigh the isle Ogygia, where Calypso of the braided tresses dwells, an awful goddess. She took me in, and with all care she cherished me and gave me sustenance, and said that she would make me to know not death nor age for all my days; but never did she win my heart within me. There I abode for seven years continually, and watered with my tears the imperishable raiment that Calypso gave me. But when the eighth year came round in his course, then at last she urged and bade me to be gone, by reason of a message from Zeus, or it may be that her own mind was turned. So she sent me forth on a well-bound raft, and gave me plenteous store, bread and sweet wine, and she clad me in imperishable raiment, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. For ten days and seven I sailed, traversing the deep, and on the eighteenth day the shadowy hills of your land showed in sight, and my heart was glad,—so wretched that I was—for surely I was still to be the mate of much sorrow. For Poseidon, shaker of the earth, stirred up the same, who roused against

me the winds and stopped my way, and made a wondrous sea to swell, nor did the wave suffer me to be borne upon my raft, as I made ceaseless moan. Thus the storm winds shattered the raft, but as for me I cleft my way through the gulf yonder, till the wind bare and the water brought me nigh your coast. Then as I strove to land upon the shore, the wave had overwhelmed me, dashing me against the great rocks and a desolate place, but at length I gave way and swam back, till I came to the river, where the place seemed best in mine eyes, smooth of rocks, and withal there was a shelter from the wind. And as I came out I sank down, gathering to me my spirit, and immortal night came on. Then I gat me forth and away from the heaven-fed river, and laid me to sleep in the bushes and strewed leaves about me, and the god shed over me infinite sleep. There among the leaves I slept, stricken at heart, all the night long, even till the morning and mid-day. And the sun sank when sweet sleep let me free. And I was aware of the company of thy daughter disporting them upon the sand, and there was she in the midst of them like unto the goddesses. To her I made my supplication, and she showed no lack of a good understanding, behaving so as thou couldst not hope for in chancing upon one so young; for the younger folk lack wisdom always. She gave me bread enough and red wine, and let wash me in the river and bestowed on me these garments. Herein, albeit in sore distress, have I told thee all the truth."

And Alcinous answered again, and spake saying: "Sir, surely this was no right thought of my daughter, in that she brought thee not to our house with the women her handmaids, though thou didst first entreat her grace."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered, and said unto him: "My lord, chide not, I pray thee, for this the blameless maiden. For indeed she bade me follow with her company, but I would not for fear and very shame, lest perchance thine heart might be clouded at the sight; for a jealous race upon the earth are we, the tribes of men."

And Alcinous answered yet again, and spake saying: "Sir, my heart within me is not of such temper as to have been wroth without a cause: due measure in all things is best. Would to father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, would that so goodly a man as thou art, and like-minded with me, thou wouldst wed my daughter, and be called my son, here abiding: so would I give thee house and wealth, if thou wouldst stay of thine own will:

but against thy will shall none of the Phœaciens keep thee: never be this well-pleasing in the eyes of father Zeus! And now I ordain an escort for thee on a certain day, that thou mayst surely know, and that day the morrow. Then shalt thou lay thee down overcome by sleep, and they the while shall smite the calm waters, till thou come to thy country and thy house, and whatsoever place is dear to thee, even though it be much farther than Eubœa, which certain of our men say is the farthest of lands, they who saw it, when they carried Rhadamanthus, of the fair hair, to visit Tityos, son of Gaia. Even thither they went, and accomplished the journey on the self-same day and won home again, and were not weary. And now shalt thou know for thyself how far my ships are the best, and how my young men excel at tossing the salt water with the oar-blade."

So spake he, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus rejoiced; and then he uttered a word in prayer, and called aloud to Zeus: "Father Zeus, oh that Alcinous may fulfill all that he hath said, so may his fame never be quenched upon the earth, the grain-giver, and I should come to mine own land!"

Thus they spake one to the other. And white-armed Arete bade her handmaids set out bedsteads beneath the gallery, and cast fair purple blankets over them, and spread coverlets above, and thereon lay thick mantles to be a clothing over all. So they went from the hall with torch in hand. But when they had busied them and spread the good bedstead, they stood by Odysseus and called unto him, saying:

"Up now, stranger, and get thee to sleep, thy bed is made."

So spake they, and it seemed to him that rest was wondrous good. So he slept there, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, on the jointed bedstead, beneath the echoing gallery. But Alcinous laid him down in the innermost chamber of the high house, and by him the lady his wife arrayed bedstead and bedding.

[*In the games, held next day in his honor, Odysseus surpasses everyone. The king eventually enquires about his name, his country, and his adventures.*]

BOOK IX

Odysseus relates, first, what befell him amongst the Cicones at Ismarus; secondly, amongst the Lotophagi; thirdly, how he was used by the Cyclops Polyphemus.

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: "King Alcinous, most notable of all the

people, verily it is a good thing to list to a minstrel such as this one, like to the gods in voice. Nay, as for me, I say that there is no more gracious or perfect delight than when a whole people makes merry, and the men sit orderly at feast in the halls and listen to the singer, and the tables by them are laden with bread and flesh, and a wine-bearer drawing the wine serves it round and pours it into the cups. This seems to me wellnigh the fairest thing in the world. But now thy heart was inclined to ask of my grievous troubles, that I may mourn for more exceeding sorrow. What then shall I tell of first, what last, for the gods of heaven have given me woes in plenty? Now, first, will I tell my name, that ye too may know it, and that I, when I have escaped the pitiless day, may yet be your host, though my home is in a far country. I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, who am in men's minds for all manner of wiles, and my fame reaches unto heaven. And I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca wherein is a mountain Neriton, with trembling forest leaves, standing manifest to view, and many islands lie around, very near one to the other, Dulichium and Same, and wooded Zacynthus. Now Ithaca lies low, furthest up the sea-line toward the darkness, but those others face the dawning and the sun: a rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths; and for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country. Verily Calypso, the fair goddess, would fain have kept me with her in her hollow caves, longing to have me for her lord; and likewise too, guileful Circe of Aia, would have stayed me in her halls, longing to have me for her lord. But never did they prevail upon my heart within my breast. So surely is there nought sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell far off in a rich home, in a strange land, away from them that begat him. But come, let me tell thee too of the troubles of my journeying, which Zeus laid on me as I came from Troy.

"The wind that bare me from Ilios brought me nigh to the Cicones, even to Ismarus, whereupon I sacked their city and slew the people. And from out the city we took their wives and much substance, and divided them amongst us, that none through me might go lacking his proper share. Howbeit, thereafter I commanded that we should flee with a swift foot, but my men in their great folly hearkened not. There was much wine still a drinking, and still they slew many flocks of sheep by the seashore and kine with trailing feet and shambling gait. Meanwhile the Cicones went and

raised a cry to other Cicones their neighbors, dwelling inland, who were more in number than they and braver withal: skilled they were to fight with men from chariots, and when need was on foot. So they gathered in the early morning as thick as leaves and flowers that spring in their season—yea and in that hour an evil doom of Zeus stood by us, ill-fated men, that so we might be sore afflicted. They set their battle in array by the swift ships, and the hosts cast at one another with their bronze-shod spears. So long as it was morn and the sacred day waxed stronger, so long we abode their assault and beat them off, albeit they outnumbered us. But when the sun was wending to the time of the loosing of cattle, then at last the Cicones drove in the Achaeans and overcame them, and six of my goodly-greaved company perished from each ship: but the remnant of us escaped death and destiny.

"Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet 20 glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions. Nor did my curved ships move onward ere we had called thrice on each of those our hapless fellows, who died at the hands of the Cicones on the plain. Now Zeus, gatherer of the clouds, aroused the North Wind against our ships with a terrible tempest, and covered land and sea alike with clouds, and down sped night from heaven. Thus the ships were driven headlong, and their sails were torn to shreds by the might of the wind. So we lowered the sails into the hold, in fear of death, but rowed the ships landward apace. There for two nights and two days we lay continually, consuming our hearts with weariness and sorrow. But when the fair-tressed Dawn had at last brought the full light of the third day, we set up the masts and hoisted the white sails and sat us down, while the wind and the helmsman guided the ships. And now I should have come to mine own country all unhurt, but the wave and the stream of the sea and the North Wind swept me from my course as I was doubling Malea, and drove me wandering past Cythera.

"Thence for nine whole days was I borne by ruinous winds over the teeming deep; but on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now when we had tasted meat and drink I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two

of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus-eaters, and so it was that the lotus-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them in the hollow barques. But I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to make speed and go on board the swift ships, lest haply any should eat of the lotus and be forgetful of returning. Right soon they embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly they smote the gray sea water with their oars.

"Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart. And we came to the land of the Cyclopes, a froward and a lawless folk, who trusting to the deathless gods plant not aught with their hands, neither plow: but, behold, all these things spring for them in plenty, unsown and untilled, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear great clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. These have neither gatherings for council nor oracles of law, but they dwell in hollow caves on the crests of the high hills, and each one utters the law to his children and his wives, and they reck not one of another.

"Now there is a waste isle stretching without the harbor of the land of the Cyclopes, neither nigh at hand nor yet afar off, a woodland isle, wherein are wild goats unnumbered, for no path of men scares them, nor do hunters resort thither who suffer hardships in the wood, as they range the mountain crests. Moreover it is possessed neither by flocks nor by plowed lands, but the soil lies unsown evermore and untilled, desolate of men, and feeds the bleating goats. For the Cyclopes have by them no ships with vermilion cheek, not yet are there shipwrights in the island, who might fashion decked barques, which should accomplish all their desire, voyaging to the towns of men (as oftentimes men cross the sea to one another in ships), who might likewise have made of their isle a goodly settlement. Yea, it is in no wise a sorry land, but would bear all things in their season; for therein are soft water-meadows by the shores of the gray salt sea, and there the vines know no decay, and the land is level to plow;

thence might they reap a crop exceeding deep in due season, for verily there is fatness beneath the soil. Also there is a fair haven, where is no need of moorings, either to cast anchor or to fasten hawsers, but men may run the ship on the beach, and tarry until such time as the sailors are minded to be gone, and favorable breezes blow. Now at the head of the harbor is a well of bright water issuing from a cave, and round it are poplars growing. Thither we sailed, and some god guided us through the night, for it was dark and there was no light to see, a mist lying deep about the ships, nor did the moon show her light from heaven, but was shut in with clouds. No man then beheld that island, neither saw we the long waves rolling to the beach, till we had run our decked ships ashore. And when our ships were beached, we took down all their sails, and ourselves too stopt forth upon the strand of the sea, and there we fell into sound sleep and waited for the bright Dawn.

"So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, in wonder at the island we roamed over the length thereof: and the Nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ægis, started the wild goats of the hills, that my company might have wherewith to sup. Anon we took to us our curved bows from out the ships and long spears, and arrayed in three bands we began shooting at the goats; and the god soon gave us game in plenty. Now twelve ships bare me company, and to each ship fell nine goats for a portion, but for me alone they set ten apart.

"Thus we sat there the livelong day until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and on sweet wine. For the red wine was not yet spent from out the ships, but somewhat was yet therein, for we had each one drawn off large store thereof in jars, when we took the sacred citadel of the Cicones. And we looked across to the land of the Cyclôpes who dwell nigh, and to the smoke, and to the voice of the men, and of the sheep and of the goats. And when the sun had sunk and darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the sea-beach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then I called a gathering of my men, and spake among them all:

"'Abide here all the rest of you, my dear companions; but I will go with mine own ship and my ship's company, and make proof of these men, what manner of folk they are, whether froward, and wild, and unjust, or hospitable and of god-fearing mind.'

"So I spake, and I climbed the ship's side, and bade my company themselves to mount, and to

loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars. Now when we had come to the land that lies hard by, we saw a cave on the border near to the sea, lofty and roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks of sheep and goats were used to rest. And about it a high outer court was built with stones, deep bedded, and with tall pines and oaks with their high crown of leaves. And a man was wont to sleep therein, of monstrous size, who shepherded his flocks alone and afar, and was not conversant with others, but dwelt apart in lawlessness of mind. Yea, for he was a monstrous thing and fashioned marvelously, nor was he like to any man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of the towering hills, which stands out apart and alone from others.

"Then I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to tarry there by the ship, and to guard the ship, but I chose out twelve men, the best of my company, and sallied forth. Now I had with me a goat-skin of the dark wine and sweet, which Maron, son of Euanthes, had given me, the priest of Apollo, the god that watched over Ismarus. And he gave it, for that we had protected him with his wife and child reverently; for he dwelt in a thick grove of Phœbus Apollo. And he made me splendid gifts; he gave me seven talents of gold well wrought, and he gave me a mixing bowl of pure silver, and furthermore wine which he drew off in twelve jars in all, sweet wine unmixed, a draught divine; nor did any of his servants or of his handmaids in the house know thereof, but himself and his dear wife and one house-dame only. And as often as they drank that red wine honey sweet, he would fill one cup and pour it into twenty measures of water, and a marvelous sweet smell went up from the mixing bowl: then truly it was no pleasure to refrain.

"With this wine I filled a great skin, and bare it with me, and corn too I put in a wallet, for my lordly spirit straightway had a boding that a man would come to me, a strange man, clothed in mighty strength, one that knew not judgment and justice.

"Soon we came to the cave, but we found him not within; he was shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures. So we went into the cave, and gazed on all that was therein. The baskets were well laden with cheeses, and the folds were thronged with lambs and kids; each kind was penned by itself, the firstlings apart, and the summer lambs apart, apart too the younglings of the flock. Now

all the vessels swam with whey, the milk-pails and the bowls, the well-wrought vessels whereinto he milked. My company then spake and besought me first of all to take of the cheeses and to return, and afterwards to make haste and drive off the kids and lambs to the swift ships from out the pens, and to sail over the salt sea water. Howbeit I hearkened not (and far better would it have been), but waited to see the giant himself, and whether he would give me gifts as a stranger's due. Yet was not his coming to be with joy to my company.

"Then we kindled a fire, and made burnt-offering, and ourselves likewise took of the cheeses, and did eat, and sat waiting for him within till he came back, shepherding his flocks. And he bore a grievous weight of dry wood, against supper time. This log he cast down with a din inside the cave, and in fear we fled to the secret place of the rock. As for him, he drove his fat flocks into the wide cavern, even all that he was wont to milk; but the males both of the sheep and of the goats he left without in the deep yard. Thereafter he lifted a huge door-stone and weighty, and set it in the mouth of the cave, such an one as two and twenty good four-wheeled wains could not raise from the ground, so mighty a sheer rock did he set against the doorway. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. And anon he curdled one half of the white milk, and massed it together, and stored it in wicker-baskets, and the other half he let stand in pails, that he might have it to take and drink against supper time. Now when he had done all his work busily, then he kindled the fire anew, and espied us, and made question:

"Strangers, who are ye? Whence sail ye over the wet ways? On some trading enterprise or at adventure do ye rove, even as sea-robbers over the brine, for at hazard of their own lives they wander, bringing bale to alien men."

"So spake he, but as for us our heart within us was broken for terror of the deep voice and his own monstrous shape; yet despite all I answered and spake unto him, saying:

"Lo, we are Achaeans, driven wandering from Troy, by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea; seeking our homes we fare, but another path have we come, by other ways: even such, methinks, was the will and the counsel of Zeus. And we avow us to be the men of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose fame is even now the mightiest under heaven, so great a city did he sack, and de-

stroyed many people; but as for us we have lighted here, and come to these thy knees, if perchance thou wilt give us a stranger's gift, or make any present, as is the due of strangers. Nay, lord, have regard to the gods, for we are thy suppliants; and Zeus is the avenger of suppliants and sojourners, Zeus, the god of the stranger, who fareth in the company of reverend strangers."

"So I spake, and anon he answered out of his pitiless heart: 'Thou art witless, my stranger, or thou hast come from afar, who biddest me either to fear or shun the gods. For the Cyclôpes pay no heed to Zeus, lord of the *ægis*, nor to the blessed gods, for verily we are better men than they. Nor would I, to shun the enmity of Zeus, spare either thee or thy company, unless my spirit bade me. But tell me where thou didst stay thy well-wrought ship on thy coming? Was it perchance at the far end of the island, or hard by, that I may know?'

"So he spake tempting me, but he cheated me not, who knew full much, and I answered him again with words of guile:

"As for my ship, Poseidon, the shaker of the earth, brake it to pieces, for he cast it upon the rocks at the border of your country, and brought it nigh the headland, and a wind bare it thither from the sea. But I with these my men escaped from utter doom.'

"So I spake, and out of his pitiless heart he answered me not a word, but sprang up, and laid his hands upon my fellows, and clutching two together dashed them, as they had been whelps, to the earth, and the brain flowed forth upon the ground, and the earth was wet. Then cut he them up piecemeal, and made ready his supper. So he ate even as a mountain-bred lion, and ceased not, devouring entrails and flesh and bones with their marrow. And we wept and raised our hands to Zeus, beholding the cruel deeds; and we were at our wits' end. And after the Cyclops had filled his huge maw with human flesh and the milk he drank thereafter, he lay within the cave, stretched out among his sheep.

"So I took counsel in my great heart, whether I should draw near, and pluck my sharp sword from my thigh, and stab him in the breast, where the midriff holds the liver, feeling for the place with my hand. But my second thought withheld me, for so should we too have perished even there with utter doom. For we should not have prevailed to roll away with our hands from the lofty door the heavy stone which he set there. So for that time we made moan, awaiting the bright Dawn.

"Now when early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, again he kindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all orderly, and beneath each ewe set her lamb. Anon when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two men and made ready his mid-day meal. And after the meal, lightly he moved away the great door-stone, and drove his fat flocks forth from the cave, and afterwards he set it in his place again, as one might set the lid on a quiver. Then with a loud whoop, the Cyclops turned his fat flocks towards the hills; but I was left devising evil in the deep of my heart, if in any wise I might avenge me, and Athene grant me renown.

"And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. There lay by a sheep-fold a great club of the Cyclops, a club of olive wood, yet green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be seasoned. Now when we saw it we likened it in size to the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a wide merchant vessel that traverses the great sea gulf, so huge it was to view in bulk and length. I stood thereby and cut off from it a portion as it were a fathom's length, and set it by my fellows, and bade them fine it down, and they made it even, while I stood by and sharpened it to a point, and straightway I took it and hardened it in the bright fire. Then I laid it well away, and hid it beneath the dung, which was scattered in great heaps in the depths of the cave. And I bade my company cast lots among them, which of them should risk the adventure with me, and lift the bar and turn it about in his eye, when sweet sleep came upon him. And the lot fell upon those four whom I myself would have been fain to choose, and I appointed myself to be the fifth among them. In the evening he came shepherding his flocks of goodly fleece, and presently he drove his fat flocks into the cave each and all, nor left he any without in the deep court-yard, whether through some foreboding, or perchance that the god so bade him do. Thereafter he lifted the huge door-stone and set it in the mouth of the cave, and sitting down he milked the ewes and bleating goats, all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. Now when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two and made ready his supper. Then I stood by the Cyclops and spake to him, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of the dark wine:

"'Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy feast of man's meat, that thou mayest know what manner of drink this was that our ship held. And lo, I was bringing it thee as a drink offering, if haply

thou mayest take pity and send me on my way home, but thy mad rage is past all sufferance. O hard of heart, how may another of the many men there be come ever to thee again, seeing that thy deeds have been lawless?'

"So I spake, and he took the cup and drank it off, and found great delight in drinking the sweet draught, and asked me for it yet a second time:

"'Give it me again of thy grace, and tell me thy name straightway, that I may give thee a stranger's gift, wherein thou mayest be glad. Yea for the earth, the grain-giver, bears for the Cyclôpes the mighty clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase, but this is a rill of very nectar and ambrosia.'

"So he spake, and again I handed him the dark wine. Thrice I bare and gave it him, and thrice in his folly he drank it to the lees. Now when the wine had got about the wits of the Cyclops, then did I speak to him with soft words:

"'Cyclops, thou askest me my renowned name, and I will declare it unto thee, and do thou grant me a stranger's gift, as thou didst promise. Norman is my name, and Norman they call me, my father and my mother and all my fellows.'

"So I spake, and straightway he answered me out of his pitiless heart:

"'Norman will I eat last in the number of his fellows, and the others before him: that shall be thy gift.'

"Therewith he sank backwards and fell with face upturned, and there he lay with his great neck bent round, and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him. And the wine and the fragments of men's flesh issued forth from his mouth, and he vomited, being heavy with wine. Then I thrust in that stake under the deep ashes, until it should grow hot, and I spake to my companions comfortable words, lest any should hang back from me in fear. But when that bar of olive wood was just about to catch fire in the flame, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, even then I came nigh, and drew it from the coals, and my fellows gathered about me, and some god breathed great courage into us. For their part they seized the bar of olive wood, that was sharpened at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I from my place aloft turned it about, as when a man bores a ship's beam with a drill while his fellows below spin it with a strap, which they hold at either end, and the auger runs round continually. Even so did we seize the fiery-pointed brand and whirled it round in his eye, and the blood flowed about the heated bar. And the

breath of the flame singed his eyelids and brows all about, as the ball of the eye burnt away, and the roots thereof crackled in the flame. And as when a smith dips an ax or adze in chill water with a great hissing, when he would temper it—for hereby anon comes the strength of iron—even so did his eye hiss round the stake of olive. And he raised a great and terrible cry, that the rock rang around, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked forth from his eye the brand bedabbled in much blood. Then maddened with pain he cast it from him with his hands, and called with a loud voice on the Cyclopes, who dwelt about him in the caves along the windy heights. And they heard the cry and flocked together from every side, and gathering round the cave asked him what ailed him:

“What hath so distressed thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus aloud through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless? Surely no mortal driveth off thy flocks against thy will: surely none slayeth thyself by force or craft?”

“And the strong Polyphemus spake to them again from out the cave: ‘My friends, Noman is slaying me by guile, nor at all by force.’

“And they answered and spake winged words: ‘If then no man is violently handling thee in thy solitude, it can in no wise be that thou shouldest escape the sickness sent by mighty Zeus. Nay, pray thou to thy father, the lord Poseidon.’

“On this wise they spake and departed; and my heart within me laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had beguiled them. But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in pain, groped with his hands, and lifted away the stone from the door of the cave, and himself sat in the entry, with arms outstretched to catch, if he might, anyone that was going forth with his sheep, so witless, methinks, did he hope to find me. But I advised me how all might be for the very best, if perchance I might find a way of escape from death for my companions and myself, and I wove all manner of craft and counsel, as a man will for his life, seeing that great mischief was nigh. And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. The rams of the flock were well nurtured and thick of fleece, great and goodly, with wool dark as the violet. Quietly I lashed them together with twisted withies, whereon the Cyclops slept, that lawless monster. Three together I took: now the middle one of the three would bear each a man, but the other twain went on either side, saving my fellows. Thus every three sheep bare their man. But as for me I laid hold of the back of a young ram who was far the best and

the goodliest of all the flock, and curled beneath his shaggy belly there I lay, and so clung face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece with a steadfast heart. So for that time making moan we awaited the bright Dawn.

“So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then did the rams of the flock hasten forth to pasture, but the ewes bleated unmilked about the pens, for their udders were swollen to bursting. Then their lord, sore stricken with pain, felt along the backs of all the sheep as they stood up before him, and guessed not in his folly how that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his thick-fleeced flocks. Last of all the sheep came forth the ram, cumbered with his wool, and the weight of me and my cunning. And the strong Polyphemus laid his hands on him and spake to him, saying:

“Dear ram, wherefore, I pray thee, art thou the last of all the flocks to go forth from the cave, who of old wast not wont to lag behind the sheep, but wert ever the foremost to pluck the tender blossom of the pasture, faring with long strides, and wert still the first to come to the streams of the rivers, and first didst long to return to the homestead in the evening. But now art thou the very last. Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy lord, which an evil man blinded, with his accursed fellows, when he had subdued my wits with wine, even Noman, whom I say hath not yet escaped destruction. Ah, if thou couldst feel as I, and be endued with speech, to tell me where he shifts about to shun my wrath; then should he be smitten, and his brains be dashed against the floor here and there about the cave, and my heart be lightened of the sorrows which Noman, nothing worth, hath brought me!”

“Therewith he sent the ram forth from him, and when we had gone but a little way from the cave and from the yard, first I loosed myself from under the ram and then I set my fellows free. And swiftly we drove on those stiff-shanked sheep, so rich in fat, and often turned to look about, till we came to the ship. And a glad sight to our fellows were we that had fled from death, but the others they would have bemoaned with tears; howbeit I suffered it not, but with frowning brows forbade each man to weep. Rather I bade them to cast on board the many sheep with goodly fleece, and to sail over the salt sea water. So they embarked forthwith, and sate upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars. But when I had not gone so far, but that a man’s

shout might be heard, then I spoke unto the Cyclops taunting him:

"Cyclops, so thou wert not to eat the company of a weakling by main might in thy hollow cave! Thine evil deeds were very sure to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hadst no shame to eat thy guests within thy gates, wherefore Zeus hath requited thee, and the other gods."

"So I spake, and he was mightily angered at heart, and he brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly to the dry land, with the wash from the deep sea, and drove it to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land, and roused my company, and with a motion of the head bade them dash in with their oars, that so we might escape our evil plight. So they bent to their oars and rowed on. But when we had now made twice the distance over the brine, I would fain have spoken to the Cyclops, but my company stayed me on every side with soft words, saying:

"Foolhardy that thou art, why wouldest thou rouse a wild man to wrath, who even now hath cast so mighty a throw towards the deep and brought our ship back to land, yea, and we thought that we had perished even there? If he had heard any of us utter sound or speech he would have crushed our heads and our ship timbers with a cast of a rugged stone, so mightily he hurls."

"So spake they, but they prevailed not on my lordly spirit, and I answered him again from out an angry heart:

"Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee of the unsightly blinding of thine eye, say that it was Odysseus that blinded it, the waster of cities, son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca."

"So I spake, and with a moan he answered me, saying:

"Lo now, in very truth the ancient oracles have come upon me. There lived here a soothsayer, a noble man and a mighty, Telemus, son of Euryalus, who surpassed all men in soothsaying, and waxed old as a seer among the Cyclopes. He told me that all these things should come to pass in the aftertime, even that I should lose my eyesight at the hand of Odysseus. But I ever looked for some tall and goodly man to come hither, clad in great might, but behold now one that is a dwarf, a man of no worth and a weakling, hath blinded me of my eye after subduing me with wine. Nay come

hither, Odysseus, that I may set by thee a stranger's cheer, and speed thy parting hence, that so the Earth-shaker may vouchsafe it thee, for his son am I, and he avows him for my father. And he himself will heal me, if it be his will; and none other of the blessed gods or of mortal men."

"Even so he spake, but I answered him, and said: 'Would god that I were as sure to rob thee of soul and life, and send thee within the house of Hades, as I am that not even the Earth-shaker will heal thine eye!'

"So I spake, and then he prayed to the lord Poseidon stretching forth his hands to the starry heaven: 'Hear me, Poseidon, girdler of the earth, god of the dark hair, if indeed I be thine, and thou avowest thee my sire,—grant that he may never come to his home, even Odysseus, waster of cities, the son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca; yet if he is ordained to see his friends and come unto his well-builted house, and his own country, late may he come in evil case, with the loss of all his company, in the ship of strangers, and find sorrows in his house.'

"So he spake in prayer, and the god of the dark locks heard him. And once again he lifted a stone, far greater than the first, and with one swing he hurled it, and he put forth a measureless strength, and cast it but a little space behind the dark-prowed ship, and all but struck the end of the rudder. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, but the wave bare on the ship and drove it to the further shore.

"But when we had now reached that island, where all our other decked ships abode together, and our company were gathered sorrowing, expecting us evermore, on our coming thither we ran our ship ashore upon the sand, and ourselves too stept forth upon the sea-beach. Next we took forth the sheep of the Cyclops from out the hollow ship, and divided them, that none through me might go lacking his proper share. But the ram for me alone my goodly-greaved company chose out, in the dividing of the sheep, and on the shore I offered him up to Zeus, even to the son of Cronos, who dwells in the dark clouds, and is lord of all, and I burnt the slices of the thighs. But he heeded not the sacrifice, but was devising how my decked ships and my dear company might perish utterly. Thus for that time we sat the livelong day, until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. And when the sun had sunk and darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the sea-beach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the

rosy-fingered, I called to my company, and commanded them that they should themselves climb the ship and loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars.

"Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions.

[*Odysseus now tells of his adventures with Aeolus who kept the winds in a bag. His men open the bag out of curiosity, and the ship is driven back from the very sight of their homes in Ithaca. Next he loses eleven out of his twelve ships, and then arrives at the home of the enchantress Circe, where his men are turned to swine. He visits the land of the dead and discourses with the ghosts of heroes. Odysseus resists the wiles of the Sirens and safely passes by Scylla and Charybdis. His men then commit a sacrilege by killing the sacred oxen 20 of the Sun, and they are all destroyed. Odysseus saves himself on a plank and after nine days in the sea arrives at Ogygia where he remains seven years with Calypso.*

This is the end of Odysseus' story. The Phaeacians are charmed with the story and prepare for his return. In a magic ship they carry him to Ithaca and leave him asleep. Athene disguises him as a beggar. He is received by his old swineherd Eumeus, who tells him all that has happened at 30 home.

Telemachus then returns from Sparta in spite of the intrigues of the suitors. He comes to Eumeus and welcomes the stranger. Odysseus lets Telemachus know who he is and together they plot vengeance on the suitors.

They go to the palace, first Telemachus and then Odysseus, in disguise. Here he submits to insults without revealing himself. Penelope asks him if he has learned anything of Odysseus, and he assures 40 her that her husband will soon return. An aged nurse recognizes him by an old scar, but he bids her remain silent. The time of vengeance on the suitors approaches.]

BOOK XXI

Penelope bringeth forth her husband's bow, which the suitors could not bend, but was bent by Odysseus.

Now the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, put it into the heart of the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, to set the bow and the axes of gray iron, for the

wooers in the halls of Odysseus, to be the weapons of the contest, and the beginning of death. So she descended the tall staircase of her chamber, and took the well-bent key in her strong hand, a goodly key of bronze, whereon was a handle of ivory. And she betook her, with her handmaidens, to the treasure-chamber in the uttermost part of the house, where lay the treasures of her lord, bronze and gold and well-wrought iron. And there lay the back-bent bow and the quiver for the arrows, and many shafts were therein, winged for death, gifts of a friend of Odysseus, that met with him in Lacedaemon, Iphitus son of Eurytus, a man like to the gods. These twain fell in with one another in Messene, in the house of wise Ortilochus. Now Odysseus had gone thither to recover somewhat that was owing to him from all the people, for the men of Messene had lifted three hundred sheep in benched ships from out of Ithaca, with the shepherds of the flock. In quest of these it was that Odysseus went on a far embassy, being yet a lad; for his father and the other elders sent him forth. Moreover, Iphitus came thither in his search for twelve brood mares, which he had lost, with sturdy mules at the teat. These same it was that brought him death and destiny in the latter end, when he came to the child of Zeus, hardy of heart, the man Heracles, that had knowledge of great adventures, who smote Iphitus though his guest in his house, in his frowardness, and had no regard for the vengeance of the gods, nor for the table which he spread before him; for after the meal he slew him, his guest though he was, and kept for himself in the halls the horses strong of hoof. After these was Iphitus asking, when he met with Odysseus, and he gave him the bow, which of old great Eurytus bare and had left at his death to his son in his lofty house. And Odysseus gave Iphitus a sharp sword and a mighty spear, for the beginning of a loving friendship; but never had they acquaintance one of another at the board; ere that might be, the son of Zeus slew Iphitus son of Eurytus, a man like to the immortals, the same that gave Odysseus the bow. But goodly Odysseus would never take it with him on the black ships, as he went to the wars, but the bow was laid by at home in the halls as a memorial of a dear guest, and he carried it on his own land.

Now when the fair lady had come even to the 50 treasure-chamber, and had stept upon the threshold of oak, which the carpenter had on a time planed cunningly, and over it had made straight the line, —door-posts also had he fitted thereby, whereon he

set shining doors,—anon she quickly loosed the strap from the handle of the door, and thrust in the key, and with a straight aim shot back the bolts. And even as a bull roars that is grazing in a meadow, so mightily roared the fair doors smitten by the key; and speedily they flew open before her. Then she stept on to the high floor, where the coffers stood, wherein the fragrant raiment was stored. Thence she stretched forth her hand, and took the bow from off the pin, all in the bright case which sheathed it around. And there she sat down, and set the case upon her knees, and cried aloud and wept, and took out the bow of her lord. Now when she had her fill of tearful lament, she set forth to go to the hall to the company of the proud wooers, with the back-bent bow in her hands, and the quiver for the arrows, and many shafts were therein winged for death. And her maidens along with her bare a chest, wherein lay much store of iron and bronze, the gear of combat of their lord. Now when the fair lady had come unto the wooers, she stood by the pillar of the well-builded roof, holding up her glistening tire before her face; and a faithful maiden stood on either side of her, and straightway she spake out among the wooers and declared her word, saying:

“Hear me, ye lordly wooers, who have vexed this house, that ye might eat and drink here evermore, forasmuch as the master is long gone, nor could ye find any other mark for your speech, but all your desire was to wed me and take me to wife. Nay come now, ye wooers, seeing that this is the prize that is put before you. I will set forth for you the great bow of divine Odysseus, and whoso shall most easily string the bow in his hands, and shoot through all twelve axes, with him will I go and forsake this house, this house of my wedlock, so fair and filled with all livelihood, which methinks I shall yet remember, aye, in a dream.”

So spake she, and commanded Eumæus, the goodly swineherd, to set the bow for the wooers and the axes of gray iron. And Eumæus took them with tears, and laid them down; and otherwhere the neatherd wept, when he beheld the bow of his lord. Then Antinous rebuked them, and spake and hailed them:

“Foolish boors, whose thoughts look not beyond the day, ah, wretched pair, wherefore now do ye shed tears, and stir the soul of the lady within her, when her heart already lies low in pain, for that she has lost her dear lord? Nay sit, and feast in silence, or else get ye forth and weep, and leave the bow here behind, to be a terrible contest for

the wooers, for methinks that this polished bow does not lightly yield itself to be strung. For there is no man among all these present such as Odysseus was, and I myself saw him, yea I remember it well, though I was still but a child.”

So spake he, but his heart within him hoped that he would string the bow, and shoot through the iron. Yet verily, he was to be the first that should taste the arrow at the hands of the noble Odysseus, whom but late he was dishonoring as he sat in the halls, and was inciting all his fellows to do likewise.

Then the mighty prince Telemachus spake among them, saying: “Lo now, in very truth, Cro-nion has robbed me of my wits! My dear mother, wise as she is, declares that she will go with a stranger and forsake this house; yet I laugh and in my silly heart I am glad. Nay come now, ye wooers, seeing that this is the prize which is set before you, a lady, the like of whom there is not now in the Achæan land, neither in sacred Pylos, nor in Argos, nor in Mycenæ, nor yet in Ithaca, nor in the dark mainland. Nay but ye know all this yourselves,—why need I praise my mother? Come therefore, delay not the issue with excuses, nor hold much longer aloof from the drawing of the bow, that we may see the thing that is to be. Yea and I myself would make trial of this bow. If I shall string it, and shoot through the iron, then should I not sorrow if my lady mother were to quit these halls and go with a stranger, seeing that I should be left behind, well able now to lift my father’s goodly gear of combat.”

Therewith he cast from off his neck his cloak of scarlet, and sprang to his full height, and put away the sword from his shoulders. First he dug a good trench and set up the axes, one long trench for them all, and over it he made straight the line and round about stamped in the earth. And amazement fell on all that beheld how orderly he set the axes, though never before had he seen it so. Then he went and stood by the threshold and began to prove the bow. Thrice he made it to tremble in his great desire to draw it, and thrice he rested from his effort, though still he hoped in his heart to string the bow, and shoot through the iron. And now at last he might have strung it, mightily straining thereat for the fourth time, but Odysseus nodded frowning and stayed him, for all his eagerness. Then the strong prince Telemachus spake among them again:

“Lo you now, even to the end of my days I shall be a coward and a weakling, or it may be I am too

young, and have as yet no trust in my hands to defend me from such an one as does violence without a cause. But come now, ye who are mightier men than I, essay the bow and let us make an end of the contest."

Therewith he put the bow from him on the ground, leaning it against the smooth and well-compacted doors, and the swift shaft he propped hard by against the fair bow-tip, and then he sat down once more on the high seat, whence he had risen.

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, spake among them, saying: "Rise up in order, all my friends, beginning from the left, even from the place whence the wine is poured."

So spake Antinous, and the saying pleased them well. Then first stood up Leiodes, son of Cenops, who was their soothsayer and ever sat by the fair mixing-bowl at the extremity of the hall; he alone hated their infatuate deeds and was indignant with all the wooers. He now first took the bow and the swift shaft, and he went and stood by the threshold, and began to prove the bow; but he could not bend it; or ever that might be, his hands grew weary with the straining, his unworn, delicate hands; so he spake among the wooers, saying:

"Friends, of a truth I cannot bend it, let some other take it. Ah, many of our bravest shall this bow rob of spirit and of life, since truly it is far better for us to die, than to live on and to fail of that for which we assemble evermore in this place, day by day expecting the prize. Many there be even now that hope in their hearts and desire to wed Penelope, the bedfellow of Odysseus: but when such an one shall make trial of the bow and see the issue, thereafter let him woo some other fair-robed Achæan woman with his bridal gifts and seek to win her. So may our lady wed the man that gives most gifts, and comes as the chosen of fate."

So he spake, and put from him the bow, leaning it against the smooth and well-compacted doors, and the swift shaft he propped hard by against the fair bow-tip, and then he sat down once more on the high seat, whence he had risen.

But Antinous rebuked him, and spake and hailed him: "Leiodes, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips; a hard word, and a grievous? Nay, it angers me to hear it, and to think that a bow such as this shall rob our bravest of spirit and of life, and all because thou canst not draw it. For I tell thee that thy lady mother bare thee not of such might as to draw a bow and shoot arrows:

but there be others of the proud wooers that shall draw it soon."

So he spake, and commanded Melanthius, the goatherd, saying: "Up now, light a fire in the halls, Melanthius; and place a great settle by the fire and a fleece thereon, and bring forth a great ball of lard that is within, that we young men may warm and anoint the bow therewith and prove it, and make an end of the contest."

So he spake, and Melanthius soon kindled the never-resting fire, and drew up a settle and placed it near, and put a fleece thereon, and he brought forth a great ball of lard that was within. Therewith the young men warmed the bow, and made essay, but could not string it, for they were greatly lacking of such might. And Antinous still held to the task and godlike Eurymachus, chief men among the wooers, who were far the most excellent of all.

But those other twain went forth both together from the house, the neatherd and the swineherd of godlike Odysseus; and Odysseus passed out after them. But when they were now gotten without the gates and the court-yard, he uttered his voice and spake to them in gentle words:

"Neatherd and thou swineherd, shall I say somewhat or keep it to myself? Nay, my spirit bids me declare it. What manner of men would ye be to help Odysseus, if he should come thus suddenly, I know not whence, and some god were to bring him? Would ye stand on the side of the wooers or of Odysseus? Tell me even as your heart and spirit bid you."

Then the neatherd answered him, saying: "Father Zeus, if but thou wouldest fulfill this wish: —oh, that that man might come, and some god lead him hither! So shouldest thou know what my might is, and how my hands follow to obey."

In like manner Eumeus prayed to all the gods that wise Odysseus might return to his own home,

Now when he knew for a surety what spirit they were of, once more he answered and spake to them, saying:

"Behold, home am I come, even I; after much travail and sore am I come in the twentieth year to mine own country. And I know how that my coming is desired by you alone of all my thralls, for from none besides have I heard a prayer that I might return once more to my home. And now I will tell you all the truth, even as it shall come to pass. If the god shall subdue the proud wooers to my hands, I will bring you each one a wife, and will give you a heritage of your own and a house

builded near to me, and ye twain shall be thereafter in mine eyes as the brethren and companions of Telemachus. But behold, I will likewise show you a most manifest token, that ye may know me well and be certified in heart, even the wound that the boar dealt me with his white tusk long ago, when I went to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus."

Therewith he drew aside the rags from the great scar. And when the twain had beheld it and marked it well, they cast their arms about the wise Odysseus, and fell a weeping; and kissed him lovingly on head and shoulders. And in like manner Odysseus too kissed their heads and hands. And now would the sunlight have gone down upon their sorrowing, had not Odysseus himself stayed them saying:

"Cease ye from weeping and lamentation, lest someone come forth from the hall and see us, and tell it likewise in the house. Nay, go ye within one by one and not both together, I first and you following, and let this be the token between us. All the rest, as many as are proud wooers, will not suffer that I should be given the bow and quiver; do thou then, goodly Eumeus, as thou bearest the bow through the hall, set it in my hands and speak to the women that they bar the well-fitting doors of their chamber. And if any of them hear the sound of groaning or the din of men within our walls, let them not run forth but abide where they are in silence at their work. But on thee, goodly Philoetius, I lay this charge, to bolt and bar the outer gate of the court and swiftly to tie the knot."

Therewith he passed within the fair-lying halls, and went and sat upon the settle whence he had risen. And likewise the two thralls of divine Odysseus went within. And now Eurymachus was handling the bow, warming it on this side and on that at the light of the fire; yet even so he could not string it, and in his great heart he groaned mightily; and in heaviness of spirit he spake and called aloud, saying:

"Lo you now, truly am I grieved for myself and for you all! Not for the marriage do I mourn so greatly, afflicted though I be; there are many Achæan women besides, some in sea-begirt Ithaca itself and some in other cities. Nay, but I grieve, if indeed we are so far worse than godlike Odysseus in might, seeing that we cannot bend the bow. It will be a shame even for men unborn to hear thereof."

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, answered him: "Eurymachus, this shall not be so, and thou thy-

self too knowest it. For today the feast of the archer god is held in the land, a holy feast. Who at such a time would be bending bows? Nay, set it quietly by; what and if we should let the axes all stand as they are? None methinks will come to the hall of Odysseus, son of Laertes, and carry them away. Go to now, let the wine-bearer pour for libation into each cup in turn, that after the drink-offering we may set down the curved bow. And in the morning bid Melanthius, the goatherd, to lead hither the very best goats in all his herds, that we may lay pieces of the thighs on the altar of Apollo the archer, and assay the bow and make an end of the contest."

So spake Antinous, and the saying pleased them well. Then the henchmen poured water on their hands, and pages crowned the mixing-bowls with drink, and served out the wine to all, when they had poured for libation into each cup in turn. But when they had poured forth and had drunken to their hearts' desire, Odysseus of many counsels spake among them out of a crafty heart, saying:

"Hear me, ye wooers of the renowned queen, that I may say that which my heart within me bids. And mainly to Eurymachus I make my prayer and to the godlike Antinous, forasmuch as he has spoken even this word aright, namely, that for this present ye cease from your archery and leave the issue to the gods; and in the morning the god will give the victory to whomsoever he will. Come therefore, give me the polished bow, that in your presence I may prove my hands and strength, whether I have yet any force such as once was in my supple limbs, or whether my wanderings and needy fare have even now destroyed it."

So spake he and they all were exceeding wroth, for fear lest he should string the polished bow. And Antinous rebuked him, and spake and hailed him:

"Wretched stranger, thou hast no wit, nay never so little. Art thou not content to feast at ease in our high company, and to lack not thy share of the banquet, but to listen to our speech and our discourse, while no guest and beggar beside thee hears our speech? Wine it is that wounds thee, honey-sweet wine, that is the bane of others too, even of all who take great draughts and drink out of measure. Wine it was that darkened the mind even of the Centaur, renowned Eurytion, in the hall of high-hearted Peirithous, when he went to the Lapithæ; and after that his heart was darkened with wine, he wrought foul deeds in his frenzy, in the house of Peirithous. Then wrath fell on all

the heroes, and they leaped up and dragged him forth through the porch, when they had shorn off his ears and nostrils with the pitiless sword, and then with darkened mind he bare about with him the burden of his sin in foolishness of heart. Thence was the feud begun between the Centaurs and mankind; but first for himself gat he hurt, being heavy with wine. And even so I declare great mischief unto thee if thou shalt string the bow, for thou shalt find no courtesy at the hand of anyone in our land, and anon we will send thee in a black ship to Echetus, the maimer of all men, and thence thou shalt not be saved alive. Nay then, drink at thine ease, and strive not still with men that are younger than thou."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Antinous, truly it is not fair nor just to rob the guests of Telemachus of their due, whosoever he may be that comes to this house. Dost thou think if yonder stranger strings the great bow of Odysseus, in the pride of his might and of his strength of arm, that he will lead me to his home and make me his wife? Nay he himself, methinks, has no such hope in his breast; so, as for that, let not any of you fret himself while feasting in this place; that were indeed unmeet."

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered her, saying: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, it is not that we deem that he will lead thee to his home,—far be such a thought from us,—but we dread the speech of men and women, lest some day one of the baser sort among the Achaeans say: 'Truly men far too mean are wooing the wife of one that is noble, nor can they string the polished bow. But a stranger and a beggar came in his wanderings, and lightly strung the bow, and shot through the iron.' Thus will they speak, and this will turn to our reproach."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Eurymachus, never can there be fair fame in the land for those that devour and dishonor the house of a prince, but why make ye this thing into a reproach? But, behold, our guest is great of growth and well-knit, and avows him to be born the son of a good father. Come then, give ye him the polished bow, that we may see that which is to be. For thus will I declare my saying, and it shall surely come to pass. If he shall string the bow and Apollo grant him renown, I will clothe him in a mantle and a doublet, goodly raiment, and I will give him a sharp javelin to defend him against dogs and men, and a two-edged sword and sandals to bind beneath his feet, and I will send him

whithersoever his heart and spirit bid him go."

Then wise Telemachus answered her, saying: "My mother, as for the bow, no Achaeans is mightier than I to give or to deny it to whomso I will, neither as many as are lords in rocky Ithaca nor in the isles on the side of Elis, the pastureland of horses. Not one of these shall force me in mine own despite, if I choose to give this bow, yea once and for all, to the stranger to bear away with him. But do thou go to thine own chamber and mind thine own housewiferies, the loom and distaff, and bid thine handmaids ply their tasks. But the bow shall be for men, for all, but for me in chief, for mine is the lordship in the house."

Then in amaze she went back to her chamber, for she laid up the wise saying of her son in her heart. She ascended to her upper chamber with the women her handmaids, and then was bewailing Odysseus, her dear lord, till gray-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

Now the goodly swineherd had taken the curved bow, and was bearing it, when the wooers all cried out upon him in the halls. And thus some one of the haughty youths would speak: "Whither now art thou bearing the curved bow, thou wretched swineherd, crazed in thy wits? Lo, soon shall the swift hounds of thine own breeding eat thee hard by thy swine, alone and away from men, if Apollo will be gracious to us and the other deathless gods."

Even so they spake, and he took and set down the bow in that very place, being affrighted because many cried out on him in the halls. Then Telemachus from the other side spake threateningly, and called aloud:

"Father, bring hither the bow, soon shalt thou rue it that thou servest many masters. Take heed, lest I that am younger than thou pursue thee to the field, and pelt thee with stones, for in might I am the better. If only I were so much mightier in strength of arm than all the wooers that are in the halls, soon would I send many an one forth on a woeful way from out our house, for they imagine mischief against us."

So he spake, and all the wooers laughed sweetly at him, and ceased now from their cruel anger toward Telemachus. Then the swineherd bare the bow through the hall, and went up to wise Odysseus, and set it in his hands. And he called forth the nurse Eurykleia from the chamber and spake to her:

"Wise Eurykleia, Telemachus bids thee bar the well-fitting doors of thy chamber, and if any of the

women hear the sound of groaning or the din of men within our walls, let them not go forth, but abide where they are in silence at their work."

So he spake, and wingless her speech remained, and she barred the doors of the fair-lying chambers.

Then Philcteius hasted forth silently from the house, and barred the outer gates of the fenced court. Now there lay beneath the gallery the cable of a curved ship, fashioned of the byblus plant, wherewith he made fast the gates, and then himself passed within. Then he went and sat on the settle whence he had risen, and gazed upon Odysseus. He already was handling the bow, turning it every way about, and proving it on this side and on that, lest the worms might have eaten the horns when the lord of the bow was away. And thus men spake looking each one to his neighbor:

"Verily he had a good eye, and a shrewd turn for a bow! Either, methinks, he himself has such a bow lying by at home or else he is set on making one, in such wise does he turn it hither and thither in his hands, this evil-witted beggar."

And another again of the haughty youths would say: "Would that the fellow may have profit thereof, just so surely as he shall ever prevail to bend this bow!"

So spake the wooers, but Odysseus of many counsels had lifted the great bow and viewed it on every side, and even as when a man that is skilled in the lyre and in minstrelsy, easily stretches a cord about a new peg, after tying at either end the twisted sheep-gut, even so Odysseus straightway bent the great bow, all without effort, and took it in his right hand and proved the bow-string, which rang sweetly at the touch, in tone like a swallow. Then great grief came upon the wooers, and the color of their countenance was changed, and Zeus thundered loud showing forth his tokens. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus was glad thereat, in that the son of deep-counseling Cronos had sent him a sign. Then he caught up a swift arrow which lay by his table, bare, but the other shafts were stored within the hollow quiver, those whereof the Achæans were soon to taste. He took and laid it on the bridge of the bow, and held the notch and drew the string, even from the settle whereon he sat, and with straight aim shot the shaft and missed not one of the axes, beginning from the first ax-handle, and the bronze-weighted shaft passed clean through and out at the last. Then he spake to Telemachus, saying:

"Telemachus, thy guest that sits in the halls does

thee no shame. In nowise did I miss my mark, nor was I wearied with long bending of the bow. Still is my might steadfast—not as the wooers say scornfully to slight me. But now it is time that supper too be got ready for the Achæans, while it is yet light, and thereafter must we make other sport with the dance and the lyre, for these are the crown of the feast."

Therewith he nodded with bent brows, and Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, girt his sharp sword about him and took the spear in his grasp, and stood by his high seat at his father's side, armed with the gleaming bronze.

BOOK XXII

The killing of the wooers.

Then Odysseus of many counsels stripped him of his rags and leaped on to the great threshold with his bow and quiver full of arrows, and poured forth all the swift shafts there before his feet, and spake among the wooers:

"Lo, now is this terrible trial ended at last; and now will I know of another mark, which never yet man has smitten, if perchance I may hit it and Apollo grant me renown."

With that he pointed the bitter arrow at Antinous. Now he was about raising to his lips a fair twy-eared chalice of gold, and behold, he was handling it to drink of the wine, and death was far from his thoughts. For who among men at feast would deem that one man amongst so many, how hardy soever he were, would bring on him foul death and black fate? But Odysseus aimed and smote him with the arrow in the throat, and the point passed clean out through his delicate neck, and he fell sidelong and the cup dropped from his hand as he was smitten, and at once through his nostrils there came up a thick jet of slain man's blood, and quickly he spurned the table from him with his foot, and spilt the food on the ground, and the bread and the roast flesh were defiled. Then the wooers raised a clamor through the halls when they saw the man fallen, and they leaped from their high seats, as men stirred by fear, all through the hall, peering everywhere along the well-builded walls, and nowhere was there a shield or mighty spear to lay hold on. Then they reviled Odysseus with angry words:

"Stranger, thou shootest at men to thy hurt. Never again shalt thou enter other lists, now is utter doom assured thee. Yea, for now hast thou

slain the man that was far the best of all the noble youths in Ithaca; wherefore vultures shall devour thee here."

So each one spake, for indeed they thought that Odysseus had not slain him willfully; but they knew not in their folly that on their own heads, each and all of them, the bands of death had been made fast. Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely on them, and spake:

"Ye dogs, ye said in your hearts that I should never more come home from the land of the Trojans, in that ye wasted my house, and lay with the maidservants by force, and traitorously wooed my wife while I was yet alive, and ye had no fear of the gods, that hold the wide heaven, nor of the indignation of men hereafter. But now the bands of death have been made fast upon you one and all."

Even so he spake, and pale fear gat hold on the limbs of all, and each man looked about, where he might shun utter doom. And Eurymachus alone answered him, and spake: "If thou art indeed Odysseus of Ithaca, come home again, with right thou speakest thus, of all that the Achæans have wrought, many infatuate deeds in thy halls and many in the field. Howbeit, he now lies dead that is to blame for all, Antinous; for he brought all these things upon us, not as longing very greatly for the marriage nor needing it sore, but with another purpose, that Cronion has not fulfilled for him, namely, that he might himself be king over all the land of stablished Ithaca, and he was to have lain in wait for thy son and killed him. But now he is slain after his deserving, and do thou spare thy people, even thine own; and we will hereafter go about the township and yield thee amends for all that has been eaten and drunken in thy halls, each for himself bringing atonement of twenty oxen worth, and requiting thee in gold and bronze till thy heart is softened, but till then none may blame thee that thou art angry."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely on him, and said: "Eurymachus, not even if ye gave me all your heritage, all that ye now have, and whatsoever else ye might in any wise add thereto, not even so would I henceforth hold my hands from slaying, ere the wooers had paid for all their transgressions. And now the choice lies before you, whether to fight in fair battle or to fly, if any may avoid death and the fates. But there be some, methinks, that shall not escape from utter doom."

He spake, and their knees were straightway

loosened and their hearts melted within them. And Eurymachus spake among them yet again:

"Friends, it is plain that this man will not hold his unconquerable hands, but now that he has caught up the polished bow and quiver, he will shoot from the smooth threshold, till he has slain us all; wherefore let us take thought for the delight of battle. Draw your blades, and hold up the tables to ward off the arrows of swift death, and let us all have at him with one accord, and drive him, if it may be, from the threshold and the doorway and then go through the city, and quickly would the cry be raised. Thereby should this man soon have shot his latest bolt."

Therewith he drew his sharp two-edged sword of bronze, and leapt on Odysseus with a terrible cry, but in the same moment goodly Odysseus shot the arrow forth and struck him on the breast by the pap, and drove the swift shaft into his liver. So he let the sword fall from his hand, and groveling over the table he bowed and fell, and spilt the food and the two-handled cup on the floor. And in his agony he smote the ground with his brow, and spurning with both his feet he overthrew the high seat, and the mist of death was shed upon his eyes.

Then Amphinomus made at renowned Odysseus, setting straight at him, and drew his sharp sword, if perchance he might make him give ground from the door. But Telemachus was beforehand with him, and cast and smote him from behind with a bronze-shod spear between the shoulders, and drove it out through the breast, and he fell with a crash and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Telemachus sprang away, leaving the long spear fixed in Amphinomus, for he greatly dreaded lest one of the Achæans might run upon him with his blade, and stab him as he drew forth the spear, or smite him with a down stroke of the sword. So he started and ran and came quickly to his father, and stood by him, and spake winged words:

"Father, lo, now I will bring thee a shield and two spears and a helmet all of bronze, close fitting on the temples, and when I return I will arm myself, and likewise give arms to the swineherd and to the neatherd yonder: for it is better to be clad in full armor."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: "Run and bring them while I have arrows to defend me, lest they thrust me from the doorway, one man against them all."

So he spake, and Telemachus obeyed his dear father, and went forth to the chamber, where his

famous weapons were lying. Thence he took out four shields and eight spears, and four helmets of bronze, with thick plumes of horse hair, and he started to bring them and came quickly to his father. Now he girded the gear of bronze about his own body first, and in like manner the two thralls did on the goodly armor, and stood beside the wise and crafty Odysseus. Now he, so long as he had arrows to defend him, kept aiming and smote the wooers one by one in his house, and they fell thick one upon another. But when the arrows failed the prince in his archery, he leaned his bow against the door-post of the stablished hall, against the shining faces of the entrance. As for him he girt his fourfold shield about his shoulders and bound on his mighty head a well-wrought helmet, with horse hair crest, and terribly the plume waved aloft. And he grasped two mighty spears tipped with bronze.

Now there was in the well-builded wall a certain postern raised above the floor, and there by the topmost level of the threshold of the stablished hall, was a way into an open passage, closed by well-fitted folding doors. So Odysseus bade the goodly swineherd stand near thereto and watch the way, for thither was there but one approach. Then Agelaus spake among them, and declared his word to all:

"Friends, will not some man climb up to the postern, and give word to the people, and a cry would be raised straightway; so should this man soon have shot his latest bolt?"

Then Melanthius, the goatherd, answered him, saying: "It may in no wise be, prince Agelaus; for the fair gate of the court-yard is terribly nigh, and perilous is the entrance to the passage, and one man, if he were valiant, might keep back a host. But come, let me bring you armor from the inner chamber, that ye may be clad in hauberks, for, methinks, within that room and not elsewhere did Odysseus and his renowned son lay by the arms."

Therewith Melanthius, the goatherd, climbed up by the clerestory of the hall to the inner chambers of Odysseus, whence he took twelve shields and as many spears, and as many helmets of bronze with thick plumes of horse hair, and he came forth and brought them speedily, and gave them to the wooers. Then the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted within him, when he saw them girding on the armor and brandishing the long spears in their hands, and great, he saw, was the adventure. Quickly he spake to Telemachus winged words:

"Telemachus, sure I am that one of the women in the halls is stirring up an evil battle against us, or perchance it is Melanthius."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "My father, it is I that have erred herein and none other is to blame, for I left the well-fitted door of the chamber open, and there has been one of them but too quick to spy it. Go now, goodly Eumæus, and close the door of the chamber, and mark if it be indeed one of the women that does this mischief, or Melanthius, son of Dolius, as methinks it is."

Even so they spake one to the other. And Melanthius, the goatherd, went yet again to the chamber to bring the fair armor. But the goodly swineherd was ware thereof, and quickly he spake to Odysseus who stood nigh him:

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus, of many devices, lo, there again is that baleful man, whom we ourselves suspect, going to the chamber; do thou tell me truly, shall I slay him if I prove the better man, or bring him hither to thee, that he may pay for the many transgressions that he has devised in thy house?"

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered saying: "Verily, I and Telemachus will keep the proud wooers within the halls, for all their fury, but do ye twain tie his feet and arms behind his back and cast him into the chamber, and close the doors after you, and make fast to his body a twisted rope, and drag him up the lofty pillar till he be near the roof beams, that he may hang there and live for long, and suffer grievous torment."

So he spake, and they gave good heed and hearkened. So they went forth to the chamber, but the goatherd who was within knew not of their coming. Now he was seeking for the armor in the secret place of the chamber, but they twain stood in waiting on either side the door-posts. And when Melanthius, the goatherd, was crossing the threshold with a goodly helm in one hand, and in the other a wide shield and an old, stained with rust, the shield of the hero Laertes that he bare when he was young—but at that time it was laid by, and the seams of the straps were loosened,—then the twain rushed on him and caught him, and dragged him in by the hair, and cast him on the floor in sorrowful plight, and bound him hand and foot in a bitter bond, tightly winding each limb behind his back, even as the son of Laertes bade them, the steadfast goodly Odysseus. And they made fast to his body a twisted rope, and dragged him up the lofty pillar till he came near the roof beams. Then didst thou speak to him and gird at him, swineherd Eumæus:

"Now in good truth, Melanthius, shalt thou watch all night, lying in a soft bed as beseems thee, nor shall the early-born Dawn escape thy ken, when she comes forth from the streams of Oceanus, on her golden throne, in the hour when thou art wont to drive the goats to make a meal for the wooers in the halls."

So he was left there, stretched tight in the deadly bond. But they twain got into their harness, and closed the shining door, and went to Odysseus, wise and crafty chief. There they stood breathing fury, four men by the threshold, while those others within the halls were many and good warriors. Then Athene, daughter of Zeus, drew nigh them, like Mentor in fashion and in voice, and Odysseus was glad when he saw her and spake, saying:

"Mentor, ward from us hurt, and remember me thy dear companion, that befriended thee often, and thou art of like age with me."

So he spake, deeming the while that it was Athene, summoner of the host. But the wooers on the other side shouted in the halls, and first Agelaus son of Damastor rebuked Athene, saying:

"Mentor, let not the speech of Odysseus beguile thee to fight against the wooers, and to succor him. For methinks that on this wise we shall work our will. When we shall have slain these men, father and son, thereafter shalt thou perish with them, such deeds thou art set on doing in these halls; nay, with thine own head shalt thou pay the price. But when with the sword we shall have overcome your violence, we will mingle all thy possessions, all that thou hast at home or in the field, with the wealth of Odysseus, and we will not suffer thy sons nor thy daughters to dwell in the halls, nor thy good wife to gad about in the town of Ithaca."

So spake he, and Athene was mightily angered at heart, and chid Odysseus in wrathful words: "Odysseus, thou hast no more steadfast might nor any prowess, as when for nine whole years continually thou didst battle with the Trojans for high born Helen, of the white arms, and many men thou slewest in terrible warfare, and by thy device the wide-wayed city of Priam was taken. How then, now that thou art come to thy house and thine own possessions, dost thou bewail thee and art of feeble courage to stand before the wooers? Nay, come hither, friend, and stand by me, and I will show thee a thing, that thou mayest know what manner of man is Mentor, son of Alcimus, to repay good deeds in the ranks of foemen."

She spake, and gave him not yet clear victory in full, but still for a while made trial of the might

and prowess of Odysseus and his renowned son. As for her she flew up to the roof timber of the murky hall, in such fashion as a swallow flies, and there sat down.

Now Agelaus, son of Damastor, urged on the wooers, and likewise Eurynomus and Amphimedon and Demoptolemus and Peisandrus son of Polycitor, and wise Polybus, for these were in valiancy far the best men of the wooers, that still lived and fought for their lives; for the rest had fallen already beneath the bow and the thick rain of arrows. Then Agelaus spake among them, and made known his word to all:

"Friends, now at last will this man hold his unconquerable hands. Lo, now has Mentor left him and spoken but vain boasts, and these remain alone at the entrance of the doors. Wherefore now, throw not your long spears all together, but come, do ye six cast first, if perchance Zeus may grant us to smite Odysseus and win renown. Of the rest will we take no heed, so soon as that man shall have fallen."

So he spake and they all cast their javelins, as he bade them, eagerly; but behold, Athene so wrought that they were all in vain. One man smote the door-post of the stablished hall, and another the well-fastened door, and the ashen spear of yet another wooer, heavy with bronze, stuck fast in the wall. So when they had avoided all the spears of the wooers, the steadfast goodly Odysseus began first to speak among them:

"Friends, now my word is that we too cast and hurl into the press of the wooers, that are mad to slay and strip us beyond the measure of their former iniquities."

So he spake, and they all took good aim and threw their sharp spears, and Odysseus smote Demoptolemus, and Telemachus Euryades, and the swineherd slew Elatus, and the neatherd Peisandrus. Thus they all bit the wide floor with their teeth, and the wooers fell back into the inmost part of the hall. But the others dashed upon them, and drew forth the shafts from the bodies of the dead.

Then once more the wooers threw their sharp spears eagerly; but behold, Athene so wrought that many of them were in vain. One man smote the door-post of the stablished hall, and another the well-fastened door, and the ashen spear of another wooer, heavy with bronze, struck in the wall. Yet Amphimedon hit Telemachus on the hand by the wrist lightly, and the shaft of bronze wounded the surface of the skin. And Ctesippus grazed the shoulder of Eumeus with a long spear high above

the shield, and the spear flew over and fell to the ground. Then again Odysseus, the wise and crafty, he and his men cast their swift spears into the press of the wooers, and now once more Odysseus, waster of cities, smote Eurydamas, and Telemachus Amphimedon, and the swineherd slew Polybus, and last, the neatherd struck Ctesippus in the breast and boasted over him, saying:

"O son of Polytheros, thou lover of jeering, never give place at all to folly to speak so big, but leave thy case to the gods, since in truth they are far mightier than thou. This gift is thy recompense for the ox-foot that thou gavest of late to the divine Odysseus, when he went begging through the house."

So spake the keeper of the shambling kine. Next Odysseus wounded the son of Damastor in close fight with his long spear, and Telemachus wounded Leocritus son of Euenor, right in the flank with his lance, and drove the bronze point clean through, that he fell prone and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Athene held up her destroying ægis on high from the roof, and their minds were scared, and they fled through the hall, like a drove of kine that the flitting gadfly falls upon and scatters hither and thither in spring time, when the long days begin. But the others set on like vultures of crooked claws and curved beak, that come forth from the mountains and dash upon smaller birds, and these scour low in the plain, stooping in terror from the clouds, while the vultures pounce on them and slay them, and there is no help nor way of flight, and men are glad at the sport; even so did the company of Odysseus set upon the wooers and smite them right and left through the hall; and there rose a hideous moaning as their heads were smitten, and the floor all ran with blood.

Now Leiodes took hold of the knees of Odysseus eagerly, and besought him and spake winged words: "I entreat thee by thy knees, Odysseus, and do thou show mercy on me and have pity. For never yet, I say, have I wronged a maiden in thy halls by foward word or deed, nay I bade the other wooers refrain, whoso of them wrought thus. But they hearkened not unto me to keep their hands from evil. Wherefore they have met a shameful death through their own infatuate deeds. Yet I, the soothsayer among them, that have wrought no evil, shall fall even as they, for no grace abides for good deeds done."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked askance at him, and said: "If indeed thou dost avow thee to be the soothsayer of these men, thou art like to

have often prayed in the halls that the issue of a glad return might be far from me, and that my dear wife should follow thee and bear thee children; wherefore thou shalt not escape the bitterness of death."

Therewith he caught up a sword in his strong hand, that lay where Agelaus had let it fall to the ground when he was slain, and drove it clean through his neck, and as he yet spake his head fell even to the dust.

But the son of Terpes, the minstrel, still sought how he might shun black fate, Phemius, who sang among the wooers of necessity. He stood with the loud lyre in his hand hard by the postern gate, and his heart was divided within him, whether he should slip forth from the hall and sit down by the well-wrought altar of great Zeus of the household court, whereon Laertes and Odysseus had burnt many pieces of the thighs of oxen, or should spring forward and beseech Odysseus by his knees. And as he thought thereupon this seemed to him the better way, to embrace the knees of Odysseus, son of Laertes. So he laid the hollow lyre on the ground between the mixing-bowl and the high seat inlaid with silver, and himself sprang forward and seized Odysseus by the knees, and besought him and spake winged words:

"I entreat thee by thy knees, Odysseus, and do thou show mercy on me and have pity. It will be a sorrow to thyself in the aftertime if thou slayest me who am a minstrel, and sing before gods and men. Yea none has taught me but myself, and the god has put into my heart all manner of lays, and methinks I sing to thee as to a god, wherefore be not eager to cut off my head. And Telemachus will testify of this, thine own dear son, that not by mine own will or desire did I resort to thy house to sing to the wooers at their feasts; but being so many and stronger than I they led me by constraint."

So he spake, and the mighty prince Telemachus heard him and quickly spake to his father at his side: "Hold thy hand, and wound not this blameless man with the sword; and let us save also the henchman Medon, that ever had charge of me in our house when I was a child, unless perchance Philætius or the swineherd have already slain him, or he hath met thee in thy raging through the house."

So he spake, and Medon, wise of heart, heard him. For he lay crouching beneath a high seat, clad about in the new-flayed hide of an ox and shunned black fate. So he rose up quickly from under the

seat, and cast off the ox-hide, and sprang forth and caught Telemachus by the knees, and besought him and spake winged words:

"Friend, here am I; prithee stay thy hand and speak to thy father, lest he harm me with the sharp sword in the greatness of his strength, out of his anger for the wooers that wasted his possessions in the halls, and in their folly held thee in no honor."

And Odysseus of many counsels smiled on him and said: "Take courage, for lo, he has saved thee and delivered thee, that thou mayst know in thy heart, and tell it even to another, how far more excellent are good deeds than evil. But go forth from the halls and sit down in the court apart from the slaughter, thou and the full-voiced minstrel, till I have accomplished all that I must needs do in the house."

Therewith the two went forth and gat them from the hall. So they sat down by the altar of great Zeus, peering about on every side, still expecting death. And Odysseus peered all through the house, to see if any man was yet alive and hiding away to shun black fate. But he found all the sort of them fallen in their blood in the dust, like fishes that the fishermen have drawn forth in the meshes of the net into a hollow of the beach from out the gray sea, and all the fish, sore longing for the salt sea waves, are heaped upon the sand, and the sun shines forth and takes their life away; so now the wooers lay heaped upon each other. Then Odysseus of many counsels spake to Telemachus:

"Telemachus, go, call me the nurse Eurycleia, that I may tell her a word that is on my mind."

So he spake, and Telemachus obeyed his dear father, and smote at the door, and spake to the nurse Eurycleia: "Up now, aged wife, that overlookest all the women servants in our halls, come hither, my father calls thee and has somewhat to say to thee."

Even so he spake, and wingless her speech remained, and she opened the doors of the fair-lying halls, and came forth, and Telemachus led the way before her. So she found Odysseus among the bodies of the dead, stained with blood and soil of battle, like a lion that has eaten of an ox of the homestead and goes on his way, and all his breast and his cheeks on either side are flecked with blood, and he is terrible to behold; even so was Odysseus stained, both hands and feet. Now the nurse, when she saw the bodies of the dead and the great gore of blood, made ready to cry aloud for joy, beholding so great an adventure. But Odysseus

checked and held her in her eagerness, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words:

"Within thine own heart rejoice, old nurse, and be still, and cry not aloud; for it is an unholy thing to boast over slain men. Now these hath the destiny of the gods overcome, and their own cruel deeds, for they honored none of earthly men, neither the bad nor yet the good, that came among them. Wherefore they have met a shameful death through their own infatuate deeds. But come, tell me the tale of the women in my halls, which of them dishonor me, and which be guiltless."

Then the good nurse Eurycleia answered him: "Yea now, my child, I will tell thee all the truth. Thou hast fifty women-servants in thy halls, that we have taught the ways of housewifery, how to card wool and to bear bondage. Of these twelve in all have gone the way of shame, and honor not me, nor their lady Penelope. And Telemachus hath but newly come to his strength, and his mother suffered him not to take command over the women in this house. But now, let me go aloft to the shining upper chamber, and tell all to thy wife, on whom some god hath sent a sleep."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, saying: "Wake her not yet, but bid the women come hither, who in time past behaved themselves unseemly."

So he spake, and the old wife passed through the hall, to tell the women and to hasten their coming. Then Odysseus called to him Telemachus, and the neatherd, and the swineherd, and spake to them winged words:

"Begin ye now to carry out the dead, and bid the women help you, and thereafter cleanse the fair high seats and the tables with water and porous sponges. And when ye have set all the house in order, lead the maidens without the established hall, between the vaulted room and the goodly fence of the court, and there slay them with your long blades, till they shall have all given up the ghost and forgotten the love that of old they had at the bidding of the wooers, in secret dalliance."

Even so he spake, and the women came all in a crowd together, making a terrible lament and shedding big tears. So first they carried forth the bodies of the slain, and set them beneath the gallery of the fenced court, and propped them one on another; and Odysseus himself hasted the women and directed them, and they carried forth the dead perforce. Thereafter they cleansed the fair high seats and the tables with water and porous sponges.

And Telemachus, and the neatherd, and the swine-herd, scraped with spades the floor of the well-builted house, and, behold, the maidens carried all forth and laid it without the doors.

Now when they had made an end of setting the hall in order, they led the maidens forth from the stablished hall, and drove them up in a narrow space between the vaulted room and the goodly fence of the court, whence none might avoid; and wise Telemachus began to speak to his fellows, saying:

"God forbid that I should take these women's lives by a clean death, these that have poured dishonor on my head and on my mother, and have lain with the wooers."

With that word he tied the cable of a dark-prowed ship to a great pillar and flung it round the vaulted room, and fastened it aloft, that none might touch the ground with her feet. And even as when thrushes, long of wing, or doves fall into a net that is set in a thicket, as they seek to their roosting-place, and a loathy bed harbors them, even so the women held their heads all in a row, and about all their necks nooses were cast, that they might die by the most pitiful death. And they writhed with their feet for a little space, but for no long while.

Then they led out Melanthius through the doorway and the court, and cut off his nostrils and his ears with the pitiless sword, and drew forth his vitals for the dogs to devour raw, and cut off his hands and feet in their cruel anger.

Thereafter they washed their hands and feet,

and went into the house to Odysseus, and all the adventure was over. So Odysseus called to the good nurse Eurykleia: "Bring sulphur, old nurse, that cleanses all pollution and bring me fire, that I may purify the house with sulphur, and do thou bid Penelope come here with her handmaidens, and tell all the women to hasten into the hall."

Then the good nurse Eurykleia made answer: "Yea, my child, herein thou hast spoken aright. But go to, let me bring thee a mantle and a doublet for raiment, and stand not thus in the halls with thy broad shoulders wrapped in rags; it were blame in thee so to do."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, saying: "First let a fire now be made me in the hall."

So he spake, and the good nurse Eurykleia was not slow to obey, but brought fire and brimstone; and Odysseus throughly purged the women's chamber and the great hall and the court.

Then the old wife went through the fair halls of Odysseus to tell the women, and to hasten their coming. So they came forth from their chamber with torches in their hands, and fell about Odysseus, and embraced him and kissed and clasped his head and shoulders and his hands lovingly, and a sweet longing came on him to weep and moan, for he remembered them every one.

[In the last two books of the Odyssey, the hero makes himself known to Penelope and later to his aged father, Laertes. The Ithacans plan revenge on Odysseus but are defeated and submit to his rule.]

GREEK CULTURE ITS DEVELOPMENT AND NATURE

After the brilliant period of Achæan culture described in the Homeric poems, these Greeks were entirely overrun by a new group of their own kinsmen, the Dorians. For some centuries there resulted a decline in civilization throughout the whole Hellenic world, a time the historians call the Greek Middle Ages. Then gradually there emerged, about the seventh or sixth century before Christ, the Greek peoples who were to become the cultural leaders of antiquity, and in many ways of all time. The change wrought by the Dorian invasion and the way in which the old and new civilizations differ are vividly described by Walter Leaf in his *Companion to the Iliad*.¹

"Before the beginnings of European history there dwelt in Greece a people who called themselves Achaians. They had come probably from the North, through Thrace, and had settled in Thessaly and Bœotia, in the Peloponnesos, in the islands of the western coast, in Crete, and in a few of the neighboring islands which lie between Crete and the coast of Asia Minor. They were a pure Greek race, and spoke a pure Greek tongue, the parent of those dialects which the Greeks themselves in after years distinguished as Æolic.

"But they had not found Greece vacant when they came. It had been inhabited by a race or races whom the Greeks themselves called Pelasgians, and of whom we know little more than

the name. These Pelasgians still lived in the land as a plebeian class, to whom the invading Achaians held something of the same position as the feudal lords in early Norman times to their defeated Saxons.

"The main seat of the Achaians was at the inland fortress of Mykenai, in the hills between Corinth and the Gulf of Argos. But they were divided among many petty princes, who dwelt in various strong towns, chiefly along the eastern coasts and the islands, and with few important settlements—perhaps only Pylos and Kalydon—in the west. Sparta was probably their main settlement next after Mykenai.

"When they came into Greece we cannot even approximately tell. But we know that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries B.C. they had attained to great wealth, and had produced a vigorous and beautiful school of art. They were great builders, and much of their work is still, after more than 3000 years, a marvel for boldness of conception and solidity of construction. Their rule must have lasted for several centuries, but at length it fell, about 1000 B.C., before the invading Dorians, a rude tribe of Greek mountaineers who pressed southwards from the hills round Thessaly.

"The period at which we become acquainted with the Achaians is that of the height of their civilization. Such knowledge as we have of them

¹ London, 1892, pp. 1 ff. By permission of the Macmillan Co.

at this time, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries B.C., we owe to the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mykenai, since supplemented by excavations at other sites in Greece. But these great finds, though telling us much, leave much still to be guessed at. It is at a later period, probably less than a century before their destruction by the Dorians, that we gain a more intimate acquaintance with them through the two great poems which they have left us as their intellectual inheritance, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

"These poems have often been spoken of as popular poetry, *Volkspoesie*, and have even been compared to the ballad poetry of our own and other nations. It is now generally recognized that this conception is radically false. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are essentially and above all court poems. They were composed to be sung in the splendid palaces of a ruling aristocracy, and the commonalty have no part or lot as actors in them. Even the slave and swineherd Eumaios, the only figure of the lower class of heroic society who takes a leading part in either poem, is described as of princely birth, kidnaped when a child and sold as a slave by Phoenician traders. When the common sort are mentioned in the *Iliad* in contrast to the 'kings' it is in terms of supreme disdain; only one of them, Thersites, is given an individuality, and then only that he may be held up to ridicule and humiliation. This is the first point which must be clearly grasped by those who would enter into the spirit of Homer: that the poems are aristocratic and courtly, not popular.

"The next is, that they are not to be regarded as the outcome of a young and primitive people. They are the offspring of an advanced civilization, the growth of centuries; and of a civilization which was approaching its decline and fall. It was in some respects a civilization even more advanced than that which grew out of the ruins brought about by the invasion of the Dorians. This is clear from various traits, of which one or two may be mentioned,

"First, the position of women, the keystone of the family, was as high as any that the world has yet seen; in many ways it strikingly reminds us of the family of our own day, and was far above the status of women in classical Athens. Women were on a virtual equality with men, mixing with them freely in domestic intercourse, and subject

to none of the disabilities which weighed so heavily upon them in later times. In archæological discussions on the Homeric house we hear a great deal of the 'women's chambers'; but the phrase is an incorrect one, as incorrect as it would be if used of a modern London house. The women sit habitually among the men in the great common hall. There are of course besides the bedrooms, working chambers, and offices, which are used by the domestic slaves who are, for household duties, naturally women. But there is no trace of anything resembling the *gynaikonitis*² of later Greece, a separate part of the house where the woman was almost a prisoner, and where no man but the master of the house might penetrate. The conception of the home was, in fact, more like that of an English than of an Attic house.

"In religion, again, the Achaians held a distinctly more advanced position than did the Greeks of the classical period. The most salient point here is the absence of superstition. Charms and witchcraft are almost entirely absent; we hardly hear of more than of the stopping of blood by a charm in one passage of the *Odyssey*. Augury is indeed practiced, but it holds a quite subordinate position, and in one very famous passage of *Iliad* XII it is spoken of in terms of anything but respect. Though an omen at times may encourage or alarm the observer, it never on any occasion suggests or prevents an action of any importance; there is nothing in the least resembling the childish observance of sacrifices or birds by which not only the classical Greeks but even the sober Romans allowed the gravest decisions to be postponed or abandoned. We miss too the crowds of local deities who received in later times a higher and more earnest share of worship than the nominally supreme gods. Especially we notice the absence of all forms of the 'Chthonian' worship of the dread powers of the under-world in which superstition in later days was allowed to run riot. All these baser forms of belief which characterize the primitive stage of thought had been purged away; and even what is left is treated with a lightness which seems hardly to conceal failing belief. The passage of arms between Zeus and Hera at the end of *Iliad* I may stand as a type of all; the gods throughout are treated with scant respect, and are not even made ideals of moral virtue; far from

² Women's quarters in a house.

it. Here, again, the Achaians had gone far beyond the Greeks who succeeded them in the historic age.³

"So too in many of the customs which mark more particularly the primitive state later Greece is far richer than the heroic age. It is indeed remarkable, considering the early age of the poems, that they should have afforded so little material for the students of survivals from the first ages of culture. Relationship is virtually the same as in modern Europe; there is hardly a trace to be found of such early institutions as maternal descent instead of paternal, and none whatever of exogamy or other artificial restraints upon the choice of a wife. And what is still more remarkable, perhaps, is the entire absence of any tribal feeling as distinct from national. The only division in the Greek army of which we hear is the purely personal quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon; there is no sign of this having ever passed into a division between the Myrmidons and Argives; and yet the preponderance of tribal feeling over national is one of the most universal signs of early civilization. That national feeling should be supreme, is the mark of the last step in the slow process of nation-making; and it had been won by the Achaians. We have only to think of Marathon⁴ and Plataea to see how far they were in this respect beyond the Greeks of the fifth century.⁵

"It is clear, then, that between the time of the Achaians and the classical age the clock of civiliza-

tion had been set far back. The invasion of the rude Dorians had destroyed the earlier culture, and the delicate plant took long to grow up again; and when it recovered, it was under other circumstances which materially altered its aspect. Though the Achaians were thorough Greeks, yet there is a gulf between them and the Greeks whom we best know which cannot be too clearly conceived.

"How then did it come to pass that the Homeric poems are thus in many ways more modern than later Greece? The answer is, I believe, to be found in the descent of the Ionians. The appearance of the Ionian name is the great mark of the difference between pre-historic and historic Greece. In Homer the Greeks are a unity—the Achaians. In the historic age they are found as three sharply sundered stems—Æolians, Dorians, and Ionians. We know who the Æolians were—they were descendants of the Achaians; we know who the Dorians were and whence they came; but who were these Ionians who are to us the type of all that is most Greek in the world of intellect at least?

"The answer is given us by the traditions of the Ionians themselves, and there is no reason for doubting it. The Ionians were the old pre-Hellenic or Pelasgian population Hellenized by the Achaians. Far from being ashamed of this mixture of blood, they gloried in it; the first aim of the Ionic Athenians was to magnify their old Autochtho-

³ Later scholarship may quarrel with Walter Leaf at this point. It is probable that the Ionian poet (Homer) who shaped the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* out of older Achaean lays and legends is responsible for the poems' sophistication in religious matters and comparative freedom from barbaric superstitions. This is the view held by the author of the most authoritative history of Greece, J. B. Bury (*A History of Greece*, 1900): "The *Iliad* was arrayed in Ionian dress . . . It is probable also that the Ionian poet also did much to adapt the epic material which he used to the taste and moral ideas of a more refined age. The *Iliad* is notably free from the features of crude savagery which generally mark the early literature of primitive peoples; only a few slight traces remain to show that there were in the background ugly and barbarous things over which a veil has been drawn."

As Professor Walter Woodburn Hyde has noted in his *Greek Religion and Its Survivals* (p. 18-19), "The Ionian bards did not always take the gods seriously or reverently, but often in their lays used them for ornamental or even burlesque." The Achaeans were probably anything but free from barbaric superstitions; only the final Ionian version of Achaean epic matter is free from them. Leaf's contrast between the religious outlook of the Homeric epics and that of the later Greeks is substantially correct. But the disappearance of the playful paganism of the Homeric age is the result, not of the character of the Ionian race, but of popular religious movements of the seventh and sixth centuries, especially of the so-called Orphic mysteries which took shape in Athens and its environs. Orphism revived many ancient popular beliefs, including fear of the ghost world, at the same time that it injected ethical content into Greek religion. The *Necyia* or *Descent into Hell* in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, which describes Hades, is held to be a later edition, reflecting the new movement.

J. G.

⁴ See Herodotus' account of Marathon, p. 111 f. below.

⁵ Here, too, some qualification is necessary. The Achaeans had many petty kings and were divided into many small kingdoms. Professor Bury notes, "It is uncertain how far the Greek states of that time can be described as a federation or an empire." All that can be safely maintained is that the Trojan War was a joint expedition by the princes of Greece who had a common cause against the powerful city entrenched at the entrance of the Dardanelles which probably interfered with Greek enterprise; that most of the little states recognized the supremacy of Mycenæ, and that its king, Agamemnon, "succeeded in enlisting their cooperation."

nous descent, and to minimize the share of the Achaians in their blood. . . .

"We thus have an obvious explanation of the comparative modernness of the Homeric civilization as compared with that of Athens. The Autochthonous⁶ population had preserved intact all their primitive beliefs and superstitions, while adopting the forms of the Achaian civilization; that is what always happens. But when the once dominant classes were removed to perish by an artistic but otherwise inglorious death in the Æolian colonies of Asia Minor and elsewhere, the older people, impregnated with their genius, sprang rapidly into independent life. But they did not drop the more primitive phases of belief which had clung to them; these rose to the surface with the rest of that marvelous Ionic genius, and many an ancient survival was enshrined in the literature or mythology of Athens which had long passed out of all remembrance of Mykenai. . . . Wherever the Pelasgians were strongest, in Attica, in Arcadia, and in Thessaly,—for these were the three sites of traditional Pelasgianism,—there we find the most abundant evidence of primitive thought; stone-worship in Athens and Arcadia—in Arcadia the were-wolf, in Thessaly witchcraft. It was, in fact, the cropping up of an older stratum which brought to light these remains of a hoary antiquity in a land whose former masters, so far as they are in evidence, had outlived them. This, then, is the fundamental mark of the gap between Homeric and classical Greece; a fresh start is taken from an earlier level, and all classical Greece bears witness to the fact.

"It must not of course be imagined that what I have called the modernness of the heroic age extended through the whole range of life. Many departments still retained a rudimentary complexion; in polity, in law, and in mechanical invention the Achaians were far behind the Greeks as we find them when they enter into history proper. But none the less the Achaians had reached a point in art, in religion, and in domestic relations which shows that they were an old nation, not a young one. They had accumulated wealth which enabled them to enjoy the cultured luxury which is the privilege of age; and with luxury the seeds of decay had begun to sprout. The Achaians had lost the love of war and fighting for its own sake; the sense of honor and the desire of plunder were the

motives which kept up the army of the Atreidai; their ideal was the happy nation of the Phaiakians, who lived far from tumult and could give themselves to the delights of song, feast, and dance. It is impossible not to be reminded of the happy land of the Counts of Toulouse in the twelfth century, where a whole people lived in an atmosphere of luxury and song. The realm of Agamemnon, like the realm of Raymond, went down before the attack of the rude barbarians from the North. But, unlike Toulouse, Mykenai has left us two immortal treasures: first, the Ionian genius which thence drew life; and secondly, the great Epic, a monument happily more perfect and more enduring than even the Lion-gate of Mykenai itself."

As the new Greeks emerged they displayed qualities of leadership in every department of life. Though Athens became gradually the center for great cultural activity there were many other places where the Greeks lived and showed their characteristic ability. The island of Lesbos near the Asiatic shore and, in due time, Sicily produced literature of high quality. And many Greek cities made their contributions to philosophy. In the period beginning in the sixth century, culminating in the fifth in the Age of Pericles in Athens, and extending down almost to the beginning of the Christian Era, the entire world was dominated by the genius of Greece. Before actually reading the literature of these later Greeks it may be well to consider something of the nature of their contribution to the world. Gilbert Murray, whose essay follows, is one of the closest students and most understanding interpreters of the life and works of this highly gifted people.

The literary genius of the post-Homeric Greeks, as an expression of their new culture and outlook, is evident in the types of literature they developed.

Lyric poetry attains perfection as early as the seventh century, and it continues to be elaborated for centuries; its masters—Sappho, Pindar, Theocritus, and others—rank with the world's greatest lyricists. One of the most notable achievements appears in the composition of history, which reached its peak in the fifth-century work of Herodotus and Thucydides; another in their creation of drama, associated with the great fifth-century names of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. The art of literary criticism also becomes established when Aristotle begins to investigate the nature of tragedy and epic poetry in the

⁶Original inhabitants.

fourth century; and satire and oratory owe their inception as a written art to the same age. Finally, these Greeks not only create Western philosophy but bring it to an eminence unsurpassed.

In most of these literary pastures the Romans

merely follow them; and it is for this reason that later Latin masterpieces are grouped with their Greek antecedents in the case of certain literary forms such as comedy, lyric poetry, satire, and philosophy.

GILBERT MURRAY

The Value of Greece to the Future of the World

If the value of man's life on earth is to be measured in dollars and miles and horse-power, ancient Greece must count as a poverty-stricken and a minute territory; its engines and implements were nearer to the spear and bow of the savage than to our own telegraph and aeroplane. Even if we neglect merely material things and take as our standard the actual achievements of the race in conduct and in knowledge, the average clerk who goes to town daily, idly glancing at his morning newspaper, is probably a better behaved and infinitely better informed person than the average Athenian who sat spellbound at the tragedies of Æschylus. It is only by the standard of the spirit, to which the thing achieved is little and the quality of mind that achieved it much, which cares less for the sum of knowledge attained than for the love of knowledge, less for much good policing than for one free act of heroism, that the great age of Greece can be judged as something extraordinary and unique in value.

By this standard, if it is a legitimate and reasonable one to apply, we shall be able to understand why classical Greek literature was the basis of education throughout all later antiquity; why its re-discovery, however fragmentary and however imperfectly understood, was able to intoxicate the keenest minds of Europe and constitute a kind of spiritual "Re-birth," and how its further and further exploration may be still a task worth men's

spending their lives upon and capable of giving mankind guidance as well as inspiration.

But is such a standard legitimate and reasonable? We shall gain nothing by unanalyzed phrases. But I think surely it is merely the natural standard of any philosophical historian. Suppose it is argued that an average optician at the present day knows more optics than Roger Bacon, the inventor of spectacles; suppose it is argued that therefore he is, as far as optics go, a greater man, and that Roger Bacon has nothing to teach us; what is the answer? It is, I suppose, that Roger Bacon, receiving a certain amount of knowledge from his teachers, had that in him which turned it to unsuspected directions and made it immensely greater and more fruitful. The average optician has probably added a little to what he was taught, but not much, and has doubtless forgotten or confused a good deal. So that, if by studying Roger Bacon's life or his books we could get into touch with his mind and acquire some of that special moving and inspiring quality of his, it would help us far more than would the mere knowledge of the optician.

This truth is no doubt hard to see in the case of purely technical science; in books of wider range, such as Darwin's for instance, it is easy for any reader to feel the presence of a really great mind, producing inspiration of a different sort from that of the most excellent up-to-date examination text-

book. In philosophy, religion, poetry, and the highest kinds of art, the greatness of the author's mind seems as a rule to be all that matters; one almost ignores the date at which he worked. This is because in technical sciences the element of mere fact, or mere knowledge, is so enormous, the elements of imagination, character, and the like so very small. Hence, books on science, in a progressive age, very quickly become "out of date," and each new edition usually supersedes the last. It is the rarest thing for a work of science to survive as a text-book more than ten years or so. Newton's *Principia* is almost an isolated instance among modern writings.

Yet there are some few such books. Up till about the year 1900 the elements of geometry were regularly taught, throughout Europe, in a text-book written by a Greek called Eucleides in the fourth or third century B.C. That text-book lasted over two thousand years. Now, of course, people have discovered a number of faults in Euclid, but it has taken them all that time to do it.

Again, I knew an old gentleman who told me that, at a good English school in the early nineteenth century, he had been taught the principles of grammar out of a writer called Dionysius Thrax, or Denis of Thrace. Denis was a Greek of the first century B.C., who made or carried out the remarkable discovery that there was such a thing as a science of grammar, i.e., that men in their daily speech were unconsciously obeying an extraordinarily subtle and intricate body of laws, which were capable of being studied and reduced to order. Denis did not make the whole discovery himself; he was led to it by his master Aristarchus and others. And his book had been re-edited several times in the nineteen-hundred odd years before this old gentleman was taught it.

To take a third case: all through later antiquity and the Middle Ages the science of medicine was based on the writings of two ancient doctors, Hippocrates and Galen. Galen was a Greek who lived at Rome in the early Empire, Hippocrates a Greek who lived at the island of Cos in the fifth century B.C. A great part of the history of modern medicine is a story of emancipation from the dead hand of these great ancients. But one little treatise attributed to Hippocrates was in active use in the training of medical students in my own day in Scotland and is still in use in some American Universities. It was the Oath taken by medical students in the classic age of Greece when they solemnly faced the duties of their profession. The disciple

swores to honor and obey his teacher and care for his children if ever they were in need; always to help his patients to the best of his power; never to use or profess to use magic or charms or any supernatural means; never to supply poison or perform illegal operations; never to abuse the special position of intimacy which a doctor naturally obtains in a sick house, but always on entering to remember that he goes as a friend and helper to every individual in it.

We have given up that oath now: I suppose we do not believe so much in the value of oaths. But the man who first drew up that oath did a great deed. He realized and defined the meaning of his high calling in words which doctors of unknown tongues and undiscovered countries accepted from him and felt to express their aims for well over two thousand years.

Now what do I want to illustrate by these three instances? The rapidity with which we are now at last throwing off the last vestiges of the yoke of Greece? No, not that. I want to point out that even in the realm of science, where progress is so swift and books so short-lived, the Greeks of the great age had such genius and vitality that their books lived in a way that no others have lived. Let us get away from the thought of Euclid as an inky and imperfect English school-book, to that ancient Eucleides who, with exceedingly few books but a large table of sand let into the floor, planned and discovered and put together and re-shaped the first laws of geometry, till at last he had written one of the great simple books of the world, a book which should stand a pillar and beacon to mankind long after all the political world that Eucleides knew had been swept away and the kings he served were conquered by the Romans, and the Romans in course of time conquered by the barbarians, and the barbarians themselves, with much labor and reluctance, partly by means of Eucleides' book, eventually educated; so that at last, in our own day, they can manage to learn their geometry without it. The time has come for Euclid to be superseded; let him go. He has surely held the torch for mankind long enough; and books of science are born to be superseded. What I want to suggest is that the same extraordinary vitality of mind which made Hippocrates and Euclid and even Denis of Thrace last their two thousand years, was also put by the Greeks of the great age into those activities which are, for the most part at any rate, not perishable or progressive but eternal.

This is a simple point, but it is so important that

we must dwell on it for a moment. If we read an old treatise on medicine or mechanics, we may admire it and feel it a work of genius, but we also feel that it is obsolete: its work is over; we have got beyond it. But when we read Homer or Æschylus, if once we have the power to admire and understand their writing, we do not for the most part have any feeling of having got beyond them. We have done so no doubt in all kinds of minor things, in general knowledge, in details of technique, in civilization and the like; but hardly any sensible person ever imagines that he has got beyond their essential quality, the quality that has made them great.

Doubtless there is in every art an element of mere knowledge or science, and that element is progressive. But there is another element, too, which does not depend on knowledge and which does not progress but has a kind of stationary and eternal value, like the beauty of the dawn, or the love of a mother for her child, or the joy of a young animal in being alive, or the courage of a martyr facing torment. We cannot for all our progress get beyond these things; there they stand, like light upon the mountains. The only question is whether we can rise to them. And it is the same with all the greatest births of human imagination. As far as we can speculate, there is not the faintest probability of any poet ever setting to work on, let us say, the essential effect aimed at by Æschylus in the Cassandra-scene of the *Agamemnon*, and doing it better than Æschylus. The only thing which the human race has to do with that scene is to understand it and get out of it all the joy and emotion and wonder that it contains.

This eternal quality is perhaps clearest in poetry: in poetry the mixture of knowledge matters less. In art there is a constant development of tools and media and technical processes. The modern artist can feel that, though he cannot, perhaps, make as good a statue as Pheidias, he could here and there have taught Pheidias something: and at any rate he can try his art on subjects far more varied and more stimulating to his imagination. In philosophy the mixture is more subtle and more profound. Philosophy always depends in some sense upon science, yet the best philosophy seems generally to have in it some eternal quality of creative imagination. Plato wrote a dialogue about the constitution of the world, the *Timaeus*, which was highly influential in later Greece, but seems to us, with our vastly superior scientific knowledge, almost nonsensical. Yet when Plato writes about

the theory of knowledge or the ultimate meaning of Justice or of Love, no good philosopher can afford to leave him aside: the chief question is whether we can rise to the height and subtlety of his thought.

And here another point emerges, equally simple and equally important if we are to understand our relation to the past. Suppose a man says: "I quite understand that Plato or Æschylus may have had fine ideas, but surely anything of value which they said must long before this have become common property. There is no need to go back to the Greeks for it. We do not go back and read Copernicus to learn that the earth goes round the sun." What is the answer? It is that such a view ignores exactly this difference between the progressive and the eternal, between knowledge and imagination. If Harvey discovers that the blood is not stationary but circulates, if Copernicus discovers that the earth goes round the sun and not the sun round the earth, those discoveries can easily be communicated in the most abbreviated form. If a mechanic invents an improvement on the telephone, or a social reformer puts some good usage in the place of a bad one, in a few years we shall probably all be using the improvement without even knowing what it is or saying Thank you. We may be as stupid as we like, we have in a sense got the good of it.

But can one apply the same process to *Macbeth* or *Romeo and Juliet*? Can anyone tell us in a few words what they come to? Or can a person get the good of them in any way except one—the way of vivid and loving study, following and feeling the author's meaning all through? To suppose, as I believe some people do, that you can get the value of a great poem by studying an abstract of it in an encyclopaedia or by reading cursorily an average translation of it, argues really a kind of mental deficiency, like deafness or color-blindness. The things that we have called eternal, the things of the spirit and the imagination, always seem to lie more in a process than in a result, and can only be reached and enjoyed by somehow going through the process again. If the value of a particular walk lies in the scenery, you do not get that value by taking a short cut or using a fast motor-car.

In looking back, then, upon any vital and significant age of the past we shall find objects of two kinds. First, there will be things like the Venus of Milo or the Book of Job or Plato's *Republic*, which are interesting or precious in themselves, because of their own inherent qualities; secondly, there

will be things like the Roman code of the Twelve Tables or the invention of the printing press or the record of certain great battles, which are interesting chiefly because they are causes of other and greater things or form knots in the great web of history—the first having artistic interest, the second only historical interest, though, of course, it is obvious that in any concrete case there is generally a mixture of both.

Now Ancient Greece is important in both ways. For the artist or poet it has in a quite extraordinary degree the quality of beauty. For instance, to take a contrast with Rome: if you dig about the Roman Wall in Cumberland you will find quantities of objects, altars, inscriptions, figurines, weapons, boots and shoes, which are full of historic interest, but are not much more beautiful than the contents of a modern rubbish heap. And the same is true of most excavations all over the world. But if you dig at any classical or sub-classical site in the Greek world, however unimportant historically, practically every object you find will be beautiful. The wall itself will be beautiful; the inscriptions will be beautifully cut; the figurines, however cheap and simple, may have some intentional grotesques among them, but the rest will have a special truthfulness and grace; the vases will be of good shapes and the patterns will be beautiful patterns. If you happen to dig in a burying-place and come across some epitaphs on the dead, they will practically all—even when the verses do not quite scan and the words are wrongly spelt—have about them this inexplicable touch of beauty.

I am anxious not to write nonsense about this. One could prove the point in detail by taking any collection of Greek epitaphs, and that is the only way in which it can be proved. The beauty is a fact, and if we try to analyze the sources of it we shall perhaps in part understand how it has come to pass.

In the first place, it is not a beauty of ornament; it is a beauty of structure, a beauty of rightness and simplicity. Compare an athlete in flannels playing tennis and a stout dignitary smothered in gold robes. Or compare a good modern yacht, swift, lithe, and plain, with a lumbering, heavily gilded, sixteenth-century galleon, or even with a Chinese state junk: the yacht is far the more beautiful though she has not a hundredth part of the ornament. It is she herself that is beautiful, because her lines and structure are right. The others are essentially clumsy and, therefore, ugly things, dabbed over with gold and paint. Now

ancient Greek things for the most part have the beauty of the yacht. The Greeks used paint a good deal, but apart from that a Greek temple is almost as plain as a shed: people accustomed to arabesques and stained glass and gargoyles can very often see nothing in it. A Greek statue has as a rule no ornament at all: a young man racing or praying, an old man thinking, there it stands expressed in a stately and simple convention, true or false, the anatomy and the surfaces right or wrong, aiming at no beauty except the truest. It would probably seem quite dull to the maker of a medieval wooden figure of a king which I remember seeing in a town in the east of Europe: a crown blazing with many-colored glass, a long crimson robe covered with ornaments and beneath them an idiot face, no bones, no muscles, no attitude. That is not what a Greek meant by beauty. The same quality holds to a great extent of Greek poetry.
Not, of course, that the artistic convention was the same, or at all similar, for treating stone and for treating language. Greek poetry is statuesque in the sense that it depends greatly on its organic structure; it is not in the least so in the sense of being cold or colorless or stiff. But Greek poetry on the whole has a bareness and severity which disappoints a modern reader, accustomed as he is to lavish ornament and exaggeration at every turn. It has the same simplicity and straightforwardness as Greek sculpture. The poet has something to say and he says it as well and truly as he can in the suitable style, and if you are not interested you are not. With some exceptions which explain themselves he does not play a thousand pretty tricks and antics on the way, so that you may forget the dullness of what he says in amusement at the draperies in which he wraps it.

But here comes an apparent difficulty. Greek poetry, we say, is very direct, very simple, very free from irrelevant ornament. And yet when we translate it into English and look at our translation, our main feeling, I think, is that somehow the glory has gone: a thing that was high and lordly has become poor and mean. Any decent Greek scholar when he opens one of his ancient poets feels at once the presence of something lofty and rare—something like the atmosphere of *Paradise Lost*. But the language of *Paradise Lost* is elaborately twisted and embellished into loftiness and rarity; the language of the Greek poem is simple and direct. What does this mean?

I can only suppose that the normal language of Greek poetry is in itself in some sense sublime,

Most critics accept this as an obvious fact, yet, if true, it is a very strange fact and worth thinking about. It depends partly on mere euphony: *Khaireis horón fós* is probably more beautiful in sound than "You rejoice to see the light," but euphony cannot be everything. The sound of a great deal of Greek poetry, either as we pronounce it or as the ancients pronounced it, is to modern ears almost ugly. It depends partly, perhaps, on the actual structure of the Greek language: philologists tell us that, viewed as a specimen, it is in structure and growth and in power of expressing things, the most perfect language they know. And certainly one often finds that a thought can be expressed with ease and grace in Greek which becomes clumsy and involved in Latin, English, French or German. But neither of these causes goes, I think, to the root of the matter.

What is it that gives words their character and makes a style high or low? Obviously, their associations; the company they habitually keep in the minds of those who use them. A word which belongs to the language of bars and billiard saloons will become permeated by the normal standard of mind prevalent in such places; a word which suggests Milton or Carlyle will have the flavor of those men's minds about it. I therefore cannot resist the conclusion that, if the language of Greek poetry has, to those who know it intimately, this special quality of keen austere beauty, it is because 30 the minds of the poets who used that language were habitually toned to a higher level both of intensity and of nobility than ours. It is a finer language because it expresses the minds of finer men. By "finer men" I do not necessarily mean men who behaved better, either by our standards or by their own; I mean men to whom the fine things of the world, sunrise and sea and stars and the love of man for man, and strife and the facing of evil for the sake of good, and even common things 40 like meat and drink, and evil things like hate and terror, had, as it were, a keener edge than they have for us and roused a swifter and a nobler reaction.

Let us resume this argument before going further. We start from the indisputable fact that the Greeks of about the fifth century B.C. did for some reason or other produce various works of art, buildings and statues and books, especially books, which instead of decently dying or falling out of fashion in the lifetime of the men who made them, lasted on and can still cause high thoughts and intense emotions. In trying to explain this strange

fact we notice that the Greeks had a great and pervading instinct for beauty, and for beauty of a particular kind. It is a beauty which never lies in irrelevant ornament, but always in the very essence and structure of the object made. In literature we found that the special beauty which we call Greek depends partly on the directness, truthfulness, and simplicity with which the Greeks say what they want to say, and partly on a special keenness and nobility in the language, which seems the natural expression of keen and noble minds. Can we in any way put all these things together so as to explain them—or at any rate to hold them together more clearly?

An extremely old and often misleading metaphor will help us. People have said: "The world was young then." Of course, strictly speaking, it was not. In the total age of the world or of man the two thousand odd years between us and Pericles do not count for much. Nor can we imagine that a man of sixty felt any more juvenile in the fifth century than he does now. It was just the other way, because at that time there were no spectacles or false teeth. Yet in a sense the world *was* young then, at any rate our western world, the world of progress and humanity. For the beginnings of nearly all the great things that progressive minds now care for were then being laid in Greece.

Youth, perhaps, is not exactly the right word. There are certain plants—some kinds of aloes, for instance—which continue for an indefinite number of years in a slow routine of ordinary life close to the ground, and then suddenly, when they have stored enough vital force, grow ten feet high and burst into flower, after which, no doubt, they die or show signs of exhaustion. Apart from the dying, it seems as if something like that happened from time to time to the human race, or to such parts of it as really bear flowers at all. For most races and nations during the most of their life are not progressive but simply stagnant, sometimes just managing to preserve their standard customs, sometimes slipping back to the slough. That is why history has nothing to say about them. The history of the world consists mostly in the memory of those ages, quite few in number, in which some part of the world has risen above itself and burst into flower or fruit.

We ourselves happen to live in the midst or possibly in the close of one such period. More change has probably taken place in daily life, in ideas, and in the general aspect of the earth during the last

century than during any four other centuries since the Christian era: and this fact has tended to make us look on rapid progress as a normal condition of the human race, which it never has been. And another such period of bloom, a bloom comparatively short in time and narrow in area, but amazingly swift and intense, occurred in the lower parts of the Balkan Peninsula from about the sixth to the fourth centuries before Christ.

Now it is this kind of bloom which fills the world with hope and therefore makes it young. Take a man who has just made a discovery or an invention, a man happily in love, a man who is starting some great and successful social movement, a man who is writing a book or painting a picture which he knows to be good; take men who have been fighting in some great cause which before they fought seemed to be hopeless and now is triumphant; think of England when the Armada was just defeated, France at the first dawn of the Revolution, America after Yorktown: such men and nations will be above themselves. Their powers will be stronger and keener; there will be exhilaration in the air, a sense of walking in new paths, of dawning hopes and untried possibilities, a confidence that all things can be won if only we try hard enough. In that sense the world will be young. In that sense I think it was young in the time of Themistocles and Æschylus. And it is that youth which is half the secret of the Greek spirit.

And here I may meet an objection that has perhaps been lurking in the minds of many readers. "All this," they may say, "professes to be a simple analysis of known facts, but in reality is sheer idealization. These Greeks whom you call so 'noble' have been long since exposed. Anthropology has turned its searchlights upon them. It is not only their plows, their weapons, their musical instruments, and their painted idols that resemble those of the savages; it is everything else about them. Many of them were sunk in the most degrading superstitions: many practiced unnatural vices: in times of great fear some were apt to think that the best 'medicine' was a human sacrifice. After that, it is hardly worth mentioning that their social structure was largely based on slavery; that they lived in petty little towns, like so many wasps' nests, each at war with its next-door neighbor, and half of them at war with themselves!"

If our anti-Greek went further he would probably cease to speak the truth. We will stop him while we can still agree with him. These charges are on the whole true, and, if we are to understand

what Greece means, we must realize and digest them. We must keep hold of two facts: first, that the Greeks of the fifth century produced some of the noblest poetry and art, the finest political thinking, the most vital philosophy, known to the world; second, that the people who heard and saw, nay, perhaps, even the people who produced these wonders, were separated by a thin and precarious interval from the savage. Scratch a civilized Russian, they say, and you find a wild Tartar. Scratch an ancient Greek, and you hit, no doubt, on a very primitive and formidable being, somewhere between a Viking and a Polynesian.

That is just the magic and the wonder of it. The spiritual effort implied is so tremendous. We have read stories of savage chiefs converted by Christian or Buddhist missionaries, who within a year or so have turned from drunken corroborees and bloody witch-smellings to a life that is not only godly but even philanthropic and statesmanlike. We have seen the Japanese lately go through some centuries of normal growth in the space of a generation. But in all such examples men have only been following the teaching of a superior civilization, and after all, they have not ended by producing works of extraordinary and original genius. It seems quite clear that the Greeks owed exceedingly little to foreign influence. Even in their decay they were a race, as Professor Bury observes, accustomed "to take little and to give much." They built up their civilization for themselves. We must listen with due attention to the critics who have pointed out all the remnants of savagery and superstition that they find in Greece: the slave-driver, the fetish-worshiper and the medicine-man, the trampler on women, the bloodthirsty hater of all outside his own town and party. But it is not those people that constitute Greece; those people can be found all over the historical world, commoner than blackberries. It is not anything fixed and stationary that constitutes Greece: what constitutes Greece is the movement which leads from all these to the Stoic or fifth-century "sophist" who condemns and denies slavery, who has abolished all cruel superstitions and preaches some religion based on philosophy and humanity, who claims for women the same spiritual rights as for man, who looks on all human creatures as his brethren, and the world as "one great City of gods and men." It is that movement which you will not find elsewhere, any more than the statues of Pheidias or the dialogues of Plato or the poems of Æschylus and Euripides.

From all this two or three results follow. For one thing, being built up so swiftly, by such keen effort, and from so low a starting-point, Greek civilization was, amid all its glory, curiously unstable and full of flaws. Such flaws made it, of course, much worse for those who lived in it, but they hardly make it less interesting or instructive to those who study it. Rather the contrary. Again, the near neighborhood of the savage gives to the Greek mind certain qualities which we of the safer and sadder civilizations would give a great deal to possess. It springs swift and straight. It is never jaded. Its wonder and interest about the world are fresh. And lastly there is one curious and very important quality which, unless I am mistaken, belongs to Greek civilization more than to any other. To an extraordinary degree it starts clean from nature, with almost no entanglements of elaborate creeds and customs and traditions.

I am not, of course, forgetting the prehistoric Minoan civilization, nor yet the peculiar forms—mostly simple enough—into which the traditional Greek religion fell. It is possible that I may be a little misled by my own habit of living much among Greek things and so forgetting through long familiarity how odd some of them once seemed. But when all allowances are made, I think that this clean start from nature is, on the whole, a true claim. If a thoughtful European or American wants to study Chinese or Indian things, he has not only to learn certain data of history and mythology, he has to work his mind into a particular attitude; to put on, as it were, spectacles of a particular sort. If he wants to study medieval things, if he takes even so universal a poet as Dante, it is something the same. Curious views about the Pope and the emperor, a grabbed scholastic philosophy, a strange and to the modern mind rather horrible theology, floating upon the flames of Hell: all these have somehow to be taken into his imagination before he can understand his Dante. With Greek things this is very much less so. The historical and imaginative background of the various great poets and philosophers is, no doubt, highly important. A great part of the work of modern scholarship is now devoted to getting it clearer. But on the whole, putting aside for the moment the possible inadequacies of translation, Greek philosophy speaks straight to any human being who is willing to think simply, Greek art and poetry to anyone who can use his imagination, and enjoy beauty. He has not to put on the fetters or the blinkers of any new system in order to

understand them; he has only to get rid of his own—a much more profitable and less troublesome task.

This particular conclusion will scarcely, I think, be disputed, but the point presents difficulties and must be dwelt upon.

In the first place, it does not mean that Greek art is what we call "naturalist" or "realist." It is markedly the reverse. Art to the Greek is always a form of *Sophia*, or Wisdom, a *Technē* with rules that have to be learnt. Its air of utter simplicity is deceptive. The pillar that looks merely straight is really a thing of subtle curves. The funeral bas-relief that seems to represent in the simplest possible manner a woman saying good-by to her child is arranged, plane behind plane, with the most delicate skill and sometimes with deliberate falsification of perspective. There is always some convention, some idealization, some touch of the light that never was on sea or land. Yet all the time, I think, Greek art remains in a remarkable degree close to nature. The artist's eye is always on the object, and, though he represents it in his own style, that style is always normal and temperate, free from affectation, free from exaggeration or morbidity and, in the earlier periods, free from conventionality. It is art without doubt; but it is natural and normal art, such as grew spontaneously when mankind first tried in freedom to express beauty. For example, the language of Greek poetry is markedly different from that of prose, and there are even clear differences of language between different styles of poetry. And further, the poetry is very seldom about the present. It is about the past, and that an ideal past. What we have to notice there is that this kind of rule, which has been usual in all great ages of poetry, is apparently not an artificial or arbitrary thing but a tendency that grew up naturally with the first great expressions of poetical feeling.

Furthermore, this closeness to nature, this absence of a unifying or hide-bound system of thought, acting together with other causes, has led to the extraordinary variety and many-sidedness which is one of the most puzzling charms of Ancient Greece as contrasted, say, with Israel or Assyria or early Rome. Geographically it is a small country with a highly indented coast-line and an interior cut into a great number of almost isolated valleys. Politically it was a confused unity made up of numerous independent states, one walled city of a few thousand inhabitants being quite enough to form a state. And the citizens of these

states were, each of them, rather excessively capable of forming opinions of their own and fighting for them. Hence came in practice much isolation and faction and general weakness, to the detriment of the Greeks themselves; but the same cause led in thought and literature to immense variety and vitality, to the great gain of us who study the Greeks afterwards. There is hardly any type of thought or style of writing which cannot be paralleled in ancient Greece, only they will there be seen, as it were, in their earlier and simpler forms. Traces of all the things that seem most un-Greek can be found somewhere in Greek literature: voluptuousness, asceticism, the worship of knowledge, the contempt for knowledge, atheism, pietism, the religion of serving the world and the religion of turning away from the world: all these and almost all other points of view one can think of are represented somewhere in the records of that one small people. And there is hardly any single generalization in this chapter which the author himself could not controvert by examples to the contrary. You feel in general a great absence of all fetters: the human mind free, rather inexperienced, intensely interested in life and full of hope, trying in every direction for that excellence which the Greeks called *aretē*, and guided by peculiar instinct toward Temperance and Beauty.

The variety is there and must not be forgotten; yet amid the variety there are certain general or central characteristics, mostly due to this same quality of freshness and closeness to nature.

If you look at a Greek statue or bas-relief, or if you read an average piece of Aristotle, you will very likely at first feel bored. Why? Because it is all so normal and truthful; so singularly free from exaggeration, paradox, violent emphasis; so destitute of those fascinating by-forms of insanity which appeal to some similar faint element of insanity in ourselves. "We are sick," we may exclaim, "of the sight of these handsome, perfectly healthy men with grave faces and normal bones and muscles! We are sick of being told that Virtue is a mean between two extremes and tends to make men happy! We shall not be interested unless someone tells us that Virtue is the utter abnegation of self, or, it may be, the extreme and ruthless assertion of self; or again, that Virtue is all an infamous mistake!"

What is at the back of this sort of feeling? which I admit often takes more reasonable forms than these I have suggested. It is the same psycho-

logical cause that brings about the changes of fashion in art or dress: which loves "stunts" and makes the fortunes of yellow newspapers. It is boredom or *ennui*. We have had too much of A; we are sick of it; we know how it is done and despise it; give us some B, or better still some Z. And after a strong dose of Z we shall crave for the beginning of the alphabet again. But now think of a person who is not bored at all; who is, on the contrary, immensely interested in the world, keen to choose good things and reject bad ones; full of the desire for knowledge and the excitement of discovery. The joy to him is to see things as they are and to judge them normally. He is not bored by the sight of normal, healthy muscles in a healthy, well-shaped body; he is delighted. If you distort the muscles for emotional effect, he would say with disappointment: "But that is ugly!" or "But a man's muscles do not go like that!" He will have noted that tears are salt and rather warm; but if you say like a modern poet that your heroine's tears are "more hot than fire, more salt than the salt sea," he will probably think your statement *ἀπίθανον* "unpersuasive," and therefore *ψυχρόν* "chilling."

It is perhaps especially in the religious and moral sphere that we are accustomed to the habitual use of ecstatic language: expressions that are only true of exalted moments are used by us as the commonplaces of ordinary life. "It is a thousand times worse to see another suffer than to suffer oneself." "True love only desires the happiness of the beloved object." This kind of "high falutin'" has become part of our regular mental habit, just as dead metaphors by the bushel are part of our daily language. Consequently we are a little chilled and disappointed by a language in which people hardly ever use a metaphor except when they vividly realize it, and never utter heroic sentiments except when they are wrought up to the pitch of feeling them true. Does this mean that the Greek always remains, so to speak, at a normal temperature, that he never has intense or blinding emotions? Not in the least. It shows a lack of faith in the value of life to imagine such a conclusion. It implies that you can only reach great emotion by pretense, or by habitually exaggerating small emotions, whereas probably the exact reverse is the case. When the great thing comes, then the Greek will have the great word and the great thought ready. It is the habitual exaggerator who will perhaps be bankrupt. And after all—the great things are sure to come!

The power of seeing things straight and knowing what is beautiful or noble, quite undisturbed by momentary boredoms or changes of taste, is a very rare gift and never perhaps possessed in full by anyone. But there is a profound rule of art, bidding a man in the midst of all his study of various styles or his pursuit of his own peculiar imaginations, from time to time *se retremper dans la nature*—"to steep himself again in nature." And in something the same way it seems as if the world ought from time to time to steep itself again in Hellenism: that is, it ought, amid all the varying affectations and extravagances and changes of convention in art and letters, to have some careful regard for those which arose when man first awoke to the meaning of truth and beauty and saw the world freely as a new thing.

Is this exaggeration? I think not. But no full defense of it can be attempted here. In this essay we have been concerned almost entirely with the artistic interest of Greece. It would be equally possible to dwell on the historical interest. Then we should find that, for that branch of mankind which is responsible for western civilization, the seeds of almost all that we count best in human progress were sown in Greece. The conception of beauty as a joy in itself and as a guide in life was first and most vividly expressed in Greece, and the very laws by which things are beautiful or ugly were to a great extent discovered there and laid down. The conception of Freedom and Justice, freedom in body, in speech and in mind, justice between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, penetrates the whole of Greek political thought, and was, amid obvious flaws, actually realized to a remarkable degree in the best Greek communities. The conception of Truth as an end to pursue for its own sake, a thing to discover and puzzle out by experiment and imagination and especially by Reason, a conception essentially allied with that of Freedom and opposed both to anarchy and to blind obedience; has perhaps never in the world been more clearly grasped than by the early Greek writers on science and philosophy. One stands amazed sometimes at the perfect freedom of their thought. Another conception came rather later, when the small City States with exclusive rights of citizenship had been merged in a larger whole: the conception of the universal fellowship between man and man. Greece realized soon after the Persian war that she had a mission to the world, that Hellenism stood for the higher life of man as against barbarism, for *Aretè*, or Excel-

lence, as against the mere effortless average. First came the crude patriotism which regarded every Greek as superior to every barbarian; then came reflection, showing that not all Greeks were true bearers of the light, nor all barbarians its enemies; that Hellenism was a thing of the spirit and not dependent on the race to which a man belonged or the place where he was born: then came the new word and conception ἀνθρωπότης, *humanitas*, which to the Stoics made the world as one brotherhood. No people known to history clearly formulated these ideals before the Greeks, and those who have spoken the words afterwards seem for the most part to be merely echoing the thoughts of old Greek men.

These ideas, the pursuit of Truth, Freedom, Beauty, Excellence, are not everything. They have been a leaven of unrest in the world; they have held up a light which was not always comforting to the eyes to see. There is another ideal which is generally stronger and may, for all we know, in the end stamp them out as evil things. There is Submission instead of Freedom, the deadening or brutalizing of the senses instead of Beauty, the acceptance of tradition instead of the pursuit of Truth, the belief in hallucination or passion instead of Reason and Temperate Thought, the obscuring of distinction between good and bad and the acceptance of all human being and all states of mind as equal in value. If something of this kind should prove in the end to be right for man, then Greece will have played the part of the great wrecker in human history. She will have held up false lights which have lured our ship to dangerous places. But at any rate, through calm and storm, she does hold her lights; she lit them first of the nations and held them during her short reign the clearest; and whether we believe in an individual life founded on Freedom, Reason, Beauty, Excellence and the pursuit of Truth, and an international life aiming at the fellowship between man and man, or whether we think these ideals the great snares of human politics, there is good cause for some of us in each generation at the cost of some time and trouble to study such important forces where they first appear consciously in the minds of our spiritual ancestors. In the thought and art of ancient Greece, more than any other, we shall find these forces, and also to some extent their great opposites, fresh, clean and comparatively uncomplicated, with every vast issue wrought out on a small material scale and every problem stated in its lowest terms.

THE AGE OF PERICLES

Although Greek lyricism begins to flourish before the fifth century and in centers other than Athens, the whole stream of post-Homeric classic literature has its fountainhead in the city dear to Pallas Athene during the years of its supremacy. We may, therefore, conclude our preface to this literature with a brief survey of this remarkable age.

It began when Athens assumed the political leadership of Greece and established an empire. The process was slow but steady. After a long and obscure early history, during which Athens mastered the sea-girt territory of Attica, the city forged ahead socially, culturally, and politically. Following class-conflicts between the old landed families and the middle classes and peasantry, Athens received a democratic constitution under Solon at the beginning of the sixth century. Simultaneously the city extended its political power by conquering Salamis and Nisaea, and became increasingly prosperous by devoting itself to trade.

More progress and stabilization was achieved under the democratic tyrant Pisistratus, who began to lead Athens to empire by gradual stages of conquest, colonial settlements, and cultural pre-eminence among the Ionian states. It was during his reign and that of his son Hippias that the city took the Ionian festival at Delos under its special care; made organized Homeric recitations a feature of its Panathenaic festival; encouraged the development of the theater by inaugurating dramatic contests at the popular festival known as the Great Dionysia of the city; and began to promote architecture and sculpture. Prominent poets, like Simonides of Ceos, noted for his choral odes, and Anacreon, "the singer of wine and love," were also welcomed to the court of Hippias.

In 510 B.C. Athens rid itself of its benevolent tyrants and came under the leadership of a great democratic reformer, Cleisthenes. He corrected various abuses, opened Athenian citizenship to a large number of people hitherto excluded, and won important military victories. However, at about this time Athens was suddenly exposed to the greatest threat in its history, when the Persian king Darius decided to chastise Athens and other Greek cities for aiding the revolt of the Ionian colonies in Asia Minor. It was against the massed power of the great king that the Athenians scored

their great triumph, at Marathon in 490 B.C. Since the Spartan army, which came to support them, arrived too late, the prestige of victory went entirely to Athens. "The enormous prestige which she won by the single-handed victory . . . gave her new self-confidence and ambition; history seemed to have set a splendid seal on her democracy; she felt she could trust her constitution and that she might lift her head as high as any state in Hellas. The Athenians always looked back to Marathon as marking an epoch. It was as if on that day the gods said to them, Go on and prosper."¹ On the practical side, Athenian democracy underwent further extensions, and the Athenian fleet was increased by Themistocles, who realized the importance of making the city a sea-power.

This was followed by a second peril, in 480 B.C., in the form of the more ambitious and powerful invasion of Greece by Xerxes, the son of Darius. The Spartans at Thermopylae were unable to stem it; Attica was invaded, and the Acropolis in Athens captured by the Persians. The future looked dark to the Greeks. Once more, however, Athens asserted itself, this time in the momentous sea-battle off the island of Salamis, which crushed the naval power of the enemy. Although his land forces were only temporarily checked, and were defeated only after a long struggle in which the Spartan army played the major role, it was the victory at Salamis that captured the imagination of the Greeks.

From the conclusion of this second invasion it was Athens that drew the greatest benefits. Sparta was unable to capitalize on her own glorious victories, but Athens, because of her resourcefulness and her sea-power, was able to establish herself as an empire. She became the head of a federation of states, the Confederacy of Delos, and before long had mastered most of her former allies and confederates, ultimately transferring the treasury of the Confederacy to the Acropolis, and subjugating recalcitrant states. It was at this important period that Athens had the good fortune to be guided by her greatest statesman, Pericles.

Under these auspicious circumstances was born the glorious civilization that is associated with the name of Pericles. Athens was rebuilt and made the queen of cities. Great architects, sculptors, and such painters as Ictinus, Phidias, and Polygnotus beautified her with the temples and sculpture that

¹J. B. Bury, *A History of Greece*, Modern Library, p. 244.

made her the wonder of the world. And within her confines arose a short-lived age of enlightenment unparalleled in ancient history.

The Athenians became remarkably cosmopolitan in their outlook and developed an intense curiosity about the world. A scientific attitude toward nature had appeared earlier among the Ionians. Now Athens became the haven of Pericles' friend and teacher, the radical philosopher Anaxagoras, who propounded a materialistic or mechanical theory of the universe. Education became liberalized by the class of teachers known as Sophists, who subjected everything to the scrutiny of reason and taught the methods of argumentation. The Sophists, who have been greatly maligned, did not confine themselves to the teaching of rhetoric. They devoted themselves to the study of language, philosophy, religion, ethics, and politics. The greatest of these enlighteners, Protagoras, exemplified most of these interests. He founded the science of grammar, taught rhetoric, formulated a theory of democracy, and maintained a skeptical relativist position with respect to absolute knowledge. "Man," he declared, "is the measure of things"—that is, there is no truth beyond the impression something makes on the human mind. In religion he was an agnostic, writing: "About the Gods, I have no means of knowing that they are or are not." Socrates stood somewhat apart from the Sophists because he did not teach professionally—that is, for a fee. But he was closer to them, through his skepticism and rationalism, than his disciple Plato cared to admit. As Gilbert Murray noted, the greatness of these rationalists lay not in the correctness of their scientific results, but in their pioneering intellect, their courage in

struggling with ideas, and their spirit. It was in this milieu that Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes created many of their plays, and Herodotus and Thucydides, their histories.

The Periclean age came to a disastrous end. Athenian imperialism made many enemies, and in 431 B.C. plunged the city-state into a protracted conflict with Sparta and her allies. At the conclusion of this struggle, known as the Peloponnesian War, Athens was defeated and prostrated. And even before the fall of the city in 404 B.C., her spirit had become demoralized: demagoguery and intolerance had blighted the fine flower of Periclean civilization. Pericles lost much of his influence and could not protect his friends, the artists and philosophers. The great sculptor Phidias was accused of embezzling funds intended for the public works program; Anaxagoras was accused of "impiety" and forced to flee the wrath of the citizens. The plague that decimated the city killed Pericles in 429 B.C. and the leadership of Athens passed into the hands of militaristic and narrow-minded rabble-rousers. Athenians began to look askance at the spirit of intelligent inquiry and developed the habit of persecuting its proponents. In 411 B.C., Protagoras was condemned and his skeptical book on religion was publicly burned; he boarded a ship to Sicily and was apparently drowned on the way. In 399 B.C. Athens passed the sentence of death on Socrates. However, the spirit of inquiry, the habit of close reasoning, and the love of art could not be stamped out entirely. It persisted throughout the war period, it survived the fall of Athens by a century, and then it spread over the entire Mediterranean area colonized by the Greeks and later controlled by the Romans.

GREEK HISTORIANS

THE AGE OF PERICLES

Although the recording of historical events had long been customary in other Mediterranean civilizations—in Babylonia and Egypt—it was one of the singular achievements of the Greek mind that it developed the art and approached the science of history. Characteristically, this began in the Periclean age, with the work of Herodotus, "the father of history," and reached its zenith under the shadow of that age, in Thucydides' account of the Peloponnesian War. Then all subsequent historical writing among the Greeks—whether presented plainly as history or, in the case of Plutarch, in biographical form—followed the example. The selections given below all pertain to the great Periclean period: Herodotus conveys Athens' restless spirit of inquiry and immortalizes the epic struggle against Persia; Plutarch, writing many centuries later, gives us an account of its leader, Pericles, of his share in its triumphs and his foretaste of its decline and defeat; Thucydides sums up its ideals for us in the funeral oration Pericles delivered at the end of the first year of the Peloponnesian War.

The Greek mind favored the historical approach precisely because it was worldly, inquiring, and given to making evaluations. Even Homer's poetry is now known to be not wholly unhistorical. Historical writing was also promoted early in Greece by the love of story-telling and the development of prose. Chronicles began to be written by the Ionians, and while their accuracy may be questioned, there is a familiar ring of historical independence and conscientiousness in the words of their first historian, who traveled far in search of information: Hecataeus of Miletus speaks thus: "I write as I consider true, for the traditions of Greeks

seem to me manifold and absurd." But it was given to Herodotus (484-425 B.C.), a native of Halicarnassus in Asia Minor, to select a subject sufficiently broad and significant to make his book important, to apply rationalism and, wherever possible, some research to an epoch; to fuse diverse events into a single, logically related and meaningful narrative, and to develop a style at once critical and fluent, clear and noble.

His incidental accounts comprise many of the most interesting passages of his *History*. A Greek subject of Persia in Halicarnassus, Herodotus developed a valuable catholicity of interest and a freedom from race prejudices. Becoming involved in political struggles against Persia and the Greek tyrant of his city, he found it imperative to flee to Samos, and soon became a wanderer through the Mediterranean world.

Herodotus found a new home in Athens, where he enjoyed the friendship of the tragic poet Sophocles, and he was later made a citizen of the Athenian colony of Thurii in southern Italy. His travels before and after this event took him to Babylon, Egypt, and Libya, and even north up the Black Sea to the Crimea. He became a professional story-teller, collecting his material wherever he could and reciting it in the Greek cities. No doubt he was encouraged in this by Pericles, for the information he brought back must have been valuable to expanding Athens.

When he came to write his book, however, he was not content with fascinating his curious readers with miscellaneous accounts of Egypt and the Near East, anecdotes, and stories of absurd marvels. He set himself the task of writing a prose epic whose theme is the mothering struggle between

the East and the West, between Persia and Greece, and its culmination in the triumph of Greek arms. The battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ are thus the keystone of a magnificent arch. The last three books of his *History* give us the history of the Persian invasion; the first six, the events that led up to it, starting with the mythical rivalry between Asia and Europe.

Many episodes are only loosely connected, but they gradually come together in Herodotus' plan. We first encounter Croesus, king of Lydia, who enslaved the Greek cities in Asia Minor; then the conquest of Lydia by Cyrus and the rise of Persia to overlordship of Asia Minor; then, after a description of Egypt, the extension of Persian rule over Egypt and the organization of the Empire under Darius. This is followed by the invasion of Libya on one side, and of Europe, on the other, in the Scythian campaign. After this we see the Ionian colonies, subjects of Persia, exploding into revolt and being aided by Athens, "the mother-city of the Ionians." As a result, Persia invades Greece, and the great struggle is precipitated.

Judged by the standards of modern historical writing, Herodotus is far from perfect; he is not always accurate, repeats many dubious tales, avoids questioning acts attributed to deity, and twists historical fact in favor of Athens, gratifying not only the Athenians' hunger for fiction but their vanity and political ambitions. But he is never narrow-minded and he is truly liberal in his treatment of different religions; "about the gods," he wrote, "one man knows as much as another." He maintains a skeptical attitude toward oracles and signs, makes it clear that he is merely passing on a tradition in many instances ("the Libyans say," "the Cyrenæans say," etc.). He presents different versions of the same story with complete open-mindedness and even criticizes some traditional accounts. Many of his inaccuracies stem from his sources of information, some of which are recognizable today as folk-lore. Above all, he tries to be fair to tyrants, whom he disliked, and to the Persians. "To see really how fair he is," writes Gilbert Murray, "one needs but look for a moment at the sort of language such writers as Froude and Motley use of the average active Catholic, especially if he be French or Spanish."

Herodotus is the Homer of historical writing. This is evident in the grandeur of his theme and the simple nobility of his style, as well as in his vivid evocation of characters and events. His great-

est successor, Thucydides (471-400 B.C.), is less the epic poet than the scrupulous modern historian. He weighs all available evidence, records what he knows objectively, avoids repeating anything for its purely narrative interest or oddity, and organizes his material according to a well-conceived plan. He is truly a son of Periclean "Enlightenment"—cool, tasteful, and intellectual. Herodotus was romantically patriotic, Thucydides was judicious both by inclination and experience. His experience in the declining years of Athens was not conducive to glorification of his subject, and the fact that he observed a large part of the struggle while exiled from the city gave him a vantage point of objectivity.

Thucydides was a man of position and military distinction, related to the hero of Marathon, Miltiades. In the eighth year of the war he was made a general and placed second in command of a northern expedition. The loss of the city of Amphipolis, which he was expected to defend, resulted in his being disgraced at Athens. Thucydides' only comment was "It befell to me to be an exile from my country for twenty years after my command at Amphipolis." Worse was to follow, however, for it was his lot to observe the fall of the Athenian empire, and it remained for him to record not only its military mistakes and defeats but its spiritual deterioration.

In his *History of the Peloponnesian War* he is in all respects a realist. He sets down his aims and methods himself: "I have not thought fit to write from casual information nor according to any notion of my own. Parts I saw myself; for the rest, which I learned from others, I inquired to the fulness of my power about every detail. The truth was hard to find, because eye-witnesses of the same events spoke differently as their memories or their sympathies varied. The book will perhaps seem dull to listen to, because there is no myth in it. But if those who wish to look at the truth about what happened in the war . . . judge my work to be useful, I shall be content."

Although he never completed his project, he achieved his ideal of historical writing and thereby, in the very process of recording the end of a great period, resurrected it. For it is the Periclean spirit that lives on in his work. The supernatural has no place in it; he concerns himself with facts, political reasons, psychological factors, and modes of thought. He carries on a methodical investigation in a terse and restrained style full of antitheses and

compressions natural to an intellectual. He lives for us as an artist, and his *History* remains remarkably fresh not merely as the record of an ancient struggle, but also as a universal picture of man's behavior as a political animal. Anyone who wishes to pursue the parallels between his narrative and contemporary history will not be disappointed; he will find them plentiful, and he will be enlightened in unsuspected ways.

The speeches in Thucydides' *History* are the high-water mark of his achievement. Some of them are essentially historical, others are frankly contrived in order more vividly to convey the opinions of characters or parties. At no point does he deceive us, for he says plainly that he is merely approximating the actual words, and in some instances he is simply using a dramatic device. If this differentiates his procedure from that of a twentieth-century historian, it heightens his artistry; it enriches and varies his narrative, and it lights up the features of a character or nation brilliantly.

After Thucydides' death, Greek historical writing declined for some time; however, Xenophon (430?-352 b.c.) gave further evidences of its power in his *Anabasis*, a pleasing if not wholly skillful record of high adventures in the Near East, that foreshadowed the conquests of Alexander the Great. Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, his memories of Socrates, moreover, opened up the related field of biography; his account of the philosopher's life is more reliable than Plato's. His *Cyropaedia*, a picture of an ideal ruler in the person of Cyrus the Great, is not strictly history, but rather an interesting semi-philosophical variant. His *Hellenica* is, in part, an inferior continuation of Thucydides' book, bringing the story of the Peloponnesian War to its end.

When next we meet a historian who can wear Thucydides' mantle with some grace, it is in the second century b.c. He is Polybius (about 205-123 b.c.), a Greek who spent sixteen years in Rome as a hostage and became a friend of those famous Roman aristocrats and generals, the Scipios. His uncompleted *Universal History*, exemplifying the shaping hand of providence in national history and tracing the rise of Rome and its subjugation of Carthage and Greece, is notably penetrative. In his historical breadth and in his sense of justice, Polybius, who is a less inspired writer than Herodotus and Thucydides, continues to exemplify the genius of Greece. This also survives in the

Hellenized Jewish writer Flavius Josephus, author of the *History of the Jewish Wars*, during the first century A.D., and in Plutarch (46-120 A.D.).

Plutarch, who wrote many short philosophical and political treatises, grouped together as *Moral Works*, is best remembered for his *Lives*, vivid sketches of forty-six famous characters of the past, based on records now lost. The lives were paired, a Greek and a Roman character being treated together because of their resemblances. His writing of "parallel lives" enabled him to compare and contrast his heroes. Born in Boeotia, educated in philosophy at Athens, and located for a time in Rome as a visitor, lecturer, and ambassador, Plutarch was qualified to bridge the gap between the Greek and the Roman worlds. Moreover, as a cosmopolitan man he developed an intense interest in public characters, and his dramatic representation of them made him the world's greatest writer of biography.

His subjects, however, bring his work within the scope of history, and in presenting social and political backgrounds for his characters he is a historian despite his inaccuracies. He had access to the works of scores of authors whose writings have disappeared. He saw ancient buildings still unruined, ancient statues unbroken, and ancient paintings fresh in their colors. For many periods and places he remains our principal source of information. But as Arthur Hugh Clough, the Victorian poet who revised John Dryden's translation of the *Lives*, reminds us, Plutarch is a moralist or moralistic biographer rather than a historian: "His interest is less for politics and the changes of empires, and much more for personal character and individual actions and motives for action; duty performed and rewarded; arrogance chastised, hasty anger corrected; humanity, fair dealing, and generosity triumphing in the visible, or relying on the invisible, world. His mind is continually running on the Aristotelian ethics and the high Platonic theories, which formed the religion of the educated population of his time." And in this respect, as well as in his serene attitude and simple cheerfulness, Plutarch is closer to Periclean Athens than his dates and his exposure to the decadent Roman world of Nero and Domitian would suggest. The virtues he loved were Periclean ones, the equableness he approved was Periclean. It is no wonder, then, that his biography of Pericles is one of his best, and his account of that age restores it to the world. Athens, in his essay, is not a city of beau-

tiful ruins, but a busy, flourishing community overflowing with life. Plutarch shows us to what a point the great age had come, and gives us a fore-

shadowing of its tragic end. His life of Pericles testifies to the reality of that age by recovering it in a manner worthy of it.

HERODOTUS

History

Description of Egypt

Now the Nile, when it overflows, floods not only the Delta, but also the tracts of country on both sides of the stream, which are thought to belong to Libya and Arabia, in some places reaching to the extent of two days' journey from its banks, in some even exceeding that distance, but in others falling short of it.

Concerning the nature of the river, I was not able to gain any information either from the priests or from others. I was particularly anxious to learn from them why the Nile, at the commencement of the summer solstice, begins to rise, and continues to increase for a hundred days—and why, as soon as that number is past, it forthwith retires and contracts its stream, continuing low during the whole of the winter until the summer solstice comes round again. On none of these points could I obtain any explanation from the inhabitants, though I made every inquiry, wishing to know what was commonly reported—they could neither tell me what special virtue the Nile has which makes it so opposite in its nature to all other streams, nor why, unlike every other river, it gives forth no breezes from its surface.

Some of the Greeks, however, wishing to get a reputation for cleverness, have offered explanations of the phenomena of the river, for which they have accounted in three different ways. Two of these I do not think it worth while to speak of, further than simply to mention what they are. One pretends that the Etesian winds cause the rise of the river by preventing the Nile-water from running off into the sea. But in the first place it has often happened, when the Etesian winds did not blow,

that the Nile has risen according to its usual wont; and further, if the Etesian winds produced the effect, the other rivers which flow in a direction opposite to those winds ought to present the same phenomena as the Nile, and the more so as they are all smaller streams, and have a weaker current. But these rivers, of which there are many both in Syria and Libya, are entirely unlike the Nile in this respect.

The second opinion is even more unscientific than the one just mentioned, and also, if I may so say, more marvelous. It is that the Nile acts so strangely, because it flows from the ocean, and that the ocean flows all round the earth.

The third explanation, which is very much more plausible than either of the others, is positively the furthest from the truth; for there is really nothing in what it says, any more than in the other theories. It is, that the inundation of the Nile is caused by the melting of snows. Now, as the Nile flows out of Libya, through Ethiopia, into Egypt, how is it possible that it can be formed of melted snow, running, as it does, from the hottest regions of the world into cooler countries? Many are the proofs whereby anyone capable of reasoning on the subject may be convinced that it is most unlikely this should be the case. The first and strongest argument is furnished by the winds, which always blow hot from these regions. The second is, that rain and frost are unknown there. Now, whenever snow falls, it must of necessity rain within five days; so that, if there were snow, there must be rain also in those parts. Thirdly, it is certain that the natives of the country are black with the heat, that the kites and the swallows remain there the whole year, and that the cranes, when they fly

¹ In other chapters we shall look into the tragedies written in this period and also into one of the comedies which showed that these people could laugh at themselves.

Herodotus, *History*. Translated by George Rawlinson. Herodotus, born about 484 B.C. in Halicarnassus in Asia Minor as a Persian subject, spent much of his life as student and untiring traveler and as historian of the great Persian defeat. He died about 425 B.C.

from the rigors of a Scythian winter, flock thither to pass the cold season. If, then, in the country whence the Nile has its source, or in that through which it flows, there fell ever so little snow, it is absolutely impossible that any of these circumstances could take place.

As for the writer who attributes the phenomenon to the ocean, his account is involved in such obscurity that it is impossible to disprove it by argument. For my part I know of no river called Ocean, and I think that Homer, or one of the earlier poets, invented the name, and introduced it into his poetry.

Perhaps, after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward on this obscure subject, one ought to propose some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter, the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country to which the Sun-god approaches the nearest, and which he passes most directly over, will be scantiest of water, and that there the streams which feed the rivers will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this. The sun, in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way. As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act elsewhere in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven—that is, he attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapor, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that the winds which blow from this quarter—the south and south-west—are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big, from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not

deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burthen of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone. The sun, therefore, I regard as the sole cause of the phenomenon.

It is the sun also, in my opinion, which, by heating the space through which it passes, makes the air in Egypt so dry. There is thus perpetual summer in the upper parts of Libya. Were the position of the heavenly regions reversed, so that the place where now the north wind and the winter have their dwelling became the station of the south wind and of the noon-day, while, on the other hand, the station of the south wind became that of the north, the consequence would be that the sun, driven from the mid-heaven by the winter and the northern gales, would betake himself to the upper parts of Europe, as he now does to those of Libya, and then I believe his passage across Europe would affect the Ister¹ exactly as the Nile is affected at the present day.

Concerning Egypt itself I shall extend my remarks to a great length, because there is no country that possesses so many wonders, nor any that has such a number of works which defy description. Not only is the climate different from that of the rest of the world, and the rivers unlike any other rivers, but the people also, in most of their manners and customs, exactly reverse the common practice of mankind. The women attend the markets and trade, while the men sit at home at the loom; and here, while the rest of the world works the woof up the warp, the Egyptians work it down; the women likewise carry burdens upon their shoulders, while the men carry them upon their heads. They eat their food out of doors in the streets, but retire for private purposes to their houses, giving as a reason that what is unseemly, but necessary, ought to be done in secret, but what has nothing unseemly about it, should be done openly. A woman cannot serve the priestly office, either for god or goddess, but men are priests to both; sons need not support their parents unless they choose, but daughters must, whether they choose or no.

In other countries the priests have long hair, in Egypt their heads are shaven; elsewhere it is customary, in mourning, for near relations to cut their hair close; the Egyptians, who wear no hair at any

¹ The present-day Danube.

other time, when they lose a relative, let their beards and the hair of their heads grow long. All other men pass their lives separate from animals, the Egyptians have animals always living with them; others make barley and wheat their food; it is a disgrace to do so in Egypt, where the grain they live on is spelt, which some call *zea*. Dough they knead with their feet; but they mix mud, and even take up dirt, with their hands. They are the only people in the world—they at least, and such as have learnt the practice from them—who use circumcision. Their men wear two garments apiece, their women but one. They put on the rings and fasten the ropes to sails inside; others put them outside. When they write or calculate, instead of going, like the Greeks, from left to right, they move their hand from right to left; and they insist, notwithstanding, that it is they who go to the right, and the Greeks who go to the left. They have two quite different kinds of writing, one of which is called sacred, the other common.

They are religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men, and use the following ceremonies:—They drink out of brazen cups, which they scour every day; there is no exception to this practice. They wear linen garments, which they are specially careful to have always fresh washed. They practice circumcision for the sake of cleanliness, considering it better to be cleanly than comely. The priests shave their whole body every other day, that no lice or other impure thing may adhere to them when they are engaged in the service of the gods. Their dress is entirely of linen, and their shoes of the papyrus plant; it is not lawful for them to wear either dress or shoes of any other material. They bathe twice every day in cold water, and twice each night; besides which they observe, so to speak, thousands of ceremonies. They enjoy, however, not a few advantages. They consume none of their own property, and are at no expense for anything; but every day bread is baked for them of the sacred corn, and a plentiful supply of beef and of goose's flesh is assigned to each, and also a portion of wine made from the grape. Fish they are not allowed to eat; and beans—which none of the Egyptians ever sow or eat, if they come up of their own accord, either raw or boiled—the priests will not even endure to look on, since they consider it an unclean kind of pulse. Instead of a single priest, each god has the attendance of a college, at the head of which is a chief priest; when one of these dies, his son is appointed in his room.

They have also another sacred bird called the

phœnix, which I myself have never seen, except in pictures. Indeed, it is a great rarity, even in Egypt, only coming there (according to the accounts of the people of Heliopolis) once in 500 years, when the old phœnix dies. Its size and appearance, if it is like the pictures, are as follows: The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible: that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered over with myrrh, to the temple of the sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside, after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

In the neighborhood of Thebes there are some sacred serpents which are perfectly harmless. They are of small size, and have two horns growing out of the top of the head. These snakes, when they die, are buried in the temple of Zeus, the god to whom they are sacred.

I went once to a certain place in Arabia, almost exactly opposite the city of Buto, to make inquiries concerning the winged serpents. On my arrival I saw the backbones and ribs of serpents in such numbers as it is impossible to describe: of the ribs there were a multitude of heaps, some great, some small, some middle-sized. The place where the bones lie is at the entrance of a narrow gorge between steep mountains, which there open upon a spacious plain communicating with the great plain of Egypt. The story goes that with the spring the winged snakes come flying from Arabia towards Egypt, but are met in this gorge by the birds called ibises, which forbid their entrance and destroy them all. The Arabians assert, and the Egyptians also admit, that it is on account of the service thus rendered that the Egyptians hold the ibis in so much reverence.

The ibis is a bird of a deep-black color, with legs like a crane; its beak is strongly hooked, and its size is about that of the landrail. This is a description of the black ibis which contends with the serpents. The commoner sort, for there are two quite distinct species, has the head and the whole throat bare of feathers; its general plumage is white, but the head and neck are jet black, as also

are the tips of the wings and the extremity of the tail; in its beak and legs it resembles the other species. The winged serpent is shaped like the water-snake. Its wings are not feathered, but resemble very closely those of the bat. And thus I conclude the subject of the sacred animals.

With respect to the Egyptians themselves, it is to be remarked that those who live in the corn country, devoting themselves, as they do, far more than any other people in the world, to the preservation of the memory of past actions, are the best skilled in history of any men that I have ever met. The following is the mode of life habitual to them:—For three successive days in each month they purge the body by means of emetics and clysters, which is done out of a regard for their health, since they have a persuasion that every disease to which men are liable is occasioned by the substances whereon they feed. Apart from any such precautions, they are, I believe, next to the Libyans, the healthiest people in the world—an effect of their climate, in my opinion, which has no sudden changes. Diseases almost always attack men when they are exposed to a change, and never more than during changes of the weather. They live on bread made of spelt, which they form into loaves called in their own tongue *cyllestis*. Their drink is a wine which they obtain from barley, as they have no vines in their country. Many kinds of fish they eat raw, either salted or dried in the sun. Quails also, and ducks and small birds, they eat uncooked, merely first salting them. All other birds and fishes, excepting those which are set apart as sacred, are eaten either roasted or boiled.

In social meetings among the rich, when the banquet is ended, a servant carries round to the several guests a coffin, in which there is a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted to resemble nature as nearly as possible, about a cubit or two cubits in length. As he shows it to each guest in turn, the servant says, “Gaze here, and drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be.”

There are a set of men in Egypt who practice the art of embalming, and make it their proper business. These persons, when a body is brought to them, show the bearers various models of corpses, made in wood, and painted so as to resemble nature. The most perfect is said to be after the manner of him whom I do not think it religious to name in connection with such a matter; the second sort is inferior to the first, and less costly; the third is the cheapest of all. All this the embalmers explain, and then ask in which way it

is wished that the corpse should be prepared. The bearers tell them, and having concluded their bargain, take their departure, while the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to their task. The mode of embalming, according to the most perfect process, is the following:—They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it draw out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a portion, while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs; next they make a cut along the flank with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they then cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm wine, and again frequently with an infusion of pounded aromatics. After this they fill the cavity with the purest bruised myrrh, with cassia, and every sort of spicery except frankincense, and sew up the opening. Then the body is placed in natrum for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed, and wrapped round, from head to foot, with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over with gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue, and in this state it is given back to the relations, who enclose it in a wooden case which they have had made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man. Then fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber upright against the wall. Such is the most costly way of embalming the dead.

If the persons wish to avoid expense, and choose the second process, the following is the method pursued:—Syringes are filled with oil made from the cedar-tree, which is then, without any incision or disemboweling, injected into the abdomen. The passage by which it might be likely to return is stopped, and the body laid in natrum the prescribed number of days. At the end of the time the cedar-oil is allowed to make its escape; and such is its power that it brings with it the whole stomach and intestines in a liquid state. The natrum meanwhile has dissolved the flesh, and so nothing is left of the dead body but the skin and the bones. It is returned in this condition to the relatives, without any further trouble being bestowed upon it.

The third method of embalming, which is practiced in the case of the poorer classes, is to clear out the intestines with a clyster, and let the body lie in natrum the seventy days, after which it is at once given to those who come to fetch it away.

The wives of men of rank are not given to be embalmed immediately after death, nor indeed are

any of the more beautiful and valued women. It is not till they have been dead three or four days that they are carried to the embalmers. This is done to prevent indignities from being offered them. It is said that once a case of this kind occurred: the man was detected by the information of his fellow-workman.

Whosoever anyone, Egyptian or foreigner, has lost his life by falling a prey to a crocodile, or by drowning in the river, the law compels the inhabitants of the city near which the body is cast up to have it embalmed, and to bury it in one of the sacred repositories with all possible magnificence. No one may touch the corpse, not even any of the friends or relatives, but only the priests of the Nile, who prepare it for burial with their own hands—regarding it as something more than the mere body of a man—and themselves lay it in the tomb.

Till the death of Rhampsinitus, the priests said, Egypt was excellently governed, and flourished greatly; but after him Cheops succeeded to the throne, and plunged into all manner of wickedness. He closed the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifice, compelling them instead to labor, one and all, in his service. Some were required to drag blocks of stone down to the Nile from the quarries in the Arabian range of hills; others received the blocks after they had been conveyed in boats across the river, and drew them to the range of hills called the Libyan. A hundred thousand men labored constantly, and were relieved every three months by a fresh lot. It took ten years' oppression of the people to make the causeway for the conveyance of the stones, a work not much inferior, in my judgment, to the pyramid itself. This causeway is five furlongs in length, ten fathoms wide, and in height, at the highest part, eight fathoms. It is built of polished stone, and is covered with carvings of animals. To make it took ten years, as I said—or rather to make the causeway, the works on the mound where the pyramid stands, and the underground chambers, which Cheops intended as vaults for his own use: these last were built on a sort of island, surrounded by water introduced from the Nile by a canal. The pyramid itself was twenty years in building. It is a square, 800 feet each way, and the height the same, built entirely of polished stone, fitted together with the utmost care. The stones of which it is composed are none of them less than thirty feet in length.

The pyramid was built in steps, battlementwise, as it is called, or, according to others, altarwise,

After laying the stones for the base, they raised the remaining stones to their places by means of machines formed of short wooden planks. The first machine raised them from the ground to the top of the first step. On this there was another machine, which received the stone upon its arrival, and conveyed it to the second step, whence a third machine advanced it still higher. Either they had as many machines as there were steps in the pyramid, or possibly they had but a single machine, which, being easily moved, was transferred from tier to tier as the stone rose—both accounts are given, and therefore I mention both. The upper portion of the pyramid was finished first, then the middle, and finally the part which was lowest and nearest the ground. There is an inscription in Egyptian characters on the pyramid which records the quantity of radishes, onions, and garlic consumed by the laborers who constructed it; and I perfectly well remember that the interpreter who read the writing to me said that the money expended in this way was 1600 talents of silver. If this then is a true record, what a vast sum must have been spent on the iron tools used in the work, and on the feeding and clothing of the laborers, considering the length of time the work lasted, which has already been stated, and the additional time—no small space, I imagine—which must have been occupied by the quarrying of the stones, their conveyance, and the formation of the underground apartments.

The Battle of Marathon

The Persians, having thus brought Eretria into subjection after waiting a few days, made sail for Attica, greatly straitening the Athenians as they approached, and thinking to deal with them as they had dealt with the people of Eretria. And, because there was no place in all Attica so convenient for their horse as Marathon, and it lay moreover quite close to Eretria, therefore Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, conducted them thither.

When intelligence of this reached the Athenians, they likewise marched their troops to Marathon, and there stood on the defensive, having at their head ten generals, of whom one was Miltiades.

Now this man's father, Cimon, the son of Stesagoras, was banished from Athens by Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates. In his banishment it was his fortune to win the four-horse chariot-race at Olympia, whereby he gained the very same honor which had before been carried off by Miltiades, his half-brother on the mother's side. At the next

Olympiad he won the prize again with the same mares; upon which he caused Pisistratus to be proclaimed the winner, having made an agreement with him that on yielding him this honor he should be allowed to come back to his country. Afterwards, still with the same mares, he won the prize a third time; whereupon he was put to death by the sons of Pisistratus, whose father was no longer living. They set men to lie in wait for him secretly; and these men slew him near the government-house in the night-time. He was buried outside the city, beyond what is called the Valley Road; and right opposite his tomb were buried the mares which had won the three prizes. The same success had likewise been achieved once previously, to wit, by the mares of Evagoras the Lacedæmonian, but never except by them. At the time of Cimon's death Stesagoras, the elder of his two sons, was in the Chersonese, where he lived with Miltiades his uncle; the younger, who was called Miltiades after the founder of the Chersonesite colony, was with his father in Athens.

It was this Miltiades who now commanded the Athenians, after escaping from the Chersonese, and twice nearly losing his life. First he was chased as far as Imbrus by the Phœnicians, who had a great desire to take him and carry him up to the king; and when he had avoided this danger, and, having reached his own country, thought himself to be altogether in safety, he found his enemies waiting for him, and was cited by them before a court and impeached for his tyranny in the Chersonese. But he came off victorious here likewise, and was thereupon made general of the Athenians by the free choice of the people.

And first, before they left the city, the generals sent off to Sparta a herald, one Pheidippides, who was by birth an Athenian, and by profession and practice a trained runner. This man, according to the account which he gave to the Athenians on his return, when he was near Mount Parthenium, above Tegea, fell in with the god Pan, who called him by his name, and bade him ask the Athenians "wherefore they neglected him so entirely, when he was kindly disposed towards them, and had often helped them in times past, and would do so again in time to come." The Athenians, entirely believing in the truth of this report, as soon as their affairs were once more in good order, set up a temple to Pan under the Acropolis, and, in return for the message which I have recorded, established in his honor yearly sacrifices and a torch-race.

On the occasion of which we speak, when Pheidippides was sent by the Athenian generals, and, according to his own account, saw Pan on his journey, he reached Sparta on the very next day after quitting the city of Athens. Upon his arrival he went before the rulers, and said to them:—

"Men of Lacedæmon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid, and not allow that state, which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria, look you, is already carried away captive; and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

Thus did Pheidippides deliver the message committed to him. And the Spartans wished to help the Athenians, but were unable to give them any present succor, as they did not like to break their established law. It was then the ninth day of the first decade; and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full. So they waited for the full of the moon.

The barbarians were conducted to Marathon by Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, who the night before had seen a strange vision in his sleep. He dreamt of lying in his mother's arms, and conjectured the dream to mean that he would be restored to Athens, recover the power which he had lost, and afterwards live to a good old age in his native country. Such was the sense in which he interpreted the vision. He now proceeded to act as guide to the Persians; and, in the first place, he landed the prisoners taken from Eretria upon the island that is called Ægileia, a tract belonging to the Styreans, after which he brought the fleet to anchor off Marathon, and marshaled the bands of the barbarians as they disembarked. As he was thus employed it chanced that he sneezed and at the same time coughed with more violence than was his wont. Now, as he was a man advanced in years, and the greater number of his teeth were loose, it so happened that one of them was driven out with the force of the cough, and fell down into the sand. Hippias took all the pains he could to find it; but the tooth was nowhere to be seen: whereupon he fetched a deep sigh, and said to the bystanders:—

"After all, the land is not ours; and we shall never be able to bring it under. All my share in it is the portion of which my tooth has possession."

So Hippias believed that in this way his dream was out.

The Athenians were drawn up in order of battle in a sacred close belonging to Hercules, when they

were joined by the Platæans, who came in full force to their aid.

The Athenian generals were divided in their opinions; and some advised not to risk a battle, because they were too few to engage such a host as that of the Medes,¹ while others were for fighting at once; and among these last was Miltiades. He therefore, seeing that opinions were thus divided, and that the less worthy counsel appeared likely to prevail, resolved to go to the polemarch, and have a conference with him. For the man on whom the lot fell to be polemarch at Athens was entitled to give his vote with the ten generals, since anciently the Athenians allowed him an equal right of voting with them. The polemarch at this juncture was Callimachus of Aphidnæ; to him therefore Miltiades went, and said:—

"With thee it rests, Callimachus, either to bring Athens to slavery, or, by securing her freedom, to leave behind thee to all future generations a memory beyond even Harmodius and Aristogeiton. For never since the time that the Athenians became a people were they in so great a danger as now. If they bow their necks beneath the yoke of the Medes, the woes which they will have to suffer when given into the power of Hippias are already determined on; if, on the other hand, they fight and overcome, Athens may rise to be the very first city in Greece. How it comes to pass that these things are likely to happen, and how the determining of them in some sort rests with thee, I will now proceed to make clear. We generals are ten in number, and our votes are divided; half of us wish to engage, half to avoid a combat. Now, if we do not fight, I look to see a great disturbance at Athens which will shake men's resolutions, and then I fear they will submit themselves; but if we fight the battle before any unsoundness show itself among our citizens, let the gods but give us fair play, and we are well able to overcome the enemy. On thee therefore we depend in this matter, which lies wholly in thine own power. Thou hast only to add thy vote to my side and thy country will be free, and not free only, but the first state in Greece. Or, if thou preferrest to give thy vote to them who would decline the combat, then the reverse will follow."

Miltiades by these words gained Callimachus; and the addition of the polemarch's vote caused the decision to be in favor of fighting. Hereupon all those generals who had been desirous of hazarding a battle, when their turn came to command the

army, gave up their right to Miltiades. He, however, though he accepted their offers, nevertheless waited, and would not fight, until his own day of command arrived in due course.

Then at length, when his own turn was come, the Athenian battle was set in array, and this was the order of it. Callimachus the polemarch led the right wing; for it was at that time a rule with the Athenians to give the right wing to the polemarch. After this followed the tribes, according as they were numbered, in an unbroken line; while last of all came the Platæans, forming the left wing. And ever since that day it has been a custom with the Athenians, in the sacrifices and assemblies held each fifth year at Athens, for the Athenian herald to implore the blessing of the gods on the Platæans conjointly with the Athenians. Now, as they marshaled the host upon the field of Marathon, in order that the Athenian front might be of equal length with the Median, the ranks of the center were diminished, and it became the weakest part of the line, while the wings were both made strong with a depth of many ranks.

So when the battle was set in array, and the victims showed themselves favorable, instantly the Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians at a run. Now the distance between the two armies was little short of eight furlongs. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on at speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses, and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming on at a run without either horsemen or archers. Such was the opinion of the barbarians; but the Athenians in close array fell upon them, and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks, so far as I know, who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb, and to face men clad in that fashion. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear.

The two armies fought together on the plain of Marathon for a length of time; and in the mid battle, where the Persians themselves and the Sacæ had their place, the barbarians were victorious, and broke and pursued the Greeks into the inner country; but on the two wings the Athenians and the Platæans defeated the enemy. Having so done, they suffered the routed barbarians to fly at their

¹ He means here the Persians, of whom the Medes formed a part.

ease, and joining the two wings in one, fell upon those who had broken their own center, and fought and conquered them. These likewise fled, and now the Athenians hung upon the runaways and cut them down, chasing them all the way to the shore, on reaching which they laid hold of the ships and called aloud for fire.

It was in the struggle here that Callimachus the polemarch, after greatly distinguishing himself, lost his life; Stesilaüs too, the son of Thrasilaüs, one of the generals, was slain; and Cynægirus, the son of Euphorion, having seized on a vessel of the enemy's by the ornament at the stern, had his hand cut off by the blow of an ax, and so perished; as likewise did many other Athenians of note and name.

Nevertheless, the Athenians secured in this way seven of the vessels; while with the remainder the barbarians pushed off, and taking aboard their Eretrian prisoners from the island where they had left them, doubled Cape Sunium, hoping to reach Athens before the return of the Athenians. The Alcmæonidæ were accused by their countrymen of suggesting this course to them; they had, it was said, an understanding with the Persians, and made a signal to them, by raising a shield, after they were embarked in their ships.

The Persians accordingly sailed round Sunium. But the Athenians with all possible speed marched away to the defense of their city, and succeeded in reaching Athens before the appearance of the barbarians: and as their camp at Marathon had been pitched in a precinct of Hercules, so now they encamped in another precinct of the same god at Cynosarges. The barbarian fleet arrived, and lay to off Phalerum, which was at that time the haven of Athens; but after resting awhile upon their oars, they departed and sailed away to Asia.

There fell in this battle of Marathon, on the side of the barbarians, about 6400 men; on that of the Athenians, 192.

Bridging the Hellespont

Xerxes, after this, made preparations to advance to Abydos, where the bridge across the Hellespont from Asia to Europe was lately finished. Midway between Sestos and Madytus in the Hellespontine Chersonese, and right over against Abydos, there is a rocky tongue of land which runs out for some distance into the sea. This is the place where no long time afterwards the Greeks under Xanthippus, the son of Ariphron, took Artayctes the Per-

sian, who was at that time governor of Sestos, and nailed him living to a plank. He was the Artayctes who brought women into the temple of Protesilaüs at Elæus, and there was guilty of most unholy deeds.

Towards this tongue of land then, the men to whom the business was assigned, carried out a double bridge from Abydos; and while the Phœnicians constructed one line with cables of white flax, the Egyptians in the other used ropes made of papyrus. Now it is seven furlongs across from Abydos to the opposite coast. When, therefore, the channel had been bridged successfully, it happened that a great storm arising broke the whole work to pieces, and destroyed all that had been done.

So when Xerxes heard of it, he was full of wrath, and straightway gave orders that the Hellespont should receive three hundred lashes, and that a pair of fetters should be cast into it. Nay, I have even heard it said that he bade the branders take their irons and therewith brand the Hellespont. It is certain that he commanded those who scourged the waters to utter, as they lashed them, these barbarian and wicked words: "Thou bitter water, thy lord lays on thee this punishment because thou hast wronged him without a cause, having suffered no evil at his hands. Verily King Xerxes will cross thee, whether thou wilt or no. Well dost thou deserve that no man should honor thee with sacrifice; for thou art of a truth a treacherous and unsavory river." While the sea was thus punished by his orders, he likewise commanded that the overseers of the work should lose their heads.

Then they, whose business it was, executed the unpleasing task laid upon them; and other master-builders were set over the work, who accomplished it in the way which I will now describe.

They joined together triremes and penteconters, 360 to support the bridge on the side of the Euxine Sea, and 314 to sustain the other; and these they placed at right angles to the sea, and in the direction of the current of the Hellespont, relieving by these means the tension of the shore cables. Having joined the vessels, they moored them with anchors of unusual size, that the vessels of the bridge towards the Euxine might resist the winds which blow from within the straits, and that those of the more western bridge facing the Ægean, might withstand the winds which set in from the south and from the south-east. A gap was left in the penteconters in no fewer than three places, to afford a passage for such light craft as chose to enter or

leave the Euxine. When all this was done, they made the cables taut from the shore by the help of wooden capstans. This time, moreover, instead of using the two materials separately, they assigned to each bridge six cables, two of which were of white flax, while four were of papyrus. Both cables were of the same size and quality; but the flaxen were the heavier, weighing not less than a talent the cubit. When the bridge across the channel was thus complete, trunks of trees were sawn into planks, which were cut to the width of the bridge, and these were laid side by side upon the tightened cables, and then fastened on the top. This done, brushwood was brought, and arranged upon the planks, after which earth was heaped upon the brushwood, and the whole trodden down into a solid mass. Lastly, a bulwark was set up on either side of this causeway, of such a height as to prevent the sumpter-beasts and the horses from seeing over it and taking fright at the water.

And now when all was prepared—the bridges, and the works at Athos, the breakwaters about the mouths of the cutting, which were made to hinder the surf from blocking up the entrances, and the cutting itself; and when the news came to Xerxes that this last was completely finished—then at length, the host, having first wintered at Sardis, began its march towards Abydos, fully equipped, on the first approach of spring.

Thus rode forth Xerxes from Sardis—but he was accustomed every now and then, when the fancy took him, to alight from his chariot and travel in a litter. Immediately behind the king there followed a body of a thousand spearmen, the noblest and bravest of the Persians, holding their lances in the usual manner—then came a thousand Persian horse, picked men—then ten thousand, picked also after the rest, and serving on foot. Of these last one thousand carried spears with golden pomegranates at their lower end, instead of spikes; and these encircled the other nine thousand, who bore on their spears pomegranates of silver. The spearmen too who pointed their lances towards the ground, had golden pomegranates; and the thousand Persians who followed close after Xerxes, had golden apples. Behind the ten thousand footmen came a body of Persian cavalry, likewise ten thousand; after which there was again a void space for as much as two furlongs; and then the rest of the army followed in a confused crowd.

The march of the army, after leaving Lydia, was directed upon the river Caicus and the land of Mysia. Beyond the Caicus the road, leaving Mount

Cana upon the left, passed through the Atarnean plain, to the city of Carina. Quitting this, the troops advanced across the plain of Thebe, passing Adramyttium, and Antandrus, the Pelasgic city; then, holding Mount Ida upon the left hand, it entered the Trojan territory. On this march the Persians suffered some loss; for as they bivouacked during the night at the foot of Ida, a storm of thunder and lightning burst upon them, and killed no small number.

On reaching the Scamander, which was the first stream, of all that they had crossed since they left Sardis, whose water failed them and did not suffice to satisfy the thirst of men and cattle, Xerxes ascended into the Pergamus of Priam, since he had a longing to behold the place. When he had seen everything, and inquired into all particulars, he made an offering of a thousand oxen to the Trojan Athena, while the Magians poured libations to the heroes who were slain at Troy. The night after, a panic fell upon the camp: but in the morning they set off with daylight, and skirting on the left hand the towns Rhœteum, Ophryneum, and Dardanus (which borders on Abydos), on the right the Teucrians of Gergis, so reached Abydos.

Arrived here, Xerxes wished to look upon all his host; so, as there was a throne of white marble upon a hill near the city, which they of Abydos had prepared beforehand, by the King's bidding, for his especial use, Xerxes took his seat on it, and, gazing thence upon the shore below, beheld at one view all his land forces and all his ships. While thus employed, he felt a desire to behold a sailing-match among his ships, which accordingly took place, and was won by the Phoenicians of Sidon, much to the joy of Xerxes, who was delighted alike with the race and with his army.

And now, as he looked and saw the whole Hellespont covered with the vessels of his fleet, and all the shore and every plain about Abydos as full as possible of men, Xerxes congratulated himself on his good fortune; but after a little while, he wept.

All that day the preparations for the passage continued; and on the morrow they burnt all kinds of spices upon the bridges, and strewed the way with myrtle-boughs, while they waited anxiously for the sun, which they hoped to see as he rose. And now the sun appeared; and Xerxes took a golden goblet and poured from it a libation into the sea, praying the while, with his face turned to the sun, "that no misfortune might befall him such as to hinder his conquest of Europe, until he had

penetrated to its uttermost boundaries." After he had prayed, he cast the golden cup into the Hellespont, and with it a golden bowl, and a Persian sword of the kind which they call *acinaces*. I cannot say for certain whether it was an offering to the sun-god that he threw these things into the deep, or whether he had repented of having scourged the Hellespont, and thought by his gifts to make amends to the sea for what he had done.

When, however, his offerings were made, the army began to cross; and the foot-soldiers, with the horsemen, passed over by one of the bridges—that (namely) which lay towards the Euxine—while the sumpter-beasts and the camp-followers passed by the other, which looked on the Ægean. Foremost went the Ten Thousand Persians, all wearing garlands upon their heads; and after them a mixed multitude of many nations. These crossed upon the first day.

On the next day the horsemen began the passage; and with them went the soldiers who carried their spears with the point downwards, garlanded, like the Ten Thousand;—then came the sacred horses and the sacred chariot; next Xerxes with his lancers and the thousand horse; then the rest of the army. At the same time the ships sailed over to the opposite shore. According, however, to another account which I have heard, the king crossed the last.

As soon as Xerxes had reached the European side, he stood to contemplate his army as they crossed under the lash. And the crossing continued during seven days and seven nights, without rest or pause.

The Spartans at Thermopylæ

King Xerxes pitched his camp in the region of Malis called Trachinia, while on their side the Greeks occupied the straits. These straits the Greeks in general call Thermopylæ (the Hot Gates); but the natives, and those who dwell in the neighborhood, call them Pylæ (the Gates). Here then the two armies took their stand: the one master of all the region lying north of Trachis, the other of the country extending southward of that place to the verge of the continent.

The various nations had each captains of their own under whom they served; but the one to whom all especially looked up, and who had the command of the entire force, was the Lacedæmonian, Leonidas.

He had now come to Thermopylæ, accompanied

by the 300 men which the law assigned him, whom he had himself chosen from among the citizens, and who were all of them fathers with sons living. On his way he had taken the troops from Thebes, whose number I have already mentioned, and who were under the command of Leontiades the son of Eurymachus. The reason why he made a point of taking troops from Thebes, and Thebes only, was that the Thebans were strongly suspected of being well inclined to the Medes. Leonidas therefore called on them to come with him to the war, wishing to see whether they would comply with his demand, or openly refuse, and disclaim the Greek alliance. They, however, though their wishes leaned the other way, nevertheless sent the men.

The force with Leonidas was sent forward by the Spartans in advance of their main body, that the sight of them might encourage the allies to fight, and hinder them from going over to the Medes, as it was likely they might have done had they seen that Sparta was backward. They intended presently, when they had celebrated the Carneian festival, which was what now kept them at home, to leave a garrison in Sparta, and hasten in full force to join the army. The rest of the allies also intended to act similarly; for it happened that the Olympic festival fell exactly at this same period. None of them looked to see the contest at Thermopylæ decided so speedily; wherefore they were content to send forward a mere advanced guard. Such accordingly were the intentions of the allies.

The Greek forces at Thermopylæ, when the Persian army drew near to the entrance of the pass, were seized with fear; and a council was held to consider about a retreat. It was the wish of the Peloponnesians generally that the army should fall back upon the Peloponnese, and there guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, who saw with what indignation the Phocians and Locrians heard of this plan, gave his voice for remaining where they were, while they sent envoys to the several cities to ask for help, since they were too few to make a stand against an army like that of the Medes.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks, and note how many they were, and see what they were doing. He had heard, before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedæmonians, under Leonidas, a descendant of Hercules. The horseman rode up to the camp, and looked about him, but

did not see the whole army; for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and was now carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold; but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedæmonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marveled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him, nor paid any heed to his visit. So he returned, and told Xerxes all that he had seen.

Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth—namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, sent and called to his presence Demaratus the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. When he appeared, Xerxes told him all that he had heard, and questioned him concerning the news, since he was anxious to understand the meaning of such behavior on the part of the Spartans. Then Demaratus said:—

"I spake to thee, O king! concerning these men long since, when we had but just begun our march upon Greece; thou, however, didst only laugh at my words, when I told thee of all this, which I saw would come to pass. Earnestly do I struggle at all times to speak truth to thee, sire; and now listen to it once more. These men have come to dispute the pass with us; and it is for this that they are now making ready. 'Tis their custom, when they are about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care. Be assured, however, that if thou canst subdue the men who are here and the Lacedæmonians who remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in all the world which will venture to lift a hand in their defense. Thou hast now to deal with the first kingdom and town in Greece, and with the bravest men."

Then Xerxes, to whom what Demaratus said seemed altogether to surpass belief, asked further "how it was possible for so small an army to contend with his."

"O king!" Demaratus answered, "let me be treated as a liar, if matters fall not out as I say."

But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more. Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence

and recklessness, he grew wroth, and sent against them the Medes and Cissians, with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers: others, however, took the places of the slain, and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the king, that though he had plenty of combatants, he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his "Immortals": they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, 'twas with no better success than the Median detachment—things went much as before—the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from their numbers. The Lacedæmonians fought in a way worthy of note, and showed themselves far more skillful in fight than their adversaries, often turning their backs, and making as though they were all flying away, on which the barbarians would rush after them with much noise and shouting, when the Spartans at their approach would wheel round and face their pursuers, in this way destroying vast numbers of the enemy. Some Spartans likewise fell in these encounters, but only a very few. At last the Persians, finding that all their efforts to gain the pass availed nothing, and that, whether they attacked by divisions or in any other way, it was to no purpose, withdrew to their own quarters.

During these assaults, it is said that Xerxes, who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sate, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns,—all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So, when the Persians found no difference between that day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

Now, as the king was in a great strait, and

knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydēmus, a man of Malis, came to him and was admitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the king's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylæ; by which disclosure he brought destruction on the band of Greeks who had there withstood the barbarians.

Great was the joy of Xerxes on this occasion; and as he approved highly of the enterprise which Ephialtes undertook to accomplish, he forthwith sent upon the errand Hydarnes, and the Persians under him. The troops left the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps. The pathway along which they went was first discovered by the Malians of these parts, who soon afterwards led the Thessalians by it to attack the Phocians, at the time when the Phocians fortified the pass with a wall, and so put themselves under covert from danger. And ever since, the path has always been put to an ill use by the Malians.

The Persians took this path, and, crossing the Asopus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of CEta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit. Now the hill was guarded, as I have already said, by a thousand Phocian men-at-arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway, and at the same time to secure their own country. They had been given the guard of the mountain path, while the other Greeks defended the pass below, because they had volunteered for the service, and had pledged themselves to Leonidas to maintain the post.

The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner:—During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms. In a moment the barbarians came in sight, and, perceiving men arming themselves, were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they expected no opposition. Hydarnes, alarmed at the sight, and fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedæmonians, inquired of Ephialtes to what nation those troops belonged. Ephialtes told him the exact truth,

whereupon he arrayed his Persians for battle. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily to the crest of the mountain, and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking it worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

The Greeks at Thermopylæ received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in, and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part, however, resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans, and died with them. Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance. Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the mountain is much quicker, and the distance much shorter, than the way round the hills and the ascent. So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh; and the Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the

defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea, and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valor against the barbarians.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the three hundred. There fell too at the same time very many famous Persians: among them, two sons of Darius, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, his children by Phrataguné, the daughter of Artanes. Artanes was brother of King Darius, being a son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames; and when he gave his daughter to the king, he made him heir

likewise of all his substance; for she was his only child.

Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedæmonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits, where the stone lion stands which was set up in honor of Leonidas. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant which was left beneath showers of missile weapons.

PLUTARCH

Pericles

Pericles¹ was of the tribe Acamantis, and the township Cholargus, of the noblest birth both on his father's and mother's side. Xanthippus, his father, who defeated the King of Persia's generals in the battle of Mycale, took to wife Agariste, the grandchild of Clisthenes, who drove out the sons of Pisistratus, and nobly put an end to their tyrannical usurpation, and, moreover, made a body of laws, and settled a model of government admirably tempered and suited for the harmony and safety of the people.

His mother, being near her time, fancied in a dream that she was brought to bed of a lion, and

a few days after was delivered of Pericles, in other respects perfectly formed, only his head was somewhat longish and out of proportion. For which reason almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head covered with a helmet, the workmen apparently being willing not to expose him.

The master that taught him music, most authors are agreed, was Damon, who, it is not unlikely, being a sophist, out of policy sheltered himself under the profession of music to conceal from people in general his skill in other things, and under this pretense attended Pericles, the young

Pericles. Translated by John Dryden; revised by Arthur Hugh Clough. Somewhat abridged. Plutarch (c. 46-120 A.D.), Greek biographer, was born at Chæronea in Boeotia, enjoyed political preferment in Rome, and died in honor in his native town. His forty-six *Parallel Lives* overshadow his voluminous miscellaneous works.

¹ Pericles was born about 495 B.C. and died in 429.

athlete of politics. Pericles, also, was a hearer of Zeno, the Eleatic, who treated of natural philosophy in the same manner as Parmenides did, but had also perfected himself in an art of his own for refuting and silencing opponents in argument. But he that saw most of Pericles, and furnished him most especially with a weight and grandeur of sense, superior to all arts of popularity, and in general gave him his elevation and sublimity of purpose and of character, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, whom the men of those times called by the name of *Nous*, that is, mind, or intelligence, whether in admiration of the great and extraordinary gift he had displayed for the science of nature, or because that he was the first of the philosophers who did not refer the first ordering of the world to fortune or chance, nor to necessity or compulsion, but to a pure, unadulterated intelligence, which in all other existing mixed and compound things acts as a principle of discrimination, and of combination of like with like.

For this man, Pericles entertained an extraordinary esteem and admiration, and filling himself with this lofty and, as they call it, up-in-the-air sort of thought, derived hence not merely, as was natural, elevation of purpose and dignity of language, raised far above the base and dishonest buffooneries of mob eloquence, but, besides this, a composure of countenance, and a serenity and calmness in all his movements, which no occurrence whilst he was speaking could disturb, a sustained and even tone of voice, and various other advantages of a similar kind, which produced the greatest effect on his hearers. Nor were these the only advantages which Pericles derived from Anaxagoras's acquaintance; he seems also to have become, by his instructions, superior to that superstition with which an ignorant wonder at appearances, for example, in the heavens, possesses the minds of people unacquainted with their causes, eager for the supernatural, and excitable through an inexperience which the knowledge of natural causes removes, replacing wild and timid superstition by the good hope and assurance of an intelligent piety.

Pericles, while yet but a young man, stood in considerable apprehension of the people, as he was thought in face and figure to be very like the tyrant Pisistratus, and those of great age remarked upon the sweetness of his voice, and his volubility and rapidity in speaking, and were struck with amazement at the resemblance. Reflecting, too, that he had a considerable estate, and was de-

sended of a noble family, and had friends of great influence, he was fearful all this might bring him to be banished as a dangerous person, and for this reason meddled not at all with state affairs, but in military service showed himself of a brave and intrepid nature. But when Aristides was now dead, and Themistocles driven out, and Cimon was for the most part kept abroad by the expeditions he made in parts out of Greece, Pericles, seeing things in this posture, now advanced and took his side, not with the rich and few, but with the many and poor, contrary to his natural bent, which was far from democratical; but, most likely fearing he might fall under suspicion of aiming at arbitrary power, and seeing Cimon on the side of the aristocracy, and much beloved by the better and more distinguished people, he joined the party of the people, with a view at once both to secure himself and procure means against Cimon.

He immediately entered, also, on quite a new course of life and management of his time. For he was never seen to walk in any street but that which led to the market-place and council-hall, and he avoided invitations of friends to supper, and all friendly visiting and intercourse whatever; in all the time he had to do with the public, which was not a little, he was never known to have gone to any of his friends to a supper, except that once when his near kinsman Euryptolemus married, he remained present till the ceremony of the drink-offering, and then immediately rose from table and went his way. For these friendly meetings are very quick to defeat any assumed superiority, and in intimate familiarity an exterior of gravity is hard to maintain. Real excellence, indeed, is most recognized when most openly looked into; and in really good men, nothing which meets the eyes of external observers so truly deserves their admiration, as their daily common life does that of their nearer friends. Pericles, however, to avoid any feeling of commonness, or any satiety on the part of the people, presented himself at intervals only, not speaking to every business, nor at all times coming into the assembly, but, as Critolaus says, reserving himself, like the Salaminian galley, for great occasions, while matters of lesser importance were despatched by friends or other speakers under his direction.

Since Thucydides describes the rule of Pericles as an aristocratical government, that went by the name of a democracy, but was, indeed, the supremacy of a single great man, while many others say, on the contrary, that by him the common peo-

ple were first encouraged and led on to such evils as appropriations of subject territory, allowances for attending theaters, payments for performing public duties, and by these bad habits were, under the influence of his public measures, changed from a sober, thrifty people, that maintained themselves by their own labors, to lovers of expense, intemperance, and license, let us examine the cause of this change by the actual matters of fact.

At the first, as has been said, when he set himself against Cimon's great authority, he did caress the people. Finding himself come short of his competitor in wealth and money, by which advantages the other was enabled to take care of the poor, inviting every day someone or other of the citizens that was in want to supper, and bestowing clothes on the aged people, and breaking down the hedges and enclosures of his grounds, that all that would might freely gather what fruit they pleased, Pericles, thus outdone in popular arts, by the advice of one Damonides of Ceä, as Aristotle states, turned to the distribution of the public moneys; and in a short time having bought the people over, what with moneys allowed for shows and for service on juries, and what with other forms of pay and largess, he made use of them against the council of Areopagus of which he himself was no member, as having never been appointed by lot either chief archon, or lawgiver, or king, or captain. For from of old these offices were conferred on persons by lot, and they who had acquitted themselves duly in the discharge of them were advanced to the court of Areopagus. And so Pericles, having secured his power in interest with the populace, directed the exertions of his party against this council with such success that most of these causes and matters which had been used to be tried there were, by the agency of Ephialtes, removed from its cognizance; Cimon, also, was banished by ostracism as a favorer of the Lacedæmonians and a hater of the people, though in wealth and noble birth he was among the first, and had won several most glorious victories over the barbarians, and had filled the city with money and spoils of war; as is recorded in the history of his life. So vast an authority had Pericles obtained among the people.

There was from the beginning a sort of concealed split, or seam, as it might be in a piece of iron, marking the different popular and aristocratical tendencies; but the open rivalry and contention of Pericles and Cimon made the gash deep, and severed the city into the two parties of the people and the few. And so Pericles, at that

time, more than at any other, let loose the reins to the people, and made his policy subservient to their pleasure, contriving continually to have some great public show or solemnity, some banquet, or some procession or other in the town to please them, coaxing his countrymen like children with such delights and pleasures as were not, however, unedifying. Besides that every year he sent out threescore galleys, on board of which there were numbers of the citizens, who were in pay eight months, learning at the same time and practicing the art of seamanship.

He sent, moreover, a thousand of them into the Chersonese as planters, to share the land among them by lot, and five hundred more into the isle of Naxos, and half that number to Andros, a thousand into Thrace to dwell among the Bisaltæ, and others into Italy, when the city Sybaris, which now was called Thurii, was to be repeopled. And this he did to ease and discharge the city of an idle, and, by reason of their idleness, a busy meddling crowd of people; and at the same time to meet the necessities and restore the fortunes of the poor townsmen, and to intimidate, also, and check their allies from attempting any change, by posting such garrisons, as it were, in the midst of them.

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon and caviled at in the popular assemblies, crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation and was ill spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing, namely, that they took it away for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place, this Pericles had made unavailable, and how that "Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront, and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure, which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with precious stones and figures and temples, which cost a world of money."

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people that they were in no way obliged to give any account of these moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defense, and kept off the barbarians from attacking them; while in the meantime they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; "which money," said he, "is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they perform the conditions upon which they receive it." And that it was good reason, that, now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such undertakings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and, for the present, while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty. With their variety of workmanship and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into state-pay; while at the same time she is both beautiful and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to that end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of work, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people that stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public moneys.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypresswood; and the arts or trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, molders, founders and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use, merchants and mariners and ship-masters by sea, and by land, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, wagners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a

captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite⁴⁰ in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution.

Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say, too, that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus the painter boast of despatching his work with speed and ease, replied, "I take a long time." For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid by way of interest with a vital force for the preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles's works are especially admired, as having been made quickly, to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them.

Phidias had the oversight of all the works, and was surveyor-general, though upon the various portions other great masters and workmen were employed. For Callicrates and Ictinus built the Parthenon;² the chapel at Eleusis, where the mysteries were celebrated, was begun by Cercibus, who erected the pillars that stand upon the floor or pavement, and joined them to the architraves; and after his death Metagenes of Xypete added the frieze and the upper line of columns; Xenocles of Cholargus roofed or arched the lantern on top of the temple of Castor and Pollux; and the long wall,³ which Socrates says he himself heard

² The large temple crowning the Acropolis. It is a master work of architecture and sculpture.

³ A series of three walls extending from Athens to the harbor at Piræus, some five miles distant.

Pericles propose to the people, was undertaken by Callicrates.

The Odeum, or music-room, which in its interior was full of seats and ranges of pillars, and outside had its roof made to slope and descend from one single point at the top, was constructed, we are told, in imitation of the King of Persia's Pavilion; this likewise by Pericles's order.

Pericles, also eager for distinction, then first obtained the decree for a contest in musical skill to be held yearly at the Panathenaea, and he himself, being chosen judge, arranged the order and method in which the competitors should sing and play on the flute and on the harp. And both at that time, and at other times also, they sat in this music-room to see and hear all such trials of skill.

The propylaea, or entrances to the Acropolis, were finished in five years' time, Mnesicles being the principal architect. A strange accident happened in the course of building, which showed that the goddess was not averse to the work, but was aiding and co-operating to bring it to perfection. One of the artificers, the quickest and the handiest workman among them all, with a slip of his foot fell down from a great height, and lay in a miserable condition, the physicians having no hope of his recovery. When Pericles was in distress about this, Minerva appeared to him at night in a dream, and ordered a course of treatment, which he applied, and in a short time and with great ease cured the man. And upon this occasion it was that he set up a brass statue of Minerva, surnamed Health, in the citadel near the altar, which they say was there before. But it was Phidias who wrought the goddess's image in gold, and he has his name inscribed on the pedestal as the workman of it; and indeed the whole work in a manner was under his charge, and he had, as we have said already, the oversight over all the artists and workmen, through Pericles's friendship for him; and this, indeed, made him much envied, and his patron shamefully slandered with stories.

When the orators, who sided with Thucydides and his party, were at one time crying out, as their custom was, against Pericles, as one who squandered away the public money, and made havoc of the state revenues, he rose in the open assembly and put the question to the people, whether they thought that he had laid out much; and they saying, "Too much, a great deal." "Then," said he, "since it is so, let the cost not go to your account, but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name." When they heard

him say thus, whether it were out of a surprise to see the greatness of his spirit or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all were finished.

At length, coming to a final contest with Thucydides which of the two should ostracize the other out of the country, and having gone through this peril, he threw his antagonist out, and broke up the confederacy that had been organized against him. So that now all schism and division being at an end, and the city brought to evenness and unity, he got all Athens and all affairs that pertained to the Athenians into his own hands, their tributes, their armies, and their galleys, the islands, the sea, and their wide-extended power, partly over other Greeks, and partly over barbarians, and all that empire, which they possessed, founded and fortified upon subject nations and royal friendships and alliances.

After this he was no longer the same man he had been before, nor as tame and gentle and familiar as formerly with the populace, so as readily to yield to their pleasures and to comply with the desires of the multitude, as a steersman shifts with the winds. Quitting that loose, remiss, and, in some cases, licentious court of the popular will, he turned those soft and flowery modulations to the austerity of aristocratical and regal rule; and employing this uprightly and undeviatingly for the country's best interests, he was able generally to lead the people along, with their own wills and consents, by persuading and showing them what was to be done; and sometimes, too, urging and pressing them forward extremely against their will, he made them, whether they would or no, yield submission to what was for their advantage. In which, to say the truth, he did but like a skillful physician, who, in a complicated and chronic disease, as he sees occasion, at one while allows his patient the moderate use of such things as please him, at another while gives him keen pains and drug to work the cure. For there arising and growing up, as was natural, all manner of distempered feelings among a people which had so vast a command and dominion, he alone, as a great master, knowing how to handle and deal fitly with each one of them, and, in an especial manner, making that use of hopes and fears, as his two chief rudders, with the one to check the career of their confidence at any time, with the other to raise them up and cheer them when under any discouragement.

ment, plainly showed by this, that rhetoric, or the art of speaking, is, in Plato's language, the government of the souls of men, and that her chief business is to address the affections and passions, which are as it were the strings and keys to the soul, and require a skillful and careful touch to be played on as they should be. The source of this predominance was not barely his power of language, but, as Thucydides assures us, the reputation of his life, and the confidence felt in his character; his manifest freedom from every kind of corruption, and superiority to all considerations of money. Notwithstanding he had made the city of Athens, which was great of itself, as great and rich as can be imagined, and though he were himself in power and interest more than equal to many kings and absolute rulers, who some of them also bequeathed by will their power to their children, he, for his part, did not make the patrimony his father left him greater than it was by one drachma.

His paternal estate, which of right belonged to him, he so ordered that it might neither through negligence be wasted or lessened, nor yet, being so full of business as he was, cost him any great trouble or time with taking care of it; and put it into such a way of management as he thought to be the most easy for himself, and the most exact. All his yearly products and profits he sold together in a lump, and supplied his household needs afterwards by buying everything that he or his family wanted out of the market. Upon which account, his children, when they grew to age, were not well pleased with his management, and the women that lived with him were treated with little cost, and complained of his way of housekeeping, where everything was ordered and set down from day to day, and reduced to the greatest exactness; since there was not there, as is usual in a great family and a plentiful estate, anything to spare, or over and above; but all that went out or came in, all disbursements and all receipts, proceeded as it were by number and measure.

The Lacedæmonians beginning to show themselves troubled at the growth of the Athenian power, Pericles, on the other hand, to elevate the people's spirit yet more, and to raise them to the thought of great actions, proposed a decree, to summon all the Greeks in what part soever, whether of Europe or Asia, every city, little as well as great, to send their deputies to Athens to a general assembly, or convention, there to consult and advise concerning the Greek temples which the barbarians had burnt down, and the sacrifices

which were due from them upon vows they had made to their gods for the safety of Greece when they fought against the barbarians; and also concerning the navigation of the sea, that they might henceforward pass to and fro and trade securely and be at peace among themselves.

Upon this errand there were twenty men, of such as were above fifty years of age, sent by commission: five to summon the Ionians and Dorians in Asia, and the islanders as far as Lesbos and Rhodes; five to visit all the places in the Hellespont and Thrace, up to Byzantium; and other five besides these to go to Bœotia and Phocis and Peloponnesus, and from hence to pass through the Locrians over to the neighboring continent as far as Acarnania and Ambracia; and the rest to take their course through Eubœa to the Cœtæans and the Malian Gulf, and to the Achæans of Phthiotis and the Thessalians; all of them to treat with the people as they passed, and persuade them to come and take their part in the debates for settling the peace and jointly regulating the affairs of Greece.

Nothing was effected, nor did the cities meet by their deputies, as was desired; the Lacedæmonians, as it is said, crossing the design underhand, and the attempt being disappointed and baffled first in Peloponnesus. I thought fit, however, to introduce the mention of it, to show the spirit of the man and the greatness of his thoughts.

In his military conduct, he gained a great reputation for wariness; he would not by his good-will engage in any fight which had much uncertainty or hazard; he did not envy the glory of generals whose rash adventures fortune favored with brilliant success, however they were admired by others; nor did he think them worthy his imitation, but always used to say to his citizens that, so far as lay in his power, they should continue immortal, and live for ever.

Of all his expeditions, that to the Chersonese gave most satisfaction and pleasure, having proved the safety of the Greeks who inhabited there. For not only by carrying along with him a thousand fresh citizens of Athens he gave new strength and vigor to the cities, but also by belting the neck of land, which joins the peninsula to the continent, with bulwarks and forts from sea to sea, he put a stop to the inroads of the Thracians, who lay all about the Chersonese, and closed the door against a continual and grievous war, with which that country had been long harassed, lying exposed to the encroachments and influx of barbarous neigh-

bors, and groaning under the evils of a predatory population both upon and within its borders.

Pericles curbed the passion of the Athenians for foreign conquest, and unsparingly pruned and cut down their ever busy fancies for a multitude of undertakings; and directed their power for the most part to securing and consolidating what they had already got, supposing it would be quite enough for them to do, if they could keep the Lacedæmonians in check.

That he did well and wisely in thus restraining the exertions of the Athenians within the compass of Greece, the events themselves that happened afterward bore sufficient witness. For, in the first place, the Eubœans revolted, against whom he passed over with forces; and then, immediately after, news came that the Megarians were turned their enemies; and a hostile army was upon the borders of Attica, under the conduct of Plistoanax, King of the Lacedæmonians. Wherefore Pericles came with his army back again in all haste out of Eubœa, to meet the war which threatened at home; and did not venture to engage a numerous and brave army eager for battle; but perceiving that Plistoanax was a very young man, and governed himself mostly by the counsel and advice of Cleandrides, whom the ephors had sent with him, by reason of his youth, to be a kind of guardian and assistant to him, he privately made trial of this man's integrity, and, in a short time, having corrupted him with money, prevailed with him to withdraw the Peloponnesians out of Attica.

When Pericles, in giving up his accounts of this expedition, stated a disbursement of ten talents, as laid out upon fit occasion, the people, without any question, nor troubling themselves to investigate the mystery, freely allowed of it. And some historians, in which number is Theophrastus the philosopher, have given it as a truth that Pericles every year used to send privately the sum of ten talents to Sparta, with which he complimented those in office, to keep off the war; not to purchase peace neither, but time, that he might prepare at leisure, and be the better able to carry on war hereafter.

Immediately after this, turning his forces against the revolters, and passing over into the island of Eubœa with fifty sail of ships and five thousand men in arms, he reduced their cities, and drove out the citizens of the Chalcidians, called Hippobotæ, horse-feeders, the chief persons for wealth and reputation among them; and removing all the Histiaians out of the country, brought in a planta-

tion of Athenians in their room; making them his one example of severity, because they had captured an Attic ship and killed all on board.

After this, having made a truce between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians for thirty years, he ordered, by public decree, the expedition against the isle of Samos, on the ground, that, when they were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians they had not complied. And as these measures against the Samians are thought to have been taken to please Aspasia, this may be a fit point for inquiry about the woman, what art or charming faculty she had that enabled her to captivate, as she did, the greatest statesmen, and to give the philosophers occasion to speak so much about her, and that, too, not to her disparagement. That she was a Milesian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus, is a thing acknowledged. And they say it was in emulation of Thargelia, a courtesan of the old Ionian times, that she made her addresses to men of great power. Thargelia was a great beauty, extremely charming, and at the same time sagacious; she had numerous suitors among the Greeks, and brought all who had to do with her over to the Persian interest, and by their means, being men of the greatest power and station, sowed the seeds of the Median faction up and down in several cities. Aspasia, some say, was courted and caressed by Pericles upon account of her knowledge and skill in politics. Socrates himself would sometimes go to visit her, and some of his acquaintance with him; and those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her. Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans. Æschines tells us, also, that Lysicles, a sheep-dealer, a man of low birth and character, by keeping Aspasia company after Pericles's death, came to be a chief man in Athens. And in Plato's Menexenus, though we do not take the introduction as quite serious, still thus much seems to be historical, that she had the repute of being resorted to by many of the Athenians for instruction in the art of speaking. Pericles's inclination for her seems, however, to have rather proceeded from the passion of love. He had a wife that was near of kin to him, who had been married first to Hipponicus, by whom she had Callias, surnamed the Rich; and also she brought Pericles, while she lived with him, two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. Afterwards, when they did not well agree, nor like to live together, he parted with her with her own consent, to another man, and himself took Aspasia, and loved her with wonderfu

affection; every day, both as he went out and as he came in from the market-place, he saluted and kissed her.

When the Peloponnesian War began to break out in full tide, he advised the people to send help to the Corcyraeans, who were attacked by the Corinthians, and to secure to themselves an island possessed of great naval resources, since the Peloponnesians were already all but in actual hostilities against them. And when now the Corinthians, angry and indignant with the Athenians, accused them publicly at Lacedæmon, the Megarians joined with them, complaining that they were, contrary to common right and the articles of peace sworn to among the Greeks, kept out and driven away from every market and from all ports under the control of the Athenians. The Æginetans, also, professing to be ill-used and treated with violence, made supplications in private to the Lacedæmonians for redress, though not daring openly to call the Athenians in question. In the meantime, also, the city Potidea, under the dominion of the Athenians, but a colony formerly of the Corinthians, had revolted, and was beset with a formal siege, and was a further occasion of precipitating the war.

Yet notwithstanding all this, there being embassies sent to Athens, and Archidamus, the King of the Lacedæmonians, endeavoring to bring the greater part of the complaints and matters in dispute to a fair determination, and to pacify and allay the heats of the allies, it is very likely that the war would not upon any other grounds of quarrel have fallen upon the Athenians, could they have been prevailed with to repeal the ordinance against the Megarians, and to be reconciled to them. Upon which account, since Pericles was the man who mainly opposed it, and stirred up the people's passions to persist in their contention with the Megarians, he was regarded as the sole cause of the war.

They say, moreover, that ambassadors went, by order, from Lacedæmon to Athens about this very business, and that when Pericles was urging a certain law which made it illegal to take down or withdraw the tablet of the decree, one of the ambassadors, Polyalces by name, said, "Well, do not take it down then, but turn it; there is no law, I suppose, which forbids that;" which, though prettily said, did not move Pericles from his resolution. There may have been, in all likelihood, something of a secret grudge and private animosity which he had against the Megarians. Yet, upon a public and

open charge against them, that they had appropriated part of the sacred land on the frontier, he proposed a decree that a herald should be sent to them, and the same also to the Lacedæmonians, with an accusation of the Megarians; an order which certainly shows equitable and friendly proceedings enough. And after that the herald who was sent, by name Anthemocritus, died, and it was believed that the Megarians had contrived his death, then Charinus proposed a decree against them, that there should be an irreconcilable and implacable enmity thenceforward betwixt the two commonwealths; and that if any one of the Megarians should but set foot in Attica, he should be put to death; and that the commanders, when they take the usual oath, should, over and above that, swear that they will twice every year make an inroad into the Megarian country; and that Anthemocritus should be buried near the Thracian Gates, which are now called the Dipylon, or Double Gate.

On the other hand, the Megarians, utterly denying and disowning the murder of Anthemocritus, throw the whole matter upon Aspasia and Pericles. The true occasion of the quarrel is not so easy to find out. But of inducing the refusal to annul the decree, all alike charge Pericles. Some say he met the request with a positive refusal, out of high spirit and a view of the state's best interest, accounting that the demand made in those embassies was designed for a trial of their compliance, and that a concession would be taken for a confession of weakness as if they durst not do otherwise; while other some there are who say that it was rather out of arrogance and a willful spirit of contention, to show his own strength, that he took occasion to slight the Lacedæmonians.

The worst motive of all, which is confirmed by most witnesses, is to the following effect: Phidias the Molder had, as has before been said, undertaken to make the statue of Minerva. Now he, being admitted to friendship with Pericles, and a great favorite of his, had many enemies upon this account, who envied and maligned him; who also, to make trial in a case of his, what kind of judges the commons would prove, should there be occasion to bring Pericles himself before them, having tampered with Menon, one who had been a workman with Phidias, stationed him in the market-place, with a petition desiring public security upon his discovery and impeachment of Phidias. The people admitting the man to tell his story, and the prosecution proceeding in the assembly, there was

nothing of theft or cheat proved against him; for Phidias, from the very first beginning, by the advice of Pericles, had so wrought and wrapt the gold that was used in the work about the statue, that they might take it all off, and make out the just weight of it, which Pericles at that time bade the accuser do. But the reputation of his works was what brought envy upon Phidias, especially that where he represents the fight of the Amazons upon the goddess's shield, he had introduced a likeness of himself as a bald old man holding up a great stone with both hands, and had put in a very fine representation of Pericles fighting with an Amazon. And the position of the hand which holds out the spear in front of the face, was ingeniously contrived to conceal in some degree the likeness, which meantime showed itself on either side.

Phidias then was carried away to prison, and there died of a disease; but, as some say, of poison, administered by the enemies of Pericles, to raise a slander, or a suspicion at least, as though he had procured it. The informer Menon, upon Glycon's proposal, the people made free from payment of taxes and customs, and ordered the generals to take care that nobody should do him any hurt. About the same time, Aspasia was indicted of impiety, upon the complaint of Hermippus the comedian, who also laid further to her charge that she received into her house freeborn women for the uses of Pericles. And Diopithes proposed a decree, that public accusations should be laid against persons who neglected religion, or taught new doctrines about things above, directing suspicion, by means of Anaxagoras, against Pericles himself. The people receyng and admitting these accusations and complaints, at length, by this means, they came to enact a decree, at the motion of Dracontides, that Pericles should bring in the accounts of the moneys he had expended, and lodge them with the Prytanes; and that the judges, carrying their suffrage from the altar in the Acropolis, should examine and determine the business in the city. This last clause Hagnon took out of the decree, and moved that the causes should be tried before fifteen hundred jurors, whether they should be styled prosecutions for robbery, or bribery, or any kind of malversation. Aspasia, Pericles begged off, shedding, as Æschines says, many tears at the trial, and personally entreating the jurors. But fearing how it might go with Anaxagoras, he sent him out of the city. And finding that in Phidias's case he had miscarried with

the people, being afraid of impeachment, he kindled the war, which hitherto had lingered and smothered, and blew it up into a flame; hoping, by that means, to disperse and scatter these complaints and charges, and to allay their jealousy; the city usually throwing herself upon him alone, and trusting to his sole conduct, upon the urgency of great affairs and public dangers, by reason of his authority and the sway he bore.

These are given out to have been the reasons which induced Pericles not to suffer the people of Athens to yield to the proposals of the Lacedæmonians; but their truth is uncertain.

The Lacedæmonians, for their part, feeling sure that if they could once remove him, they might be at what terms they pleased with the Athenians, sent them word that they should expel the "Pollution" with which Pericles on the mother's side was tainted, as Thucydides tells us. But the issue proved quite contrary to what those who sent the message expected; instead of bringing Pericles under suspicion and reproach, they raised him into yet greater credit and esteem with the citizens, as a man whom their enemies most hated and feared. In the same way, also, before Archidamus, who was at the head of the Peloponnesians, made his invasion into Attica, he told the Athenians beforehand, that if Archidamus, while he laid waste the rest of the country, should forbear and spare his estate, either on the ground of friendship or right of hospitality that was betwixt them, or on purpose to give his enemies an occasion of traducing him; that then he did freely bestow upon the state all his land and the buildings upon it for the public use. The Lacedæmonians, therefore, and their allies, with a great army, invaded the Athenian territories, under the conduct of King Archidamus, and laying waste the country, marched on as far as Acharnæ, and there pitched their camp, presuming that the Athenians would never endure that, but would come out and fight them for their country's and their honor's sake.

But Pericles looked upon it as dangerous to engage in battle, to the risk of the city itself, against sixty thousand men-at-arms of Peloponnesians and Boeotians; for so many they were in number that made the inroad at first; and he endeavored to appease those who were desirous to fight, and were grieved and discontented to see how things went. and gave them good words, saying, that "trees, when they are lopped and cut, grow up again in a short time, but men, being once lost, cannot easily be recovered." He did not convene the people into

an assembly, for fear lest they should force him to act against his judgment; but, like a skillful steersman or pilot of a ship, who, when a sudden squall comes on, out at sea, makes all his arrangements, sees that all is tight and fast, and then follows the dictates of his skill, and minds the business of the ship, taking no notice of the tears and entreaties of the sea-sick and fearful passengers, so he, having shut up the city gates, and placed guards at all posts for security, followed his own reason and judgment, little regarding those that cried out against him and were angry at his management, although there were a great many of his friends that urged him with requests, and many of his enemies threatened and accused him for doing as he did, and many made songs and lampoons upon him, which were sung about the town to his disgrace, reproaching him with the cowardly exercise of his office of general, and the tame abandonment of everything to the enemy's hands.

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and, sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Aegina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort, also, and ease in their miseries, they might receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponneses, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease, or plague, seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength. Upon occasion of which, the people, distempered

bodies, were utterly enraged like madmen against Pericles, and, like patients grown delirious, sought to lay violent hands on their physician, or, as it were, their father. They had been possessed, by his enemies, with the belief that the occasion of the plague was the crowding of the country people together into the town, forced as they were now, in the heat of the summer weather, to dwell many of them together even as they could, in small tenements and stifling hovels, and to be tied to a lazy course of life within doors, whereas before they lived in a pure, open, and free air. The cause and author of all this, said they, is he who on account of the war has poured a multitude of people in upon us within the walls, and uses all these men that he has here upon no employ or service, but keeps them pent up like cattle, to be overrun with infection from one another, affording them neither shift of quarters nor any refreshment.

With the design to remedy these evils, and do the enemy some inconvenience, Pericles got a hundred and fifty galleys ready, and having embarked many tried soldiers, both foot and horse, was about to sail out, giving great hope to his citizens, and no less alarm to his enemies, upon the sight of so great a force. And now the vessels having their complement of men, and Pericles being gone aboard his own galley, it happened that the sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark on a sudden, to the affright of all, for this was looked upon as extremely ominous. Pericles, therefore, perceiving the steersman seized with fear and at a loss what to do, took his cloak and held it up before the man's face, and screening him with it so that he could not see, asked him whether he imagined there was any great hurt, or the sign of any great hurt in this, and he answering No, "Why," said he, "and what does that differ from this, only that what has caused that darkness there, is something greater than a cloak?" This is a story which philosophers tell their scholars. Pericles, however, after putting out to sea, seems not to have done any other exploit befitting such preparations, and when he had laid siege to the holy city Epidaurus, which gave him some hope of surrender, miscarried in his design by reason of the sickness. For it not only seized upon the Athenians, but upon all others, too, that held any sort of communication with the army. Finding after this the Athenians ill-affected and highly displeased with him, he tried and endeavored what he could to appease and re-encourage them. But he could not pacify or allay their

till they freely passed their votes upon him, resumed their power, took away his command from him, and fined him in a sum of money; which by their account that say least, was fifteen talents, while they who reckon most, name fifty.

After this, public troubles were soon to leave him unmolested; the people, so to say, discharged their passion in their stroke, and lost their stings in the wound. But his domestic concerns were in an unhappy condition, many of his friends and acquaintances having died in the plague time, and those of his family having long since been in disorder and in a kind of mutiny against him. For the eldest of his lawfully begotten sons, Xanthippus by name, being naturally prodigal, and marrying a young and expensive wife, the daughter of Tisander, son of Epilucus, was highly offended at his father's economy in making him but a scanty allowance, by little and little at a time. He sent, therefore, to a friend one day and borrowed some money of him in his father Pericles's name, pretending it was by his order. The man coming afterward to demand the debt, Pericles was so far from yielding to pay it, that he entered an action against him. Upon which the young man, Xanthippus, thought himself so ill-used and disengaged that he openly reviled his father; telling first, by way of ridicule, stories about his conversations at home, and the discourses he had with the sophists and scholars that came to his house. This difference of the young man's with his father, and the breach betwixt them, continued never to be healed or made up till his death. For Xanthippus died in the plague time of the sickness. At which time Pericles also lost his sister, and the greatest part of his relations and friends, and those who had been most useful and serviceable to him in managing the affairs of state. However, he did not shrink or give in upon these occasions, nor betray or lower his high spirit and the greatness of his mind under all his misfortunes; he was not even so much as seen to weep or to mourn, or even attend the burial of any of his friends or relations, till at last he lost his only remaining legitimate son. Subdued by this blow, and yet striving still, as far as he could, to maintain his principle, and to preserve and keep up the greatness of his soul, when he came, however, to perform the ceremony of putting a garland of flowers upon the head of the corpse, he was vanquished by his passion at the sight, so that he burst into exclamations, and shed copious tears, having never done any such thing in his life before.

The city having made trial of other generals for the conduct of war, and orators for business of state, when they found there was no one who was of weight enough for such a charge, or of authority sufficient to be trusted with so great a command, regretted the loss of him, and invited him again to address and advise them, and to reassume the office of general. He, however, lay at home in dejection and mourning; but was persuaded by Alcibiades and others of his friends to come abroad and show himself to the people; who having, upon his appearance, made their acknowledgments, and apologized for their untowardly treatment of him, he undertook the public affairs again.

About the time when his son was enrolled [in the army], it should seem the plague seized Pericles, not with sharp and violent fits, as it did others that had it, but with a dull and lingering distemper, attended with various changes and alterations, leisurely, by little and little, wasting the strength of his body, and undermining the noble faculties of his soul. So that Theophrastus, in his *Morals*, when discussing whether men's characters change with their circumstances, and their moral habits, disturbed by the ailings of their bodies, start aside from the rules of virtue, has left it upon record, that Pericles, when he was sick, showed one of his friends that came to visit him an amulet or charm that the women had hung about his neck; as much as to say, that he was very sick indeed when he would admit of such a foolery as that was.

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit, and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which, as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he had set up for the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or mind what they said but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened, however, all the while, and attended to all, and, speaking out among them, said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and, at the same time, should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all. "For," said he, "no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration not only for his equitable and mild temper, which all along in the many affairs of his life, and the great animosities which he incurred, he constantly maintained; but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors that, in the exercise of such immense power, he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor ever had treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance; so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished, in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with our conceptions of the divine beings, to whom, as the natural authors of all good and of nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place, indeed, where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light as though such were a

home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet, in the meanwhile, affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which no way become or belong to even men that have any understanding. But this will, perhaps, seem a subject fitter for some other consideration, and that ought to be treated of in some other place.

The course of public affairs after his death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who, while he lived, resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after his quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more moderate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used. And that invidious arbitrary power, to which formerly they gave the name of monarchy and tyranny, did then appear to have been the chief bulwark of public safety; so great a corruption and such a flood of mischief and vice followed which he, by keeping weak and low, had withheld from notice, and had prevented from attaining incurable height through a licentious impunity.

THUCYDIDES

The Funeral Oration of Pericles

In the same winter the Athenians gave a funeral at the public cost to those who had first fallen in this war.¹ It was a custom of their ancestors, and the manner of it is as follows. Three days before the ceremony, the bones of the dead are laid out in a tent which has been erected; and their friends bring to their relatives such offerings as they please. In the funeral procession cypress coffins are borne in cars, one for each tribe; the bones of the deceased being placed in the coffin of their tribe. Among these is carried one empty bier decked for

the missing, that is, for those whose bodies could not be recovered. Any citizen or stranger who pleases, joins in the procession: and the female relatives are there to wail at the burial. The dead are laid in the public sepulcher in the beautiful suburb of the city, in which those who fall in war are always buried; with the exception of those slain at Marathon, who for their singular and extraordinary valor were interred on the spot where they fell. After the bodies have been laid in the earth, a man chosen by the state, of approved

Pericles' Funeral Oration. Translated by Richard Crawley. Thucydides, author of the history of the Peloponnesian War, was born of a substantial Athenian family about 460 B.C. and lived through the great age of the flowering and decline of Athens. He died about 399 B.C.

¹ This was the great war between Athens and Sparta, the Peloponnesian War, which, though interrupted by a few years of peace, lasted from 431 B.C. to 404. This oration was given at the end of the first year of the war.

wisdom and eminent reputation, pronounces over them an appropriate panegyric; after which all retire. Such is the manner of the burying; and throughout the whole of the war, whenever the occasion arose, the established custom was observed. Meanwhile these were the first that had fallen, and Pericles, son of Xanthippus, was chosen to pronounce their eulogium. When the proper time arrived, he advanced from the sepulcher to an elevated platform in order to be heard by as many of the crowd as possible, and spoke as follows:

"Most of my predecessors in this place have commanded him who made this speech part of the law, telling us that it is well that it should be delivered at the burial of those who fall in battle. For myself, I should have thought that the worth which had displayed itself in deeds, would be sufficiently rewarded by honors also shown by deeds; such as you now see in this funeral prepared at the people's cost. And I could have wished that the reputations of many brave men were not to be imperiled in the mouth of a single individual, to stand or fall according as he spoke well or ill. For it is hard to speak properly upon a subject where it is even difficult to convince your hearers that you are speaking the truth. On the one hand, the friend who is familiar with every fact of the story, may think that some point has not been set forth with that fullness which he wishes and knows it to deserve; on the other, he who is a stranger to the matter may be led by envy to suspect exaggeration if he hears anything above his own nature. For men can endure to hear others praised only so long as they can severally persuade themselves of their own ability to equal the actions recounted: when this point is passed, envy comes in and with it incredulity. However, since our ancestors have stamped this custom with their approval, it becomes my duty to obey the law and to try to satisfy your several wishes and opinions as best I can."

"I shall begin with our ancestors: it is both just and proper that they should have the honor of the first mention on an occasion like the present. They dwelt in the country without break in the succession from generation to generation, and handed it down free to the present time by their valor. And if our more remote ancestors deserve praise, much more do our own fathers, who added to their inheritance the empire which we now possess, and spared no pains to be able to leave their acquisitions to us of the present generation. Lastly, there are few parts of our dominions that have not been

augmented by those of us here, who are still more or less in the vigor of life; while the mother country has been furnished by us with everything that can enable her to depend on her own resources whether for war or for peace. That part of our history which tells of the military achievements which gave us our several possessions, or of the ready valor with which either we or our fathers stemmed the tide of Hellenic or foreign aggression, is a theme too familiar to my hearers for me to dilate on, and I shall therefore pass it by. But what was the road by which we reached our position, what the form of government under which our greatness grew, what the national habits out of which it sprang; these are questions which I may try to solve before I proceed to my panegyric upon these men; since I think this to be a subject upon which on the present occasion a speaker may properly dwell, and to which the whole assembly, whether citizens or foreigners, may listen with advantage.

"Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favors the many instead of the few; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in their private differences; if to social standing, advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit; nor again does poverty bar the way; if a man is able to serve the state, he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition. The freedom which we enjoy in our government extends also to our ordinary life. There, far from exercising a jealous surveillance over each other, we do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbor for doing what he likes, or even to indulge in those injurious looks which cannot fail to be offensive, although they inflict no positive penalty. But all this ease in our private relations does not make us lawless as citizens. Against this fear is our chief safeguard, teaching us to obey the magistrates and the laws, particularly such as regard the protection of the injured, whether they are actually on the statute book, or belong to that code which, although unwritten, yet cannot be broken without acknowledged disgrace.

"Further, we provide plenty of means for the mind to refresh itself from business. We celebrate games and sacrifices all the year round, and the elegance of our private establishments forms a daily source of pleasure and helps to banish the

spleen; while the magnitude of our city draws the produce of the world into our harbor, so that to the Athenian the fruits of other countries are as familiar a luxury as those of his own.

"If we turn to our military policy, there also we differ from our antagonists. We throw open our city to the world, and never by alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing, although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality; trusting less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens; while in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger. In proof of this it may be noticed that the Lacedæmonians do not invade our country alone, but bring with them all their confederates; while we Athenians advance unsupported into the territory of a neighbor, and fighting upon a foreign soil usually vanquish with ease men who are defending their homes. Our united force was never yet encountered by any enemy, because we have at once to attend to our marine and to despatch our citizens by land upon a hundred different services; so that, wherever they engage with some such fraction of our strength, a success against a detachment is magnified into a victory over the nation, and a defeat into a reverse suffered at the hands of our entire people. And yet if with habits not of labor but of ease, and courage not of art but of nature, we are still willing to encounter danger, we have the double advantage of escaping the experience of hardships in anticipation and of facing them in the hour of need as fearlessly as those who are never free from them.

"Nor are these the only points in which our city is worthy of admiration. We cultivate refinement without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy; wealth we employ more for use than for show, and place the real disgrace of poverty not in owning to the fact but in declining the struggle against it. Our public men have, besides politics, their private affairs to attend to, and our ordinary citizens, though occupied with the pursuits of industry, are still fair judges of public matters; for, unlike any other nation, regarding him who takes no part in these duties not as unambitious but as useless, we Athenians are able to judge at all events if we cannot originate, and instead of looking on discussion as a stumbling-block in the way of action, we think it an indispensable preliminary to any wise action at all.

Again, in our enterprises we present the singular spectacle of daring and deliberation, each carried to its highest point, and both united in the same persons; although usually decision is the fruit of ignorance, hesitation of reflection. But the palm of courage will surely be adjudged most justly to those who best know the difference between hardship and pleasure and yet are never tempted to shrink from danger. In generosity we are equally singular, acquiring our friends by conferring, not by receiving, favors. Yet, of course, the doer of the favor is the firmer friend of the two, in order by continued kindness to keep the recipient in his debt; while the debtor feels less keenly from the very consciousness that the return he makes will be a payment, not a free gift. And it is only the Athenians who, fearless of consequences, confer their benefits not from calculations of expediency, but in the confidence of liberality.

"In short, I say that as a city we are the school of Hellas; while I doubt if the world can produce a man, who where he has only himself to depend upon, is equal to so many emergencies, and graced by so happy a versatility as the Athenian. And that this is no mere boast thrown out for the occasion, but plain matter of fact, the power of the state acquired by these habits proves. For Athens alone of her contemporaries is found when tested to be greater than her reputation, and alone gives no occasion to her assailants to blush at the antagonist by whom they have been worsted, or to her subjects to question her title by merit to rule. Rather, the admiration of the present and succeeding ages will be ours, since we have not left our power without witness, but have shown it by mighty proofs; and far from needing a Homer for our panegyrist, or other of his craft whose verses might charm for the moment only for the impression which they gave to melt at the touch of fact, we have forced every sea and land to be the highway of our daring, and everywhere, whether for evil or for good, have left imperishable monuments behind us. Such is the Athens for which these men, in the assertion of their resolve not to lose her, nobly fought and died; and well may every one of their survivors be ready to suffer in her cause.

"Indeed if I have dwelt at some length upon the character of our country, it has been to show that our stake in the struggle is not the same as theirs who have no such blessings to lose, and also that the panegyric of the men over whom I am now speaking might be by definite proofs established.

That panegyric is now in a great measure complete; for the Athens that I have celebrated is only what the heroism of these and their like have made her, men whose fame, unlike that of most Hellenes, will be found to be only commensurate with their deserts. And if a test of worth be wanted, it is to be found in their closing scene, and this not only in the cases in which it set the final seal upon their merit, but also in those in which it gave the first intimation of their having any. For there is justice in the claim that steadfastness in his country's battles should be as a cloak to cover a man's other imperfections; since the good action has blotted out the bad, and his merit as a citizen more than outweighed his demerits as an individual. But none of these allowed either wealth with its prospect of future enjoyment to unnerve his spirit, or poverty with its hope of a day of freedom and riches to tempt him to shrink from danger. No, holding that vengeance upon their enemies was more to be desired than any personal blessings, and reckoning this to be the most glorious of hazards, they joyfully determined to accept the risk, to make sure of their vengeance and to let their wishes wait; and while committing to hope the uncertainty of final success, in the business before them they thought fit to act boldly and trust in themselves. Thus choosing to die resisting, rather than to live submitting, they fled only from dishonor, but met danger face to face, and after one brief moment, while at the summit of their fortune, escaped, not from their fear, but from their glory.

"So died these men as became Athenians. You, their survivors, must determine to have as unfaltering a resolution in the field, though you may pray that it may have a happier issue. And not contented with ideas derived only from words of the advantages which are bound up with the defense of your country, though these would furnish a valuable text to a speaker even before an audience so alive to them as the present, you must yourselves realize the power of Athens, and feed your eyes upon her from day to day, till love of her fills your hearts; and then when all her greatness shall break upon you, you must reflect that it was by courage, sense of duty, and a keen feeling of honor in action that men were enabled to win all this, and that no personal failure in an enterprise could make them consent to deprive their country of their valor, but they laid it at her feet as the most glorious contribution that they could offer. For this offering of their lives made in common by

them all they each of them individually received that renown which never grows old, and for a sepulcher, not so much that in which their bones have been deposited, but that noblest of shrines wherein their glory is laid up to be eternally remembered upon every occasion on which deed or story shall call for its commemoration. For heroes have the whole earth for their tomb; and in lands far from their own, where the column with its epitaph declares it, there is enshrined in every breast a record unwritten with no tablet to preserve it, except that of the heart. These take as your model, and judging happiness to be the fruit of freedom and freedom of valor, never decline the dangers of war. For it is not the miserable that would most justly be unsparing of their lives; these have nothing to hope for: it is rather they to whom continued life may bring reverses as yet unknown, and to whom a fall, if it came, would be most tremendous in its consequences. And surely, to a man of spirit, the degradation of cowardice must be immeasurably more grievous than the unfeigned death which strikes him in the midst of his strength and patriotism!

"Comfort, therefore, not condolence, is what I have to offer to the parents of the dead who may be here. Numberless are the chances to which, as they know, the life of man is subject; but fortunate indeed are they who draw for their lot a death so glorious as that which has caused your mourning, and to whom life has been so exactly measured as to terminate in the happiness in which it has been passed. Still I know that this is a hard saying, especially when those are in question of whom you will constantly be reminded by seeing in the homes of others blessings of which once you also boasted: for grief is felt not so much for the want of what we have never known, as for the loss of that to which we have been long accustomed. Yet you who are still of an age to beget children must bear up in the hope of having others in their stead; not only will they help you to forget those whom you have lost, but will be to the state at once a reinforcement and a security; for never can a fair or just policy be expected of the citizen who does not, like his fellows, bring to the decision the interests and apprehensions of a father. While those of you who have passed your prime must congratulate yourselves with the thought that the best part of your life was fortunate, and that the brief span that remains will be cheered by the fame of the departed. For it is only the love of honor that never grows old; and honor

it is, not gain, as some would have it, that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness.

"Turning to the sons or brothers of the dead, I see an arduous struggle before you. When a man is gone, all are wont to praise him, and should your merit be ever so transcendent, you will still find it difficult not merely to overtake, but even to approach their renown. The living have envy to contend with, while those who are no longer in our path are honored with a good-will into which rivalry does not enter. On the other hand, if I must say anything on the subject of female excellence to those of you who will now be in widowhood, it will be all comprised in this brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers

who is least talked of among the men whether for good or for bad.

"My task is now finished. I have performed it to the best of my ability, and in words, at least, the requirements of the law are now satisfied. If deeds be in question, those who are here interred have received part of their honors already, and for the rest, their children will be brought up till manhood at the public expense: the state thus offers a valuable prize, as the garland of victory in this race of valor, for the reward both of those who have fallen and their survivors. And where the rewards for merit are greatest, there are found the best citizens.

"And now that you have brought to a close your lamentations for your relatives, you may depart."

GREEK TRAGEDY

One of the most remarkable accomplishments of the Greek genius and of the Attic Age was the development of tragedy. In its greatest period this form of dramatic representation engaged the efforts of the best writers of the supreme century of Greek culture, and it furnished æsthetic pleasure of an unparalleled kind to tens of thousands of spectators. Since those days the three great tragic poets of Greece have taken their place at the head of all the dramatists of the world—only Shakespeare, of all the hundreds who have tried, being admitted as an equal in their company.

How such an artistic achievement was brought about has been the subject of much discussion. We are sure that tragedy developed rather rapidly toward the end of the sixth century B.C. and that it had a religious origin, but concerning the details there are many unsolved problems.

It seems clear enough that tragedy began in some way with the worship of Dionysus (or Bacchus), the wine-god, originally a vegetation god, whose life and struggle was the subject of myths and primitive rites. A chorus of people dressed as satyrs for the celebration of the Feast of Dionysus, though at first improvising their dance and song, eventually came (by the end of the sixth century) to have set songs and formal steps. A goat was given as a prize and perhaps for this reason the performance was called a *tragoidia*, a goat song. There seems to have been no attempt at impersonation in the dance or singing until in the late sixth century a real actor was introduced by a certain Thespis (from whom today we have the name "Thespian," for actors). Such a change was necessary if ever this religious celebration was to become drama. For the very essence of drama is that the actor shall represent someone else.

In 534 B.C. the City Dionysia was organized in Athens for the more effective celebration of the

Feast of Dionysus. Contests were begun in which writers vied with one another in the best kind of celebration. These became more and more dramatic and realistic. The satyr masks were abandoned and the choruses appeared in any guise the playwright demanded. At length the action came to be separated from Dionysus altogether, though it remained religious in character. In 501 B.C. there was a reorganization of the Dionysia in Athens. The goat prize was abandoned and each poet who was chosen entered four plays—three tragedies and a "satyr-play"—in competition for the yearly prize.

If we think of the early Greek tragedy as having a leader and chorus who by their singing, dancing, and dialogue told one of the Greek sacred stories, we shall see that when a second actor comes on the stage with the leader the possibilities of making the story dramatic have been vastly increased. It was this service that was performed by the first of the three great tragedians, Æschylus, who also materially shifted the emphasis from the chorus to the dialogue. Indeed it may be said that the history of Greek tragedy is largely a study of the various ways in which the chorus, which at first is the only thing of importance, gradually gives way before the more interesting action of the actor. It is in Æschylus that we first find Greek tragedy in such form that we recognize it as tragedy.

Tragedy became, so to speak, the repository of Greek culture. As theater it absorbed the arts of music and the dance, which had been growing in refinement and expertness. As dramatic literature, it incorporated the grandeur and the subject matter of epic poetry, as well as that of many myths and legends, and the beauties of lyric and choral poetry, which poets like Sappho, Alcaeus, and Simonides had perfected. Tragedy, moreover, absorbed and then reflected many advances in religious and philosophical thought, in rhetoric and

disputation, and in psychology. For all this, tragedy found a matrix in its special form,—a form that differs in most respects from the realistic drama to which we have become accustomed in our own day. The elements that were thus brought together into dramatic synthesis consisted of choruses and dramatic episodes, acting, dancing, and music. By these means, human experience was projected from the stage in expressive, stylized form.

The typical Greek tragedy opened with a *prologue*, an introductory scene which acquainted the audience with the situation of the play. This was followed by a *parodos*, a dramatically rendered song by the chorus on its first appearance in the *orchestra* or dancing circle that faced the stage. Then came a scene, called the *episode*, in which the characters appeared on the stage and enacted a portion of the dramatic action. At its conclusion, the chorus sang an *ode*, known as the *stasimon*. (Sometimes a lyric passage, known as a *commus*, was substituted for the *stasimon*.) After a series of *episodes* and *stasima*, the play was rounded out by a final chorus or *exodus*. Here, in short, was an exalted and formal art, resembling opera but with sustained passages of spoken dialogue.

Life was viewed in terms of the crises and conflicts that give it significance, that reveal humanity's dreads, aspirations, and defeats, and that challenge man to some investigation of reality. With few exceptions, of which Aeschylus' *The Persians* is the sole extant example, the starting point was some myth or legend rather than a contemporary event and background. But this did not hamper Athenian dramatists. The ancient tale enabled the poet to express experience with sufficient perspective to ensure universality for his work. And it is to be remembered, too, that the myth or legend was by no means academically remote to the playwright's

audience; the story could be viewed as actual history, as symbolism, or as a parallel to contemporary events. Thus the story of Oedipus and his family could be regarded by Sophocles' public as a review of Thebes's past, a past that had special significance to the Athenians who at that time counted the Thebans among their enemies. Surely, too, there was a patriotic reason for Sophocles' alteration of the legend which originally had Oedipus die in Thebes. In Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, the dying Oedipus, mystically endowed with the power of blessing the soil in which he reposed, is succored and buried in Athens. Euripides' retelling of the fall of Troy in *Trojan Women* could express the Athenian peace party's revulsion at the ruthless behavior of the Athenian imperialists; and the Athenian intellectual, who did not believe in the gods, could interpret Aphrodite in the same playwright's *Hippolytus* and Dionysus in his *Bacchae* symbolically, as the representatives of life forces.

Greek tragedy was, in the main, the creation of three great poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, three men who were deeply involved in Athenian life, and in its political, cultural, and intellectual aspects. We shall review their work and read their plays shortly, but before doing so it may be helpful to acquire a more vivid sense of how their tragedies appeared to the audiences for which they were written. It is well to recapture the magic of theater in which the tragedies were steeped. For this purpose, Sheldon Cheney's imaginative picture should prove helpful. Following this, Aristotle's critical analysis of Greek dramaturgy will throw light on the nature of tragic composition as practiced by the Greeks. If it also illuminates for us the art of tragedy in other ages, this is our gain.

SOME FACTS OF GREEK STAGING

The following prosaic facts of Greek staging will serve to introduce Cheney's account:

The masks, so frequently employed in primitive ritual, were not only a hallowed convention scrupulously retained by the Greek theater, but a powerful means of attracting attention, creating excitement, and expressing essential drama. All the actors wore elongated grotesque masks of linen, cork, and wood, which grew larger and more curious with time. Although fairly stereotyped, portraying general attributes like cruelty, craft,

and suffering, these disguises possessed considerable variety. Special masks would be required by mythological and allegorical characters like the horned Io, the multiple-eyed Argos, the snaky-haired Furies, and allegorical figures like Death, Force, and Frenzy. That even realism was attempted is shown by the fact that at the conclusion of Sophocles' *Oedipus the King* the mask of the hero depicted a blood-stained countenance with mutilated eyes.

Boots with thickened, painted soles and a high

headdress above the mask made the actors appear taller than life. A six-foot actor would be raised to seven and a half feet or over, so that he was likely to tumble ignominiously if he took an incautious step. Mantles of saffron, purple, and gold and extravagant costumes, particularly in comedy, lent them color; and padded clothing balanced the increased height. Characters were differentiated by means of the mask, the thickness of the boot, the quality of the garments, and such details as the crowns worn by kings, the turbans of Orientals, and the crutches that assisted old men across the stage.

Heavily encumbered, the tragedians' movements were necessarily slow and their gestures broad. It is not surprising, therefore, that violent physical action was generally avoided, deaths occurring off-stage and being related by a character known as the Messenger. Nevertheless, it was unlikely that the playgoer was bored by such static devices, for there was always more than enough movement in the chorus, in the orgiastic satyr-plays which came at the close of the morning's tragedies, and in the comedies that followed in the afternoon.

Facial play was of course concealed by the mask, but this, too, was no great loss in so vast a theater as the Athenian. Nuances of emotion were expressed for the most part verbally, although mimetic gestures and expressive masks would be of help. Fortunately, the acoustics of a Greek theater were excellent, and the voice of the actor could be projected to the utmost tiers with the aid of the open-mouthed mask that served as a sounding board. Actors were in fact chosen for their voices. Good actors were so greatly in demand that they soon commanded enormous salaries, and in later times, when playwriting talent had become scarce, acting assumed greater importance than the drama itself. It even became customary to have contests between actors as well as plays. The abused "star system" began among the allegedly austere Athenians.

The stage effect was vastly enhanced by the presence of the chorus that marched in with aplomb in ranks and files from the wings, came and went as needed, and mixed with the actors from time to time. In place of a curtain, every new scene was ushered in and followed by a choral song, and any amount of time could be assumed to elapse during the singing of a choral ode. Like the actors, the chorus was variably costumed and wore masks appropriate to the age, sex, and character of the persons represented . . .

The chorus sang or chanted odes with appropriate, highly stylized movements. A dignified dance form accompanied the more stately odes, while odes of ecstatic emotion or gladness were accompanied by a lively dance. Much of the dancing was decidedly mimetic. One favorite dancer employed by Aeschylus was famous for his ability to describe dramatic events by means of gestures.

Even when the chorus remained passive this body did not stand frozen in a tableau, as has been supposed. It continued to follow the story with descriptive movements conveying emotions of anxiety, terror, pity, hope, and exaltation. Nor did the chorus always sing; for it sometimes used *recitative*, and even conversational speech in addressing the actors. And it did not always sing or speak in unison. During the murder of the king in the Agamemnon, for example, the old men debate helplessly what to do and each member of the chorus voices his opinion. The songs were rendered with distinctiveness of utterance, each note corresponding to a syllable, and were accompanied by a wood-wind instrument resembling our clarinet. Later on, solos were added for greater effect and virtuosos made quite a practice of it much to the distress of the purists, who were not wanting in Athens. The use of a chorus in Greek drama certainly had its disadvantages because it slowed up and interrupted the dramatic portions of the play. But it greatly enriched the spectacular qualities of the Greek stage and introduced a musical component into the theater, which has led writers to compare classic drama with modern opera.

It is no secret that in the physical theater of the fifth century much had to be imagined or reconstructed by the audience from the suggestive background, the permanent scenic façade developed from the original dressing hut, and the descriptive passages of the play. Nevertheless, there was no dearth of color in the productions, and mechanical contraptions afforded some partially realistic scenery. Thunder and lightning were reproduced. A platform known as the *eccylema*, a form of wagon-stage, was rolled out through the doors of the scene building or pushed out (in which case it was called an *exostra*) to reveal interior scenes. Trapdoors, aptly called "Charon's Steps," enabled ghosts to rise from the nether world. A crane-like contraption, the *mechane* or machine, transported the actor who impersonated a god to the roof of the scene building, swept him across the acting area, suspended him in mid-air, and lowered him sensa-

tionally into the orchestra. Since he came by way of the machine, he was "the god from the machine" or "*deus ex machina*." Sometimes, too, the gods were exhibited "in heaven" on a special platform. Even the settings were not so inadequate as has been imagined, since they could represent anything from a hill or countryside to a building or a series of structures. Occasionally sets were even changed within a single play with the aid of revolving painted prisms.

As for the area for the actors and the chorus, what the audience saw was a level circular place called the *orchestra* (literally, "dancing place"), backed by the *skene* or scene building.¹ At first (probably throughout the fifth century) the *skene* was a wooden structure, used for changing masks

and costumes; later it was supplanted by a stone building. The *skene* represented the façade of a temple, house, or palace; normally it had three doors, used as entrances and exits for the actors. Immediately in front of the building stood a level platform hardly more than a step or so above the level of the orchestra, on which much of the dramatic action occurred, though characters sometimes appeared on the roof of the *skene* and often moved into the orchestra and confronted the chorus.

The auditorium in this open-air theater was semi-circular in shape, consisted of rising rows of seats, and in the Theater of Dionysus on the south slope of the Acropolis, accommodated about 17,000 spectators.

¹ Probably not used for the earliest plays.

SHELDON CHENEY

Attending a Greek Play

The Greek theater is an extraordinarily simple, but an extraordinarily pleasing place. From the tamped circle for dancing, with surrounding benches, it has now grown into an architectural bowl, graceful in outline, symmetrical, but not yet in any way ornate. About the full round orchestra, tiers of seats rise up, two-thirds of the way round, nestled into the Acropolis slope, divided by aisles into wedge-like sections. At the far side of the dancing circle an unpretentious stage-building, the *skene*, has been erected. It probably has a portico along the front, between two wings that come forward protectingly toward the auditorium. There still is no raised stage (one must repeat it, because from our knowledge of later theaters we always look first for a platform); there is no "scenery," and there are very few properties. Close by, ever a reminder that this is a sacred precinct, is the lovely little Temple of Dionysus. Not that any of the fifteen thousand spectators is likely to forget the religious significance of the occasion, of the plays to come, even of the theater itself.

For did we not three days ago assemble with them, in the nearby Odeon, to witness the

"parade" of the dramatists, actors, and chorus, all dressed up gorgeously for this ceremonial? There we heard the announcements, the names of the poet-playwrights, of the *choregi* (the patrons or "backers" of the poets, in modern parlance), and of the plays. No doubt about the seriousness, the dignity, and the significance of all this: these performers, producers, and dramatists are specially honored members of Athenian society. What they are to present during the coming holidays is to be no mere amusement to while away idle hours, but rather a sacrament—though imbedded in a festival of revelry and games. Even in this preliminary ceremony they are wearing crowns; and we are told that at the end of the contest one of the tragic poets and his *choregus* will be crowned with that more prized emblem, the ivy.

At the opening of the festival, too, we have been witnesses at a stirring ritual and procession. The citizens of Athens have gone forth in all their holiday finery to escort the statue of Dionysus back to its home.

At break of day they have begun to assemble at the shrine, till all the city seems gathered here in

Attending a Greek Play. From *The Theatre: Three Thousand Years of Drama, Acting, and Stage-craft* (New York, 1929), pp. 38-47. By permission of the author and Longmans, Green and Co. The translations from *Oedipus the King* by Gilbert Murray are used by permission of the Oxford University Press.

the precinct of Dionysus, by the theater: the *Archon*, the priests, and the city fathers, the chosen ones who are to carry the statue and those who bear the sacrifices, the guards of honor, the choruses, the actors, the groups of contesting singers, the poets, those who later will be the audiences but who now are taking personal part in the ceremony, men, women, children, aristocrat, noble, and free-man.

Swift hands disengage the statue from its pedestal when the chief priest gives the word; the appointed carriers bear it aloft, through the city, out to a park-like place in the country near the Academy, while the procession reverently follows. Now the god's image is placed on a pedestal under the olive trees, and the sacrificial rites are held. The rest of the day is a "let-down" time, given over to games, feasting, and lighter forms of amusement. Then at night the crowd gathers again at the statue, the procession back to the city starts: the crux of the celebration, annual symbol of the first bringing of the image to Athens from Eleutheræ. Here is something out of the pre-drama days, the joyous worshipers marching by torchlight back along the road to the Acropolis, bearing the statue aloft, carrying the jars of wine and the garlands and symbolic crowns, dancing, improvising, singing. Here indeed, in the revelry and the spirited bandying, are survivals of the elements and the impulses from which the seeds of theater sprang. Then the statue is placed in the theater, which the celebrants now rededicate with suitable rites for the musical and dramatic events of the morrow. Sobered from their revelry, but no less "intoxicated," their demeanor promises a finer solemnity and beauty in the plays to follow.

The next day, and perhaps another, are given up to the dithyrambic contests; five hundred men and boys, come to Athens from all parts of Greece, sing in competition for the choral prizes. Ten groups in all offer their songs before the holiday audiences, not without dancing: a parallel to that other source of tragic drama, the old-time sung poetry. But it is the morning of the following day that we await.

There is still the darkness before dawn as we make our way toward the theater. Just the first faint streaks of light have made beautiful the eastern sky, but already all Athens seems awake, excited, hurrying toward the enclosure of Dionysus.

We are soon glad that we came thus early, for we are jostled by the crowds, and it is clear that not all these ticket-holders can squeeze into the

auditorium. There is room for the overflow up there on the heights above the shaped bowl, but in the dim chill light, that seems far, far away from the dancing-orchestra where the action will pass. We gaze down curiously at this consecrated circle, with the altar of Dionysus at the very center; and beyond to the low *skene*, the background building with its pillared lower story that might be a palace front or a temple, with its three doorways facing us from the main wall, and its two "wings" or *paraskenia* thrust forward at each end—as if to enclose the acting-dancing space, so that no part of the "drama," the doings, may escape.

Light, and still more light, till the theater seems bathed in the dim freshness, the pale clarity, the loveliest moment of the day. Ah, what a moment for a drama to begin! And indeed, everything is in readiness now. The priests of Dionysus are in their chairs of honor—their thrones—down on the very edge of the orchestra; and the bowl above them is like a teeming beehive, so alive is it with human beings.

A herald! Yes, now he is calling forth Sophocles, first of this year's contestants for the tragedy prize. And the play is on. For there, around the altar of the dancing-circle, a crowd of "supers" has gathered, Theban citizens, miserable, suppliant. And one stands a little apart, a priest. Forth to them comes an actor, majestically, masked and in kingly robes. His voice breaks into the morning silence with startling resonance, with the measured stately beauty of words severely chosen, richly intoned.

My children, fruit of Cadmus' ancient tree
New springing, wherefore thus with bended knee
Press ye upon us, laden all with wreaths
And suppliant branches? And the city breathes
Heavy with incense, heavy with dim prayer
And shrieks to affright the Slayer.

. . . Seeing 'tis I ye call,
'Tis I am come, world-honored OEdipus.

This then will be the story of OEdipus the King, most tragic, most terrible. This actor and the priest now are telling us what we already know (our minds flash back to the old legend), how OEdipus, having slain the Sphinx and delivered Thebes, married the widowed Queen Jocasta, ruled happily twelve years, then found a pestilence destroying his city. We know more, too horrible almost for words: that this pestilence has come from the gods, because all unwittingly OEdipus has killed his own father, the former king, and now is

married to his own mother. But these characters in the play, this proud Oedipus, and the Queen whom Sophocles will make so noble, so touching, they do not know. Like the gods themselves, this day we shall watch the fearful truth unfold to these two.

Oedipus and the Priest have told us now the misery of the Theban people; and the King—oh, irony!—pledges to seek out the cause of the sorrow, to cast it out at whatever cost. But now the ¹⁰ Suppliants crowd toward the gateway beyond the orchestra, where Creon is entering. He, the brother of Jocasta, comes from Delphi with messages from the Oracle: there is an unclean one in the land, he who slew Laïus, the former king, and he is to be punished before the blight can be lifted. We watch as Oedipus and Creon build a dialogue toward the first climax: to that moment when the King goes back through the palace door—yes, that simple proscenium has become to us a palace now—vow-²⁰ ing to search out the slayer of Laïus.

The Suppliants give way to the Chorus of Theban Elders. Half-chanting they come, half-dancing, with slow stateliness, threading their way over the dance-circle, taking up position as prayers to Apollo:

"A voice, a voice, that is borne on the Holy Way" . . . Here is the old religious dancing-procession, here the old devotional pattern showing through the design of the new human drama.³⁰ They chant, they repeat the story of the pestilence, they implore the mercy of the gods, they call on Apollo, Athena, Artemis, Zeus, Dionysus.

Oedipus is coming again forward from the palace. He speaks, he ponders, he calls on the guilty slayer of Laïus to come forth and be banished. He sends for the blind prophet Tiresias. We listen to these two, the King ruthlessly tracking down clue after clue, the old prophet holding back the knowledge—till spurred beyond control:

Thou art thyself the unclean thing!

We see the deluge of Oedipus' wrath at this incredible accusation, until the patient Tiresias pours forth his whole prophecy, foreshadows the tragedy to its end:

Thou dost seek

With threats and loud proclaim the man whose hand
Slew Laïus. Lo, I tell thee, he doth stand
Here . . .

His staff groping before him, he shall crawl
O'er unknown earth, and voices round him call:
"Behold the brother-father of his own
Children, the seed, the sower and the sown,

Shame to his mother's blood, and to his sire
Son, murderer, incest-worker."

Like a relief from storm the Chorus comes, bringing a lyrical interlude, chanting, commenting upon the ways of gods and men, affirming faith in Oedipus—and relieving the tension with the sheer visual beauty of the dance-design.

But Creon returns, eager to defend himself against Oedipus' charge that he has instigated the accusation against the King; and as these two come near to an encounter with swords, Jocasta enters before us:

Vain men, what would ye with this angry swell
Of words heart-blinded? Is there in your eyes
No pity, thus, when all our city lies
Bleeding, to ply your privy hates? . . .

And it is she who brings to her King the first gleam of self-doubt. We see him now, losing his assurance, a dread beginning to creep in. He tells how once he killed a noble in a chariot, where three roads crossed. He was fleeing from Corinth; a prophecy had said he would kill his father and marry his mother—and so he had fled the court. And meeting this old man on the way, he had killed him and his guards. But Jocasta, stirred now by a deeper dread, sends for a herdsman, since banished to the hills, who saw Laïus murdered.

We of the audience settle back, and let the strain fall a little from us as Oedipus and Jocasta go in; we note the strophes and antistrophes of the Chorus rather idly—we have come to a human suspense that lyrics and dance cannot beguile us from. Now here is Jocasta again before us saying,

So dire a storm
Doth shake the king, sin, dread and every form
Of grief . . .

⁴⁰ But, as she prays to Apollo, a Stranger arrives by the gateway, hailing the Chorus, asking for the King. For a moment we are inclined to find relief, with Jocasta, in the news he brings. The King of Corinth, Oedipus' reputed father, is dead, and the old prophecy of patricide seems disproved. But suddenly a new dread is aroused. The Stranger discloses that Oedipus was not Corinthian at all, but was a Theban babe rescued from a wild mountainside where he had been left to die.

⁵⁰ Ah, mark you, while this unfolds between Oedipus and the Stranger, how Jocasta turns aside, a sickness growing in her mind! Will no one there notice her as she totters?—now her head goes

down into her hands. She knows! This King, her' husband, is her own babe. No need to wait the coming of the herdsman. A quick effort to restrain Oedipus from seeking confirmation; then she goes, in horror, hardly daring a farewell. For us in the audience *her* tragedy is already complete. The Chorus this time interrupts only for a moment. All eyes watch for the herdsman's coming.

How crisply Oedipus questions him! On the brink of disastrous knowledge, he searches out the reluctant truth with uncanny directness, without mercy. This is an inevitable structure. We see circumstance after circumstance nailed in; till suddenly Oedipus shines out—we know it is like this in his own mind—with all the guilty knowledge on him: himself son of Laius, murderer of his own father, incestuous husband to his own mother, brother to his own children! As he rushes into the palace, this time, we have need of the let-down of the choral interlude. Still we have little heart for the lyrical comment—for we know that at this very moment, offstage, the physical climax of the play is taking place. We know that a Messenger, as is the wont, will come and recount to us the more horrible happenings, which perchance we could never have faced in the actual acting-out, under this pitiless morning sunshine. Now the Messenger is before us speaking:

Like one entranced with passion, through the gate
She passed, the white hands flashing o'er her head,
Like blades that tear, and fled, unswerving fled,
Toward her old bridal room, and disappeared
And the doors crashed behind her. But we heard
Her voice within, crying to him of old,
Her Laius, long dead . . .
And, after that, I know not how her death
Found her. For sudden, with a roar of wrath,
Burst Oedipus upon us. Then, I ween,
We marked no more what passion held the

Queen . . .
He dashed him on the chamber door. The straight
Door-bar of oak, it bent beneath his weight,
Shook from its sockets free, and in he burst
To the dark chamber.

There we saw her first
Hanged, swinging from a noose, like a dead bird.
He fell back when he saw her. Then we heard
A miserable groan, and straight he found
And loosed the strangling knot, and on the ground
Laid her.—Ah, then the sight of horror came!
The pin of gold, broad-beaten like a flame,
He tore from off her breast, and, left and right,
Down on the shuddering orbits of his sight
Dashed it: "Out! Out! Ye never more shall see

Me nor the anguish nor the sins of me. . . ."

. . . Like a song

His voice rose, and again, again, the strong
And stabbing hand fell, and the massacred
And bleeding eyeballs streamed upon his beard,
Wild rain, and gouts of hail amid the rain.

. . . All that eye or ear

Hath ever dreamed of misery is here.

And then Oedipus is led in before us, blinded and bleeding. The old men of the Chorus turn away to escape the sight. But in a sort of sick horror we face this broken King, this abased human being. He gropes his way forward, calling on the gods, glorying that he has made himself a dungeon, "dark, without sound . . . self-prisoned from a world of pain," cursing the shepherd who saved him as a babe.

O flesh, horror of flesh! . . .

In God's name,

²⁰ Take me somewhere far off and cover me
From sight, or slay, or cast me to the sea
Where never eye may see me any more.

But now he has one thought more: his children, his two little daughters. There they are, Creon is bringing them before us and him.

Children! Where are ye? Hither; come to these
Arms of your—brother, whose wild offices
Have brought much darkness on the once bright eyes
Of him who grew your garden; who, nowise

³⁰ Seeing nor understanding, digged a ground
The world shall shudder at . . .

Creon, thou alone art left

Their father now, since both of us are gone
Who cared for them. Oh, leave them not alone.

. . . So young they are, so desolate—
Of all save thee. True man, give me thine hand,
And promise . . .

For a moment only he weakens, and clings to the
⁴⁰ children. But we see them dragged from him.

Creon says, "Seek not to be master more." And as Oedipus is led away, the Chorus chants again. As it too disappears, we are warned:

Therefore, O Man, beware, and look toward the end
of things that be,
The last of sights, the last of days; and no man's life
account as gain
Ere the full tale be finished and the darkness find
him without pain.

⁵⁰ At the end of this utterly moving, purging, terrible drama, we spectators wake gradually to the world about us. There is something absurdly trivial about the things we do when the Chorus has

finally disappeared: we stand and stretch, and perhaps turn a little away from the sun—and titter because a man is sobbing near us. Our feelings are very close to the surface, and we have a tendency to lose sight of the audience around us in recurring fits of "star-gazing." We are shaken—and yet there is a glow of beauty in our souls, a brooding, a healing ecstasy. We have been through high grief, have descended into terror and sorrow, so terrible that all the pettinesses of life have been stripped away. Now we seem to have come out on the other side, cleansed. Somehow the soul seems to stand up and take the light, naked and glorious.

What is it that puts this mood of high suffering into tragedy? What is the secret of the majesty of these Greek dramas, that brings their audiences close to the gods, that purges human life of its weaknesses, bitterness, and shallowness, that inundates the spectator in exaltation and a god-like pity? The theme and story have not been pretty.²⁰

We have been conducted through a tale of incest, suicide, murder—a very welter of revolting crime (we shudder to think what any playwright of our more "natural" time would make of the material). But we have not shuddered at Sophocles' telling, nor have we been revolted; somehow our suffering and grief have been kept on some loftier plane.

In the first place the combination that is *theater* has come right, the majestic poetry matched by nobly dramatic story, the whole set forth in stately acting and in the chanting and rhythmic movement of the Chorus. The vast and nobly proportioned playhouse has some fitting appropriateness too. This is sustained theater, without let-down to mere anecdote-telling or picturing or individual impersonation. The tragedy has passed with sweep, with unbroken passion, majestically, with a splendid inevitability. It is the art that in its completeness goes beyond dramatic literature or acting or setting or dancing.

ARISTOTLE

The Nature of Tragedy

Of the poetry which imitates in hexameter verse, and of Comedy, we will speak hereafter. Let us now discuss Tragedy, resuming its formal definition, as resulting from what has been already said.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative; through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions. By "language embellished," I mean language into which rhythm, "harmony," and song enter. By "the several kinds in separate parts," I mean that some parts are rendered through the medium of verse alone, others again with the aid of song.

Now as tragic imitation implies persons acting, it necessarily follows, in the first place, that Scenic equipment will be a part of Tragedy. Next, Song

and Diction, for these are the means of imitation. By "Diction" I mean the mere metrical arrangement of the words: as for "Song," it is a term whose full sense is well understood.

Again, Tragedy is the imitation of an action; and an action implies personal agents, who necessarily possess certain qualities both of character and thought. It is these that determine the qualities of actions themselves; these—thought and character—are the two natural causes from which actions spring: on these causes, again, all success or failure depends. Hence, the Plot is the imitation of the action:—for by plot I here mean the arrangement of the incidents. By Character I mean that in virtue of which we ascribe certain qualities to the agents. By Thought, that whereby a statement is proved, or a general truth expressed. Every Tragedy, therefore, must have six parts, which parts determine its quality—namely, Plot, Charac-

Aristotle, *The Nature of Tragedy*. From *The Poetics* translated by S. H. Butcher. By permission of The Macmillan Co. Though Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) was born at Stagira, a Greek colonial town on the northwest coast of the Aegean, he spent most of his life in Athens, where he was associated with Plato, established his own school of philosophy, the Lyceum, and was tutor to Alexander the Great.

ter, Diction, Thought, Scenery, Song. Two of the parts constitute the means of imitation, one the manner, and three the objects of imitation. And these complete the list. These elements have been employed, we may say, by almost all poets; in fact, every play contains Scenic accessories as well as Character, Plot, Diction, Song, and Thought.

But most important of all is the structure of the incidents. For Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and of life,—of happiness and misery; and happiness and misery consist in action, the end of human life being a mode of action, not a quality. Now the characters of men determine their qualities, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse. Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to the representation of character: character comes in as subsidiary to the action. Hence the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy; there may be without character. The tragedies of most of our modern poets fail in the rendering of character; and of poets in general this is often true. It is the same in painting; and here lies the difference between Zeuxis and Polygnotus. Polygnotus delineates character well: the style of Zeuxis is devoid of ethical quality. Again, if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character, and well finished in point of diction and thought, you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play, which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents. Besides which, the most powerful elements of emotional interest in Tragedy—Reversals of Fortune, and Recognition scenes—are parts of the plot. A further proof is, that novices in the art are able to elaborate their diction and ethical portraiture, before they can frame the incidents. It is the same with almost all early poets.

The Plot, then, is the first principle, and, as it were, the soul of the tragedy: Character holds the second place. A similar fact is seen in painting. The most beautiful colors, laid on confusedly, will not give as much pleasure as the chalk outline of a portrait. Thus Tragedy is the imitation of an action, and of the agents, mainly with a view to the action.

Third in order is the Thought,—that is, the faculty of saying what is possible and pertinent in given circumstances. In the case of the dramatic dialogue, this is the function of the political or the rhetorical art: for the older poets make their char-

acters speak the language of civic life; the poets of our time, the language of the rhetoricians. Character is that which reveals moral purpose: it shows what kind of things, in cases of doubt, a man chooses or avoids. A dialogue, therefore, which in no way indicates what the speaker chooses or avoids, is not expressive of character. Thought, on the other hand, is that whereby we prove that something is or is not, or state a general maxim.

Fourth comes the Diction; by which I mean, as has been already said, the expression of our meaning in words; and its essence is the same both in verse and prose.

Of the remaining elements Song holds the chief place among the embellishments.

The Scenery has, indeed, an emotional attraction of its own, but, of all the parts, it is the least artistic, and connected least with poetic theory. For the power of Tragedy, we may be sure, is felt even apart from representation and actors. Besides, the production of scenic effects depends more on the art of the stage manager than on that of the poet.

These principles being established, let us now discuss the proper structure of the Plot, since this is the first and also the most important part of Tragedy.

Now, according to our definition, Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is complete, and whole, and of a certain magnitude; for there may be a whole that is wanting in magnitude. A whole is that which has beginning, middle, and end. A beginning is that which does not itself follow anything by causal necessity, but after which something naturally is or comes to be. An end, on the contrary, is that which itself naturally follows some other thing, either by necessity, or in the regular course of events, but has nothing following it. A middle is that which follows something as some other thing follows it. A well-constructed plot, therefore, must neither begin nor end at haphazard, but conform to the type here described.

Again, if an object be beautiful—either a living organism or a whole composed of parts—it must not only have its parts in orderly arrangement, it must also be of a certain magnitude. Hence no exceedingly small animal can be beautiful; for the view of it is confused, the object being seen in an almost imperceptible moment of time. Nor, again, can an animal of vast size be beautiful; for as the eye cannot take it all in at once, the unity and sense of the whole is lost for the spectator. So it would be with a creature a thousand miles long.

As, therefore, in animate bodies and living organisms, a certain magnitude is necessary, and that such as may be easily embraced in one view; so in the plot, a certain length is necessary, and that length one that may be easily embraced by the memory. The limit of length in relation to dramatic competition and sensuous presentment is no part of artistic theory. For suppose a hundred tragedies had to be played against one another, the performance would be regulated by the hour-glass, —a method, indeed, that is familiar enough otherwise. But the limit as fixed by the nature of the drama itself is this:—the greater the length, the more beautiful will the piece be in respect of such magnitude, provided that the whole be perspicuous. And as a general rule, the proper magnitude is comprised within such limits, that the sequence of events, according to the law of probability or necessity, will admit of a change from bad fortune to good, or from good fortune to bad.

Unity of plot does not, as some persons think, consist in the unity of the hero. For infinitely various are the incidents in one man's life, which cannot be reduced to unity; and so, too, there are many actions of one man out of which we cannot make one action. Hence the error, as it appears, of all poets who have composed a Heracleid, a Theseid, or other poems of the kind. They imagine that as Heracles was one man, the story of Heracles ought also to be a unity. But Homer, as in all else he is of surpassing merit, here too—whether from art or natural genius—seems to have happily discerned the truth. In composing the *Odyssey* he did not bring in all the adventures of Odysseus—such as his wound on Parnassus, or his feigned madness at the mustering of the host—incidents between which there was no necessary or probable connection: but he made the *Odyssey*, and likewise the *Iliad*, to center round an action, that in our sense of the word is one. As therefore, in the other imitative arts, the imitation is one, when the object imitated is one, so the plot, being an imitation of an action, must imitate one action and that a whole, the structural union of the parts being such that, if any one of them is displaced or removed, the whole will be disjointed and disturbed. For that which may be present or absent without being perceived, is not an organic part of the whole.

It is, moreover, evident from what has been said, that it is not the function of the poet to relate what has happened, but what may happen,—what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity. The poet and the historian differ not by writ-

ing in verse or in prose. The work of Herodotus might be put into verse, and it would still be a species of history, with meter no less than without it. The true difference is that one relates what has happened, the other what may happen. Poetry, therefore, is a more philosophical and a higher thing than history: for poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular. The universal tells us how a person of given character will on occasion speak or act, according to the law of probability or necessity; and it is this universality at which poetry aims in giving expressive names to the characters. The particular is—for example—what Alcibiades did or suffered. In Comedy this is now apparent: for here the poet first constructs the plot on the lines of probability, and then assumes any names he pleases;—unlike the lampooners who write about a particular individual. But tragedians still keep to real names, the reason being that what is possible is credible: what has not happened we do not at once feel sure to be possible: but what has happened is manifestly possible; otherwise it would not have happened. Still there are some tragedies in which one or two names only are well known, the rest being fictitious. In others, none are well known,—as in Agathon's Flower, where incidents and names alike are fictitious, and yet it pleases. We must not, therefore, at all costs keep to the received legends, which are the usual subjects of Tragedy. Indeed, it would be absurd to attempt it; for even familiar subjects are familiar only to a few, and yet give pleasure to all. It clearly follows that the poet or "maker" should be the maker of plots rather than of verses; since he is a poet because he imitates, and what he imitates are actions. And if he chances to take an historical subject, he is none the less a poet; for there is no reason why some real events should not have that internal probability or possibility which entitles the author to the name of poet.

Of all plots and actions the epeisodic are the worst. I call a plot "epeisodic" in which the episodes or acts succeed one another without probable or necessary sequence. Bad poets compose such pieces by their own fault, good poets, to please the players; for, as they write for competing rivals, they draw out the plot beyond its capacity, and are often forced to break the natural continuity.

But again, Tragedy is an imitation not only of a complete action, but of events terrible and pitiful. Such an effect is best produced when the events come on us by surprise; and the effect is heightened when, at the same time, they follow from one

another. The tragic wonder will then be greater than if they happened of themselves or by accident; for even accidents are most striking when they have an air of design. We may instance the statue of Mitys at Argos, which fell upon his murderer while he was looking at it, and killed him. Such events seem not to be due to mere chance. Plots, therefore, constructed on these principles are necessarily the best.

Plots are either Simple or Complicated; for such too, in their very nature, are the actions of which the plots are an imitation. An action which is one and continuous in the sense above defined, I call Simple, when the turning point is reached without Reversal of Fortune or Recognition: Complicated, when it is reached with Reversal of Fortune, or Recognition, or both. These last should arise from the internal structure of the plot, so that what follows should be the necessary or probable result of the preceding action. It makes all the difference whether one event is the consequence of another, or merely subsequent to it.

A Reversal of Fortune is, as we have said, a change by which a train of action produces the opposite of the effect intended; and that, according to our rule of probability or necessity. Thus in the *Oedipus*, the messenger, hoping to cheer Oedipus, and to free him from his alarms about his mother, reveals his origin, and so produces the opposite effect. Again in the *Lynceus*, Lynceus is being led out to die, and Danaüs goes with him, meaning to slay him; but the outcome of the action is that Danaüs is killed and Lynceus saved.

A Recognition, as the name indicates, is a change from ignorance to knowledge, producing love or hate between the persons destined by the poet for good or bad fortune. The best form of recognition is coincident with a reversal of fortune, as in the *Oedipus*. There are indeed other forms. Even inanimate things of the most trivial kind may sometimes be objects of recognition. Again, the discovery may be made whether a person has or has not done something. But the form which is most intimately connected with the plot and action is, as we have said, the recognition of persons. This, combined with a reversal of fortune, will produce either pity or fear; and actions producing these effects are those which, as we have assumed, Tragedy represents. Moreover, fortune or misfortune will depend upon such incidents. Recognition, then, being between persons, it may happen that one person only is recognized by the other—when the latter is already known—or the recognition

may need to be on both sides. Thus Iphigenia is revealed to Orestes by the sending of the letter; but another means is required to make Orestes known to Iphigenia.

Two parts, then, of the Plot—Reversal of Fortune and Recognition—turn upon surprises. A third part is the Tragic Incident. The two former have been discussed. The Tragic Incident is a destructive or painful action, such as death on the stage, bodily torments, wounds and the like.

As the sequel to what has already been said, we must proceed to consider what the poet should aim at, and what he should avoid, in constructing his plots; and by what means Tragedy may best fulfill its function.

A perfect tragedy should, as we have seen, be arranged on the simple, not the complicated, plan. It should, moreover, imitate actions which excite pity and fear, this being the distinctive mark of tragic imitation. It follows plainly, in the first place, that the change of fortune presented must not be the spectacle of a perfectly good man brought from prosperity to adversity: for this moves neither pity nor fear; it simply shocks us. Nor, again, that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity: for nothing can be more alien to the spirit of Tragedy; it possesses no single tragic quality; it neither satisfies the moral sense, nor calls forth pity or fear. Nor, again, should the downfall of the utter villain be exhibited. A plot of this kind would, doubtless, satisfy the moral sense, but it would inspire neither pity nor fear; for pity is aroused by unmerited misfortune, fear by the misfortune of a man like ourselves. Such an event, therefore, will be neither pitiful nor terrible. There remains, then, the character between these two extremes—that of a man who is not eminently good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice or depravity, but by some error or frailty. He must be one who is highly renowned and prosperous,—a personage like Oedipus, Thyestes, or other illustrious men of such families.

A well-constructed plot should, therefore, be single, rather than double, as some maintain. The change of fortune should be not from bad to good, but, reversely, from good to bad. It should come about as the result not of vice, but of some great error or frailty, in a character either such as we have described, or better rather than worse. The practice of the stage bears out our view. At first the poets recounted any legends that came in their way. Now, tragedies are founded on the story of a

few houses,—on the fortunes of Alcmæon, Œdipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus, and those others who have done or suffered something terrible. A tragedy, then, to be perfect according to the rules of art should be of this construction. Hence they are in error who censure Euripides just because he follows this principle in his plays, many of which end unhappily. It is, as we have said, the right ending. The best proof is that on the stage and in dramatic competition, such plays, if they are well represented, are most tragic in their effect; and Euripides, faulty as he is in the general management of his subject, yet is felt to be the most tragic of poets.

In the second rank comes the kind of tragedy which some place first. Like the *Odyssey*, it has a double thread of plot, and also an opposite catastrophe for the good and for the bad. It is generally thought to be the best, owing to the weakness of the spectators; for the poet is guided in what he writes by the wishes of his audience. The pleasure, however, thence derived is not the true tragic pleasure. It is proper rather to Comedy, where those who, in the piece, are the deadliest enemies—like Orestes and Ægisthus—go forth reconciled at last, and no one slays or is slain.

Fear and pity may be aroused by the spectacle or scenic presentment; but they may also result from the inner structure of the piece, which is the better way, and indicates a superior poet. For the plot ought to be so constructed that, even without the aid of the eye, anyone who is told the incidents will thrill with horror and pity at the turn of events. This is precisely the impression we should receive from listening to the story of the Œdipus. But to produce this effect by the mere spectacle is a less artistic method, and dependent on extraneous aids. Those who employ spectacular means to create a sense not of the terrible but of the monstrous, are strangers to the purpose of Tragedy; for we must not demand of Tragedy every kind of pleasure, but only that which is proper to it. And since the pleasure which the poet should afford is that which comes from pity and fear through imitation, it is evident that this quality must be stamped upon the incidents.

Let us then determine what are the circumstances which impress us as terrible or pitiful.

Actions capable of this effect must happen between persons who are either friends or enemies or indifferent to one another. If an enemy kills an enemy, there is nothing to excite pity either in the act or the intention,—except so far as the suffering

in itself is pitiful. So again with indifferent persons. But when the tragic incident occurs between those who are near or dear to one another—if, for example, a brother kills, or intends to kill, a brother, a son his father, a mother her son, a son his mother, or any other deed of this kind is done—here we have the situations which should be sought for by the poet. He may not indeed destroy the framework of the received legends—the fact, for instance, that Clytemnestra was slain by Orestes and Eriphyle by Alcmæon—but he ought to show invention of his own, and skillfully adapt the traditional material. What is meant by skillfully, let us explain more clearly.

The action may be done willingly and with full knowledge on the part of the agents, in the manner of the older poets. It is thus, in fact, that Euripides makes Medea slay her children. Or, again, the deed of horror may be done, but done in ignorance, and the tie of kinship or friendship be discovered afterwards. The Œdipus of Sophocles is an example. Here, indeed, the incident is outside the drama proper; but cases occur where it falls within the action of the play: we may cite the Alcmæon of Astydamas, or Telegonus in the Wounded Odysseus. Again, there is a third case, where someone is just about to do some irreparable deed through ignorance, and makes the discovery before it is done. These are the only possible ways.³⁰ For the deed must either be done or not done,—and that wittingly or unwittingly. But of all these ways, to be about to act knowing the consequences, and then not to act, is the worst. It is shocking without being tragic, for no disaster follows. It is, therefore, never, or very rarely, found in poetry. One instance, however, is in the Antigone, where Hæmon intends to kill Creon. The next and better way is that the deed should be perpetrated. Still better, that it should be perpetrated in ignorance, and the discovery made afterwards. There is then nothing to shock us, while the discovery produces a startling effect. But the absolutely best way is the last mentioned. Thus in the Cresphontes, Merope is in the act of putting her son to death, but, recognizing who he is, spares his life. So in the Iphigenia, the sister recognizes the brother just in time. Again in the Helle, the son recognizes the mother when on the point of giving her up. This, then, is why a few families only, as has been already observed, furnish the subjects of tragedy. It was not art, but happy chance, that led poets by tentative discovery to impress the tragic quality upon their plots. They are compelled, therefore, to have re-

course to those houses in which tragic disasters have occurred.

Enough has now been said concerning the structure of the incidents and the proper constitution of the plot.

In respect of Character there are four things to be aimed at. First, and most important, it must be good. Now any speech or action that manifests a certain moral purpose will be expressive of character: the character will be good if the purpose is good. This rule applies to persons of every class. Even a woman may be good, and also a slave; though the woman may be said to be an inferior being, and the slave is absolutely bad. The second thing to aim at is propriety. There is a type of manly valor; but for a woman to be valiant in this sense, or terrible, would be inappropriate. Thirdly, character must be true to life: for this is a distinct thing from goodness and propriety, as here described. The fourth point is consistency: for even though the original character, who suggested the type, be inconsistent, still he must be consistently inconsistent. As an example of character needlessly bad, we have Menelaus in the *Orestes*: of character incongruous and inappropriate, the lament of Odysseus in the *Scylla*, and the speech of Melanippe: of inconsistency, the *Iphigenia at Aulis*,—for the suppliant Iphigenia in no way resembles her later self.

As in the structure of the plot, so too in the portraiture of character, the poet should always aim either at the necessary or the probable. Thus a person of a given character should speak or act in a given way, by the rule either of necessity or of probability; just as this event should follow that by necessary or probable sequence. It is therefore evident that the unraveling of the plot, no less than the complication, must be brought about by the plot itself, and not by Machinery,—as in the *Medea*, or in the *Return of the Greeks* in the *Iliad*. Machinery should be employed only for events external to the drama,—either such as are previous to it and outside the sphere of human knowledge, or subsequent to it and which need to be foretold and announced; for to the gods we ascribe the power of seeing all things. Within the action there must be nothing irrational. If the irrational cannot be excluded, it should be outside the scope of the tragedy. Such is the irrational element in the *Oedipus* of Sophocles.

Again, since Tragedy is an imitation of persons who are above the common level, the example of good portrait-painters should be followed. They,

while reproducing the distinctive form of the original, make a likeness which is true to life and yet more beautiful. So too the poet, in representing men quick or slow to anger, or with other defects of character, should preserve the type and yet enoble it. In this way Achilles is portrayed by Agathon and Homer.

These are rules the poet should observe. Nor should he neglect those appeals to the senses, which, though not among the essentials, are the concomitants of poetry; for here too there is much room for error. But of this we have said enough in our published treatises.

What Recognition is has been already explained. We will now enumerate its kinds.

First, the least artistic form, which, from poverty of wit, is commonly employed—recognition by signs. Of these some are congenital,—such as “the spear which the earth-born race bear on their bodies,” or the stars introduced by Carcinus in his *Thyestes*. Others are acquired after birth; and of these some are bodily marks, as scars; some external tokens, as necklaces, or the little ark in the *Tyro* by which the discovery is effected. Even these admit of more or less skillful treatment. Thus in the recognition of Odysseus by his scar, the discovery is made in one way by the nurse, in another by the herdsman. This use of tokens for purposes of proof—and, indeed, any formal proof with or without tokens—is an inartistic mode of recognition. A better kind is that which results from the turn of fortune; as in the Bath scene in the *Odyssey*.

Next come the recognitions invented at will by the poet, and on that account wanting in art. For example, Orestes in the *Iphigenia* reveals the fact that he is Orestes. She, indeed, makes herself known by the letter; but he, by speaking himself, and saying what the poet, not what the plot, requires. This, therefore, is nearly allied to the fault above mentioned:—for Orestes might as well have brought tokens with him. Another similar instance is the “voice of the shuttle” in the *Tereus* of Sophocles.

The third form of recognition is when the sight of some object calls up a train of memory: as in the Cyprians of Dicæogenes, where the hero breaks into tears on seeing a picture; or again in the Lay of Alcinoüs, where Odysseus, hearing the minstrel play the lyre, recalls the past and weeps; and hence the recognition.

The fourth kind is by process of reasoning. Thus in the *Choephoroi*:—“Someone resembling me has

come: no one resembles me but Orestes: therefore Orestes has come." Again, there is the discovery made by Iphigenia in the play of Polyeidus the Sophist. It was natural for Orestes to reason thus with himself:—"As my sister was sacrificed, so too it is my lot to be sacrificed." So, again, in the Tydeus of Theodectes:—"I came to find my son, and I must perish myself." So too in the Phineidæ: the women, on seeing the place, inferred their fate:—"Here we are fated to die, for here we were exposed." Again, there is a recognition combined with a false inference on the part of one of the characters, as in the Odysseus Disguised as a Messenger. A man said he would know the bow,—

which, however, he had not seen. This remark led Odysseus to imagine that the other would recognize him through the bow, and so suggested a false inference.

But, of all recognitions, the best is that which arises from the incidents themselves, where the startling effect is produced by probable means. Such is that in the *Oedipus* of Sophocles, and in the *Iphigenia*; for it was natural that Iphigenia should wish to send a letter by Orestes. These recognitions stand on their own merits, and do not need the aid of tokens invented for the purpose, or necklaces. Next come the recognitions by process of reasoning.

THE GREEK TRAGIC POETS

I. AESCHYLUS (524-456 B.C.)

Beneath this stone lies Æschylus, son of Eu-phorion, the Athenian, who perished in the wheat-bearing land of Gela; of his prowess the groves of Marathon can speak, and the long-haired Persian who knew it well." Æschylus' epitaph, allegedly written by himself, is a fitting summary of his heroic character. Austere in temper and proud of his participation in Athens' victory over Persia, the oldest of the Athenian tragic poets was closest to the heroic age of Greece. At the same time, Æschylus was also close to the pre-Periclean religious revival, which stressed piety and purification of man's soul. He was an inheritor of sixth-century philosophy's monotheistic trends and its protest against the theology of Homer and Hesiod. Often, therefore, he spoke like a Hebrew prophet and a philosophical moralist. Born in the sacred city of Eleusis, he was reared in its mystic cult. He was, in all respects, a god-intoxicated man, if also a typical Athenian intellectual in his sense of art.

He first entered the annual dramatic contests with a series of plays in 499 B.C. and won his first prize in 484 B.C. No one contributed more to the development of his art than Æschylus, who is properly known as "the father of tragedy." Notable were his addition of a second actor to the drama, his contributions to tragic costuming, his activities as a trainer of choruses, and his keen sense of theatrical effect. Athens, which awarded him thirteen first prizes, recognized his genius and re-

spected him, even though his conservatism was in opposition to the later democrats; and Athens was justified, for it was Æschylus who brought tragedy to its high estate by virtue of his powerful language, his high-vaulting themes, and his profundity.

He wrote approximately ninety plays. Of these only seven have survived, but they are sufficient to exemplify the advances he made in the technique and human reality of the drama. His earliest works, *The Suppliants* and *The Persians*, were preponderantly choral, the latter presenting little more than a paean for the victorious Greeks, a warning against overweening pride, and a lament for the Persian dead. His *Prometheus Bound* is a magnificent representation of a titanic personality though deficient in action. But in *The Seven Against Thebes* and in the Oresteian trilogy, which begins with the *Agamemnon*, Æschylus developed action and characterization. His content reveals a similar deepening and extension. His comprehensive approach to his material kept him writing his works in the form of trilogies—that is, in a series of three closely related plays.

In his Promethean trilogy, he conceived an evolutionary history of a world ruled by Zeus who, though originally willful and hostile to man, has become responsible and moral. In the extant drama, *Prometheus Bound*, he crystallized his thought in a glowing character, Prometheus, the friend of man and the prototype of all rebels against tyranny. In the Oresteian trilogy, Æschylus traced the course of evil in the bloodstained annals of primitive

society, and concluded with the substitution of reason and social law for the barbaric blood feud. Finding democratic Athens uncongenial, this high-minded poet spent his last years at the royal court in Syracuse, the great Italian city in Sicily; but in his legacy to the world he included that which was most admirable in the new Athens—its faith in reason and order.

2. SOPHOCLES (496-406 B.C.)

Sophocles was wholly the child of the best years of Athenian civilization. Although in his long life he also witnessed the decline of that civilization, in his art he remained unspoiled and unconfused by the mistakes and misfortunes of his city. He had acquired too much poise and stability to be defeated by external circumstances, to lose his sense of artistry and his love of moderation in all things. Victorious, self-beautifying, and cultivated Athens and Sophocles were indissolubly united.

Sophocles, the son of a prosperous merchant, was born in 496 B.C. at "White Colonus," a beautiful village a mile northwest of Athens. Endowed with unusual personal beauty, a versatile actor, and a highly esteemed gentleman, Sophocles enjoyed the favor of his city as few men did. With characteristic good fortune he won first prize the very first time he entered a dramatic contest at the age of twenty-eight, and during the next sixty years he received more prizes than any of his peers. He was never placed lower than second among the contestants, and was even honored with the rank of general in the Athenian army in deference to his popularity. Sophocles became the legendary happy man of Greece, and he was eulogized as such by his compatriots.

It is of course impossible to accept this idyllic Sophocles without qualifications. There is an account of a law-suit between the aged Sophocles and his children that cannot be discounted, and his plays reveal a comprehensive knowledge of the abysses of evil and suffering. His *Ajax* is a painful study in humiliation, madness, and suicide; the *Electra* presents an unrelenting picture of primitive vengeance; *Oedipus Tyrannus* is a painful tragedy of incest, suicide, and self-mutilation; and the *Antigone*, which culminates in a triple suicide, presents a welter of passion and conflict. Sophocles, moreover, is perhaps the most perfect example of a man who does not favor easy consolations. Unlike his visionary predecessor, Æschylus, he reads no comforting moral meaning into the order of the

universe, and chance or blind fate is supreme in his world. "Human life," declares one of his choruses, "even in its utmost splendor hangs on the edge of a precipice."

It is the mark of Sophocles' unique genius that he was capable of disillusionment without cynicism or despair, that the horrors of life could not obscure for him its beauty and splendor. In all his plays the dignity of man is set up against his mistakes and defeats. He holds that man can create beauty and justice in the universe by practicing the good life, retaining his sense of proportion, and exercising a healing moderation.

Humanity cannot triumph over error or evil without the aid of reason. Each of Sophocles' tragedies is precipitated by human unreason or excess. There is excessive ambition in the hero of *Ajax*, and it drives him mad; Oedipus in *Oedipus Tyrannus* may be the sport of inscrutable Fate, but he is also the victim of too much impetuosity and passion in his nature; Creon, in the *Antigone*, destroys Antigone's life and his own happiness by excessive tyranny. If man led a life of reason, these tragedies indicate, there might still be fateful accident and death in the world, but there would be no man-made tragedy.

There is always the gratification of art, moreover, in Sophocles' philosophy; a product of reason which superimposes order on the chaos of the world, art can heal the wounds of passion with the sweetness and light of beauty. And Sophocles gave himself up to art more completely than his fellow-playwrights. He cultivated dramaturgy more skillfully and earnestly than any of his contemporaries, maintaining balance in the structure of his work and insisting upon harmony between feeling and expression. To him belongs the credit of advancing Greek tragedy furthest as a dramatic form independent of primitive ritual. He reduced the choral and lyric passages of classic tragedy, strove for concise and natural dialogue, added a third actor to enlarge the scope of his plays, and ordered his situations on the principle of progressive action. Without scaling the lyric heights of Æschylus or attempting the psychological complexities of Euripides, Sophocles created the most completely dramatic works of the ancient world.

Of Sophocles' seven extant plays, the *Antigone*, written in 443 B.C., does perhaps the greatest justice to his varied genius. Though the play was the first to be written, it is thematically the middle portion of the great saga of the Theban dynasty that begins in *Oedipus Tyrannus* and ends in *Oedipus at*

Colonus. It has both tenderness and terror, and it contains one of the most appealing characters in literature. Antigone is not a romantic heroine—she is too strident and single-willed for romantic taste—and yet the sterling courage of this girl who sets the claims of love above those of a vindictive government endows her with the morning beauty of Shakespeare's Juliet.

3. EURIPIDES (480-406 B.C.)

Euripides, the last and most modern of the great Greek tragic dramatists, was the least popular of them all in Athens during his life. He had a surplus of enemies in the city and became the unfortunate butt of the comic poets. According to Aristophanes, the most devastating of them, Euripides was a lowborn panderer to popular taste and a cantankerous misogynist who insulted womanhood in his plays.

Actually Euripides was born of aristocratic parents, and in his youth he held offices reserved for the sons of prominent families. He was uncompromisingly set against popular opinion and, far from being a woman-hater, he treated women with more sympathy and understanding than did any of his fellow dramatists. But Euripides was melancholy and reserved and anything but congenial company, and he shocked his audiences with his unconventional approach to sexual and moral problems. He was, moreover, a member of the unpopular peace party during the Peloponnesian War and an opponent of Athenian imperialism.

In fifty years of writing he won only five prizes in the annual dramatic contests, and he found it necessary to spend the last year and a half of his life in virtual exile at the court of Macedonia, where he died. But his fame grew after his death. In Athens, Sophocles, who survived him by some months, clothed his chorus in black as a mark of respect, and the State raised a cenotaph in his honor. The entire Hellenic world paid tribute to the playwright.

Euripides, who approached ethical and political problems as a rationalist and a humanitarian, was aptly called by Nietzsche "the poet of esthetic Socratism." There were, in fact, stories current in Athens that Socrates admired him above all other dramatists, and even that the philosopher assisted him in the composition of his plays. Certainly Euripides, like Socrates, used much argumentation in his dialogue and maintained a skeptical attitude

toward accepted beliefs. He paid scant respect to the polytheistic religion of his day: In the *Ion*, Apollo or Phoebus is guilty of gross immorality and deception, and in the *Electra*, the god is openly criticized for having ordered Orestes to kill his mother. In *The Trojan Women*, a most searing picture of the sufferings of conquered nations, and in the *Hecuba*, which condemns the malevolence of both victors and victims, Euripides made passionate attacks on the savagery of war.

It is also part of Euripides' modernity (which brings him close to Ibsen, Strindberg, and O'Neill) that he entertained a keen interest in psychological problems. His findings, as a matter of fact, often harmonize with the subtlest observations of modern psychology. Without employing any of our current labels, he treated the dangers of sexual repression in his *Hippolytus* and acknowledged the creative and demoniac power of instinct, represented by Dionysus, in his last tragedy, *The Bacchae*. The goddess of Love, Aphrodite, punishes the too frigid Hippolytus because he has neglected her divine rights; Dionysus wreaks fearful vengeance on the too rationalistic King Pentheus for suppressing his ecstatic rites. Nature, according to this poet, hits back when it is denied! Women like Phædra, who loves her stepson Hippolytus, and Medea, who kills her children when she is betrayed by her husband Jason, filled his tragedies with their passions and problems. Approaching these characters sympathetically and with uncanny psychological penetration, Euripides succeeded in drawing many of the most poignantly real female characters in dramatic literature.

His interest in the complexities of character and his social conscience also made Euripides introduce realism into the drama. *Electra*, one of his last masterpieces, composed in 413 B.C., exemplifies many of his strongest qualities as a dramatist and social thinker: It is in the main a profoundly realistic drama. It explains the traditional heroine, who drove her brother to murder his mother Clytemnestra, as a pathetically frustrated woman, unwholesomely devoted to her father's memory and to a passion for vengeance. National figures like Admetus, Jason, Agamemnon, and Achilles, held in popular esteem as paragons of many virtues, appeared on the stage of Euripides as shoddy specimens of humanity, because he saw heroes with the eyes of a realist and social critic (as Ibsen did nearly twenty-four centuries later). Euripides is perhaps our best example of a writer who was at

once a realist and a poet. If his work is often marred because his realism and argumentativeness are imperfectly fused with his poetry, and because he ended many plays too hastily with some intervention by a god,¹ he nevertheless enriched the content of Greek drama and brought it to the threshold of modern times.

Euripides' *Alcestis* is one of his earliest plays. It was written before he became hampered by his efforts to expose social evil and to make the old myths serve this purpose. This play, one of the most charming products of his genius, is a fable about womanly love and devotion. Already the later realist is apparent in this youthful work: King

Admetus, who is shaken by fear of death and allows his wife to die in his place, cuts a sorry figure beside the loving and courageous Alcestis. His parents could not have been treated more incisively and less sentimentally by a twentieth-century realist. And although his friend Hercules is a demigod and endowed with mythical strength, his boisterous behavior is set down with crassly realistic humor. Nevertheless, Euripides' incipient realism does not deprive the play of the magic of poetry and wonder. The tenderly treated character of Alcestis brightens the story, and her return to life heals the eyes that have been opened to the misery of death.

¹ By means of the device known as the *deus ex machina*, the god from the machine.

ÆSCHYLUS

Agamemnon

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Watchman	AGAMEMNON
CLYTÆMNESTRA	Herald (TALTHYBIOS)
Chorus of Argive Elders	CASSANDRA
ÆGISTHOS	

ARGUMENT

Ten years had passed since Agamemnon, son of Atreus, king of Mykenæ, had led the Hellenes to Troïa to take vengeance on Alexandros (also known as Paris), son of Priam. For Paris had basely wronged Menelaos, king of Sparta, Agamemnon's brother, in that, being received by him as a guest, he enticed his wife Helena to leave her lord and go with him to Troïa. And now the tenth year had come, and Paris was slain, and the city of the Trojans was taken and destroyed, and Agamemnon and the Hellenes were on their way homeward with the spoil and prisoners they had taken. But meanwhile Clytæmnestra too, Agamemnon's queen, had been unfaithful, and had taken as her paramour Ægisthos, son of that Thyestes whom Atreus, his brother, had made to eat, unknowing, of the

flesh of his own children. And now, partly led by her adulterer, and partly seeking to avenge the death of her daughter Iphigeneia, whom Agamemnon had sacrificed to appease the wrath of Artemis, and partly also jealous because he was bringing back Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, as his concubine, she plotted with Ægisthos against her husband's life. But this was done secretly, and she stationed a guard on the roof of the royal palace to give note when he saw the beacon-fires, by which Agamemnon had promised that he would send tidings that Troïa was taken.

SCENE.—Argos. The Palace of Agamemnon; statues of the Gods in front. Watchman on the roof. Time, night.

WATCHMAN. I ask the Gods a respite from these toils,

This keeping at my post the whole year round,
Wherein, upon the Atreidæ's roof reclined,
Like dog, upon my elbow, I have learnt
To know night's goodly company of stars, 5
And those bright lords that deck the firmament,
And winter bring to men, and harvest-tide;

Æschylus, *Agamemnon*. Translated by Plumptre. For previous stages in the history of Agamemnon, see p. 40. Æschylus (525-456 B.C.), the father of Greek drama, took part in the Persian Wars, which he celebrated in his play, *The Persians*. He came of the old nobility of Athens and lived most of his life in that city.

[The rising and the setting of the stars.]
 And now I watch for sign of beacon-torch,
 The flash of fire that bringeth news from Troïa, 10
 And tidings of its capture. So prevails
 A woman's manly-purposed, hoping heart;
 And when I keep my bed of little ease,
 Drenched with the dew, unvisited by dreams,
 (For fear, instead of sleep, my comrade is, 15
 So that in sound sleep ne'er I close mine eyes,) 15
 And when I think to sing a tune, or hum,
 (My medicine of song to ward off sleep.)
 Then weep I, wailing for this house's chance,
 No more, as erst, right well administered. 20
 Well! may I now find blest release from toils,
 When fire from out the dark brings tidings good.

Pauses, then springs up suddenly, seeing a light in the distance.

Hail! thou torch-bearer of the night, that shedd'st
 Light as of morn, and bringest full array
 Of many choral bands in Argos met, 25
 Because of this success. Hurrah! hurrah!
 So clearly tell I Agamemnon's queen,
 With all speed rising from her couch to raise
 Shrill cry of triumph o'er this beacon-fire
 Throughout the house, since Illion's citadel 30
 Is taken, as full well that bright blaze shows.
 I, for my part, will dance my prelude now;

Leaps and dances.

For I shall score my lord's new turn of luck,
 This beacon-blaze may throw of triple six. 34
 Well, would that I with this mine hand may touch
 The dear hand of our king when he comes home!
 As to all else, the word is "Hush!" An ox
 Rests on my tongue; had the house a voice
 "Twould tell too clear a tale. I'm fain to speak
 To those who know, forget with those who know
 not. 40

Enter Chorus of twelve Argive elders, chanting as they march to take up their position in the center of the stage. A procession of women bearing torches is seen in the distance.

Lo! the tenth year now is passing
 Since, of Priam great avengers,
 Menelaos, Agamemnon,
 Double-throned and double-sceptered,
 Power from sovran Zeus deriving— 45
 Mighty pair of the Atreidæ—
 Raised a fleet of thousand vessels
 Of the Argives from our country,

Shouting cry of Ares fiercely;
 E'en as vultures shriek who hover,
 Wheeling, whirling o'er their eyrie,
 In wild sorrow for their nestlings,
 With their oars of stout wings rowing, 50
 Having lost the toil that bound them
 To their callow fledglings' couches.
 But on high One,—or Apollo,
 Zeus, or Pan,—the shrill cry hearing,
 Cry of birds that are his clients, 55
 Sendeth forth on men transgressing,
 Erinnys, slow but sure avenger;
 So against young Alexandros
 Atreus' sons the great King sendeth,
 Zeus, of host and guest protector: 60
 He, for bride with many a lover,
 Will to Danai give and Troïans
 Many conflicts, men's limbs straining,
 When the knee in dust is crouching,
 And the spear-shaft in the onset 65
 Of the battle snaps asunder.
 But as things are now, so are they,
 So, as destined, shall the end be.
 Nor by tears, nor yet libations
 Shall he soothe the wrath unbending 70
 Caused by sacred rites left fireless.
 We, with old frame little honored,
 Left behind that host are staying,
 Resting strength that equals childhood's
 On our staff: for in the bosom 75
 Of the boy, life's young sap rushing,
 Is of old age but the equal;
 Ares not as yet is found there:
 And the man in age exceeding,
 When the leaf is sere and withered, 80
 Goes with three feet on his journey;
 Not more Ares-like than boyhood,
 Like a day-seen dream he wanders.
 85

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA, followed by the procession of torch-bearers.

Thou, of Tyndareus the daughter,
 Queen of Argos, Clytaemnestra,
 What has happened? what news cometh? 90
 What perceiving, on what tidings
 Leaning, dost thou put in motion
 All this solemn, great procession?
 Of the Gods who guard the city,
 Those above and those beneath us,
 Of the heaven, and of the market,
 Lo! with thy gifts blaze the altars;
 And through all the expanse of Heaven,

With the flowing, pure persuasion
Of the holy unguent nourished,
And the chrism rich and kingly
From the treasure-store's recesses,
Telling what of this thou canst tell,
What is right for thee to utter,
Be a healer of my trouble,
Trouble now my soul disturbing,
While anon fond hope displaying
Sacrificial signs propitious,
Wards off care that no rest knoweth,
Sorrow mind and heart corroding.

The Chorus, taking their places round the central thymele, begin their song.

STROPHE I

Able am I to utter, setting forth
The might from omens sprung
What met the heroes as they journeyed on,
(For still, by God's great gift,
My age, yet linked with strength,
Breathes suasive power of song.)
How the Achæans' twin-throned majesty,
Accordant rulers of the youth of Hellas,
With spear and vengeful hand,
Were sent by fierce, strong bird 'gainst Teucrian
shore,
Kings of the birds to kings of ships appearing,
One black, with white tail one,
Near to the palace, on the spear-hand side,
On station seen of all,
A pregnant hare devouring with her young,
Robbed of all runs to come:
Wail as for Linos, wail, wail bitterly,
And yet may good prevail!

ANTISTROPHE I

And the wise prophet of the army seeing
The brave Atreidæ twain
Of diverse mood, knew those that tore the hare,
And those that led the host;
And thus divining spake:
"One day this armament
Shall Priam's city sack, and all the herds
Owned by the people, countless, by the towers,
Fate shall with force lay low.
Only take heed lest any wrath of Gods
Blunt the great curb of Troïa yet encamped,
Struck down before its time;
For Artemis the chaste that house doth hate,
Her father's wingèd hounds,

100 Who slay the mother with her unborn young,
And loathes the eagles' feast. 145
Wail as for Linos, wail, wail bitterly;
And yet may good prevail!

105

EPODE

"For she, the fair One, though so kind of heart
To fresh-dropt dew from mighty lion's womb, 150
And young that suck the teats
Of all that roam the fields,
Yet prays Him bring to pass
The portents of those birds,
The omens good yet also full of dread.
And Paean I invoke 155
As Healer, lest she on the Danai send
Delays that keep the ships
Long time with hostile blasts,
So urging on a new, strange sacrifice,
Unblest, unfestivaled, 160
By natural growth artificer of strife,
Bearing far other fruit than wife's true fear,
For there abideth yet,
Fearful, recurring still,
Ruling the house, full subtle, unforgetting, 165
Vengeance for children slain."
Such things, with great good mingled, Calchas
spake,
In voice that pierced the air,
As destined by the birds that crossed our path
To this our kingly house: 170
And in accord with them,
Wail as for Linos, wail, wail bitterly;
And yet may good prevail.

STROPHE II

O Zeus—whate'er He be,
If that Name please Him well,
By that on Him I call: 175
Weighing all other names I fail to guess
Aught else but Zeus, if I would cast aside,
Clearly, in every deed,
From off my soul this idle weight of care. 180

ANTISTROPHE II

Nor He who erst was great,
Full of the might to war,
Avails now; He is gone;
And He who next came hath departed too, 185
His victor meeting; but if one to Zeus,
High triumph-praise should sing,
His shall be all the wisdom of the wise;

STROPHE III

Yea, Zeus, who leadeth men in wisdom's way,
And fixeth fast the law,
That pain is gain; 190
And slowly dropping on the heart in sleep
Comes woe-recording care,
And makes the unwilling yield to wiser thoughts:
And doubtless this too comes from grace of Gods,
Seated in might upon their awful thrones. 195

ANTISTROPHE III

And then of those Achæan ships the chief,
The elder, blaming not
Or seer or priest;
But tempered to the fate that on him smote. . . .
When that Achæan host 200
Were vexed with adverse winds and failing stores,
Still kept where Chalkis in the distance lies
And the vexed waves in Aulis ebb and flow;

STROPHE IV

And breezes from the Strymon sweeping down,
Breeding delays and hunger, driving forth 205
Our men in wandering course,
On seas without a port.
Sparing nor ships, nor rope, nor sailing gear,
With doubled months wore down the Argive host;
And when, for that wild storm, 210
Of one more charm far harder for our chiefs
The prophet told, and spake of Artemis,
In tone so piercing shrill,
The Atreidae smote their staves upon the ground,
And could not stay their tears. 215

ANTISTROPHE IV

And then the old king lifted up his voice,
And spake, "Great woe it is to disobey;
Great too to slay my child,
The pride and joy of home,
Polluting with the streams of maiden's blood 220
Her father's hands upon the altar steps.
What course is free from ill?
How lose my ships and fail of mine allies?
'Tis meet that they with strong desire should seek
A rite the winds to soothe, 225
E'en though it be with blood of maiden pure;
May all end well at last!"

STROPHE V

So when he himself had harnessed
To the yoke of Fate unbending,

With a blast of strange, new feeling,
Sweeping o'er his heart and spirit,
Aweless, godless, and unholy,
He his thoughts and purpose altered
To full measure of all daring,
(Still base counsel's fatal frenzy,
Wretched primal source of evils,
Gives to mortal hearts strange boldness.)
And at last his heart he hardened
His own child to slay as victim,
Help in war that they were waging,
To avenge a woman's frailty.
Victim for the good ship's safety.

ANTISTROPHE V

All her prayers and eager callings,
On the tender name of Father,
All her young and maiden freshness,
They but set at nought, those rulers,
In their passion for the battle.
And her father gave commandment
To the servants of the Goddess,
When the prayer was o'er, to lift her,
Like a kid, above the altar,
In her garments wrapt, face downwards,—
Yea, to seize with all their courage,
And that o'er her lips of beauty
Should be set a watch to hinder
Words of curse against the houses,
With the gag's strength silence-working.

STROPHE VI

And she upon the ground Pouring rich folds of veil in saffron dyed, Cast at each one of those who sacrificed	260
A piteous glance that pierced,	
Fair as a pictured form;	
And wishing,—all in vain,—	
To speak; for oftentimes	
In those her father's hospitable halls	265
She sang, a maiden pure with chastest song,	
And her dear father's life	
That poured its threefold cup of praise to God,	
Crowned with all choicest good.	
She with a daughter's love	270
Was wont to celebrate.	

ANTISTROPHE VI

What then ensued mine eyes
Saw not, nor may I tell, but Calchas' arts
Were found not fruitless. Justice turns the scale

For those to whom through pain
At last comes wisdom's gain.
But for our future fate,
Since help for it is none,
Good-by to it before it comes, and this
Has the same end as wailing premature; 275
For with tomorrow's dawn
It will come clear; may good luck crown our fate!
So prays the one true guard,
Nearest and dearest found,
Of this our Apian land. 280

The Chief of the Chorus turns to CLYTÆMNESTRA, and her train of handmaids, who are seen approaching.

CHOR. I come, O Clytæmnestra, honoring
Thy majesty: 'tis meet to pay respect
To a chief's wife, the man's throne empty left:
But whether thou hast heard good news, or else
In hopes of tidings glad dost sacrifice, 290
I fain would hear, yet will not silence blame.

CLYTÆM. May Morning, as the proverb runs, appear
Bearing glad tidings from his mother Night!
Joy thou shalt learn beyond thy hope to hear;
For Argives now have taken Priam's city. 295

CHOR. What? Thy words sound so strange they
flit by me.

CLYTÆM. The Achæans hold Troïa. Speak I clear
enough?

CHOR. Joy creeps upon me, drawing forth my
tears.

CLYTÆM. Of loyal heart thine eyes give token
true.

CHOR. What witness sure hast thou of these
events? 300

CLYTÆM. Full clear (how else?) unless the God
deceive.

CHOR. Reliest thou on dreams or visions seen?
CLYTÆM. I place no trust in mind weighed down
with sleep.

CHOR. Hath then some wingless omen charmed
thy soul?

CLYTÆM. My mind thou scorn'st, as though
'twere but a girl's. 305

CHOR. What time has passed since they the city
sacked?

CLYTÆM. This very night, the mother of this
morn.

CHOR. What herald could arrive with speed like
this?

CLYTÆM. Hephaestos flashing forth bright flames
from Ida:

275 Beacon to beacon from that courier-fire 310
Sent on its tidings; Ida to the rock
Hermæan named, in Lemnos: from the isle
The height of Athos, dear to Zeus, received
A third great torch of flame, and lifted up, 315
So as on high to skim the broad sea's back,
The stalwart fire rejoicing went its way;
The pine-wood, like a sun, sent forth its light
Of golden radiance to Makistos' watch;
And he, with no delay, nor unawares
Conquered by sleep, performed his courier's
part: 320
Far off the torch-light, to Euripos' straits
Advancing, tells it to Messapion's guards:
They, in their turn, lit up and passed it on,
Kindling a pile of dry and aged heath.
Still strong and fresh the torch, not yet grown
dim, 325

Leaping across Asopos' plain in guise
Like a bright moon, towards Kithæron's rock,
Roused the next station of the courier flame.
And that far-traveled light the sentries there
Refused not, burning more than all yet named: 330
And then the light swooped o'er Gorgopis' lake,
And passing on to Ægiplanctos' mount,
Bade the bright fire's due order tarry not;
And they, enkindling boundless store, send on
A mighty beard of flame, and then it passed 335
The headland e'en that looks on Saron's gulf,
Still blazing. On it swept, until it came
To Arachnæan heights, the watch-tower near;
Then here on the Atreidæ's roof it swoops,
This light, of Ida's fire no doubtful heir. 340
Such is the order of my torch-race games;
One from another taking up the course,
But here the winner is both first and last;
And this sure proof and token now I tell thee,
Seeing that my lord hath sent it me from
Troïa. 345

CHOR. I to the Gods, O Queen, will pray hereafter,
But fain would I hear all thy tale again,
E'en as thou tell'st, and satiate my wonder.

CLYTÆM. This very day the Achæans Troïa hold.
I trow full diverse cry pervades the town: 350
Pour in the same vase vinegar and oil,
And you would call them enemies, not friends;
And so from conquerors and from captives now
The cries of varied fortune one may hear.
For these, low-fallen on the carcases 355
Of husbands and of brothers, children too
By aged fathers, mourn their dear ones' death
And that with throats that are no longer free.

And those the hungry toil of sleepless guard,
After the battle, at their breakfast sets; 360
Not billeted in order fixed and clear,
But just as each his own chance fortune grasps,
They in the captive houses of the Trojans
Dwell, freed at last from all the night's chill frosts,
And dews of heaven, for now, poor wretches,
they 365

Will sleep all night without the sentry's watch;
And if they reverence well the guardian Gods
Of that new-conquered country, and their shrines,
Then they, the captors, will not captured be.
Ah! let no evil lust attack the host 370
Conquered by greed, to plunder what they ought
not:

For yet they need return in safety home,
Doubling the goal to run their backward race.
But should the host come sinning 'gainst the
Gods,
Then would the curse of those that perished 375
Be watchful, e'en though no quick ill might fall.
Such thoughts are mine, mere woman though I be.
May good prevail beyond all doubtful chance!
For I have got the blessing of great joy.

CHOR. Thou, lady, kindly, like a sage, dost
speak, 380
And I, on hearing thy sure evidence,
Prepare myself to give the Gods due thanks;
For they have wrought full meed for all our toil.
[Exit Clytemnestra with her train.

O Zeus our King! O Night beloved,
Mighty winner of great glories, 385
Who upon the towers of Troia
Casted'st snare of closest meshes,
So that none full-grown or youthful
Could o'erleap the net of bondage,
Woe or universal capture;— 390
Zeus, of host and guest protector,
Who hath brought these things, I worship;
He long since on Alexandros
Stretched his bow that so his arrow
Might not sweep at random, missing, 395
Or beyond the stars shoot idly.

STROPHE I

Yes, one may say, 'tis Zeus, whose blow they feel;
This one may clearly trace:
They fared as He decreed:
Yea, one there was who said, 400
"The Gods deign not to care for mortal men
By whom the grace of things inviolable

Is trampled under foot."
No fear of God had he:
Now is it to the children manifest 405
Of those who, overbold,
Breathed rebel War beyond the bounds of Right,
Their houses overfilled with precious store
Above the golden mean.
Ah! let our life be free from all that hurts, 410
So that for one who gains
Wisdom in heart and soul,
That lot may be enough.
Since still there is no bulwark strong in wealth 415
Against destruction's doom,
For one who in the pride of wantonness
Spurns the great altar of the Right and Just.

ANTISTROPHE I

Him woeful, subtle Impulse urges on,
Resistless in her might,
Atē's far-scheming child: 420
All remedy is vain.
It is not hidden, but is manifest,
That mischief with its horrid gleaming light;
And, like to worthless bronze,
By friction tried and tests, 425
It turns to tarnished blackness in its hue:
Since, boy-like, he pursues
A bird upon its flight, and so doth bring
Upon his city shame intolerable:
And no God hears his prayer, 430
But bringeth low the unjust,
Who deals with deeds like this.
Thus Paris came to the Atreidae's home,
And stole its queen away,
And so left brand of shame indelible 435
Upon the board where host and guest had sat.

STROPHE II

She, leaving to her countrymen at home
Wild din of spear and shield and ships of war,
And bringing, as her dower,
To Ilion doom of death, 440
Passed very swiftly through the palace gates,
Daring what none should dare;
And many a wailing cry
They raised, the minstrel prophets of the house,
"Woe for that kingly home!" 445
Woe for that kingly home and for its chiefs!
Woe for the marriage-bed and traces left
Of wife who loved her lord!"
There stands he silent; foully wronged and yet
Uttering no word of scorn, 450

In deepest woe perceiving she is gone;
 And in his yearning love
 For one beyond the sea,
 A ghost shall seem to queen it o'er the house;
 The grace of sculptured forms
 Is loathèd by her lord,
 And in the penury of life's bright eyes
 All Aphrodite's charm
 To utter wreck has gone.

ANTISTROPHE II

And phantom shades that hover round in
 dreams 460
 Come full of sorrow, bringing vain delight;
 For vain it is, when one
 Sees seeming shows of good,
 And gliding through his hands the dream is gone,
 After a moment's space, 465
 On wings that follow still
 Upon the path where sleep goes to and fro.
 Such are the woes at home
 Upon the altar hearth, and worse than these.
 But on a wider scale for those who went
 From Hellas' ancient shore, 470
 A sore distress that causeth pain of heart
 Is seen in every house.
 Yea, many things there are that touch the quick:
 For those whom each did send 475
 He knoweth; but, instead
 Of living men, there come to each man's home
 Funeral urns alone,
 And ashes of the dead.

STROPHE III

For Ares, trafficking for golden coin 480
 The lifeless shapes of men,
 And in the rush of battle holding scales,
 Sends now from Ilion
 Dust from the funeral pyre,
 A burden sore to loving friends at home, 485
 And bitterly bewailed,
 Filling the brazen urn
 With well-smoothed ashes in the place of men;
 And with high praise they mourn
 This hero skilled and valiant in the fight, 490
 And that who in the battle nobly fell,
 All for another's wife:
 And other words some murmur secretly;
 And jealous discontent
 Against the Atreidæ, champions in the suit, 495
 Creeps on all stealthily;
 And some around the wall,

In full and goodly form have sepulture
 There upon Ilion's soil,
 And their foes' land interts its conquerors. 500

ANTISTROPHE III

And so the murmurs of their subjects rise
 With sullen discontent,
 And do the dread work of a people's curse;
 And now my boding fear
 Awaits some news of ill,
 As yet enwrapt in blackness of the night. 505
 Not heedless of the Gods
 Of shedders of much blood,
 And the dark-robed Erinnies in due time,
 By adverse chance of life, 510
 Place him who prospers in unrighteousness
 In gloom obscure; and once among the unseen,
 There is no help for him:
 Fame in excess is but a perilous thing;
 For on men's quivering eyes 515
 Is hurled by Zeus the blinding thunder-bolt.
 I praise the good success
 That rouses not God's wrath;
 Ne'er be it mine a city to lay waste.
 Nor, as a prisoner, see
 My life wear on beneath another's power! 520

EPODE

And now at bidding of the courier flame,
 The herald of good news,
 A rumor swift spreads through the city streets,
 But who knows clearly whether it be true, 525
 Or whether God has mingled lies with it?
 Who is so childish or so reft of sense,
 As with his heart a-glow
 At that fresh uttered message of the flame,
 Then to wax sad at changing rumor's sound? 530
 It suits the mood that sways a woman's mind
 To pour thanksgiving ere the truth is seen:
 Quickly, with rapid steps, too credulous,
 The limit which a woman sets to trust
 Advances evermore;
 And with swift doom of death
 A rumor spread by woman perishes.
*As the Chorus ends, a Herald is seen approaching,
 his head wreathed with olive.*

Soon we shall know the sequence of the torches
 Light-giving, and of all the beacon-fires,
 If they be true; or if, as 'twere a dream, 540
 This sweet light coming hath beguiled our minds
 I see a herald coming from the shore,

With olive boughs o'ershadowed, and the dust,
Dry sister-twin of mire, announces this,
That neither without voice, nor kindling blaze 545
Of wood upon the mountains, he will signal
With smoke from fire, but either he will come,
With clear speech bidding us rejoice, or else . . .

[pauses]

The word opposed to this I much mislike.
Nay, may good issue good beginnings crown! 550
Who for our city utters other prayers,
May he himself his soul's great error reap!

HERALD. Hail, soil of this my Argive fatherland.
Now in the light of the tenth year I reach thee,
Though many hopes are shattered, gaining one. 555
For never did I think in Argive land

To die, and share the tomb that most I craved.
Now hail! thou land; and hail! thou light of day:

Zeus our great ruler, and thou Pythian king,
No longer darting arrows from thy bow. 560

Full hostile wast thou by Scamandros' banks,
Now be thou Savior, yea, and Healer found,

O king Apollo! and the Gods of war,
These I invoke; my patron Hermes too,

Dear herald, whom all heralds reverence,—
Those heroes, too, that sent us,—graciously 565

To welcome back the host that war has spared.

Hail, O ye royal dwellings, home beloved!
Ye solemn thrones, and Gods who face the sun!

If e'er of old, with cheerful glances now 570
After long time receive our king's array.

For he is come, in darkness bringing light
To you and all, our monarch, Agamemnon.

Salute him with all grace; for so 'tis meet,
Since he hath dug up Troïa with the spade 575

Of Zeus the Avenger, and the plain laid waste;
Fallen their altars and the shrines of Gods;

The seed of all the land is rooted out,
This yoke of bondage casting over Troïa,

Our chief, the elder of the Atreidæ, comes, 580
A man full blest, and worthiest of high honor

Of all that are. For neither Paris' self,
Nor his accomplice city now can boast

Their deed exceeds its punishment. For he,
Found guilty on the charge of rape and theft, 585

Hath lost his prize and brought his father's house,
With lands and all, to waste and utter wreck;

And Priam's sons have double forfeit paid.

CHOR. Joy, joy, thou herald of the Achaean host!

HER. All joy is mine: I shrink from death no more. 590

CHOR. Did love for this thy fatherland so try thee?

HER. So that mine eyes weep tears for very joy.

CHOR. Disease full sweet then this ye suffered
from . . .

HER. How so? When taught, I shall thy meaning master.

CHOR. Ye longed for us who yearned for you in turn. 595

HER. Say'st thou this land its yearning host yearned o'er?

CHOR. Yea, so that oft I groaned in gloom of heart.

HER. Whence came these bodings that an army hates?

CHOR. Silence I've held long since a charm for ill.

HER. How, when your lords were absent, feared

ye any? 600

CHOR. To use thy words, death now would welcome be.

HER. Good is the issue; but in so long time
Some things, one well might say, have prospered well,

And some give cause for murmurs. Save the Gods,
Who free from sorrow lives out all his life? 605

For should I tell of toils, and how we lodged
Full hardly, seldom putting in to shore,
And then with couch full hard. . . . What gave us not

Good cause for mourning? What ill had we not
As daily portion? And what passed on land, 610

That brought yet greater hardship: for our beds
Were under our foes' walls, and meadow mists
From heaven and earth still left us wringing wet,
A constant mischief to our garments, making

Our hair as shaggy as the beasts'. And if 615
One spoke of winter frosts that killed the birds,
By Ida's snow-storms made intolerable,

Or heat, when Ocean in its noon tide couch
Windless reclined and slept without a wave. . . .

But why lament o'er this? Our toil is past; 620
Past too is theirs who in the warfare fell,
So that no care have they to rise again.

Why should I count the number of the dead,
Or he that lives mourn o'er a past mischance?

To change and chance I bid a long Farewell: 625
With us, the remnant of the Argive host,

Good fortune wins, no ills as counterpoise.
So it is meet to this bright sun we boast,

Who travel homeward over land and sea: 629
“The Argive host who now have captured Troïa,

These spoils of battle to the Gods of Hellas
Hang on their pegs, enduring prize and joy.”

Hearing these things we ought to bless our country
And our commanders; and the grace of Zeus

That wrought this shall be honored. My tale's told. 635

CHOR. Thy words o'ercome me, and I say not nay;
To learn good keeps youth's freshness with the old.
'Tis meet these things should be a special care
To Clytaemnestra and the house, and yet
That they should make me sharer in their joy. 640

Enter Clytaemnestra.

CLYTÆM. I long ago for gladness raised my cry,
When the first fiery courier came by night,
Telling of Troïa taken and laid waste:
And then one girding at me spake, "Dost think,
Trusting in beacons, Troïa is laid waste?" 645
This heart elate is just a woman's way."
In words like these they made me out distraught;
Yet still I sacrificed, and with a strain
Shrill as a woman's, they, now here, now there,
Throughout the city hymns of blessing raised 650
In shrines of Gods, and lulled to gentle sleep
The fragrant flame that on the incense fed.
And now why need'st thou lengthen out thy words?

I from the king himself the tale shall learn;
And that I show all zeal to welcome back 655
My honored lord on his return (for what
Is brighter joy for wife to see than this,
When God has brought her husband back from war,

To open wide her gates?) tell my lord this,
"To come with all his speed, the city's idol". 660
And "may he find a faithful wife at home,
Such as he left her, noble watch-dog still
For him, and hostile to his enemies;
And like in all things else, who has not broken
One seal of his in all this length of time." 665
No pleasure have I known, nor scandal ill
With any other more than . . . stains on bronze.
Such is my vaunt, and being full of truth,
Not shameful for a noble wife to speak.

[Exit.]

CHOR. [to Herald]. She hath thus spoken in thy hearing now 670

A goodly word for good interpreters.
But tell me, herald, tell of Menelaos,
If, coming home again in safety he
Is with you, the dear strength of this our land,

HER. I cannot make report of false good news,
So that my friends should long rejoice in it. 676

CHOR. Ah! could'st thou good news speak, and also true!

These things asunder are not well concealed.

HER. The chief has vanished from the Achæan host,

He and his ship. I speak no falsehood here. 680

CHOR. In sight of all when he from Ilion sailed?
Or did a storm's wide evil part him from you?

HER. Like skillful archer thou hast hit the mark,
And in few words has told of evil long.

CHOR. And was it of him as alive or dead 685
The whisper of the other sailors ran?

HER. None to that question answer clear can give,

Save the Sun-God who feeds the life of earth.

CHOR. How say'st thou? Did a storm come on our fleet,

And do its work through anger of the Gods? 690

HER. It is not meet a day of tidings good
To mar with evil news. Apart for each
Is special worship. But when courier brings
With louring face the ills men pray against,
And tells a city that its host has fallen, 695
That for the State there is a general wound,
That many a man from many a home is driven,
As banned by double scourge that Ares loves,
Woe doubly-barbed, Death's two-horsed chariot
this . . .

When with such griefs as freight a herald comes,
'Tis meet to chant the Erinnyses' dolorous song;
But for glad messenger of good deeds wrought
That bring deliverance, coming to a town
Rejoicing in its triumph, . . . how shall I

Blend good with evil, telling of a storm 705
That smote the Achæans, not without God's wrath?

For they a compact swore who erst were foes,
Ocean and Fire, and their pledges gave,
Wrecking the ill-starred army of the Argives;
And in the night rose ill of raging storm: 710
For Thracian tempests shattered all the ships,

Each on the other. Some thus crashed and bruised,
By the storm stricken and the surging foam
Of wind-tost waves, soon vanished out of sight,
Whirled by an evil pilot. And when rose 715

The sun's bright orb, behold, the Ægean sea
Blossomed with wrecks of ships and dead Achæans.

And as for us and our uninjured ship,
Surely 'twas someone stole or begged us off,
Some God, not man, presiding at the helm; 720
And on our ship with good will Fortune sat,
Giver of safety, so that nor in haven
Felt we the breakers, nor on rough rock-beach
Ran we aground. But when we had escaped
The hell of waters, then in clear, bright day, 725
Not trusting in our fortune, we in thought

O'er new ills brooded of our host destroyed,
And eke most roughly handled. And if still
Breathe any of them they report of us 729
As having perished. How else should they speak?
And we in our turn deem that they are so.
God send good ending! Look you, first and chief,
For Menelaos' coming; and indeed,
If any sunbeam know of him alive
And well, by help of Zeus who has not willed 735
As yet to blot out all the regal race,
Some hope there is that he'll come back again.
Know, hearing this, that thou the truth hast heard.

[Exit Herald.]

STROPHE I

CHOR. Who was it named her with such won-
drous truth?
(Could it be One unseen, 740
In strange prevision of her destined work,
Guiding the tongue through chance?)
Who gave that war-wed, strife-upstirring one
The name of Helen, ominous of ill?
For all too plainly she 745
Hath been to men, and ships,
And towers, as doom of Hell.
From bower of gorgeous curtains forth she sailed
With breeze of Zephyr Titan-born and strong;
And hosts of many men, 750
Hunters that bore the shield,
Went on the track of those who steered their boat
Unseen to leafy banks of Simois,
On her account who came,
Dire cause of strife with bloodshed in her train. 755

ANTISTROPHE I

And so the wrath which works its vengeance out
Dear bride to Ilion brought,
(Ah, all too truly named!) exacting still
After long lapse of time
The penalty of foul dishonor done 760
To friendship's board and Zeus, of host and guest
The God, from those who paid
Their loud-voiced honor then
Unto that bridal strain,
That hymeneal chorus which to chant 765
Fell to the lot of all the bridegroom's kin.
But learning other song,
Priam's ancient city now
Bewaileth sore, and calls on Paris' name,
Wedded in fatal wedlock; all the time 770
Enduring tear-fraught life
For all the blood its citizens had lost.

STROPHE II

So once a lion's cub,
A mischief in his house,
As foster child one reared,
While still it loved the teats;
In life's preluding dawn
Tame, by the children loved,
And fondled by the old,
Oft in his arms 'twas held, 775
Like infant newly born,
With eyes that brightened to the hand that stroked,
And fawning at the hest of hunger keen. 780

ANTISTROPHE II

. But when full-grown, it showed
The nature of its sires; 785
For it unbidden made
A feast in recompense
Of all their fostering care,
By banquet of slain sheep;
With blood the house was stained,
A curse no slaves could check,
Great mischief murderous:
By God's decree a priest of Atè thus
Was reared, and grew within the man's own house. 790

STROPHE III

So I would tell that thus to Ilion came
Mood as of calm when all the air is still,
The gentle pride and joy of kingly state,
A tender glance of eye, 795
The full-blown blossom of a passionate love,
Thrilling the very soul;
And yet she turned aside,
And wrought a bitter end of marriage feast,
Coming to Priam's race, 800
Ill sojourner, ill friend,
Sent by great Zeus, the God of host and guest
Erinnys, for whom wives weep many tears. 805

ANTISTROPHE III

There lives an old saw, framed in ancient days,
In memories of men, that high estate
Full-grown brings forth its young, nor childless
dies,
But that from good success 810
Springs to the race a woe insatiable.
But I, apart from all,
Hold this my creed alone;
For impious act it is that offspring breeds, 815
Like to their parent stock:

For still in every house
That loves the right their fate for evermore
Rejoiceth in an issue fair and good.

STROPHE IV

But Recklessness of old
Is wont to breed another Recklessness, 820
Sporting its youth in human miseries,
Or now, or then, whene'er the fixed hour comes:
That in its youth, in turn,
Doth full-flushed Lust beget,
And that dread demon-power unconquerable, 825
Daring that fears not God,—
Two curses black within the homes of men,
Like those that gendered them.

ANTISTROPHE IV

But Justice shineth bright 829
In dwellings that are dark and dim with smoke,
And honors life law-ruled,
While gold-decked homes conjoined with hands
defiled
She with averted eyes
Hath left, and draweth near 834
To holier things, nor worships might of wealth,
If counterfeit its praise;
But still directeth all the course of things
Towards its destined goal.

AGAMEMNON is seen approaching in his chariot, followed by another chariot, in which CASSANDRA is standing, carrying her prophet's wand in her hand, and wearing fillets round her temples, and by a great train of soldiers bearing trophies. As they come on the stage the Chorus sings its welcome.

Come then, king, thou son of Atreus,
Waster of the towers of Troïa, 840
What of greeting and of homage
Shall I give, nor overshooting,
Nor due need of honor missing?
Men there are who, right transgressing,
Honor semblance more than being.
O'er the sufferer all are ready
Wail of bitter grief to utter,
Though the biting pang of sorrow
Never to their heart approaches;
So with counterfeit rejoicing
Men strain faces that are smileless;
But when one his own sheep knoweth,
The men's eyes cannot deceive him,
When they deem with kindly purpose,

And with fondness weak to flatter. 855
Thou, when thou did'st lead thine army
For Helen's sake—(I will not hide it)—
Wast to me as one whose features
Have been limned by unskilled artist,
Guiding ill the helm of reason,
Giving men to death's doom sentenced
Courage which their will rejected.
Now nor from the spirit's surface,
Nor with touch of thought unfriendly,
All the toil, I say, is welcome,
If men bring it to good issue. 860
And thou soon shalt know, enquiring,
Him who rightly, him who wrongly
Of thy citizens fulfilleth
Task of office for the city. 865
AGAM. First Argos, and the Gods who guard the
land,
'Tis right to greet; to them in part I owe
This my return, and vengeance that I took
On Priam's city. Not on hearsay proof
Judging the cause, with one consent the Gods 870
Cast in their votes into the urn of blood
For Ilion's ruin and her people's death;
I' the other urn Hope touched the rim alone,
Still far from being filled full. And even yet
The captured city by its smoke is seen, 875
The incense clouds of Atè live on still;
And, in the act of dying with its prey,
From richest store the dust sends savors sweet.
For these things it is meet to give the Gods
Thank-offerings long-enduring; for our nets 880
Of vengeance we set close, and for a woman
Our Argive monster laid the city low,
Foaled by the mare, a people bearing shield,
Taking its leap when set the Pleiades; 885
And, bounding o'er the tower, that ravenous lion
Lapped up its fill of blood of kingly race.
This prelude to the Gods I lengthen out;
And as concerns thy feeling (this I well
Remember hearing) I with thee agree,
And thou in me may'st find an advocate. 890
With but few men is it their natural bent
To honor without grudging prosperous friend:
For ill-souled envy that the heart besets,
Doubles his woe who suffers that disease:
He by his own griefs first is overwhelmed, 895
And groans at sight of others' happier lot.
And I with good cause say, (for well I know,)
They are but friendship's mirror, phantom shade,
Who seemed to be my most devoted friends.
Odysseus only, who against his will 900
Sailed with us, still was found true trace-fellow:

And this I say of him or dead or living.
 But as for all that touches on the State,
 Or on the Gods, in full assembly we,
 Calling our council, will deliberate: 910
 For what goes well we should with care provide
 How longest it may last; and where there needs
 A healing charm, there we with all good-will,
 By surgery or cautery will try
 To turn away the mischief of disease. 915
 And now will I to home and household hearth
 Move on, and first give thanks unto the Gods
 Who led me forth, and brought me back again.
 Since Victory follows, long may she remain!

Enter CLYTENESTRA, followed by female attendants carrying purple tapestry.

CLYTENESTRA. Ye citizens, ye Argive senators, 920
 I will not shrink from telling you the tale
 Of wife's true love. As time wears on one drops
 All over-shyness. Not learning it from others,
 I will narrate my own unhappy life,
 The whole long time my lord at Ilion stayed. 925
 For first, that wife should sit at home alone
 Without her husband is a monstrous grief,
 Hearing full many an ill report of him,
 Now one and now another coming still,
 Bringing news home, worse trouble upon bad. 930
 Yea, if my lord had met as many wounds
 As rumor told of, floating to our house,
 He had been riddled more than any net;
 And had he died, as tidings still poured in,
 Then he, a second Geryon with three lives, 935
 Had boasted of a threefold coverlet
 Of earth above, (I will not say below him,)
 Dying one death for each of those his forms;
 And so, because of all these ill reports, 939
 Full many a noose around my neck have others
 Loosed by main force, when I had hung myself.
 And for this cause no son is with me now,
 Holding in trust the pledges of our love,
 As he should be, Orestes. Wonder not; 945
 For now a kind ally doth nurture him,
 Strophios the Phokian, telling me of woes
 Of twofold aspect, danger on thy side
 At Ilion, and lest loud-voiced anarchy
 Should overthrow thy council, since 'tis still 950
 The wont of men to kick at those who fall.
 No trace of guile bears this excuse of mine;
 As for myself, the fountains of my tears
 Have flowed till they are dry, no drop remains,
 And mine eyes suffer from o'er-late repose, 955
 Watching with tears the beacons set for thee,

Left still unheeded. And in dreams full oft
 I from my sleep was startled by the gnat
 With thin wings buzzing, seeing in the night
 Ills that stretched far beyond the time of sleep. 960
 Now, having borne all this, with mind at ease, 965
 I hail my lord as watch-dog of the fold,
 The stay that saves the ship, of lofty roof
 Main column-prop, a father's only child,
 Land that beyond all hope the sailor sees,
 Morn of great brightness following after storm, 970
 Clear-flowing fount to thirsty traveler.
 Yes, it is pleasant to escape all straits:
 With words of welcome such as these I greet thee;
 May jealous Heaven forgive them! for we bore
 Full many an evil in the past; and now, 975
 Dear husband, leave thy car, nor on the ground,
 O King, set thou the foot that Ilion trampled.
 Why linger ye, [turning to her attendants] ye
 maids, whose task it was
 To strew the pathway with your tapestries? 980
 Let the whole road be straightway purple-strown,
 That Justice lead to home he looked not for.
 All else my care, by slumber not subdued,
 Will with God's help work out what fate decrees.

The handmaids advance, and are about to lay the purple carpets on the ground.

AGAM. O child of Leda, guardian of my home,
 Thy speech hath with my absence well agreed—
 For long indeed thou mad'st it—but fit praise 985
 Is boon that I must seek at other hands.
 I pray thee, do not in thy woman's fashion
 Pamper my pride, nor in barbaric guise
 Prostrate on earth raise full-mouthed cries to me;
 Make not my path offensive to the Gods 990
 By spreading it with carpets. They alone
 May claim that honor; but for mortal men
 To walk on fair embroidery, to me
 Seems nowise without peril. So I bid you 995
 To honor me as man, and not as God.
 Apart from all foot-mats and tapestry
 My fame speaks loudly; and God's greatest gift
 Is not to err from wisdom. We must bless
 Him only who ends life in fair estate. 995
 Should I thus act throughout, good hope were
 mine.

CLYTENESTRA. Nay, say not this my purposes to
 thwart.

AGAM. Know I change not for the worse my
 purpose.

CLYTENESTRA. In fear, perchance, thou vowèd'st thus
 to act.

AGAM. If any, I, with good ground spoke my will. 1000

CLYTÆM. What think'st thou Priam, had he wrought such deeds . . . ?

AGAM. Full gladly he, I trow, had trod on carpets.

CLYTÆM. Then shrink not thou through fear of men's dispraise.

AGAM. And yet a people's whisper hath great might. 1045

CLYTÆM. Who is not envied is not enviable. 1005

AGAM. 'Tis not a woman's part to crave for strife. 1015

CLYTÆM. True, yet the prosperous e'en should sometimes yield.

AGAM. Dost thou then prize that victory in the strife? 1025

CLYTÆM. Nay, list; with all good-will yield me this boon.

AGAM. Well, then, if thou wilt have it so, with speed. 1030

Let someone loose my buskins (servants they Doing the foot's true work), and as I tread Upon these robes sea-purpled, may no wrath From glance of Gods smite on me from afar! Great shame I feel to trample with my foot 1015
This wealth of carpets, costliest work of looms; So far for this. This stranger [pointing to CASSANDRA] lead thou in

With kindness. On him who gently wields His power God's eye looks kindly from afar. None of their own will choose a bondslave's life; And she, the chosen flower of many spoils, 1021
Has followed with me as the army's gift. But since I turn, obeying thee in this, I'll to my palace go, on purple treading.

CLYTÆM. There is a sea,—and who shall drain it dry? 1025

Producing still new store of purple juice, Precious as silver, staining many a robe. And in our house, with God's help, O my king, 'Tis ours to boast our palace knows no stint. Trampling of many robes would I have vowed, Had that been ordered me in oracles, 1031
When for my lord's return I then did plan My votive gifts. For while the root lives on, The foliage stretches even to the house, And spreads its shade against the dog-star's rage; So when thou comest to thy hearth and home, 1036
Thou show'st that warmth hath come in winter time;

And when from unripe clusters Zeus matures The wine, then is there coolness in the house, If the true master dwelleth in his home. 1040

Ah, Zeus! the All-worker, Zeus, work out for me All that I pray for; let it be thy care To look to what Thou purposest to work.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON, walking on the tapestry, CLYTÆMNESTRA, and her attendants.*

STROPHE I

CHOR. Why thus continually Do haunting phantoms hover at the gate 1045
Of my foreboding heart?
Why floats prophetic song, unbought, unbidden?
Why doth no steadfast trust
Sit on my mind's dear throne,
To fling it from me as a vision dim? 1050
Long time hath passed since stern-ropes of our ships
Were fastened on the sand, when our great host
Of those that sailed in ships
Had come to Ilion's towers:

ANTISTROPHE I

And now from these mine eyes 1055
I learn, myself reporting to myself,
Their safe return; and yet
My mind within itself, taught by itself,
Chanteth Erinnys' dirge,
The lyreless melody, 1060
And hath no strength of wonted confidence.
Not vain these inner pulses, as my heart
Whirls eddying in breast oracular.
I, against hope, will pray
It prove false oracle. 1065

STROPHE II

Of high, o'erflowing health
There is no bound that stays the wish for more,
For evermore disease, as neighbor close
Whom but a wall divides,
Upon it presses; and man's prosperous state 1070
Moves on its course, and strikes
Upon an unseen rock;
But if his fear for safety of his freight,
A part, from well-poised sling, shall sacrifice,
Then the whole house sinks not, 1075
O'erfilled with wretchedness,
Nor does he swamp his boat:
So, too, abundant gift
From Zeus in bounteous fullness, and the fruit
Of glebe at harvest tide 1080
Have caused to cease sore hunger's pestilence;

ANTISTROPHE II

But blood that once hath flowed
In purple stains of death upon the ground
At a man's feet, who then can bid it back
By any charm of song?
Else him who knew to call the dead to life
Zeus had not sternly checked,
As warning unto all;
But unless Fate, firm-fixed, had barred our fate
From any chance of succor from the Gods, 1085
Then had my heart poured forth
Its thoughts, outstripping speech.
But now in gloom it wails
Sore vexed, with little hope
At any time hereafter fitting end
To find, unraveling, 1095
My soul within me burning with hot thoughts.

Re-enter CLYTÆMNESTRA.

CLYTÆM. [to CASSANDRA, who has remained in the chariot during the choral ode]. Thou too—I mean Cassandra—go within; Since Zeus hath made it thine, and not in wrath, To share the lustral waters in our house, 1100 Standing with many a slave the altar nigh Of Zeus, who guards our goods. Now get thee down From out this car, nor look so over proud. They say that e'en Alcmena's son endured 1104 Being sold a slave, constrained to bear the yoke: And if the doom of this ill chance should come, Great boon it is to meet with lords who own Ancestral wealth. But whoso reap full crops They never dared to hope for, these in all, And beyond measure, to their slaves are harsh: From us thou hast what usage doth prescribe. 1111 CHOR. So ends she, speaking words full clear to thee:

And seeing thou art in the toils of fate,
If thou obey, thou wilt obey; and yet,
Perchance, obey thou wilt not. 1115

CLYTÆM. Nay, but unless she, like a swallow,
speaks
A barbarous tongue unknown, I speaking now
Within her apprehension, bid obey.

CHOR. [to CASSANDRA, still standing motionless]. Go with her. What she bids is now the best;
Obey her: leave thy seat upon this car. 1120

CLYTÆM. I have no leisure here to stay without:
For as regards our central altar, there
The sheep stand by as victims for the fire;
For never had we hoped such thanks to give:
If thou wilt do this, make no more delay; 1125

But if thou understandest not my words,
Then wave thy foreign hand in lieu of speech.

CASSANDRA shudders as in horror, but makes no sign.

CHOR. The stranger seems a clear interpreter
To need. Her look is like a captured deer's.

CLYTÆM. Nay, she is mad, and follows evil
thoughts, 1130

Since, leaving now her city, newly-captured,
She comes, and knows not how to take the curb,
Ere she foam out her passion in her blood.
I will not bear the shame of uttering more.

[Exit.]

CHOR. And I—I pity her, and will not rage: 1135
Come, thou poor sufferer, empty leave thy car;
Yield to thy doom, and handsel now the yoke.

CASSANDRA leaves the chariot, and bursts into a cry
of wailing.

STROPHE I

CASS. Woe! woe, and well-a-day!

Apollo! O Apollo!

CHOR. Why criest thou so loud on Loxias? 1140
The wailing cry of mourner suits not him.

ANTISTROPHE I

CASS. Woe! woe, and well-a-day!

Apollo! O Apollo!

CHOR. Again with boding words she calls the God,
Though all unmeet as helper to men's groans. 1145

STROPHE II

CASS. Apollo! O Apollo!
God of all paths, Apollo true to me;
For still thou dost appall me and destroy.

CHOR. She seems her own ills like to prophesy:
The God's great gift is in the slave's mind yet. 1150

ANTISTROPHE II

CASS. Apollo! O Apollo!
God of all paths, Apollo true to me;
What path hast led me? To what roof hast brought?

CHOR. To that of the Atreidæ. This I tell, 1154
If thou know'st not. Thou wilt not find it false.

STROPHE III

CASS. Ah! Ah! Ah me!
Say rather to a house God hates—that knows

Murder, self-slaughter, rapes,
A human shamble, staining earth with blood.
CHOR. Keen scented seems this stranger, like a
hound, 1160
And sniffs to see whose murder she may find.

ANTISTROPHE III

CASS. Ah! Ah! Ah me!
Lo! [looking wildly, and pointing to the house]
there the witnesses whose word I trust,—
Those babes who wail their death
The roasted flesh that made a father's meal. 1165
CHOR. We of a truth had heard thy seeress fame,
But prophets now are not the race we seek.

STROPHE IV

CASS. Ah me! O horror! What ill schemes she
now?
What is this new great woe?
Great evil plots she in this very house, 1170
Hard for its friends to bear, immedicable;
And help stands far aloof.
CHOR. These oracles of thine surpass my ken;
Those I know well. The whole town rings with
them.

ANTISTROPHE IV

CASS. Ah me! O daring one! what work'st thou
here, 1175
Who having in his bath
Tended thy spouse, thy lord, then . . .
How tell the rest?
For quick it comes, and hand is following hand,
Stretched out to strike the blow.
CHOR. Still I discern not; after words so dark 1180
am perplexed with thy dim oracles.

STROPHE V

CASS. Ah, horror, horror! What is this I see?
Is it a snare of Hell?
Nay, the true net is she who shares his bed,
Who shares in working death. 1185
Ha! let the Band insatiable in hate
Howl for the race its wild exulting cry
O'er sacrifice that calls
For death by storm of stones.
CHOR. What dire Erinnys bidd'st thou o'er our
. house 1190
To raise shrill cry? Thy speech but little cheers;
And to my heart there rush
Blood-drops of saffron hue,

Which, when from deadly wound
They fall, together with life's setting rays 1195
End, as it fails, their own appointed course:
And mischief comes apace.

ANTISTROPHE V

CASS. See, see, I say, from that fell heifer there
Keep thou the bull: in robes
Entangling him, she with her weapon gores 1200
Him with the swarthy horns;
Lo! in that bath with water filled he falls,
Smitten to death, and I to thee set forth
Crime of a bath of blood,
By murderous guile devised. 1205
CHOR. I may not boast that I keen insight have
In words oracular; yet bode I ill.
What tidings good are brought
By any oracles
To mortal men? These arts, 1210
In days of evil sore, with many words,
Do still but bring a vague, portentous fear
For men to learn and know.

STROPHE VI

CASS. Woe, woe! for all sore ills that fall on me!
It is my grief thou speak'st of, blending it 1215
With his. [Pausing, and then crying out]
Ah! wherefore then
Hast thou thus brought me here,
Only to die with thee?
What other doom is mine? 1220
CHOR. Frenzied art thou, and by some God's
might swayed,
And utterest for thyself
A melody which is no melody,
Like to that tawny one, 1225
Insatiate in her wail,
The nightingale, who still with sorrowing soul,
And "Itys, Itys," cry,
Bemoans a life o'erflourishing in ills.

ANTISTROPHE VI

CASS. Ah, for the doom of clear-voiced nightin-
gale! 1230
The Gods gave her a body bearing wings,
And life of pleasant days
With no fresh cause to weep:
But for me waiteth still
Stroke from the two-edged sword.
CHOR. From what source hast thou these dread
agonies 1235

Sent on thee by thy God,
Yet vague and little meaning; and thy cries
Dire with ill-omened shrieks
Dost utter as a chant,
And blendeſt with them strains of shrilleſt grief?
Whence treadest thou this track
Of evil-boding path of prophecy?

STROPHE VII

CASS. Woe for the marriage-ties, the marriage-ties
Of Paris that brought ruin on his friends!
Woe for my native stream, 1245
Scamandros, that I loved!
Once on thy banks my maiden youth was reared,
(Ah, miserable me!)
Now by Cokytos and by Acheron's shores
I seem too likely soon to utter song 1250
Of wild, prophetic speech.
CHOR. What hast thou spoken now
With utterance all too clear?
Even a boy its gist might understand;
I to the quick am pierced 1255
With throe of deadly pain,
Whilst thou thy moaning cries art uttering
Over thy sore mischance,
Wondrous for me to hear.

ANTISTROPHE VII

CASS. Woe for the toil and trouble, toil and
trouble 1260
Of city that is utterly destroyed!
Woe for the victims slain
Of herds that roamed the fields,
My father's sacrifice to save his towers!
No healing charm they brought 1265
To save the city from its present doom:
And I with hot thoughts wild myself shall cast
Full soon upon the ground.
CHOR. This that thou utterest now
With all before agrees. 1270
Some Power above dooms thee with purpose ill,
Down-swooping heavily,
To utter with thy voice
Sorrows of deepest woe, and bringing death.
And what the end shall be 1275
Perplexes in the extreme.

CASS. Nay, now no more from out of maiden
veils
My oracle shall glance, like bride fresh wed;
But seems as though 'twould rush with speedy
gales

In full, clear brightness to the morning dawn;
So that a greater war than this shall surge 1281
Like wave against the sunlight. Now I'll teach
No more in parables. Bear witness ye,
As running with me, that I scent the track
Of evil deeds that long ago were wrought: 1285
For never are they absent from this house,
That choral band which chants in full accord,
Yet no good music; good is not their theme.
And now, as having drunk men's blood, and so
Grown wilder, bolder, see, the reveling band, 1290
Erinnyes of the race, still haunt the halls,
Not easy to dismiss. And so they sing,
Close cleaving to the house, its primal woe,
And vent their loathing in alternate strains
On marriage-bed of brother ruthless found 1295
To that defiler. Miss I now, or hit,
Like archer skilled? or am I seeress false,
A babbler vain that knocks at every door?
Yea, swear beforehand, ere I die, I know
(And not by rumor only) all the sins 1300
Of ancient days that haunt and vex this house.

CHOR. How could an oath, how firm soe'er confirmed,
Bring aught of healing? Lo, I marvel at thee,
That thou, though born far off beyond the sea, 1305
Should'st tell an alien city's tale as clear
As though thyself had stood by all the while.

CASS. The seer Apollo set me to this task.
CHOR. Was he a God, so smitten with desire?
CASS. There was a time when shame restrained
my speech.
CHOR. True; they who prosper still are shy and
coy. 1310
CASS. He wrestled hard, breathing hot love on
me.
CHOR. And were ye one in act whence children
spring? .
CASS. I promised Loxias, then I broke my vow.
CHOR. Wast thou e'en then possessed with arts
divine?
CASS. E'en then my country's woes I prophesied.
CHOR. How wast thou then unscathed by Loxias'
wrath? 1316

CASS. I for that fault with no man gained belief.
CHOR. To us, at least, thou seem'st to speak the
truth.
CASS. [again speaking wildly, as in an ecstasy].
Ah, woe is me! Woe's me! Oh, ills on ills!
Again the dread pang of true prophet's gift 1320
With preludes of great evil dizzies me.
See ye those children sitting on the house
In fashion like to phantom forms of dreams?

Infants who perished at their own kin's hands,
Their palms filled full with meat of their own
flesh,

1325

Loom on my sight, the heart and entrails bearing,
(A sorry burden that!) on which of old
Their father fed. And in revenge for this,
I say a lion, dwelling in his lair,
With not a spark of courage, stay-at-home, 1330
Plots 'gainst my master, now he's home returned,
(Yes mine—for still I must the slave's yoke bear;)
And the ship's ruler, Ilion's conqueror,
Knows not what things the tongue of that lewd
bitch

Has spoken and spun out in welcome smooth,
And, like a secret Atè, will work out 1336
With dire success: thus 'tis she plans: the man
Is murdered by the woman. By what name
Shall I that loathèd monster rightly call?
An Amphisbæna? or a Skylla dwelling 1340
Among the rocks, the sailors' enemy?
Hades' fierce raging mother, breathing out
Against her friends a curse implacable?
Ah, how she raised her cry, (oh, daring one!)
As for the rout of battle, and she feigns 1345
To hail with joy her husband's safe return!
And if thou dost not credit this, what then?
What will be will. Soon, present, pitying me
Thou'l own I am too true a prophetess. 1349

CHOR. Thyestes' banquet on his children's flesh
I know and shudder at, and fear o'ercomes me,
Hearing not counterfeits of fact, but truths;
Yet in the rest I hear and miss my path.

CASS. I say thou'l witness Agamemnon's death.

CHOR. Hush, wretched woman, close those lips
of thine! 1355

CASS. For this ray speech no healing God's at
hand.

CHOR. True, if it must be; but may God avert
it!

CASS. Thou utterest prayers, but others murder
plot.

CHOR. And by what man is this dire evil
wrought. 1359

CASS. Sure, thou hast seen my bodings all amiss.

CHOR. I see not his device who works the deed.

CASS. And yet I speak the Hellenic tongue right
well.

CHOR. So does the Pythian, yet her words are
hard.

CASS. [in another access of frenzy]. Ah me, this
fire!

It comes upon me now! 1365

Ah me, Apollo, wolf-slayer! woe is me!

This biped lioness who takes to bed
A wolf in absence of the noble lion,
Will slay me, wretched me. And, as one
Mixing a poisoned draught, she boasts that she
Will put my price into her cup of wrath, 1371
Sharpening her sword to smite her spouse with
death,

So paying him for bringing me. Oh, why
Do I still wear what all men flout and scorn,
My wand and seeress wreaths around my neck?
Thee, ere myself I die I will destroy: [breaks her
wand] 1376

Perish ye thus: [casting off her wreaths] I soon
shall follow you:

Make rich another Atè in my place;
Behold Apollo's self is stripping me
Of my divining garments, and that too, 1380
When he has seen me even in this garb
Scorned without cause among my friends and kin,
By foes, with no diversity of mood.
Reviled as vagrant, wandering prophetess,
Poor, wretched, famished, I endured to live: 1385
And now the Seer who me a seeress made
Hath brought me to this lot of deadly doom.
Now for my father's altar there awaits me
A butcher's block, where I am smitten down
By slaughtering stroke, and with hot gush of
blood. 1390

But the Gods will not slight us when we're dead;
Another yet shall come as champion for us,
A son who slays his mother, to avenge
His father; and the exiled wanderer
Far from his home, shall one day come again,
Upon these woes to set the coping-stone: 1396
For the high Gods have sworn a mighty oath,
His father's fall, laid low, shall bring him back.
Why then do I thus groan in this new home,
When, to begin with, Ilion's town I saw 1400
Faring as it did fare, and they who held
That town are gone by judgment of the Gods?
I too will fare as they, and venture death:
So I these gates of Hades now address,
And pray for blow that bringeth death at once,
That so with no fierce spasm, while the blood 1406
Flows in calm death, I then may close mine eyes.

Goes toward the door of the palace.

CHOR. O thou most wretched, yet again most
wise:

Long hast thou spoken, lady, but if well
Thou know'st thy doom, why to the altar go'st
thou,

Like heifer driven of God, so confidently?

CASS. For me, my friends, there is no time to
'scape.

CHOR. Yea; but he gains in time who comes the
last.

CASS. The day is come: small gain for me in
flight.

CHOR. Know then thou sufferest with a heart
full brave. 1415

CASS. Such words as these the happy never hear.

CHOR. Yet mortal man may welcome noble
death.

CASS. [shrinking back from opening the door].
Woe's me for thee and thy brave sons, my
father!

CHOR. What cometh now? What fear oppresseth
thee?

CASS. [again going to the door and then shud-
dering in another burst of frenzy]. Fie on't,
fie! 1420

CHOR. Whence comes this "Fie!" unless from
mind that loathes?

CASS. The house is tainted with the scent of
death.

CHOR. How so? This smells of victims on the
hearth.

CASS. Nay, it is like the blast from out a grave.

CHOR. No Syrian ritual tell'st thou for our
house. 1425

CASS. Well then I go, and e'en within will wail
My fate and Agamemnon's. And for me,
Enough of life. Ah, friends! Ah! not for nought
I shrink in fear, as bird shrinks from the brake.
When I am dead do ye this witness bear, 1430
When in revenge for me, a woman, Death
A woman smites, and man shall fall for man
In evil wedlock wed. This friendly office,
As one about to die, I pray you do me.

CHOR. Thy doom foretold, poor sufferer, moves
my pity. 1435

CASS. I fain would speak once more, yet not to
wail

Mine own death-song; but to the Sun I pray,
To his last rays, that my avengers wreak
Upon my hated murderers judgment due
For me, who die a slave's death, easy prey. 1440
Ah, life of man! when most it prospereth,
It is but limned in outline; and when brought
To low estate, then doth the sponge, full soaked,
Wipe out the picture with its frequent touch:
And this I count more piteous e'en than that. 1445

Passes through the door into the palace.

CHOR. 'Tis true of all men that they never set

A limit to good fortune; none doth say,
As bidding it depart,
And warding it from palaces of pride,
"Enter thou here no more." 1450

To this our lord the Blest Ones gave to take
Priam's city; and he comes

Safe to his home and honored by the Gods;
But if he now shall pay

The forfeit of blood-guiltiness of old, 1455
And, dying, so work out for those who died,
By his own death another penalty,

Who then of mortal men,
Hearing such things as this,
Can boast that he was born
With fate from evil free? 1460

AGAM. [from within]. Ah, me! I am struck
down with deadly stroke.

CHOR. Hush! who cries out with deadly stroke
sore smitten?

AGAM. Ah me, again! struck down a second
time!

[Dies.]

CHOR. By the king's groans I judge the deed is
done; 1465

But let us now confer for counsels safe.

CHOR. a. I give you my advice to summon here,
Here to the palace, all the citizens.

CHOR. b. I think it best to rush at once on them,
And take them in the act with sword yet wet. 1470

CHOR. c. And I too give like counsel, and I vote
For deed of some kind. 'Tis no time to pause.

CHOR. d. Who will see, may.—They but the prel-
ude work

Of tyranny usurped o'er all the State.

CHOR. e. Yes, we are slow, but they who trample
down 1475

The thought of hesitation slumber not.

CHOR. f. I know not what advice to find or
speak:

He who can act knows how to counsel too.

CHOR. g. I too think with thee; for I have no
hope

With words to raise the dead again to life. 1480

CHOR. h. What! Shall we drag our life on and
submit

To these usurpers that defile the house?

CHOR. i. Nay, that we cannot bear: To die were
better;

For death is gentler far than tyranny.

CHOR. k. Shall we upon this evidence of groans
Guess, as divining that our lord is dead? 1486

CHOR. l. When we know clearly, then should we
discuss:

T'o guess is one thing, and to know another.

CHOR. So vote I too, and on the winning side,
Taking the votes all round that we should learn
How he, the son of Atreus, fareth now. 1491

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA from the palace, in robes with stains of blood, followed by soldiers and attendants. The open doors show the corpses of AGAMEMNON and CASSANDRA, the former lying in a silvered bath.

CLYTÆM. Though many words before to suit the time

Were spoken, now I shall not be ashamed
The contrary to utter: How could one
By open show of enmity to foes 1495
Who seemed as friends, fence in the snares of death

Too high to be o'erleapt? But as for me,
Not without forethought for this long time past,
This conflict comes to me from triumph old
Of his, though slowly wrought. I stand where I 1500
Did smite him down, with all my task well done.
So did I it, (the deed deny I not,)
That he could nor avert his doom nor flee:
I cast around him drag-net as for fish,
With not one outlet, evil wealth of robe: 1505
And twice I smote him, and with two deep groans
He dropped his limbs: And when he thus fell down

I gave him yet a third, thank-offering true
To Hades of the dark, who guards the dead.
So fallen, he gasps out his struggling soul, 1510
And breathing forth a sharp, quick gush of blood,
He showers dark drops of gory rain on me,
Who no less joy felt in them than the corn,
When the blade bears, in glad shower given of God.

Since this is so, ye Argive elders here, 1515
Ye, as ye will, may hail the deed, but I
Boast of it. And were't fitting now to pour
Libation o'er the dead, 'twere justly done,
Yea more than justly; such a goblet full
Of ills hath he filled up with curses dire 1520
At home, and now has come to drain it off.

CHOR. We marvel at the boldness of thy tongue
Who o'er thy husband's corpse speak'st vaunt like this.

CLYTÆM. Ye test me as a woman weak of mind;
But I with dauntless heart to you that know 1525
Say this, and whether thou dost praise or blame,
Is all alike:—here Agamemnon lies,
My husband, now a corpse, of this right hand,
As artist just; the handiwork: so stands it.

STROPHE

CHOR. What evil thing, O Queen, or reared on earth, 1530

Or draught from salt sea-wave
Hast thou fed on, to bring
Such incense on thyself,
A people's loud-voiced curse?
'Twas thou did'st sentence him, 1535
'Twas thou did'st strike him down;
But thou shalt exiled be,
Hated with strong hate of the citizens.

CLYTÆM. Ha! now on me thou lay'st the exile's doom, 1539

My subjects' hate, and people's loud-voiced curse,
Though ne'er did'st thou oppose my husband there,
Who, with no more regard than had been due
To a brute's death, although he called his own
Full many a fleecy sheep in pastures bred,
Yet sacrificed his child, the dear-loved fruit 1545
Of all my travail-pangs, to be a charm
Against the winds of Thrakia. Shouldst thou not
Have banished him from out this land of ours,
As meed for all his crimes? Yet hearing now
My deeds, thou art a judge full stern. But I 1550
Tell thee to speak thy threats, as knowing well
I am prepared that thou on equal terms
Should'st rule, if thou dost conquer. But if God
Should otherwise decree, then thou shalt learn,
Late though it be, the lesson to be wise. 1555

ANTISTROPHE

CHOR. Yea, thou art stout of heart, and speak'st big words;

And maddened is thy soul
As by a murderous hate;
And still upon thy brow
Is seen, not yet avenged, 1560
The stain of blood-spot foul;
And yet it needs must be,
One day thou, reft of friends,
Shalt pay the penalty of blow for blow.

CLYTÆM. Now hear thou too my oaths of solemn dread: 1565

By my accomplished vengeance for my child,
By Atè and Erinnys, unto whom
I slew him as a victim, I look not
That fear should come beneath this roof of mine,
So long as on my hearth Ægisthos kindles 1570
The flaming fire, as well disposed to me

As he hath been aforetime. He to us
Is no slight shield of stoutest confidence.
There lies he, [pointing to the corpse of AGAMEMNON]
[non] one who foully wronged his wife,
The darling of the Chryseids¹ at Troia; 1575
And there [pointing to CASSANDRA] this captive
slave, this augress,
His concubine, this seeress trustworthy,
Who shared his bed, and yet was as well known
To the sailors as their benches! . . . They have
fared
Not otherwise than they deserved: for he 1580
Lies as you see. And she who, like a swan,
Has chanted out her last and dying song,
Lies close to him she loved, and so has brought
The zest of a new pleasure to my bed.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Ah me, would death might come 1585
Quickly, with no sharp throes of agony,
Nor long bed-ridden pain,
Bringing the endless sleep;
Since he, the watchman most benign of all,
Hath now been smitten low, 1590
And by a woman's means hath much endured,
And at a woman's hand hath lost his life!
Alas! alas! O Helen, evil-souled,
Who, though but one, hast slain
Many, yea, very many lives at Troia. 1595

But now for blood that may not be washed out
Thou hast to full bloom brought
A deed of guilt for ever memorable,
For strife was in the house,
Wrought out in fullest strength, 1600
Woe for a husband's life.
CLYTÆM. Nay, pray not thou for destiny of
death,
Oppressed with what thou see'st;
Nor turn thou against Helena thy wrath,
As though she murderer were, 1605
And, though but one, had many Danaïs' souls
Brought low in death, and wrought o'erwhelming
woe.

ANTISTROPHE I

CHOR. O Power that dost attack
Our palace and the two Tantalidæ,
And dost through women wield
A might that grieves my heart!
And o'er the body, like a raven foul,

Against all laws of right,
Standing, she boasteth in her pride of heart
That she can chant her pean hymn of praise. 1615
CLYTÆM. Now thou dost guide aright thy speech
and thought,
Invoking that dread Power,
The thrice-gorged evil genius of this house;
For he it is who feeds
In the heart's depth the raging lust of blood: 1620
Ere the old wound is healed, new bloodshed
comes.

STROPHE II

CHOR. Yes, of a Power thou tell'st
Mighty and very wrathful to this house;
Ah me! ah me! an evil tale enough
Of baleful chance of doom, 1625
Insatiable of ill:
Yet, ah! it is through Zeus,
The all-appointing and all-working One;
For what with mortal men
Is wrought apart from Zeus? 1630
What of all this is not by God decreed?
Ah me! ah me!
My king, my king, how shall I weep for thee?
What shall I speak from heart that truly loves?
And now thou liest there, breathing out thy life,
In impious deed of death, 1635
In this fell spider's web,—
(Yes, woe is me! woe, woe!
Woe for this couch of thine dishonorable!)—
Slain by a subtle death, 1640
With sword two-edged which her right hand did
wield.
CLYTÆM. Thou speak'st big words, as if the deed
were mine;
Yet think thou not of me,
As Agamemnon's spouse;
But in the semblance of this dead man's wife, 1645
The old and keen Avenger of the house
Of Atreus, that cruel banqueter of old,
Hath wrought out vengeance full
On him who lieth here,
And full-grown victim slain 1650
Over the younger victims of the past.

ANTISTROPHE II

CHOR. That thou art guiltless found
Of this foul murder who will witness bear?
How can it be so, how? And yet, perchance,
As helper to the deed, 1655

¹ Referring to Chryseis, over whom Achilles and Agamemnon quarreled in Book I of the *Iliad*.

Might come the avenging Fiend
Of that ancestral time;
And in this rush of murders of near kin
Dark Ares presses on,
Where he will vengeance work 1660
For clotted gore of children slain as food.
Ah me! ah me!
My king, my king, how shall I weep for thee?
What shall I speak from heart that truly loves?
And now thou liest there, breathing out thy life,
In impious deed of death, 1666
In this fell spider's web,—
(Yes, woe is me! woe, woe!
Woe for this couch of thine dishonorable!)—
Slain by a subtle death, 1670
With sword two-edged which her right hand did
wield.

CLYTÆM. Nay, not dishonorable
His death doth seem to me:
Did he not work a doom,
In this our house with guile? 1675
Mine own dear child, begotten of this man,
Iphigeneia, wept with many a tear,
He slew; now slain himself in recompense,
Let him not boast in Hell,
Since he the forfeit pays, 1680
Pierced by the sword in death,
For all the evil that his hand began.

STROPHE III

CHOR. I stand perplexed in soul, deprived of
power
Of quick and ready thought,
Where now to turn, since thus 1685
Our home is falling low.
I shrink in fear from the fierce pelting storm
Of blood that shakes the basement of the house:
No more it rains in drops:
And for another deed of mischief dire, 1690
Fate whets the righteous doom
On other whetstones still.

ANTISTROPHE III

O Earth! O Earth! Oh, would thou had'st received
me,
Ere I saw him on couch
Of bath with silvered walls thus stretched in
death! 1695
Who now will bury him, who wail? Wilt thou,
When thou hast slain thy husband, have the heart
To mourn his death, and for thy monstrous deeds

Do graceless grace? And who will chant the dirge
With tears in truth of heart, 1700
Over our godlike chief?

STROPHE IV

CLYTÆM. It is not thine to speak;
'Twas at our hands he fell,
Yea, he fell low in death,
And we will bury him, 1705
Not with the bitter tears of those who weep
As inmates of the house;
But she, his child, Iphigeneia, there
Shall meet her father, and with greeting kind,
E'en as is fit, by that swift-flowing ford, 1710
Dark stream of bitter woes,
Shall clasp him in her arms,
And give a daughter's kiss.

ANTISTROPHE V

CHOR. Lo! still reproach upon reproach doth
come;
Hard are these things to judge: 1715
The spoiler still is spoiled,
The slayer pays his debt;
Yea, while Zeus liveth through the ages, this
Lives also, that the doer dree his weird;
For this is law fast fixed. 1720
Who now can drive from out the kingly house
The brood of curses dark?
The race to Atë cleaves.

ANTISTROPHE VI

CLYTÆM. Yes, thou hast touched with truth
That word oracular; 1725
But I for my part wish,
(Binding with strongest oath
The evil Ægyptian of the Pleisthenids,)
Though hard it be to bear,
To rest content with this our present lot; 1730
And, for the future, that he go to vex
Another race with homicidal deaths.
Lo! 'tis enough for me,
Though small my share of wealth,
At last to have freed my house 1735
From madness that sets each man's hand 'gainst
each.

Enter ÆGISTHOS.

ÆGIS. Hail, kindly light of day that vengeance
brings!
Now I can say the Gods on high look down,

Avenging men, upon the woes of earth,
Since lying in the robes the Erinnies wove 1740
I see this man, right welcome sight to me,
Paying for deeds his father's hand had wrought.
Atreus, our country's ruler, this man's father
Drove out my sire Thyestes, his own brother,
(To tell the whole truth,) quarreling for rule, 1745
An exile from his country and his home.
And coming back a suppliant on the hearth,
The poor Thvestes found a lot secure,
Nor did he, dying, stain the soil with blood,
There in his home. But this man's godless sire, 1750
Atreus, more prompt than kindly in his deeds,
On plea of keeping festal day with cheer,
To my sire banquet gave of children's flesh,
His own. The feet and finger-tips of hands
He, sitting at the top, apart concealed; 1755
And straight the other, in his blindness taking
The parts that could not be discerned, did eat
A meal which, as thou see'st, perdition works
For all his kin. And learning afterwards
The deed of dread, he groaned and backward
fell, 1760

Vomits the feast of blood, and imprecates
On Pelop's sons a doom intolerable,
And makes the o'erturning of the festive board,
With fullest justice, as a general curse,
That so might fall the race of Pleisthenes. 1765
And now thou see'st how here accordingly
This man lies fallen; I, of fullest right,
The weaver of the plot of murderous doom.
For me, a babe in swaddling-clothes, he ban-
ished 1769
With my poor father me, his thirteenth child;
And Vengeance brought me back, of full age
grown:

And e'en far off I wrought against this man,
And planned the whole scheme of this dark device.
And so e'en death were now right good for me,
Seeing him into the nets of Vengeance fallen. 1775

CHOR. I honor not this arrogance in guilt,
Ægisthos. Thou confessest thou hast slain
Of thy free will our chieftain here,—that thou
Alone did'st plot this murder lamentable;
Be sure, I say, thy head shall not escape 1780
The righteous curse a people hurls with stones.

ÆGISTH. Dost thou say this, though seated on the
bench
Of lowest oarsmen, while the upper row
Commands the ship? But thou shalt find, though
old,
How hard it is at such an age to learn, 1785
When the word is, "keep temper." But a prison

And fasting pains are admirably apt,
As prophet-healers even for old age.
Dost see, and not see this? Against the pricks
Kick not, lest thou perchance should'st smart
for it. 1790

CHOR. Thou, thou, O Queen, when thy lord
came from war,
While keeping house, thy husband's bed defiling,
Did'st scheme this death for this our hero-chief.

ÆGISTH. These words of thine shall parent's prove
of tears:

But this thy tongue is Orpheus' opposite; 1795
He with his voice led all things on for joy,
But thou, provoking with thy childish cries,
Shalt now be led; and then, being kept in check,
Thou shalt appear in somewhat gentler mood.

CHOR. As though thou should'st o'er Argives
ruler be, 1800

Who even when thou plotted'st this man's death
Did'st lack good heart to do the deed thyself?

ÆGISTH. E'en so; to work this fraud was clearly
part

Fit for a woman. I was foe, of old
Suspected. But now will I with his wealth 1805
See whether I his subjects may command,
And him who will not hearken I will yoke
In heavy harness as a full-fed colt,
Nowise as trace-horse; but sharp hunger joined
With darksome dungeon shall behold him tamed.

CHOR. Why did'st not thou then, coward as thou
art, 1811

Thyself destroy him? but a woman with thee,
Pollution to our land and our land's Gods,
She slew him. Does Orestes see the light,
Perchance, that he, brought back by Fortune's
grace, 1815

May for both these prove slayer strong to smite?

ÆGISTH. Well, since thou think'st to act, not
merely talk,
Thou shalt know clearly. . . .

Calling his Guards from the palace.

On then, my troops, the time for deeds is come.

CHOR. On then, let each man grasp his sword in
hand. 1820

ÆGISTH. With sword in hand, I too shrink not
from death.

CHOR. Thou talkest of thy death; we hail the
word;

And make our own the fortune it implies.

CLYTAEM. Nay, let us not do other evil deeds,
Thou dearest of all friends. An ill-starred harvest
It is to have reaped so many. Enough of woe: 1826

Let no more blood be shed: Go thou [*to the Chorus*]—go ye,
 Ye aged sires, to your allotted homes,
 Ere ye do aught amiss and dree your weird:
 This that we have done ought to have sufficed;
 But should it prove we've had enough of ills, 1831
 We will accept it gladly, stricken low
 In evil doom by heavy hand of God.
 This is a woman's counsel, if there be
 That deigns to hear it. 1835

Ægisth. But that these should fling
 The blossoms of their idle speech at me,
 And utter words like these, so tempting Fate,
 And fail of counsel wise, and flout their mas-
 ter.... 1839

Chor. It suits not Argives on the vile to fawn.

Ægisth. Be sure, hereafter I will hunt thee down.
Chor. Not so, if God should guide Orestes back.
Ægisth. Right well I know how exiles feed on
 hopes.

Chor. Prosper, wax fat, do foul wrong—'tis thy
 day.

Ægisth. Know thou shalt pay full price for this
 thy folly. 1845

Chor. Be bold, and boast, like cock beside his
 mate.

Clytem. Nay, care not thou for these vain howl-
 ings; I

And thou together, ruling o'er the house,
 Will settle all things rightly.

[*Exeunt.*

Fate of Agamemnon's Family

It was intended by the conspirators to slay his son Orestes also, a lad not yet old enough to be an object of apprehension, but from whom, if he should be suffered to grow up, there might be danger. Electra, the sister of Orestes, saved her brother's life by sending him secretly away to his uncle Strophius, King of Phocis. In the palace of Strophius Orestes grew up with the king's son Pylades, and formed with him that ardent friendship which has become proverbial. Electra frequently reminded her brother by messengers of the duty of avenging

his father's death, and when grown up he consulted the oracle at Delphi, which confirmed him in his design. He therefore repaired in disguise to Argos, pretending to be a messenger from Strophius, who had come to announce the death of Orestes, and brought the ashes of the deceased in a funeral urn. After visiting his father's tomb and sacrificing upon it, according to the rites of the ancients, he made himself known to his sister Electra, and soon after slew both *Ægisthus* and Clytemnestra.

This revolting act, the slaughter of a mother by her son, though alleviated by the guilt of the victim and the express command of the gods, did not fail to awaken in the breasts of the ancients the same abhorrence that it does in ours. The Eumenides, avenging deities, seized upon Orestes, and drove him frantic from land to land. Pylades accompanied him in his wanderings and watched over him. At length, in answer to a second appeal to the oracle, he was directed to go to Tauris in Scythia, and to bring thence a statue of Diana which was believed to have fallen from heaven. Accordingly Orestes and Pylades went to Tauris, where the barbarous people were accustomed to sacrifice to the goddess all strangers who fell into their hands. The two friends were seized and carried bound to the temple to be made victims. But the priestess of Diana was no other than Iphigenia, the sister of Orestes, who, our readers will remember, was snatched away by Diana at the moment when she was about to be sacrificed. Ascertaining from the prisoners who they were, Iphigenia disclosed herself to them, and the three made their escape with the statue of the goddess, and returned to Mycenæ.

But Orestes was not yet relieved from the vengeance of the Erinyes. At length he took refuge with Minerva at Athens. The goddess afforded him protection, and appointed the court of Areopagus to decide his fate. The Erinyes brought forward their accusation, and Orestes made the command of the Delphic oracle his excuse. When the court voted and the voices were equally divided, Orestes was acquitted by the command of Minerva.

SOPHOCLES

Sophocles wrote three plays about the life of Oedipus. The first two, *Oedipus the King* and *Oedipus at Colonus*, relate the following story and must be understood before reading the *Antigone*:¹

Laius, king of Thebes, was warned by an oracle that there was danger to his throne and life if his new-born son should be suffered to grow up. He therefore committed the child to the care of a herdsman with orders to destroy him; but the herdsman, moved with pity, yet not daring entirely to disobey, tied up the child by the feet and left him hanging to the branch of a tree. In this condition the infant was found by a peasant, who carried him to his master and mistress, by whom he was adopted and called Oedipus, or Swollen-foot.

Many years afterwards Laius being on his way to Delphi, accompanied only by one attendant, met in a narrow road a young man also driving in a chariot. On his refusal to leave the way at their command the attendant killed one of his horses, and the stranger, filled with rage, slew both Laius and his attendant. The young man was Oedipus, who thus unknowingly became the slayer of his own father.

Shortly after this event the city of Thebes was afflicted with a monster which infested the high-road. It was called the Sphinx. It had the body of a lion and the upper part of a woman. It lay crouched on the top of a rock, and arrested all travelers who came that way, proposing to them a

riddle, with the condition that those who could solve it should pass safe, but those who failed should be killed. Not one had yet succeeded in solving it, and all had been slain. Oedipus was not daunted by these alarming accounts, but boldly advanced to the trial. The Sphinx asked him, "What animal is that which in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening upon three?" Oedipus replied, "Man, who in childhood creeps on hands and knees, in manhood walks erect, and in old age with the aid of a staff." The Sphinx was so mortified at the solving of her riddle that she cast herself down from the rock and perished.

The gratitude of the people for their deliverance was so great that they made Oedipus their king, giving him in marriage their queen Jocasta. Oedipus, ignorant of his parentage, had already become the slayer of his father; in marrying the queen he became the husband of his mother. These horrors remained undiscovered, till at length Thebes was afflicted with famine and pestilence, and the oracle being consulted, the double crime of Oedipus came to light. Jocasta put an end to her own life, and Oedipus, seized with madness, tore out his eyes and wandered away from Thebes, dreaded and abandoned by all except his daughters, who faithfully adhered to him, till after a tedious period of miserable wandering he found the termination of his wretched life.

Antigone

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CREON, King of Thebes	Second Messenger
HEMON, son of Creon	EURYDIKE, wife of Creon
TEIRESIAS, a seer	ANTIGONE, } daughters of
Guard	ISMENE, } Oedipus
First Messenger	Chorus of Theban Elders

ARGUMENT

After the death of Oedipus, Antigone and Ismene returned to Thebes, and lived in the king's house with Eteocles, their brother. But the seven great

captains from Argos, whom Polyneikes had called to help him, came against Thebes to destroy it, and were hardly driven back. And the two brothers having died by each other's hands, the people of the city made Creon their king, as being wise and prudent, and next of kin to the dead; and he issued his decree that Eteocles should be buried with due honor, but that no man should dare to bury Polyneikes, who had come purposing to lay waste the city and all the temples of the Gods.

¹ From Bulfinch, *The Age of Fable*.

Sophocles, *Antigone*. Translated by E. H. Plumptre. Sophocles (496-406 B.C.) came from Colonus, near Athens. From the time when he led a chorus celebrating the victory of Salamis in his sixteenth year until his death at ninety he was active in the production of tragedies. He was honored in his own day as he has been by posterity.

SCENE.—*Thebes, in front of the Palace. Early morning. Hills in the distance on the left; on the right the city.*

Enter ANTIGONE and ISMENE.

ANTIG. Ismene, mine own sister, darling one! Is there, of ills that sprang from Oedipus, One left that Zeus will fail to bring on us, The two who yet remain? Nought is there sad, Nought full of sorrow, steeped in sin or shame, 5 But I have seen it in thy woes and mine. And now, what new decree is this they tell, Our captain has enjoined on all the State? Know'st thou? Hast heard? Or are they hid from thee,

The ills that come from foes upon our friends? 10

Ism. No tidings of our friends, Antigone, Pleasant or painful, since that hour have come, When we, two sisters, lost our brothers twain, In one day dying by a twofold blow. And since in this last night the Argive host 15 Has left the field, I nothing further know, Nor brightening fortune, nor increasing gloom.

ANTIG. That knew I well, and therefore sent for thee

Beyond the gates, that thou may'st hear alone. 19

Ism. What meanest thou? It is but all too clear Thou broodest darkly o'er some tale of woe,

ANTIG. And does not Creon treat our brothers twain

One with the rites of burial, one with shame?

Eteocles, so say they, he interred Fitly, with wonted rites, as one held meet To pass with honor to the dead below.

But for the corpse of Polyneikes, slain So piteously, they say, he has proclaimed To all the citizens, that none should give

His body burial, or bewail his fate, But leave it still unwept, unsepulchered,

A prize full rich for birds that scent afar Their sweet repast. So Creon bids, they say,

Creon the good, commanding thee and me,— Yes, me, I say,—and now is coming here,

To make it clear to those who know it not, And counts the matter not a trivial thing;

But whoso does the things that he forbids, For him there waits within the city's walls

The death of stoning. Thus, then, stands thy case; And quickly thou wilt show, if thou art born 41

Of noble nature, or degenerate liv'st, Base child of honored parents.

Ism. How could I, O daring in thy mood, in this our plight,

Or breaking law or keeping, aught avail? 45

ANTIG. Wilt thou with me share risk and toil? Look to it.

Ism. What risk is this? What purpose fills thy mind?

ANTIG. Wilt thou help this my hand to lift the dead?

Ism. Mean'st thou to bury him, when law forbids?

ANTIG. He is my brother; yes, and thine, though thou

Would'st fain he were not. I desert him not.

Ism. O daring one, when Creon bids thee not?

ANTIG. He has no right to keep me from mine own.

Ism. Ah me! remember, sister, how our sire Perished, with hate o'erwhelmed and infamy, 55

From evils that himself did bring to light, With his own hand himself of eyes bereaving,

And how his wife and mother, both in one, With twisted cordage, cast away her life;

And thirdly, how our brothers in one day 60 In suicidal conflict wrought the doom,

Each of the other. And we twain are left; And think, how much more wretchedly than all

We twain shall perish, if, against the law, We brave our sovereign's edict and his power. 65

This first we need remember, we were born Women; as such, not made to strive with men.

And next, that they who reign surpass in strength, And we must bow to this, and worse than this.

I then, entreating those that dwell below, 70 To judge me leniently, as forced to yield,

Will hearken to our rulers. Over-zeal That still will meddle, little wisdom shows.

ANTIG. I will not ask thee, nor though thou should'st wish

To do it, should'st thou join with my consent. 75

Do what thou wilt, I go to bury him; And good it were, in doing this, to die.

Loved I shall be with him whom I have loved, Guilty of holiest crime. More time is mine

In which to share the favor of the dead, Than that of those who live; for I shall rest

For ever there. But thou, if thus thou please, Count as dishonored what the Gods approve.

Ism. I do them no dishonor, but I find Myself too weak to war against the State. 85

ANTIG. Make what excuse thou wilt, I go to rear A grave above the brother whom I love.

Ism. Ah, wretched me! how much I fear for thee!

ANTIG. Fear not for me. Thine own fate raise to safety.

ISM. At any rate, disclose this deed to none; 90
Keep it close hidden: I will hide it too.

ANTIG. Speak out! I bid thee. Silent, thou wilt be More hateful to me, if thou fail to tell My deed to all men.

ISM. Fiery is thy mood, Although thy deeds the very blood might chill. 95

ANTIG. I know I please the souls I ought to please.

ISM. Yes, if thou canst; thou seek'st the impossible.

ANTIG. When strength shall fail me, then I'll cease to strive.

ISM. We should not hunt the impossible at all.

ANTIG. If thou speak thus, my hatred wilt thou gain, 100

And rightly wilt be hated of the dead.
Leave me and my ill counsel to endure
This dreadful doom. I shall not suffer aught
So evil as a death dishonorable.

ISM. Go then, if so thou wilt. Of this be sure, 105
Wild as thou art, thy friends must love thee still.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus of Theban Elders.

STROPHE I

CHOR. O light of yon bright sun,
Fairest of all that ever shone on Thebes,
Thebes with her seven high gates,
Thou didst appear that day, 110
Eye of the golden dawn,
O'er Dirké's streams advancing,
Driving with quickened curb,
In haste of headlong flight,
The warrior who, in panoply of proof, 115
From Argos came, with shield of glittering white;
Whom Polyneikes brought,
Roused by the strife of tongues
Against our fatherland,
As eagle shrieking shrill, 120
He hovered o'er our land,
With snow-white wing bedecked,
Begirt with myriad arms,
And flowing horschair crests.

ANTISTROPHE I

He stood above our towers, 125
Encircling, with his spears all blood-bestained,
The portals of our gates;

He went, before he filled
His jaw with blood of men,
Ere the pine-fed Hephaestos
Had seized our crown of towers.

That Ares loves was raised around his rear,
A conflict hard e'en for his dragon foe.

For breath of haughty speech

Zeus hateth evermore;
And seeing them advance,
With mighty rushing stream,
And clang of golden arms,
With brandished fire he hurls
One who rushed eagerly
From topmost battlement
To shout out, "Victory!"

STROPHE II

Crashing to earth he fell,
Down-smitten, with his torch,
Who came, with madman's haste,
Drunken, with frenzied soul,
And swept o'er us with blasts,
The whirlwind blasts of hate.
Thus on one side they fare,

And Ares great, like war-horse in his strength
Smiting now here, now there,
Brought each his several fate.

For seven chief warriors at the seven gates met,
Equals with equals matched, 155
To Zeus, the Lord of War,
Left tribute, arms of bronze;
All but the hateful ones,

Who, from one father and one mother sprung,
Stood wielding, hand to hand, 160
Their two victorious spears,
And had their doom of death as common lot.

ANTISTROPHE II

But now, since Victory,
Of mightiest name, hath come
To Thebes, of chariots proud, 165
Joying and giving joy,
After these wars just past,
Learn ye forgetfulness,
And all night long, with dance and voice of hymns,
Let us go round in state 170
To all the shrines of Gods,
While Bacchos, making Thebes resound with dance,
Begins the strain of joy;
But, lo! our country's king,
Creon, Menoeceus' son, 175

New ruler, by new change,
And providence of God,
Comes to us, steering on some new device;
For, lo! he hath convened,
By herald's loud command,
This council of the elders of our land.

Enter CREON.

CREON. My friends, for what concerns our commonwealth,
The Gods who vexed it with the billowing storms
Have righted it again; and I have sent,
By special summons, calling you to come 185
Apart from all the others. This, in part,
As knowing ye did all along uphold
The might of Laios' throne, in part again,
Because when Œdipus our country ruled,
And, when he perished, then towards his sons 190
Ye still were faithful in your steadfast mind.
And since they fell, as by a double death,
Both on the selfsame day with murderous blow,
Smiting and being smitten, now I hold
Their thrones and all their power of sov'reignty 195
By nearness of my kindred to the dead. 196
And hard it is to learn what each man is,
In heart and mind and judgment, till he gain
Experience in princedom and in laws.
For me, whoe'er is called to guide a State, 200
And does not catch at counsels wise and good,
But holds his peace through any fear of man,
I deem him basest of all men that are,
And so have deemed long since; and whoso'er
As worthier than his country counts his friend, 205
I utterly despise him. I myself,
Zeus be my witness, who beholdeth all,
Would not keep silence, seeing danger come,
Instead of safety, to my subjects true.
Nor could I take as friend my country's foe; 210
For this I know, that there our safety lies,
And sailing while the good ship holds her course,
We gather friends around us. By these rules
And such as these do I maintain the State.
And now I come, with edicts, close allied 215
To these in spirit, for my citizens,
Concerning those two sons of Œdipus.
Eteocles, who died in deeds of might
Illustrious, fighting for our fatherland,
To honor him with sepulture, all rites 220
Duly performed that to the noblest dead
Of right belong. Not so his brother; him
I speak of, Polyneikes, who, returned
From exile, sought with fire to desolate
His father's city and the shrines of Gods,

180

190

200

205

210

215

220

225

Yes, sought to glut his rage with blood of men,
And lead them captives to the bondslave's doom;
Him I decree that none shall dare entomb,
That none shall utter wail or loud lament, 230
But leave his corpse unburied, by the dogs
And vultures mangled, foul to look upon.
Such is my purpose. Ne'er, if I can help,
Shall the vile have more honor than the just;
But whoso shows himself my country's friend, 235
Living or dead, from me shall honor gain. 235

CHOR. This is thy pleasure, O Menœkeus' son,
For him who hated, him who loved our State;
And thou hast power to make what laws thou
wilt,

Both for the dead and all of us who live.

CREON. Be ye then guardians of the things I
speak. 240

CHOR. Commit this task to one of younger years.

CREON. Nay, watchmen are appointed for the
corpse.

CHOR. What other task then dost thou lay on us?

CREON. Not to consent with those that disobey.

CHOR. None are so foolish as to seek for death.

CREON. Yet that shall be the doom; but love of
gain 246

Hath oft with false hopes lured men to their death.

Enter Guard.

GUARD. I will not say, O king, that I have come
Panting with speed, and plying nimble feet,
For I had many halting-points of thought, 250
Backwards and forwards turning, round and
round:

For now my mind would give me sage advice;
"Poor wretch, why go where thou must bear the
blame?"

Or wilt thou tarry, fool? Shall Creon know
These things from others? How wilt thou 'scape
grief?" 255

Revolving thus, I came in haste, yet slow,
And thus a short way finds itself prolonged;
But, last of all, to come to thee prevailed.
And though I tell of nought, yet I will speak;
For this one hope I cling to, might and main, 260
That I shall suffer nought but destiny.

CREON. What is it then that causes such dismay?

GUARD. First, for mine own share in it, this I say,
The deed I did not, do not know who did,
Nor should I rightly come to ill for it. 265

CREON. Thou feel'st thy way and fencest up thy
deed

All round and round. 'Twould seem thou hast
some news.

GUARD. Yea, news of fear engenders long delay.
CREON. Wilt thou not speak, and then depart in peace?

GUARD. Well, speak I will. The corpse . . . Some one has been

270

But now and buried it, a little dust

O'er the skin scattering, with the wonted rites.

CREON. What say'st thou? What man dared this deed of guilt?

GUARD. I know not. Neither was there stroke of ax,

Nor earth cast up by mattock. All the soil

275

Was dry and hard, no track of chariot wheel;

But he who did it went and left no sign.

And when the first day-watchman showed it us,

The sight caused wonder and sore grief to all;

For he had disappeared: no tomb indeed

280

Was over him, but dust all lightly strown,

As by some hand that shunned defiling guilt;

And no sign was there of wild beast or dog

Having come and torn him. Evil words arose

Among us, guard to guard imputing blame,

285

Which might have come to blows, and none was there

To check its course, for each to each appeared
The man whose hand had done it. Yet not one
Had it brought home, but each disclaimed all
knowledge;

And we were ready in our hands to take

290

Bars of hot iron, and to walk through fire,

And call the Gods to witness none of us

Were privy to his schemes who planned the deed,

Nor his who wrought it. Then at last, when
nought

294

Was gained by all our searching, someone speaks,
Who made us bend our gaze upon the ground
In fear and trembling: for we neither saw
How to oppose it, nor, accepting it,
How we might prosper in it. And his speech
Was this, that all our tale should go to thee,
Not hushed up anywise. This gained the day;

300

And me, ill-starred, the lot condemns to win

This precious prize. So here I come to thee

Against my will; and surely do I trow

Thou dost not wish to see me. Still 'tis true

305

That no man loves the messenger of ill.

CHOR. For me, my prince, my mind some time
has thought

If this perchance has some divine intent.

CREON. Cease then, before thou fillest me with
wrath,

Lest thou be found, though full of years, a fool.

310

For what thou say'st is most intolerable,

That for this corpse the providence of Gods
Has any care. What! have they buried him,
As to their patron paying honors high,
Who came to waste their columned shrines with
fire,

315

To desecrate their offerings and their lands,
And all their wonted customs? Dost thou see
The Gods approving men of evil deeds?

It is not so; but men of rebel mood,
Lifting their head in secret long ago,

320

Still murmured thus against me. Never yet

Had they their neck beneath the yoke, content
To bear it with submission. They, I know,
Have bribed these men to let the deed be done.

325

No thing in use by man, for power of ill,
Can equal money. This lays cities low,

330

This drives men forth from quiet dwelling-place,
This warps and changes minds of worthiest stamp,

To turn to deeds of baseness, teaching men
All shifts of cunning, and to know the guilt

335

Of every impious deed. But they who, hired,
Have wrought this crime, have labored to their
cost,

Or soon or late to pay the penalty.
But if Zeus still claims any awe from me,

340

Know this, and with an oath I tell it thee,
Unless ye find the very man whose hand

Has wrought this burial, and before mine eyes
Present him captive, death shall not suffice,

345

Till first, hung up still living, ye shall show
The story of this outrage, that henceforth,

Knowing what gain is lawful, ye may grasp
At that, and learn it is not meet to love

350

Gain from all quarters. By base profit won
You will see more destroyed than prospering.

GUARD. May I then speak? Or shall I turn and
go?

345

CREON. See'st not e'en yet how vexing are thy
words?

GUARD. Is it thine ears they trouble, or thy soul?

CREON. Why dost thou gauge my trouble where
it is?

GUARD. The doer grieves thy heart, but I thine
ears.

CREON. Pshaw! what a babbler, born to prate art
thou!

350

GUARD. May be; yet I this deed, at least, did not.

CREON. Yes, and for money; selling e'en thy soul.

GUARD. Ah me!

How dire it is, in thinking, false to think!

CREON. Prate about thinking: but unless ye
show

355

To me the doers, ye shall say ere long
That scoundrel gains still work their punishment.
[Exit.]

GUARD. God send we find him! Should we find
him not,
As well may be, (for this must chance decide,) 360
You will not see me coming here again;
For now, being safe beyond all hope of mine,
Beyond all thought, I owe the Gods much thanks.
[Exit.]

STROPHE I

CHOR. Many the forms of life,
Wondrous and strange to see,
But nought than man appears
More wondrous and more strange. 365
He, with the wintry gales,
O'er the white foaming sea,
'Mid wild waves surging round,
Wendeth his way across:
Earth, of all Gods, from ancient days the first, 370
Unworn and undecayed
He, with his plows that travel o'er and o'er,
Furrowing with horse and mule,
Wears ever year by year.

ANTISTROPHE I

The thoughtless tribe of birds,
The beasts that roam the fields,
The brood in sea-depths born,
He takes them all in nets
Knotted in snaring mesh, 380
Man, wonderful in skill.
And by his subtle arts
He holds in sway the beasts
That roam the fields, or tread the mountain's
height;
And brings the binding yoke 385
Upon the neck of horse with shaggy mane,
Or bull on mountain crest,
Untameable in strength.

STROPHE II

And speech, and thought as swift as wind,
And tempered mood for higher life of states, 390
These he has learnt, and how to flee
Or the clear cold of frost unkind,
Or darts of storm and shower,
Man all-providing. Unprovided, he 394
Meeteth no chance the coming days may bring;
Only from Hades, still

He fails to find escape,
Though skill of art may teach him how to flee
From depths of fell disease incurable.

ANTISTROPHE II

So, gifted with a wondrous might, 400
Above all fancy's dreams, with skill to plan,
Now unto evil, now to good,
He turns. While holding fast the laws,
His country's sacred rights,
That rest upon the oath of Gods on high, 405
High in the State: an outlaw from the State,
When loving, in his pride,
The thing that is not good;
Ne'er may he share my hearth, nor yet my
thoughts,
Who worketh deeds of evil like to this. 410

Enter Guards, bringing in ANTIGONE.

As to this portent which the Gods have sent,
I stand in doubt. Can I, who know her, say
That this is not the maid Antigone?
O wretched one of wretched father born,
Thou child of Oedipus, 415
What means this? Surely 'tis not that they bring
Thee as a rebel 'gainst the king's decree,
And taken in the folly of thine act?

GUARD. Yes! She it was by whom the deed was
done.

We found her burying. Where is Creon, pray? 420
CHOR. Back from his palace comes he just in
time.

Enter CREON.

CREON. What chance is this, with which my com-
ing fits?

GUARD. Men, O my king, should pledge them-
selves to nought;

For cool reflection makes their purpose void.
I surely thought I should be slow to come here, 425
Cowed by thy threats, which then fell thick on me;
But now persuaded by the sweet delight
Which comes unlooked for, and beyond our hopes,
I come, although I swore the contrary,
Bringing this maiden, whom in act we found 430
Decking the grave. No need for lots was now;
The prize was mine, and not another man's.
And now, O king, take her, and as thou wilt,
Judge and convict her. I can claim a right
To wash my hands of all this troublous coil. 435

CREON. How and where was it that ye seized and
brought her?

GUARD. She was in act of burying. Thou knowest all.

CREON. Dost know and rightly speak the tale thou tell'st?

GUARD. I saw her burying that self-same corpse
Thou bad'st us not to bury. Speak I clear? 440

CREON. How was she seen, and taken in the act?

GUARD. The matter passed as follows:—When we came,

With all those dreadful threats of thine upon us,
Sweeping away the dust which, lightly spread,
Covered the corpse, and laying stript and bare 445

The tainted carcase, on the hill we sat
To windward, shunning the infected air,

Each stirring up his fellow with strong words,
If any shirked his duty. This went on
Some time, until the glowing orb of day 450

Stood in mid heaven, and the scorching heat
Fell on us. Then a sudden whirlwind rose,
A scourge from heaven, raising squalls on earth,
And filled the plain, the leafage stripping bare 455

Of all the forest, and the air's vast space
Was thick and troubled, and we closed our eyes,
Until the plague the Gods had sent was past;
And when it ceased, a weary time being gone, 460

The girl is seen, and with a bitter cry,
Shrill as a bird's, when it beholds its nest
All emptied of its infant brood, she wails; 465

Thus she, when she beholds the corpse all stript,
Groaned loud with many moanings, and she called
Fierce curses down on those who did the deed.

And in her hand she brings some fine, dry dust, 470
And from a vase of bronze, well wrought, up-

raised,
She pours the three libations o'er the dead.
And we, beholding, give her chase forthwith,
And run her down, nought terrified at us.

And then we charged her with the former deed,
As well as this. And nothing she denied. 475

But this to me both bitter is and sweet,
For to escape one's-self from ill is sweet,

But to bring friends to trouble, this is hard
And painful. Yet my nature bids me count 475

Above all these things safety for myself.

CREON [to ANTIGONE]. Thou, then—yes, thou,
who bend'st thy face to earth—

Confesseth thou, or dost deny the deed?

ANTIG. I own I did it, and will not deny.

CREON [to Guard]. Go thou thy way, where'er
thy will may choose, 480

Freed from a weighty charge.

[Exit Guard.

[To ANTIGONE.] And now for thee.

Say in few words, not lengthening out thy speech,
Knew'st thou the edicts which forbade these things?

ANTIG. I knew them. Could I fail? Full clear
were they.

CREON. And thou did'st dare to disobey these
laws? 485

ANTIG. Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them
forth,

Nor Justice, dwelling with the Gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
That thou, a mortal man, should'st overpass 490

The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
They are not of today nor yesterday,

But live for ever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared 495

Before the Gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die

I knew, (how should I not?) though thy decree
Had never spoken. And, before my time

If I shall die, I reckon this a gain; 500

For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
How can it be but he shall gain by death?

And so for me to bear this doom of thine
Has nothing painful. But, if I had left

My mother's son unburied on his death, 505
In that I should have suffered; but in this
I suffer not. And should I seem to thee

To do a foolish deed, 'tis simply this,—
I bear the charge of folly from a fool.

CHOR. The maiden's stubborn will, of stubborn
sire 510

The offspring shows itself. She knows not yet
To yield to evils.

CREON. Know then, minds too stiff
Most often stumble, and the rigid steel

Baked in the furnace, made exceeding hard,
Thou see'st most often split and shivered lie; 515

And I have known the steeds of fiery mood
With a small curb subdued. It is not meet

That one who lives in bondage to his neighbors
Should think too proudly. Wanton outrage then

This girl first learnt, transgressing these my laws;
But this, when she has done it, is again 520

A second outrage, over it to boast,
And laugh as having done it. Surely, then,

She is the man, not I, if, all unscathed,
Such deeds of might are hers. But be she child 525

Of mine own sister, or of one more near
Than all the kith and kin of Household Zeus,

She and her sister shall not 'scape a doom

Most foul and shameful; for I charge her, too,
With having planned this deed of sepulture. 530
Go ye and call her. 'Twas but now within
I saw her raving, losing self-command.

And still the mind of those who in the dark
Plan deeds of evil is the first to fail,
And so convicts itself of secret guilt. 535
But most I hate when one found out in guilt
Will seek to gloze and brave it to the end.

ANTIG. And dost thou seek aught else beyond my
death?

CREON. Nought else for me. That gaining, I gain
all.

ANTIG. Why then delay? Of all thy words not
one

Pleases me now, (and may it never please!)
And so all mine must grate upon thine ears.
And yet how could I higher glory gain
Than placing my true brother in his tomb?
There is not one of these but would confess
It pleases them, did fear not seal their lips.
The tyrant's might in much besides excels,
And it may do and say whate'er it will.

CREON.. Of all the race of Cadmos thou alone
Look'st thus upon the deed.

ANTIG. They see it too 550
As I do, but their tongue is tied for thee.

CREON. Art not ashamed against their thoughts
to think?

ANTIG. There is nought base in honoring our
own blood.

CREON. And was he not thy kin who fought
against him?

ANTIG. Yea, brother, of one father and one
mother.

CREON. Why then give honor which dishonors
him?

ANTIG. The dead below will not repeat thy
words.

CREON. Yes, if thou give like honor to the god-
less.

ANTIG. It was his brother, not his slave, that died.

CREON. Wasting this land, while *he* died fighting
for it.

ANTIG. Yet Hades still craves equal rights for all.

CREON. The good craves not the portion of the
bad.

ANTIG. Who knows if this be holy deemed be-
low?

CREON. Not even when he dies can foe be friend.

ANTIG. My nature leads to sharing love, not
hate.

CREON. Go then below; and if thou must have
love,
Love them. While I live, women shall not rule.

Enter ISMENE, led in by Attendants.

CHOR. And, lo! Ismene at the gate
Comes shedding tears of sisterly regard,
And o'er her brow a gathering cloud 570
Mars the deep roseate blush,
Bedewing her fair cheek.

CREON [*to ISMENE*]. And thou who, creeping as
a viper creeps,
Did'st drain my life in secret, and I knew not
That I was rearing two accursed ones, 575
Subverters of my throne,—come, tell me, then,
Wilt thou confess thou took'st thy part in this,
Or wilt thou swear thou did'st not know of it?

ISM. I did the deed, if she did, go with her,
Yes, share the guilt, and bear an equal blame. 580

ANTIG. Nay, justice will not suffer this, for thou
Did'st not consent, nor did I let thee join.

ISM. Nay, in thy troubles, I am not ashamed
In the same boat with thee to share thy fate.

ANTIG. Who did it, Hades knows, and those be-
low:

I do not love a friend who loves in words.

ISM. Do not, my sister, put me to such shame,
As not to let me join in death with thee,
And so to pay due reverence to the dead.

ANTIG. Share not my death, nor make thine own
this deed

Thou had'st no hand in. My death shall suffice.

ISM. What life to me is sweet, bereaved of thee?

ANTIG. Ask Creon there, since thou o'er him dost
watch.

ISM. Why vex me so, in nothing bettered by it?

ANTIG. 'Tis pain indeed, to laugh my laugh at
thee.

ISM. But now, at least, how may I profit thee?

ANTIG. Save thou thyself. I grudge not thy escape.

ISM. Ah, woe is me! and must I miss thy fate?

ANTIG. Thou mad'st thy choice to live, and I to
die.

ISM. 'Twas not because I failed to speak my
thoughts.

ANTIG. To these did'st thou, to those did I seem
wise.

ISM. And yet the offense is equal in us both.

ANTIG. Take courage. Thou dost live. My soul
long since

Hath died to render service to the dead.

CREON. Of these two girls, the one goes mad but
now,

The other ever since her life began.

ISM. E'en so, O king; no mind that ever lived
Stands firm in evil days, but goes astray.

CREON. Thine did, when, with the vile, vile deeds
thou choosest.

ISM. How could I live without her presence
here? 610

CREON. Speak not of presence. She is here no
more.

ISM. And wilt thou slay thy son's betrothèd
bride?

CREON. Full many a field there is which he may
plow.

ISM. None like that plighted troth 'twixt him
and her.

CREON. Wives that are vile I love not for my
sons. 615

ISM. Ah, dearest Hæmon, how thy father shames
thee!

CREON. Thou with that marriage dost but vex
my soul.

CHOR. And wilt thou rob thy son of her he
loved?

CREON. 'Tis Death, not I, shall break the mar-
riage off.

CHOR. Her doom is fixed, it seems, then. She
must die. 620

CREON. Fixed, yes, by me and thee. No more
delay,

Lead them within, ye slaves. These must be kept
Henceforth as women, suffered not to roam;
For even boldest natures shrink in fear
When they see Hades overshadowing life. . 625

[Exeunt Guards with ANTIGONE and ISMENE.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Blessed are those whose life no woe doth
taste!

For unto those whose house
The Gods have shaken, nothing fails of curse
Or woe, that creeps to generations far.

E'en thus a wave, (when spreads,
With blasts from Thrakian coasts, 630

The darkness of the deep,)
Up from the sea's abyss

Hither and thither rolls the black sand on,
And every jutting peak, 635

Swept by the storm-wind's strength,
Lashed by the fierce wild waves,

Re-echoes with the far-resounding roar.

ANTISTROPHE I

I see the woes that smote, in ancient days,
The seed of Labdacos,² 640

Who perished long ago, with grief on grief
Still falling, nor does this age rescue that;

Some God still smites it down,
Nor have they any end:

For now there rose a gleam,
Over the last weak shoots, 645

That sprang from out the race of Oedipus;
Yet this the blood-stained scythe

Of those that reign below
Cuts off relentlessly, 650

And maddened speech, and frenzied rage of heart.

STROPHE II

Thy power, O Zeus, what haughtiness of man,
Yea, what can hold in check?

Which neither sleep, that maketh all things old,
Nor the long months of Gods that never fail, 655

Can for a moment seize,
But still as Lord supreme,

Waxing not old with time,
Thou dweltest in Thy sheen of radiancy

On far Olympos' height. 660

Through future near or far as through the past,
One law holds ever good,

Nought comes to life of man unscathed through-

out by woe. 665

ANTISTROPHE II

For hope to many comes in wanderings wild,
A solace and support; 670

To many as a cheat of fond desires,
And creepeth still on him who knows it not,

Until he burn his foot
Within the scorching flame.

Full well spake one of old, 675

That evil ever seems to be as good
To those whose thoughts of heart

God leadeth unto woe,
And without woe, he spends but shortest space of

time. 680

And here comes Hæmon, last of all thy sons: 675

Comes he bewailing sore
The fate of her who should have been his bride,

The maid Antigone,
Grieving o'er vanished joys?

Enter Hæmon.

²The seed of Labdacos refers to the whole family of Laius and Oedipus.

CREON. Soon we shall know much more than
seers can tell. 680
 Surely thou dost not come, my son, to rage
Against thy father, hearing his decree,
Fixing her doom who should have been thy bride;
Or dost thou love us still, whate'er we do?
 HÆMON. My father, I am thine; and thou dost
guide 685
 With thy wise counsels, which I gladly follow.
 No marriage weighs one moment in the scales
 With me, while thou dost guide my steps aright.
 CREON. This thought, my son, should dwell
within thy breast,
 That all things stand below a father's will; 690
 For so men pray that they may rear and keep
 Obedient offspring by their hearths and homes,
 That they may both requite their father's foes,
 And pay with him like honors to his friend.
 But he who reareth sons that profit not, 695
 What could one say of him but this, that he
 Breeds his own sorrow, laughter to his foes?
 Lose not thy reason, then, my son, o'ercome
 By pleasure, for a woman's sake, but know,
 A cold embrace is that to have at home 700
 A worthless wife, the partner of thy bed.
 What ulcerous sore is worse than one we love
 Who proves all worthless? No! with loathing
 scorn,
 As hateful to thee, let that girl go wed
 A spouse in Hades. Taken in the act 705
 I found her, her alone of all the State,
 Rebellious. And I will not make myself
 False to the State. She dies. So let her call
 On Zeus, the lord of kindred. If I rear
 Of mine own stock things foul and orderless, 710
 I shall have work enough with those without,
 For he who in the life of home is good
 Will still be seen as just in things of state;
 I should be sure that man would govern well,
 And know well to be governed, and would stand 716
 In war's wild storm, on his appointed post,
 A just and good defender. But the man
 Who by transgressions violates the laws,
 Or thinks to bid the powers that be obey,
 He must not hope to gather praise from me. 720
 No! we must follow whom the State appoints
 In things or just and trivial, or, may be,
 The opposite of these. For anarchy
 Is our worst evil, brings our commonwealth
 To utter ruin, lays whole houses low, 725
 In battle strife hurls firm allies in flight;
 But they who yield to guidance—these shall find
 Obedience saves most men. Thus help should come

To what our rulers order; least of all
 Ought men to bow before a woman's sway. 730
 Far better, if it must be so, to fall
 By a man's hand, than thus to bear reproach,
 By woman conquered.
 CHOR. Unto us, O king,
 Unless our years have robbed us of our wit,
 Thou seemest to say wisely what thou say'st. 735
 HÆM. The Gods, my father, have bestowed on
 man
 His reason, noblest of all earthly gifts;
 And that thou speakest wrongly these thy words
 I cannot say, (God grant I ne'er know how
 Such things to utter!) yet another's thoughts 740
 May have some reason. 'Tis my lot to watch
 What each man says or does, or blames in thee,
 For dread thy face to one of low estate,
 Who speaks what thou wilt not rejoice to hear.
 But I can hear the things in darkness said, 745
 How the whole city wails this maiden's fate,
 As one "who of all women most unjustly,
 For noblest deed must die the foulest death,
 Who her own brother, fallen in the fray,
 Would neither leave unburied, nor expose 750
 To carrion dogs, or any bird of prey,
 May she not claim the meed of golden praise?"
 Such is the whisper that in secret runs
 All darkling. And for me, my father, nought
 Is dearer than thy welfare. What can be 755
 A nobler prize of honor for the son
 Than a sire's glory, or for sire than son's?
 I pray thee, then, wear not one mood alone,
 That what thou say'st is right, and nought but
 that;
 For he who thinks that he alone is wise, 760
 His mind and speech above what others have,
 Such men when searched are mostly empty found.
 But for a man to learn, though he be wise,
 Yea to learn much, and know the time to yield,
 Brings no disgrace. When winter floods the 765
 streams,
 Thou see'st the trees that bend before the storm,
 Save their last twigs, while those that will not yield
 Perish with root and branch. And when one hauls
 Too tight the mainsail rope, and will not slack,
 He has to end his voyage with deck o'turned.
 Do thou then yield; permit thyself to change. 771
 Young though I be, if any prudent thought
 Be with me, I at least will dare assert
 The higher worth of one, who, come what will,
 Is full of knowledge. If that may not be 775
 (For nature is not wont to take that bent.)

'Tis good to learn from those who counsel well.

CHOR. My king! 'tis fit that thou should'st learn
from him,

If he speaks words in season; and, in turn,
That thou [*to Hæmon*] should'st learn of him, for
both speak well. 780

CREON. Shall we at our age stoop to learn from
him,

Young as he is, the lesson to be wise?

Hæm. Learn nought thou should'st not learn.
And if I'm young,

Thou should'st my deeds and not my years con-
sider. 784

CREON. Is that thy deed to reverence rebel souls?

Hæm. I would bid none waste reverence on the
base.

CREON. Has not that girl been seized with that
disease?

Hæm. The men of Thebes with one accord say,
No.

CREON. And will my subjects tell us how to rule?

Hæm. Dost thou not see thou speakest like a
boy? 790

CREON. Must I then rule for others than myself?

Hæm. That is no State which hangs on one
man's will.

CREON. Is not the State deemed his who gov-
erns it?

Hæm. Brave rule! Alone, and o'er an empty
land!

CREON. This boy, it seems, will be his bride's
ally. 795

Hæm. If thou art she, for thou art all my care.

CREON. Basest of base, against thy father plead-
ing!

Hæm. Yea, for I see thee sin a grievous sin.

CREON. And do I sin revering mine own sway?

Hæm. Thou show'st no reverence, trampling on
God's laws. 800

CREON. O guilty soul, by woman's craft beguiled!

Hæm. Thou wilt not find me slave unto the base.

CREON. Thy every word is still on her behalf.

Hæm. Yea, and on thine and mine, and theirs
below.

CREON. Be sure thou shalt not wed her while she
lives. 805

Hæm. Then she must die, and, dying, others
slay.

CREON. And dost thou dare to come to me with
threats?

Hæm. Is it a threat against vain thoughts to
speak?

CREON. Thou to thy cost shalt teach me wisdom's
ways,

Thyself in wisdom wanting.

Hæm. I would say 810
Thou wast unwise, if thou wert not my father.

CREON. Thou woman's slave, I say, prate on no
more.

Hæm. Wilt thou then speak, and, speaking, listen
not?

CREON. Nay, by Olympos! Thou shalt not go
free

To flout me with reproaches. Lead her out 815

Whom my soul hates, that she may die forthwith
Before mine eyes, and near her bridegroom here.

Hæm. No! Think it not! Near me she shall not
die,

And thou shalt never see my face alive, 819
That thou may'st storm at those who like to yield.

[Exit.]

CHOR. The man has gone, O king, in hasty
mood.

A mind distressed in youth is hard to bear.

CREON. Let him do what he will, and bear him-
self

As more than man, he shall not save those girls.

CHOR. What! Dost thou mean to slay them both
alike? 825

CREON. Not her who touched it not; there thou
say'st well.

CHOR. What form of death mean'st thou to slay
her with?

CREON. Leading her on to where the desert path
Is loneliest, there alive, in rocky cave

Will I immure her, just so much of food 830
Before her set as may avert pollution,

And save the city from the guilt of blood;
And there, invoking Hades, whom alone

Of all the Gods she worships, she, perchance,
Shall gain escape from death, or then shall know
That Hades-worship is but labor lost. 836

[Exit.]

STROPHE

CHOR. O Love, in every battle victor owned;
Love, rushing on thy prey,

Now on a maiden's soft and blooming cheek,
In secret ambush hid;

Now o'er the broad sea wandering at will,
And now in shepherd's folds;

Of all the Undying Ones none 'scape from thee,
Nor yet of mortal men

Whose lives are measured as a fleeting day; 845
And who has thee is frenzied in his soul.

ANTISTROPHE

Thou makest vile the purpose of the just,
To his own fatal harm;
Thou hast stirred up this fierce and deadly strife,
Of men of nearest kin; 850
The charm of eyes of bride beloved and fair
Is crowned with victory,
And dwells on high among the powers that rule,
Equal with holiest laws;
For Aphrodite, she whom none subdues, 855
Sports in her might and majesty divine,

I, even I, am borne
Beyond the appointed laws;
I look on this, and cannot stay
The fountain of my tears. 860
For, lo! I see her, see Antigone
Wend her sad, lonely way
To that bride-chamber where we all must lie.
ANTIG. Behold, O men of this my fatherland,
I wend my last lone way, 865
Seeing the last sunbeam, now and nevermore;
He leads me yet alive,
Hades that welcomes all,
To Acheron's dark shore,
With neither part nor lot 870
In marriage festival,
Nor hath the marriage hymn
Been sung for me as bride,
But I shall be the bride of Acheron.

CHOR. And hast thou not all honor, worthiest
praise, 875
Who goest to the home that hides the dead,
Not smitten by the sickness that decays,
Nor by the sharp sword's need,
But of thine own free will, in fullest life,
Alone of mortals, thus 880
To Hades tak'st thy way?
ANTIG. I heard of old her⁸ pitiable end,
On Sipylos' high crag,
The Phrygian stranger from a far land come,
Whom Tantalos begat; 885
Whom growth of rugged rock,
Clinging as ivy clings,
Subdued, and made its own:
And now, so runs the tale,
There, as she melts in shower, 890
The snow abideth aye,
And still bedews yon cliffs that lie below
Those brows that ever weep.
With fate like hers God brings me to my rest.

CHOR. A Goddess she, and of the high Gods
born; 895
And we are mortals, born of mortal seed.
And lo! for one who liveth but to die,
To gain like doom with those of heavenly race,
Is great and strange to hear.
ANTIG. Ye mock me then. Alas! Why wait ye
not, 900
By all our fathers' Gods, I ask of you,
Till I have passed away,
But flout me while I live?
O city that I love,
O men that claim as yours 905
That city stored with wealth,
O Dirkè, fairest fount,
O grove of Thebes, that boasts her chariot host,
I bid you witness all,
How, with no friends to weep, 910
By what stern laws condemned,
I go to that strong dungeon of the tomb,
For burial strange, ah me!
Nor dwelling with the living, nor the dead.
CHOR. Forward and forward still to farthest
verge 915
Of daring hast thou gone,
And now, O child, thou hast rushed violently
Where Right erects her throne;
Surely thou payest to the uttermost
Thy father's debt of guilt. 920
ANTIG. Ah! thou hast touched the quick of all
my grief, 925
The thrice-told tale of all my father's woe,
The fate which dogs us all,
The old Labdakid race of ancient fame.
Woe for the curses dire
Of that defilèd bed, 930
With foulest incest stained,
My mother's with my sire,
Whence I myself have sprung, most miserable.
And now, I go to them, 935
To sojourn in the grave,
Accursed, and unwed;
Ah, brother, thou did'st find
Thy marriage fraught with ill,
And thou, though dead, hast smitten down my
life. 940
CHOR. Acts reverent and devout
May claim devotion's name,
But power, in one to whom power comes as trust,
May never be defied;
And thee, thy stubborn mood,

⁸Niobe.

Self-chosen, layeth low.
 ANTIG. Unwept, without a friend,
 Unwed, and whelmed in woe,
 I journey on this road that open lies.
 No more shall it be mine (O misery!)
 To look upon yon daylight's holy eye;
 And yet, of all my friends,
 Not one bewails my fate,
 No kindly tear is shed.

Enter CREON.

CREON. And know ye not, if men have leave to speak
 Their songs and wailings thus to stave off death,
 That they will never stop? Lead, lead her on,
 Without delay, and, as I said, immure
 In yon cavernous tomb, and then depart.
 Leave her to choose, or drear and lonely death, 955
 Or, living, in the tomb to find her home.
 Our hands are clean in all that touches her;
 But she no more shall dwell on earth with us.

ANTIG. [turning towards the cavern]. O tomb,
 my bridal chamber, vaulted home.
 Guarded right well for ever, where I go 960
 To join mine own, of whom the greater part
 Among the dead doth Persephassa hold;
 And I, of all the last and saddest, wend
 My way below, life's little span unfilled.
 And yet I go, and feed myself with hopes 965
 That I shall meet them, by my father loved,
 Dear to my mother, well-beloved of thee,
 Thou darling brother: I, with these my hands,
 Washed each dear corpse, arrayed you, poured
 libations,

In rites of burial; and in care for thee, 970
 Thy body, Polyneikes, honoring,
 I gain this recompense. [And yet in sight
 Of all that rightly judge the deed was good;
 I had not done it had I come to be
 A mother with her children,—had not dared, 975
 Though 'twere a husband dead that moldered
 there,

Against my country's will to bear this toil.
 And am I asked what law constrained me thus?
 I answer, had I lost a husband dear,
 I might have had another; other sons 980
 By other spouse, if one were lost to me;
 But when my father and my mother sleep
 In Hades, then no brother more can come.
 And therefore, giving thee the foremost place,
 I seemed in Creon's eyes, O brother dear, 985

To sin in boldest daring. Therefore now
 He leads me, having taken me by force,
 Cut off from marriage bed and marriage song,
 Untasting wife's true joy, or mother's bliss,
 With infant at her breast, but all forlorn, 990
 Bereaved of friends, in utter misery,
 Alive, I tread the chambers of the dead.]
 What law of Heaven have I transgressed against?
 What use for me, ill-starred one, still to look
 To any God for succor, or to call 995
 On any friend for aid? For holiest deed
 I bear this charge of rank unholiness.
 If acts like these the Gods on high approve,
 We, taught by pain, shall own that we have sinned;
 But if these sin, [looking at CREON] I pray they suffer not 1000
 Worse evils than the wrongs they do to me.

CHOR. Still do the same wild blasts
 Vex her who standeth there.
 CREON. Therefore shall these her guards 1005
 Weep sore for this delay.
 CHOR. Ah me! this word of thine
 Tells of death drawing nigh.
 CREON. I cannot bid thee hope
 For other end than this.
 ANTIG. O citadel of Thebes, my native land, 1010
 Ye Gods of ancient days,
 I go, and linger not.
 Behold me, O ye senators of Thebes,
 The last, lone scion of the kingly race,
 What things I suffer, and from whom they come,
 Revering still the laws of reverence. 1015
 [Guards lead ANTIGONE away.

STROPHE I

CHOR. So did the form of Danaë⁴ bear of old,
 In brazen palace hid,
 To lose the light of heaven,
 And in her tomb-like chamber was enclosed: 1020
 Yet she, O child, was noble in her race,
 And well she stored the golden shower of Zeus.
 But great and dread the might of Destiny;
 Nor kingly wealth, nor war,
 Nor tower, nor dark-hulled ships 1025
 Beaten by waves, escape.

ANTISTROPHE I

So too was shut, enclosed in dungeon cave,
 Bitter and fierce in mood,
 The son of Dryas,⁵ king

⁴ Danaë to whom Zeus as lover appeared in her tomb-like prison, in a golden shower.

⁵ Lycurgus, who opposed the entrance of Dionysus and his rites into Thrace. He was driven mad and imprisoned in a cave.

Of yon Edonian tribes, for vile reproach, 1030
 By Dionysos' hands, and so his strength
 And soul o'ermaid wastes drop by drop away,
 And so he learnt that he, against the God,
 Spake his mad words of scorn;
 For he the Mænad throng 1035
 And bright fire fain had stopped,
 And roused the Muses' wrath.

STROPHE II

And by the double sea of those Dark Rocks
 Are shores of Bosporos,
 And Thrakian isle, as Salmydesso known, 1040
 Where Ares, whom they serve,
 God of the region round,
 Saw the dire, blinding wound,
 That smote the twin-born sons
 Of Phineus⁶ by relentless step-dame's hand,— 1045
 Dark wound, on dark-doomed eyes,
 Not with the stroke of sword,
 But blood-stained hands, and point of spindle sharp.

ANTISTROPHE II

And they in misery, miserable fate,
 Wasting away, wept sore, 1050
 Born of a mother wedded with a curse,
 And she who claimed descent
 From men of ancient fame,
 The old Erechtheid race,
 Amid her father's winds, 1055
 Daughter of Boreas, in far distant caves
 Was reared, a child of Gods,
 Swift moving as the steed
 O'er lofty crag, and yet
 The ever-living Fates bore hard on her. 1060

Enter TEIRESIAS, guided by a Boy.

TEIR. Princes of Thebes, we come as travelers joined,
 One seeing for both, for still the blind must use
 A guide's assistance to direct his steps.

CREON. And what new thing, Teiresias, brings thee here? 1064

TEIR. I'll tell thee, and do thou the seer obey.

CREON. Of old I was not wont to slight thy thoughts.

TEIR. So didst thou steer our city's course full well.

CREON. I bear my witness from good profit gained.

TEIR. Know, then, thou walk'st on fortune's razor-edge.

CREON. What means this? How I shudder at thy speech! 1070

TEIR. Soon shalt thou know, as thou dost hear the signs

Of my dread art. For sitting, as of old, Upon my ancient seat of augury, Where every bird finds haven, lo! I hear Strange cry of winged creatures, shouting shrill, With inarticulate passion, and I knew 1076 That they were tearing each the other's flesh With bloody talons, for their whirring wings Made that quite clear: and straightway I, in fear, Made trial of the sacrifice that lay 1080 On fiery altar. And Hephaestos' flame Shone not from out the offering; but there oozed Upon the ashes, trickling from the bones, A moisture, and it smoldered, and it spat, 1085 And, lo! the gall was scattered to the air, And forth from out the fat that wrapped them round

The thigh-bones fell. Such omens of decay From holy sacrifice I learnt from him, This boy, who now stands here, for he is still A guide to me, as I to others am. 1090 And all this evil falls upon the State, From out thy counsels; for our altars all, Our sacred hearths are full of food for dogs And birds unclean, the flesh of that poor wretch Who fell, the son of Oedipus. And so 1095 The Gods no more hear prayers of sacrifice, Nor own the flame that burns the victim's limbs; Nor do the birds give cry of omen good, But feed on carrion of a slaughtered corpse. Think thou on this, my son: to err, indeed, 1100 Is common unto all, but having erred, He is no longer reckless or unblest, Who, having fallen into evil, seeks For healing, nor continues still unmoved. 1104 Self-will must bear the charge of stubbornness: Yield to the dead, and outrage not a corpse. What prowess is it fallen foes to slay? Good counsel give I, planning good for thee, And of all joys the sweetest is to learn From one who speaketh well, should that bring gain.

CREON. Old man, as archers aiming at their mark, 1110 So ye shoot forth your venomous darts at me; I know your augur's tricks, and by your tribe

⁶This is the story of Cleopatra, daughter of Boreas, the wind-god. She married Phineus and bore him two sons. He afterward imprisoned her. Phineus' next wife blinds the sons of Cleopatra.

Long since am tricked and sold. Yes, gain your
gains,
Get Sardis' amber metal, Indian gold; 1115
That corpse ye shall not hide in any tomb.
Not though the eagles, birds of Zeus, should bear
Their carrion morsels to the throne of God,
Not even fearing this pollution dire,
Will I consent to burial. Well I know 1120
That man is powerless to pollute the Gods.
But many fall, Teiresias, dotard old,
A shameful fall, who gloze their shameful words
For lucre's sake, with surface show of good.

TEIR. Ah me! Does no man know, does none
consider . . . ? 1125

CREON. Consider what? What trite poor saw
comes now?

TEIR. How far good counsel is of all things best?
CREON. So far, I trow, as folly is worst ill.

TEIR. Of that disease thy soul, alas! is full.

CREON. I will not meet a seer with evil
words. 1130

TEIR. Thou dost so, saying I divine with lies.

CREON. The race of seers is ever fond of gold.

TEIR. And that of tyrants still loves lucre foul.

CREON. Dost know thou speak'st thy words of
those that rule?

TEIR. I know. Through me thou rul'st a city
saved. 1135

CREON. Wise seer art thou, yet given o'ermuch
to wrong.

TEIR. Thou'l stir me to speak out my soul's
dread secrets.

CREON. Out with them; only speak them not for
gain.

TEIR. So is 't, I trow, in all that touches thee.

CREON. Know that thou shalt not bargain with
my will. 1140

TEIR. Know, then, and know it well, that thou
shalt see

Not many winding circuits of the sun,
Before thou giv'st as quittance for the dead,
A corpse by thee begotten; for that thou
Hast to the ground cast one that walked on
earth, 1145

And foully placed within a sepulcher
A living soul; and now thou keep'st from them,
The Gods below, the corpse of one unblest,
Unwept, unhallowed, and in these things thou
Can'st claim no part, nor yet the Gods above; 1150
But they by thee are outraged; and they wait,
The sure though slow avengers of the grave,
The dread Erinnyes of the mighty Gods,
For thee in these same evils to be snared.

Search well if I say this as one who sells 1155
His soul for money. Yet a little while,
And in thy house the wail of men and women
Shall make it plain. And every city stirs
Itself in arms against thee, owning those
Whose limbs the dogs have buried, or fierce
wolves, 1160

Or wingèd birds have brought the accursed taint
To region consecrate. Doom like to this,
Sure darting as an arrow to its mark,
I launch at thee, (for thou dost vex me sore,) 1165
An archer aiming at the very heart,
And thou shalt not escape its fiery sting.
And now, O boy, lead thou me home again,
That he may vent his spleen on younger men,
And learn to keep his tongue more orderly,
With better thoughts than this his present
mood. 1170

[Exit.]

CHOR. The man has gone, O king, predicting
woe,

And well we know, since first our raven hair
Was mixed with gray, that never yet his words
Were uttered to our State and failed of truth.

CREON. I know it too, 'tis that that troubles
me. 1175

To yield is hard, but, holding out, to smite
One's soul with sorrow, this is harder still.

CHOR. We need wise counsel, O Meneceus' son.

CREON. What shall I do? Speak thou, and I'll
obey.

CHOR. Go then, and free the maiden from her
tomb, 1180

And give a grave to him who lies exposed.

CREON. Is this thy counsel? Dost thou bid me
yield?

CHOR. Without delay, O king, for lo! they come,
The Gods' swift-footed ministers of ill,
And in an instant lay the self-willed low. 1185

CREON. Ah me! 'tis hard; and yet I bend my
will

To do thy bidding. With necessity

We must not fight at such o'erwhelming odds.

CHOR. Go then and act! Commit it not to others.

CREON. E'en as I am I'll go. Come, come, my
men, 1190

Present or absent, come, and in your hands

Bring axes: come to yonder eminence.

And I, since now my judgment leans that way,
Who myself bound her, now myself will loose,
Too much I fear lest it should wisest prove 1195
Maintaining ancient laws to end my life.

[Exit.]

STROPHE I

CHOR. O Thou of many names,
Of that Cadmeian maid
The glory and the joy,
Whom Zeus as offspring owns, 1200
Zeus, thundering deep and loud,
Who watchest over famed Italia,
And reign'st o'er all the bays that Deo claims
On fair Eleusis' coast.
Bacchos, who dwell'st in Thebes, the mother-
town 1205
Of all thy Bacchant train,
Along Ismenos' stream,
And with the dragon's brood;

ANTISTROPHE I

Thee, o'er the double peak
Of yonder height the blaze
Of flashing fire beholds, 1210
Where nymphs of Corycos
Go forth in Bacchic dance,
And by the flowery stream of Castaly,
And Thee, the ivied slopes of Nysa's hills, 1215
And vine-clad promontory,
(While words of more than mortal melody
Shout out the well-known name,)
Send forth, the guardian lord
Of the wide streets of Thebes. 1220

STROPHE II

Above all cities Thou,
With her, thy mother whom the thunder slew,
Dost look on it with love;
And now, since all the city bendeth low
Beneath the sullen plague, 1225
Come Thou with cleansing tread
O'er the Parnassian slopes,
Or o'er the moaning straits.

ANTISTROPHE II

O Thou, who lead'st the band,
The choral band of stars still breathing fire, 1230
Lord of the hymns of night,
The child of highest Zeus; appear, O king,
With Thyian maidens wild,
Who all night long in dance,
With frenzied chorus sing 1235
Thy praise, their lord, Iacchos.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Ye men of Cadmos and Amphion's house.
I know no life of mortal man which I
Would either praise or blame. 'Tis Fortune's
chance
That raiseth up, and Fortune bringeth low, 1240
The man who lives in good or evil plight;
And prophet of men's future there is none.
For Creon, so I deemed, deserved to be
At once admired and envied, having saved
This land of Cadmos from the hands of foes; 1245
And, having ruled with fullest sovereignty,
He lived and prospered, joyous in a race
Of goodly offspring. Now, all this is gone;
For when men lose the joys that sweeten life,
I cannot deem they live, but rather count 1250
As if a breathing corpse. His heaped-up stores
Of wealth are large, so be it, and he lives
With all a sovereign's state; and yet, if joy
Be absent, all the rest I count as nought,
And would not weigh them against pleasure's 1255
charm,
More than a vapor's shadow.

CHOR. What is this?
What new disaster tell'st thou of our chiefs?
Mess. Dead are they, and the living cause their
death.
CHOR. Who slays, and who is slaughtered? Tell
thy tale.
Mess. Hæmon is dead, slain, weltering in his
blood. 1260
CHOR. By his own act, or by his father's hand?
Mess. His own, in wrath against his father's
crime.
CHOR. O prophet! true, most true, those words
of thine.
Mess. Since things stand thus, we well may
counsel take.
CHOR. Lo! Creon's wife comes, sad Eury-
dike. 1265
She from the house approaches, hearing speech
About her son, or else by accident.

Enter EURYDIKE.

EURYD. I on my way, my friends, as suppliant
bound,
To pay my vows at Pallas' shrine, have heard
Your words, and so I chanced to draw the bolt 1270
Of the half-opened door, when lo! a sound
Falls on my ears, of evil striking home,
And terror-struck I fall in deadly swoon
Back in my handmaids' arms; yet tell it me,
Tell the tale once again, for I shall hear, 1275
By long experience disciplined to grief.

Mess. Dear lady, I will tell thee: I was by,
And will not leave one word of truth untold.
Why should we smooth and glaze, where all too
soon
We should be found as liars? Truth is still 1280
The only safety. Lo! I went with him,
Thy husband, in attendance, to the edge
Of yonder plain, where still all ruthlessly
The corpse of Polyneikes lay exposed,
Mangled by dogs. And, having prayed to her, 1285
The Goddess of all pathways, and to Pluto,
To temper wrath with pity, him they washed
With holy washing; and what yet was left
We burnt in branches freshly cut, and heaped
A high-raised grave from out his native soil, 1290
And then we entered on the stone-paved home,
Death's marriage-chamber for the ill-starred maid.
And someone hears, while standing yet afar,
Shrill voice of wailing near the bridal bower,
By funeral rites unhallowed, and he comes 1295
And tells my master, Creon. On his ears,
Advancing nearer, falls a shriek confused
Of bitter sorrow, and with groaning loud,
He utters one sad cry, "Me miserable!
And am I then a prophet? Do I wend 1300
This day the dreariest way of all my life?
My son's voice greets me. Go, my servants, go,
Quickly draw near, and standing by the tomb,
Search ye and see; and where the stone torn out
Shall make an opening, look ye in, and say 1305
If I hear Hæmon's voice, or if my soul
Is cheated by the Gods." And then we searched,
As he, our master, in his frenzy bade us;
And, in the furthest corner of the vault,
We saw her hanging by her neck, with cord 1310
Of linen threads entwined, and him we found
Clasping her form in passionate embrace,
And mourning o'er the doom that robbed him of
her,
His father's deed, and that his marriage bed,
So full of woe. When Creon saw him there, 1315
Groaning aloud in bitterness of heart,
He goes to him, and calls in wailing voice,
"Poor boy! what hast thou done? Hast thou then
lost
Thy reason? In what evil sinkest thou?
Come forth, my child, on bended knee I ask
thee." 1320
And then the boy, with fierce, wild-gleaming eyes,
Glared at him, spat upon his face, and draws,
Still answering nought, the sharp two-handled
sword.
Missing his aim, (his father from the blow

Turning aside,) in anger with himself, 1325
The poor ill-doomed one, even as he was,
Fell on his sword, and drove it through his breast,
Full half its length, and clasping, yet alive,
The maiden's arm, still soft, he there breathes
out
In broken gasps, upon her fair white cheek, 1330
Swift stream of bloody shower. So they lie,
Dead bridegroom with dead bride, and he has
gained,
Poor boy, his marriage rites in Hades home,
And left to all men witness terrible,
That man's worst ill is want of counsel wise. 1335
[Exit EURYDIKE.

CHOR. What dost thou make of this? She turn-
eth back,
Before one word, or good or ill, she speaks.

Mess. I too am full of wonder. Yet with hopes
I feed myself, she will not think it meet,
Hearing her son's woes, openly to wail 1340
Out in the town, but to her handmaids there
Will give command to wail her woe at home.
Too trained a judgment has she so to err.

CHOR. I know not. To my mind, or silence hard,
Or vain wild cries, are signs of bitter woe. 1345

Mess. Soon we shall know, within the house
advancing,
If, in the passion of her heart, she hides
A secret purpose. Truly dost thou speak;
There is a terror in that silence hard.

CHOR. [seeing CREON approaching with the
corpse of HÆMON in his arms]. And lo! the
king himself is drawing nigh, 1350
And in his hands he bears a record clear,
No woe (if I may speak) by others caused,
Himself the great offender.

Enter CREON, bearing HÆMON's body.

CREON. Woe! for the sins of souls of evil mood,
Stern, mighty to destroy! 1355

O ye who look on those of kindred race,
The slayers and the slain,
Woe for mine own rash plans that prosper not!
Woe for thee, son; but new in life's career,
And by a new fate dying!

Woe! woe!
Thou diest, thou art gone,
Not by thine evil counsel, but by mine.

CHOR. Ah me! Too late thou seem'st to see
the right.

CREON. Ah me! 1365

I learn the grievous lesson. On my head,
God, pressing sore, hath smitten me and vexed,

In ways most rough and terrible, (Ah me!)
Shattering my joy, as trampled under foot.
Woe! woe! Man's labors are but labor lost. 1370

Enter Second Messenger.

SEC. MESS. My master! thou, as one who hast
full store,

One source of sorrow bearest in thine arms,
And others in thy house, too soon, it seems,
Thou need'st must come and see.

CREON. And what remains
Worse evil than the evils that we bear? 1375

SEC. MESS. Thy wife is dead, that corpse's
mother true,

Ill starred one, smitten with a blow just dealt.

CREON. O agony!
Haven of Death, that none may pacify,
Why dost thou thus destroy me? 1380

[Turning to Messenger.] O thou who comest,
bringing in thy train

Woes horrible to tell,
Thou tramplest on a man already slain.
What say'st thou? What new tidings bring'st to
me?

Ah me! ah me! 1385
Is it that now there waits in store for me
My own wife's death to crown my misery?

CHOR. Full clearly thou may'st see. No longer
now
Does yon recess conceal her.

*The gates open and show the dead body of
EURYDIKE.*

CREON. Woe is me!
This second ill I gaze on, miserable, 1390
What fate, yea, what still lies in wait for me?
Here in my arms I bear what was my son;
And there, O misery! look upon the dead.
Ah, wretched mother! ah, my son! my son!

SEC. MESS. In frenzy wild she round the altar
clung, 1395

And closed her darkening eyelids, and bewailed
The noble fate of Megareus, who died
Long since, and then again that corpse thou hast;
And last of all she cried a bitter cry
Against thy deeds, the murderer of thy sons. 1400

CREON. Woe! woe! alas!
I shudder in my fear. Will no one strike

A deadly blow with sharp two-edged sword?
Fearful my fate, alas!

And with a fearful woe full sore beset. 1405

SEC. MESS. She in her death charged thee with
being the cause

Of all their sorrows, these and those of old.

CREON. And in what way struck she the murderous
blow?

SEC. MESS. With her own hand below her heart
she stabbed,

Hearing her son's most pitiable fate. 1410

CREON. Ah me! The fault is mine. On no one
else,

Of all that live, the fearful guilt can come;
I, even I, did slay thee, woe is me!
I, yes, I speak the truth. Lead me, ye guards,
Lead me forth quickly; lead me out of sight, 1415
More crushed to nothing than is nothing's self.

CHOR. Thou counselest gain, if gain there be in
ills,

For present ills when shortest then are best.

CREON. Oh, come thou then, come thou,
The last of all my dooms, that brings to me 1420
Best boon, my life's last day. Come then, oh come,
That never more I look upon the light.

CHOR. These things are in the future. What is
near,

That we must do. O'er what is yet to come 1424
They watch, to Whom that work of right belongs.

CREON. I did but pray for what I most desire.

CHOR. Pray thou for nothing then: for morta'
man

There is no issue from a doom decreed.

CREON [looking at the two corpses]. Lead me
then forth, vain shadow that I am,
Who slew thee, O my son, unwillingly, 1430
And thee too—(O my sorrow!)—and I know not
Which way to look or turn. All near at hand
Is turned to evil; and upon my head
There falls a doom far worse than I can bear.

CHOR. Man's highest blessedness, 1435
In wisdom chiefly stands;

And in the things that touch upon the Gods,
'Tis best in word or deed

To shun unholy pride;

Great words of boasting bring great punishments,
And so to gray-haired age 1441
Teach wisdom at the last.

EURIPIDES

Alcestis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

APOLLO

DEATH

CHORUS, composed of Elders of Pheræ

HANDMAID

ALCESTIS, daughter of Pelias, and wife of Admetus

ADMETUS, King of Pheræ

EUMELUS, son of Admetus and Alcestis

HERCULES

PHERES, father of Admetus

SERVANT, steward of the palace

Guards, attendants, handmaids, and mourners

*The scene throughout is in front of the palace of Admetus at Pheræ.**Enter APOLLO.*

APOLLO. Halls of Admetus, hail! I stooped my pride
 Here to brook fare of serfs, yea I, a God!
 The fault was fault of Zeus: he slew my son
 Asclepius—hurled the levin through his heart.
 Wroth for the dead, his smiths of heavenly fire, 5
 The Cyclopes, I slew; for blood-atonement
 Allfather made me serf to a mortal man.

To this land came I, tended mine host's kine,
 And warded still his house unto this day.
 Righteous myself, I found a righteous man, 10
 The son of Pheres: him I snatched from death,
 Cozening the Fates: the Sisters promised me—
 "Admetus shall escape the imminent death
 If he for ransom gives another life."
 To all he went—all near and dear,—and asked 15
 Father and gray-haired mother who gave him life;
 But, save his wife, found none that would consent
 For him to die and never more see light.
 Now in his arms upborne within yon home
 She gaspeth forth her life: for on this day 20
 Her weird it is to die and fleet from life.
 I, lest pollution taint me in their house,
 Go forth of yonder hall's beloved roof.

Enter DEATH.

Euripides, *Alcestis*. Translated by A. S. Way. By permission of The Macmillan Co. Euripides (c. 480-406 B.C.) was born near Athens, had military experience in his youth, and spent a busy life writing and producing plays, but little is known of the details of his life.

Lo, yonder Death;—I see him nigh at hand, 25
 Priest of the dead, who comes to hale her down
 To Hades' halls—well hath he kept his time,
 Watching this day, whereon she needs must die.

DEATH. Ha, thou at the palace! Wilt not make room,

Phœbus?—thou wrestest the right yet again:
 Thou removest the landmarks of Gods of Gloom, 31
 And thou makest their honors vain.

Did this not suffice thee, to thwart that doom
 Of Admetus, when, all by thy cunning beguiled
 Were the Fates, that thou now must be warding
 the wife

With thine hand made ready the bowstring to strain, 35

Though she pledged her from death to redeem
 with her life

Her lord,—she, Pelias' child?

APOLLO. Fear not: fair words and justice are with me.

DEATH. Justice with theel—what needeth then the bow?

APOLLO. This?—tis my wont to bear it evermore. 40

DEATH. Yea, and to aid yon house in lawless wise.

APOLLO. Mine heart is heavy for my friend's mischance.

DEATH. What, wilt thou wrest from me this second corpse?

APOLLO. Nay, not that other did I take by force.

DEATH. Not?—why on earth then?—why not underground? 45

APOLLO. She was his ransom, she for whom thou comest.

DEATH. Yea, and will hale her deep beneath the earth.

APOLLO. Take her and go: I trow I shall not bend thee—

DEATH. To slay the victim due?—mine office this.

APOLLO. Nay, but to smite with death the ripe for death. 50

DEATH. I grasp thine argument—and thine earnestness!

APOLLO. And may Alcestis never see old age?

DEATH. Never:—should I not love mine honors too?

APOLLO. 'Tis soon or late,—thou canst but take one life.

DEATH. Yet mine the goodlier prize when die the young. 55

APOLLO. Though she die old, rich obsequies still are thine.

DEATH. Lo, Phœbus making laws to shield the rich!

APOLLO. How say'st thou?—thou a sophist unaware!

DEATH. Would wealth not buy the boon of dying old?

APOLLO. So then thou wilt not grant this grace to me? 60

DEATH. Nay surely—dost not know my wonted way?

APOLLO. Hateful to mortals this, and loathed of Gods.

DEATH. All things beyond thy rights thou canst not have.

APOLLO. Surely thou shalt forbear, though ruthless thou,

So mighty a man to Pheres' halls shall come, 65
Sent of Eurystheus forth, the courser-car

From winter-dreary lands of Thrace to bring.

Guest-welcomed in Admetus' palace here,
By force yon woman shall he wrest from thee.

Yea, thou of me shalt have no thank for this, 70
And yet shalt do it, and shalt have mine hate.

[Exit APOLLO.]

DEATH. Talk on, talk on: no profit shalt thou win.

This woman down to Hades' halls shall pass.

For her I go: my sword shall seal her ours:

For consecrated to the Nether Gods 75

Is every head whose hair this sword hath shorn.

[Exit DEATH.]

Enter Chorus, dividing to right and left, so that the sections answer one another till they unite at str. 2.

HALF-CHOR. 1. What meaneth this hush afront of the hall?

The home of Admetus, why voiceless all?

HALF-CHOR. 2. No friend of the house who should speak of its plight 79

Is nigh. who should bid that we raise the keen'

For the dead, or should tell us that yet on the light Alcestis looketh, and liveth the Queen, The daughter of Pelias, noblest, I ween—

Yea, in all men's sight
Most leal to her lord of all wives hath she been. 85

STROPHE I

HALF-CHOR. 1. Or hearest thou mourning or sighing

Or beating of hands,
Or the wail of bereaved ones outcryng?

No handmaid stands
At the palace-gate. 90

O Healer, appear for the dying, appear as a bright bird flying

'Twixt the surges of fate!

HALF-CHOR. 2. She lives!—were she dead, they had raised the keen.

HALF-CHOR. 1. Nay, a corpse is all that was once a queen.

HALF-CHOR. 2. But not forth of the doors is the death-train gone. 95

HALF-CHOR. 1. Whence cometh thine hope, which I boast not mine own?

HALF-CHOR. 2. Would the King without pomp of procession have yielded the grave the possession

Of so dear, of so faithful an one?

ANTISTROPHE I

HALF-CHOR. 1. Nor the cup in the gateway ap peareth,

From the spring that they bear
To the gate that pollution feareth,

Nor the severed hair
In the porch for the dead,

Which the mourner in bitterness sheareth, neither
beating of hands one heareth
On maiden's head. 105

HALF-CHOR. 2. Yet surely is this the appointed day—

HALF-CHOR. 1. Ah! what wilt thou say?

HALF-CHOR. 2. Whereon of her doom she must pass to the tomb.

HALF-CHOR. 1. With a keen pang's smart hast thou stabbed mine heart.

HALF-CHOR. 2. It is meet, when the good are as flowers plucked away, 110

That in sorrow's gloom
Should the breast of the old tried friend have part.

STROPHE 2

CHOR. Though ye voyage all seas,
Ye shall light on no lands,
Nor on Lycia's leas, 115
Nor Ammonian sands,
Whence redemption shall come for the wretched,
or loosing of Death's dread bands.

Doom's chasm hard by
Yawns fathomless-deep.
What availeth to cry 120
To the Gods, or to heap
Their altars with costly oblations, to plead with
the slaughter of sheep?

ANTISTROPHE 2

Ah, once there was one!—
Were life's light in the eyes
Of Phœbus's son, 125
Then our darling might rise
From the mansions of darkness, through portals of
Hades return to our skies;

For he raised up the dead,
Ere flashed from the heaven,
From Zeus' hand sped, 130
That bolt of the levin.
But now what remaineth to wait for?—what hope
of her life is given?

No sacrifice more
Unrendered remaineth;
No God, but the gore 135
From his altars down-raineth;
Yet healing is none for our ills, neither balm that
the spirit sustaineth.

Enter HANDMAID.

But hither cometh of the handmaids one,
Weeping the while. What tidings shall I hear?
For all afflictions that befall thy lords 140
Well mayst thou grieve; but if thy lady lives
Or even now hath passed, fain would we know.

HANDMAID. She liveth, and is dead: both mayst
thou say.

CHOR. Aye so!—how should the same be dead
and live?

HANDMAID. Even now she droopeth, gasping out
her life. 145

CHOR. O stricken king—how noble a queen thou
lowest!

HANDMAID. His depth of loss he knows not ere
it come.

CHOR. And hope—is no hope left her life to
save?

HANDMAID. None—for the day foredoomed con-
straineth her.

CHOR. Are all things meet, then, being done for
her? 150

HANDMAID. Yea, ready is burial-attire.

CHOR. Let her be sure that glorious she dies
And noblest far of woman 'neath the sun.

HANDMAID. Noblest?—how not?—what tongue
will dare gainsay?

What must the woman be who passeth her? 155
How could a wife give honor to her lord

More than by yielding her to die for him?
And this—yea, all the city knoweth this;

But what within she did, hear thou, and marvel.
For when she knew that the appointed day 160

Was come, in river-water her white skin
She bathed, and from the cedar-chests took forth

Vesture and jewels, and decked her gloriously,
And before Vesta's altar stood, and prayed:

"Queen, for I pass beneath the earth, I fall 165
Before thee now, and nevermore, and pray:—

Be mother to my orphans: mate with him
A loving wife, with her a noble husband.

Nor, as their mother dieth, so may they,
My children, die untimely, but with weal 170

In the home-land fill up a life of bliss."
To all the altars through Admetus' halls

She went, with wreaths she hung them, and she
prayed,

Plucking the while the tresses of the myrtle,
Tearless, unsighing, and the imminent fate 175

Changed not the lovely rose-tint of her cheek.
Then to her bower she rushed, fell on the bed;

And there, O there she went, and thus she speaks:
"O couch, whereon I loosed the maiden zone

For this man, for whose sake I die today, 180
Farewell: I hate thee not. Me hast thou slain

Me only: loth to fail thee and my lord
I die; but thee another bride shall own,

Not more true-hearted; happier perchance."

Then falls thereon, and kisses: all the bed 185
Is watered with the flood of melting eyes.

But having wept her fill of many tears,
Drooping she goeth, reeling from the couch;

Yet oft, as forth the bower she passed, returned,
And flung herself again upon the bed, 190

And the babes, clinging to their mother's robes,
Were weeping; and she clasped them in her arms,
Fondling now this, now that, as one death-doomed.

And all the servants 'neath the roof were weeping,
Pitying their lady. But to each she stretched 195
Her right hand forth; and none there was so mean
To whom she spake not and received reply.
Such are the ills Admetus' home within.

Now, had he died, he had ended; but, in 'scaping,
He bears a pain that he shall ne'er forget. 200

CHOR. Doth not Admetus groan for this affliction
Of such a noble wife to be bereft?

HANDMAID. Aye, weeps, and clasps his dear one
in his arms,
And prays, "Forsake me not!"—asking the while
The impossible, for still she wanes and wastes, 205
Drooping her hand, a misery-burdened weight;
But yet, albeit hardly breathing still,
To the sun's rays fain would she lift her eyes,
As nevermore, but for the last time now
Destined to see the sun's beam and his orb. 210
But I will go and make thy presence known:
For 'tis not all that love so well their kings
As to stand by them, in afflictions loyal.
But from of old my lords were loved of thee.

[Exit.]

Nine members of the Chorus chant successively:

CHOR. 1. O Zeus, for our lords is there naught
but despair? 215
No path through the tangle of evils, no loosing of
chains that have bound them?

CHOR. 2. No tidings?—remaineth but rending of
hair,

And the stricken ones turned to the tomb with the
garments of sorrow around them?

CHOR. 3. Even so—even so! yet uplift we in
prayer
Our hands to the Gods, for that power from the
days everlasting hath crowned them. 220

CHOR. 4. O Healer-king,
Find thou for Admetus the balm of relief, for the
captive deliverance!

CHOR. 5. Vouchsafe it, vouchsafe it, for heretofore
Hast thou found out a way; even now once
more

Pluck back our beloved from Hades' door, 225
Strike down Death's hand red-reeking with
gore!

CHOR. 6. Woe's me! woe's me!—let the woe-
dirge ring!

Ah, scion of Pheres, alas for thy lot, for love's long
severance!

CHOR. 7. For such things on his sword might a
man not fall,
Or knit up his throat in the noose 'twixt the
heaven and the earth that quivereth? 230

CHOR. 8. For his dear one—nay, but his dearest
of all
Shall he see on this day lying dead, while her spirit
by Lethe shivereth.

CHOR. 9. O look!—look yonder, where forth of
the hall
She cometh, and he at her side whose life by her
life she delivereth.

CHOR., UNITED. Cry, Land Pheræan, shrill the
keen! 235

Lift up thy voice to wail thy best
There dying, and thy queenliest
Slow wasting to the Gates Unseen!

Tell me not this, that wedlock brings
To them that wed more bliss than woe. 240
I look back to the long-ago;
I muse on these unhappiest things.

Lo, here a king—he forfeiteth
The truest heart, the noblest wife;
And what shall be henceforth his life? 245
A darkened day, a living death.

Enter female attendants supporting ALCESTIS, accompanied by ADMETUS and Children.

STROPHE 1

ALCES. O Sun, and the day's dear light,
And ye clouds through the wheeling heaven in the
race everlasting flying!

ADMET. He seeth thee and me, two stricken ones,
Which wrought the Gods no wrong, that thou
shouldst die.

ANTISTROPHE 1

ALCES. O Land, O stately height 250
Of mine halls, and my bridal couch in Iolcos my
fatherland lying!

ADMET. Uplift thee, hapless love, forsake me not,
And pray the mighty Gods in ruth to turn.

STROPHE 2

ALCES. I see the boat with the oars twin-sweeping,
And, his hand on the pole as in haste aye keeping, 255

Charon the Ferryman calleth, "What ho, wilt thou linger and linger?
Hasten,—tis thou dost delay me?" he crieth with beckoning finger.
ADMET. Ah me! a bitter ferrying this thou namest!
O evil-starred, what woes endure we now!

ANTISTROPHE 2

ALCES. One haleth me—haleth me hence to the mansion
260
Of the dead!—dost thou mark not the darkling expansion
Of the pinions of Hades, the blaze of his eyes 'neath their caverns out-glaring?
What wouldest thou?—Unhand me!—In anguish and pain by what path am I faring!
ADMET. Woeful to them that love thee: most to me
And to thy babes, sad sharers in this grief. 265

EPODE

ALCES. Let be—let me sink back to rest me:
There is no strength left in my feet.
Hades is near, and the night
Is darkening down on my sight.
Darlings, farewell: on the light 270
Long may ye look:—I have blessed ye
Ere your mother to nothingness fleet.
ADMET. Ah me! for thy word rusheth bitterness o'er me,
Bitterness passing the anguish of death!
Forsake me not now, by the Gods I implore thee.
By the babes thou wilt orphan, O yield not thy breath! 276
Look up, be of cheer: if thou diest, before me
Is nothingness. Living, we aye live thine,
And we die in thy death; for our hearts are a shrine 279
Wherein for thy love passing word we adore thee!

ALCES. Admetus,—for thou seest all my plight,—
Fain would I speak mine heart's wish ere I die.
I, honoring thee, and setting thee in place
Before mine own soul still to see this light,
Am dying, unconstrained to die for thee. 285
I might have wed what man Thessalian
I would, have dwelt wealth-crowned in princely halls;
Yet would not live on, torn away from thee,
With orphaned children: wherefore spared I not
The gifts of youth still mine, wherein I joyed. 290
Yet she that bare, he that begat, forsook thee,

Though fair for death their time of life was come,
Yea, fair, to save their son and die renowned.
Their own one wert thou: no hope there was
To get them sons thereafter, hadst thou died. 295
So had I lived, and thou, to after days:
Thou wert not groaning, of thy wife bereaved,
Thy children motherless. Howbeit this
Some God hath brought to pass: it was to be.
So be it. Remember thou what thank is due 300
For this,—I never can ask full requital;
For naught there is more precious than the life,—
And justly due; for these thy babes thou lovest
No less than I, if that thine heart be right.
Suffer that they have lordship in mine home: 305
Wed not a stepdame to supplant our babes,
Whose heart shall tell her she is no Alcestis,
Whose jealous hand shall smite them, thine and mine.
Do not, ah, do not this—I pray thee, I!
For the new stepdame hateth still the babes 310
Of her that's gone with more than viper-venom.
The boy—his father is his tower of strength
To whom to speak, of whom to win reply;
But, O my child, what girlhood will be thine?
To thee what would she be, thy father's yoke-mate? 315
What if with ill report she smirched thy name,
And in thy youth's flower marred thy marriage-hopes?
For thee thy mother ne'er shall deck for bridal,
Nor hearten thee in travail, O my child,
There, where naught gentler than the mother is.
For I must die; nor shall it be to-morn, 321
Nor on the third day comes on me this doom:
Straightway of them that are not shall I be.
Farewell, be happy. Now for thee, my lord,
Abides the boast to have won the noblest wife, 325
For you, my babes, to have sprung from noblest mother.

CHOR. Fear not; for I am bold to speak for him:
This will he do, an if he be not mad.

ADMET. It shall, it shall be, fear not: thou alone
Living wast mine; and dead, mine only wife 330
Shalt thou be called: nor ever in thy stead
Shall bride Thessalian hail me as her lord.
None is there of a father so high-born,
None so for beauty peerless among women.
Children enough have I: I pray the Gods 335
For joy in these—lost is our joy in thee!
Not for a year's space will I mourn for thee,
But long as this my life shall last, dear wife,
Loathing my mother, hating mine own sire,
For in word only, not in deed, they loved me. 340

Thou gav'st in ransom for my life thine all
Of precious, and didst save. Do I not well
To groan, who lose such yokefellow in thee?
Revels shall cease, and gatherings at the wine,
Garlands, and song, which wont to fill mine
house.

No, never more mine hand shall touch the lyre:
Nor will I lift up heart to sing to flute
Of Libya: stolen is life's joy with thee.
Fashioned by craftsmen's cunning hands, thy form
Imaged, shall lie as sleeping on a bed, 345
Falling whereon, and clasping with mine hands,
Calling thy name, in fancy shall mine arms
Hold my beloved, though I hold her not:—
A drear delight, I wot: yet shall I lift 354
The burden from my soul. In dreams shalt thou
Haunt me and gladden: sweet to see the loved,
Though but as fleeting phantoms of the night.
But, were the tongue and strain of Orpheus mine,
To witch Demeter's Daughter and her lord,
And out of Hades by my song to win thee, 360
I had fared down; nor Pluto's Hound had stayed
me,

Nor Spirit-wafter Charon at the oar,
Or ever I restored thy life to light.
Yet there look thou for me, whenso I die:
Prepare a home, as who shall dwell with me. 365
For in the selfsame cedar chest, wherein
Thou liest, will I bid them lay my bones
At thy side: never, not in death, from thee,
My one true loyal love, may I be sundered!

CHOR. Yea, I withal will mourn, as friend with
friend, 370
With thee for this thy wife, for she is worthy.

ALCES. My children, ye yourselves have heard all
this,

Have heard your father pledge him ne'er to wed
For your oppression and for my dishonor. 374

ADMET. Yea, now I say it, and I will perform.

ALCES. On these terms take the children from
mine hand.

ADMET. I take them—precious gift from precious
hand.

ALCES. Thou in my stead be a mother now to
these.

ADMET. I must, I must—they are bereft of thee!

ALCES. Darlings, when most I need to live, I
die. 380

ADMET. Ah me!—what shall I do, forlorn of
thee?

ALCES. Thy wound shall time heal:—nothingness
are the dead.

ADMET. Take me, ah take me with thee to the
grave!

ALCES. Suffice it that one dies—she dies for thee.
ADMET. O Fate, of what a wife dost thou bereave
me! 385

ALCES. Dark—dark—mine eyes are drooping,
heavy-laden.

ADMET. Oh, I am lost if thou wilt leave me,
wife!

ALCES. No more—I am no more: as naught ac-
count me.

ADMET. Uplift thy face: forsake not thine own
children!

ALCES. Sore loth do I—yet O farewell, my babes!

ADMET. Look on them—look! 391

ALCES. Nothing am I henceforth,

ADMET. Ah, leav'st thou us?

ALCES. Farewell. [Dies.]

ADMET. O wretch undone!

CHOR. Gone,—gone! No more she lives, Ad-
metus' wife!

STROPHE

EUM. Woe for my lot!—to the tomb hath my
mother descended, descended!

Never again, O my father, she seeth the light of
the sun 395

In anguish she leaves us forsaken: the story is
ended, is ended,

Of her sheltering love, and the tale of the moth-
erless life is begun.

Look—look on her eyelids, her hands drooping
nerveless! O hear me, O hear me!

It is I—I beseech thee, my mother!—thine own
little, own little bird!

It is I—O, I cast me upon thee—thy lips are so
near me, so near me; 400

Unto mine am I pressing them, mother!—I
plead for a word—but a word!

ADMET. With her who heareth not, nor seeth: ye
And I are stricken with a heavy doom.

ANTISTROPHE

EUM. And I am but a little one, father—so
young, and forsaken, forsaken,

Forlorn of my mother—O hapless! a weariful
lot shall be mine! 405

And thou, little maiden, my sister, the burden hast
taken, hast taken,

Which thy brother may bear not alone, and a
weariful lot shall be thine.

O father, of long-living love was thy marriage un-
cherished, uncherished:

Thou hast won not the goal of old age with the
love of thy youth at thy side;

For, or ever she came to the fullness of days, she
hath perished, hath perished; 410

And the home is a wreck and a ruin, for thou,
O my mother, hast died!

CHOR. Admetus, this affliction must thou bear.

Not first of mortals thou, nor thou the last
Hast lost a noble wife; and, be thou sure,
From us, from all, this debt is due—to die. 415

ADMET. I know it: nowise unforeseen this ill
Hath swooped on me: long anguished I foreknew
it.

But—for to burial must I bear my dead—
Stay ye, and, tarrying, echo back my wail
To that dark God whom no drink-offerings move.
And all Thessalians over whom I rule 421

I bid take part in mourning for this woman
With shaven head and sable-shrouding robe.
And ye which yoke the cars four-horsed, or
steeds

Of single frontlet, shear with steel their manes.
Music of flutes the city through, or lyres, 426
Be none, while twelve moons round their circles
out:

For dearer dead, or kinder unto me
I shall not bury: worthy of mine honor
Is she, for she alone hath died for me. 430

[Exit with attendants bearing in the corpse.]

STROPHE I

CHOR. O Pelias' daughter, I hail thee:
I wave thee eternal farewell
To thine home where the darkness must veil thee,
Where in Hades unsunned thou shalt dwell.
Know, Dark-haired, thy gray Spirit-wafter 435
Hath sped not with twy-plashing oar
Woman nobler, nor shall speed hereafter
To Acheron's shore.

ANTISTROPHE I

For the seven-stringed shell, or for pæan
Unharped, shall thy fame be a song, 440
When o'er Sparta the moon Carnean
High rideth the whole night long.
And in Athens the wealthy and splendid
Shall thy name on her bards' lips ring;
Such a theme hast thou left to be blended
With the lays that they sing. 445

STROPHE 2

O that the power were but in me,
From the chambers of Hades, to light,
And from streams of Cocytus, to win thee
With the oar of the River of Night! 450

O dear among women, strong-hearted
From Hades to ransom thy lord!
Never spirit in such wise departed.

Light lie on thee, Lady, the sward!
And, if ever thine husband shall mate him 455
Again with a bride in thy stead,
I will loathe him, his children shall hate him,
The babes of the dead.

ANTISTROPHE 2

When his mother would not be contented
To hide her for him in the tomb, 460
Nor his gray-haired father consented,
Unholpen he looked on his doom.
Whom they bare—the hard-hearted!—they cared
not,
Though hoary their locks were, to save!
Thou art gone, for thy great love spared not 465
Thy blossom of youth from the grave.
Ah, may it be mine, such communion
Of hearts!—tis vouchsafed unto few:—
Then ours should be sorrowless union
Our life-days through. 470

Enter HERCULES.

HERC. Strangers, who dwell in this Pheræan land,
Say, do I find Admetus in his home?

CHOR. Hercules, in his home is Phœbes' son.
Yet say, what brings thee to Thessalian land, 474
That thou shouldst come to this Pheræan town?

HERC. A toil for King Eurystheus, lord of Tiryns.
CHOR. And whither journeyest? To what wan-
derings yoked?

HERC. For Thracian Diomedes' four-horsed car.
CHOR. How canst thou? Sure he is unknown to
thee! 479

HERC. Unknown: Bistonian land I never saw.
CHOR. Not save by battle may those steeds be
won.

HERC. Yet flinch I may not from the appointed
toils.

CHOR. Thy life or his—a triumph or a grave.
HERC. Not this the first time I have run such
course. 484

CHOR. What profit is it if thou slay their lord?
HERC. Those steeds shall I drive back to Tiryns'
king.

CHOR. Hard task, to set the bit betwixt their jaws.

HERC. That shall I, if their nostrils breathe not fire.

CHOR. Yea, but with ravening jaws do they rend men.

HERC. Go to—thus mountain-wolves, not horses, feast.

CHOR. Nay, thou canst see their cribs besprent with gore.

HERC. Whom boasteth he for father, he that reared them?

CHOR. Ares, the lord of Thracia's golden shields.

HERC. Thou say'st: such toil my fate imposeth still,

Harsh evermore, uphillward straining aye, 495

If I must still in battle close with sons

Gotten of Ares; with Lycaon first,
And Cycnus then; and lo, I come to grapple—

The third strife this—with yon steeds and their lord.

But the man lives not who shall ever see 500

Alcmena's son flinch from a foeman's hand.

CHOR. Lo, there himself, the ruler of the realm,
Admetus, cometh forth his palace-hall.

Enter Admetus.

ADMET. Joy to thee, sprung from Zeus' and Perseus' blood! 504

HERC. Admetus, joy to thee, Thessalia's king!

ADMET. [aside]. Joy?—would 'twere mine!
[aloud] Thanks!—thy good heart I know.

HERC. Wherefore for mourning shaven show'st thou thus?

ADMET. This day must I commit to earth a corpse.

HERC. Now heaven forfend thou mourn'st for children dead!

ADMET. In mine home live the babes whom I begat. 510

HERC. Sooth, death-ripe were thy sire, if he be gone.

ADMET. He liveth, and my mother, Hercules.

HERC. Surely, O surely, not thy wife, Admetus?

ADMET. Twofold must be mine answer touching her.

HERC. Or hath she died, say'st thou, or liveth yet? 515

ADMET. She is, and she is not: here lies my grief.

HERC. Nothing the more I know: dark sayings thine.

HERC. I know she pledged herself to die for thee.

ADMET. How lives she then, if she to this consented? 520

HERC. Mourn not thy wife ere dead: abide the hour.

ADMET. One doomed is dead; the dead hath ceased to be.

HERC. Diverse are these—to be and not to be.

ADMET. This, Hercules, thy sentence: that is mine.

HERC. But now, why weep'st thou? What dear friend is dead? 525

ADMET. A woman—hers the memory we mourn.

HERC. Some stranger born, or nigh of kin to thee?

ADMET. A stranger born: yet near and dear to us.

HERC. How died a stranger then in house of thine?

ADMET. An orphan here she dwelt, her father dead. 530

HERC. Would I had found thee mourning not, Admetus.

ADMET. Aye so?—what purpose lurketh 'neath thy word?

HERC. On will I to another host's hearth-welcome.

ADMET. It cannot be: may no such grief befall!

HERC. A burden unto mourners comes the guest.

ADMET. Dead are the dead:—but enter thou mine house. 536

HERC. 'Twere shame to banquet in the house of weeping.

ADMET. Aloof the guest-halls are where we will lodge thee.

HERC. Let me pass on: so earn my thanks untold. 539

ADMET. Unto another's hearth thou canst not go.

[To an attendant] Ho thou, lead on: open the guest-halls looking

Away from these our chambers. Tell my stewards To set on meat in plenty. Shut withal

The mid-court doors: it fits not that the guests, 544

The while they feast, hear wailings, and be vexed.

[Exit HERCULES.]

CHOR. What dost thou?—such affliction at the door,

And guests for thee, Admetus? Art thou mad?

ADMET. But had I driven him from my home and city

Who came my guest, then hadst thou praised me more?

And to mine ills were added this beside,
That this my home were called "Guest-hating
Hall."

Yea, and myself have proved him kindliest host
Whene'er to Argos' thirsty plain I fared. 555

CHOR. Why hide then the dread Presence in the
house,
When came a friend? Thyself hast named him
friend.

ADMET. Never had he been won to pass my
doors,
Had he one whit of mine afflictions known.
To some, I wot, not wise herein I seem, 560
Nor will such praise: but mine halls have not
learnt
To thrust away nor to dishonor guests.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Halls thronged of the guests ever wel-
come, O dwelling
Of a hero, for ever the home of the free, 564
The Lord of the lyre-strings sweet beyond telling,
Apollo, hath deignèd to sojourn in thee,
Amid thine habitations, a shepherd of sheep,
The flocks of Admetus he scorned not to keep,
While the shepherds' bridal-strains, soft-swell-
ing 569
From his pipe, pealed over the slant-sloped lea.

ANTISTROPHE I

And the spotted lynxes for joy of thy singing
Mixed with thy flocks; and from Othrys' dell
Trooped tawny lions: the witchery-winging
Notes brought dancing around thy shell,
Phœbus, the dappled fawn from the shadow 575
Of the tall-tressed pines tripping forth to the
meadow,
Beating time to the chime of the rapture-ringng
Music, with light feet tranced by its spell.

STROPHE 2

Wherefore the flocks of my lord unnumbered
By the Boebian mere fair-rippling stray: 580
Where the steeds of the sun halt, darkness-cum-
bered,
By Molessian mountains, far away
The borders lie of his golden grain,
And his rolling stretches of pasture-plain; 584
And the havenless beach Ægean hath slumbered
Under Pelion long 'neath the peace of his sway.

ANTISTROPHE 2

And now, with the tears from his eyes fast-raining,
Wide hath he opened his doors to the guest,
While newly his heart 'neath its burden is strain-
ing,

For the wife that hath died in his halls dis-
tressed. 590

For to honor's heights are the high-born lifted,
And the good are with truest wisdom gifted;
And there broods on mine heart bright trust un-
waning

That the god-reverer shall yet be blest.

ADMET. O kindly presence of Pheræan men, 595
This corpse even now, with all things meet, my
servants

Bear on their shoulders to the tomb and pyre.
Wherefore, as custom is, hail ye the dead,
On the last journey as she goeth forth.

CHOR. Lo, I behold thy sire with aged foot 600
Advancing: his attendants in their hands
Bear ornaments to deck the dead withal.

Enter PHERES with attendants bearing gifts.

PHER. I come in thine afflictions sorrowing, son:
A noble wife and virtuous hast thou lost,
None will gainsay: yet these calamities 605

We needs must bear, how hard to bear soever.
Receive these ornaments, and let her pass
Beneath the earth: well may the corpse be honored

Of her who for thy life's sake died, my son;
Who made me not unchilded, left me not 610
Forlorn of thee to pine in woeful eld.

In all her sisters' eyes she hath crowned her life
With glory, daring such a deed as this.

O savior of my son, who hast raised us up
In act to fall, all hail! May bliss be thine 615
Even in Hades. Thus to wed, I say,
Profiteth men—or nothing-worth is marriage.

ADMET. Not bidden of me to her burial comest
thou,

Nor count I thine the presence of a friend.
Thine ornaments she never shall put on; 620
She shall be buried needing naught of thine.
Thou grieve!—thou shouldst have grieved in my
death-hour!

Thou stood'st aloof—the old, didst leave the young
To die:—and wilt thou wail upon this corpse?
Wast thou not, then, true father of my body? 625
Did she that said she bare me, and was called
Mother, not give me birth? Of bondman blood
To thy wife's breast was I brought privily?

Put to the test, thou showdest who thou art,
And I account me not thy true-born son. 630
Peerless of men in soulless cowardice!
So old, and standing on the verge of life,
Thou hadst no will, no heart hadst thou to die
For thine own son? Ye let her die, a woman
Not of our house, whom I with righteous cause
Might count alone my mother and my father. 636
Yet here was honor, hadst thou dared the strife,
In dying for thy son. A paltry space
To cling to life in any wise was left.
Then had I lived, and she, through days to come,
Nor I, left lorn, should thus mine ills bemoan. 641
Yet all that may the fortunate betide
Fell to thy lot; in manhood's prime a king,
Me hadst thou son and heir unto thine house,
So that thou wast not, dying, like to leave 645
A childless home for stranger folk to spoil.
Nor canst thou say that flouting thy gray hairs
I had giv'n thee up to death, whose reverence
For thee was passing word:—and this the thank
That thou and she that bare me render me! 650
Wherefore, make haste: beget thee other sons
To foster thy gray hairs, to compass thee.
With death's observance, and lay out thy corpse.
Not I with this mine hand will bury thee.
For thee dead am I. If I see the light,— 655
Another savior found,—I call me son
To him, and loving fosterer of his age.
With false lips pray the old for death's release,
Plaining of age and weary-wearing time.
Let death draw near—who hails his coming?
None: 660
No more is eld a burden unto them.

CHOR. O hush! Suffice the affliction at the doors.
O son, infuriate not thy father's soul.

PHER. Son, whom, think'st thou—some Lydian
slave or Phrygian
Bought with thy money?—thus beratest thou? 665
What, know'st thou not that I Thessalian am,
Sprung from Thessalian sire, free man true-born?
This insolence passeth!—hurling malapert words
On me, not lightly thus shalt thou come off!
Thee I begat and nurtured, of mine house 670
The heir: no debt is mine to die for thee.
Not from my sires such custom I received
That sires for sons should die: no Greek law this.
Born for thyself wast thou, to fortune good
Or evil: all thy dues from me thou hast. 675
O'er many folk thou rulest; wide demesnes
Shall I leave thee: to me my father left them.
What is my wrong, my robbery of thee?
For me die thou not, I die not for thee.

Thou joy'st to see light—shall thy father joy not?
Sooth, I account our time beneath the earth 681
Long, and our life-space short, yet is it sweet.
Shamelessly hast thou fought against thy death:
Thy life is but transgression of thy doom
And murder of thy wife! My cowardice!— 685
This from thee, dastard, by a woman outdone
Who died for thee, the glorious-gallant youth!
Cunning device hast thou devised to die
Never, cajoling still wife after wife
To die for thee!—and dost revile thy friends 690
Who will not so—and thou the coward, thou?
Peace! e'en bethink thee, if thou lov'st thy life,
So all love theirs. Thou, if thou speakest evil
Of us, shalt hear much evil, and that true.

CHOR. Ye have said too much, thou now, and he
before. 695
Refrain, old sire, from railing on thy son.

ADMET. Say on, say on; I have said: if hearing
truth
Gall thee, thou shouldest not have done me wrong.

PHER. I had done more wrong, had I died for
thee.

ADMET. What, for the young and old is death the
same? 700
PHER. One life to live, not twain—this is our due.

ADMET. Have thy desire—one life everlasting
Zeus.

PHER. Dost curse thy parents, who hast had no
wrong?

ADMET. Aye, whom I marked love-sick for date-
less life.

PHER. What?—art not burying her in thine own
stead? 705
ADMET. A token, dastard, of thy cowardice.

PHER. I did her not to death: thou canst not
say it.

ADMET. Mayest thou feel thy need of me some
day!

PHER. Woo many women, that the more may
die.

ADMET. This taunt strikes thee—'tis thou wast
loth to die. 710
PHER. Sweet is yon sun-god's light, yea, it is
sweet.

ADMET. Base is thy spirit, and unmeet for men.

PHER. Not mine old corpse to the grave thou
bear'st with glee!

ADMET. Yet, when thou diest, in ill fame shalt
thou die.

PHER. Ill fame is naught to me when I have
died. 715

ADMET. Hear him! how full of shamelessness
is eld!

PHER. Not shameless she,—but senseless hast
thou found her.

ADMET. Begone: leave me to bury this my dead.
PHER. I go: her murderer will bury her!

Thou shalt yet answer for it to her kin. 720
Surely Acastus is no more a man,
If he of thee claim not his sister's blood.

[Exit.]

ADMET. Avaunt, with her that kenneleth with
thee!

Childless grow old, as ye deserve, while lives
Your child: ye shall not come beneath one roof 725
With me. If need were to renounce by heralds
Thine hearth paternal, I had renounced it now.
Let us—for we must bear the present ill—
Pass on, to lay our dead upon the pyre.

CHOR. Alas for the loving and daring! 730
Farewell to the noblest and best!

May Hermes conduct thee down-faring
Kindly, and Hades to rest
Receive thee! If any atonement
For ills even there may betide 735

To the good, O thine be enthronement
By Hades' bride!

[Exeunt OMNES in funeral procession.]

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Full many a guest, from many a land
which came

Unto Admetus' dwelling, have I known,
Have set before them meat: but never guest 740

More pestilent received I to this hearth:
Who first, albeit he saw my master mourning,

Entered, and passed the threshold unashamed;
Then, nowise courteously received the fare 744

Found with us, though our woeful plight he knew,
But, what we brought not, hectoring bade us bring.

The ivy cup uplifts he in his hands,
And swills the darkling mother's fiery blood,

Till the wine's flame enwrapped him, heating him.
Then did he wreath his head with myrtle sprays,

Dissonant-howling. Diverse strains were heard: 751
For he sang on, regardless all of ills

Darkening Admetus' house; we servants wept
Our mistress: yet we showed not to the guest

Eyes tear-bedewed, for so Admetus bade. 755

And now within the house must I be feasting
This guest,—a lawless thief, a bandit rogue,

While forth the house she is borne! I followed not,
Nor stretched the hand, nor wailed unto my mis-

tress

Farewell, who was to me and all the household 760
A mother; for from ills untold she saved us,
Assuaging her lord's wrath. Do I not well
To loathe this guest, intruder on our griefs?

Enter HERCULES.

HERC. Ho, fellow, why this solemn brooding
look?

The servant should not lower upon the guest, 765
But welcome him with kindly-beaming cheer.

Thou, seeing here in presence thy lord's friend,
With visage sour and cloud of knitted brows
Receiv'st him, fretting o'er an alien grief.

Hither to me, that wiser thou mayst grow. 770
The lot of man—its nature knowest thou?

I trow not: how shouldst thou? Give ear to me.
From all mankind the debt of death is due,
Nor of all mortals is there one that knows

If through the coming morrow he shall live: 775
For trackless is the way of fortune's feet,

Not to be taught, nor won by art of man.
This hearing then, and learning it from me,
Make merry, drink: the life from day to day

Account thine own, all else in fortune's power.
Honor withal the sweetest of the Gods 781

To men, the Cyprian Queen—a gracious Goddess!
Away with other thoughts, and heed my words,
If thou dost think I speak wise words and true:

So think I. Hence with sorrow overwrought; 785
Rise above this affliction: drink with me,

Thy brows with garlands bound. Full well I wot,
From all this lowering spirit prison-pent
Thine anchor shall Sir Beaker's plash upheave.

What, man!—the mortal must be mortal-minded.
So, for your solemn wights of knitted brows, 791
For each and all,—if thou for judge wilt take me,—
Life is not truly life, but mere affliction.

SERV. All this we know: but now are we in
plight

Not meet for laughter and for revelry. 795

HERC. The woman dead is alien-born: grieve not
Exceeding much. Yet live the household's lords.

SERV. Live, quotha!—know'st thou not the house's
ills?

HERC. Yea, if thy master lied not unto me.

SERV. Guest-fain he is—ah, guest-fain overmuch!

HERC. A stranger dead—and no guest-cheer for
me? 801

SERV. O yea, an alien—overmuch an alien!

HERC. Ha! was he keeping some affliction back?

SERV. Go thou in peace: our lord's ills are for us.

*Turns away; but HERCULES seizes him, and makes
him face him.*

HERC. Grief for a stranger—such words mean
not that! 805

SERV. Else had I not sore vexed beheld thy revel.
HERC. How! have I sorry handling of mine
hosts?

SERV. Thou cam'st in hour unmeet for welcom-
ing,
For grief is on us; and thou see'st shorn hair
And vesture of black robes.

HERC. But who hath died?
Not of the children one, or gray-haired sire? 811

SERV. Nay, but Admetus' wife is dead, O guest.
HERC. How say'st thou?—Ha, even then ye gave
me welcome?

SERV. For shame he could not thrust thee from
these doors.

HERC. O hapless! what a helpmeet hast thou
lost! 815

SERV. We have all perished, and not she alone.
HERC. I felt it, when I saw his tear-drowned eyes,
His shaven hair, his face: yet he prevailed,
Saying he bare a stranger-friend to burial.

I passed this threshold in mine heart's despite, 820
And drank in halls of him that loves the guest,
When thus his plight! And am I reveling
With wreathed head? O my friend, that thou
shouldst say

Naught, when on thine home such affliction
lay! . . . 824

Where doth he bury her? Where shall I find her?
SERV. By the straight path that leads Larissa-
wards

Shalt see the hewn-stone tomb without the walls.

HERC. O much-enduring heart and hand of mine,
Now show what son the Lady of Tiryns bare,
Electryon's child Alcmena, unto Zeus. 830

For I must save the woman newly dead,
And set Alcestis in this house again
And render to Admetus good for good.

I go. The sabled-vestured King of Corpses,
Death, will I watch for, and shall find, I trow, 835
Drinking the death-draught hard beside the tomb.
And if I lie in wait, and dart from ambush,
And seize, and with mine arms' coil compass him,
None is there shall deliver from mine hands
His straining sides, ere he yield up his prey. 840

Yea, though I miss the quarry, and he come not
Unto the blood-clot, to the sunless homes
Down will I fare of Cora and her King,
And make demand. I doubt not I shall lead
Alcestis up, and give to mine host's hands, 845
Who to his halls received, nor drove me thence,
Albeit smitten with affliction sore;

But hid it, like a prince, respecting me.
Who is more guest-fain of Thessalians?
Who in all Hellas? O, he shall not say
That one so princely showed a base man kindness. 850

[Exit.]

*Enter ADMETUS, with Chorus and attendants, re-
turning from the funeral.*

ADMET. O hateful returning!
O hateful to see
Drear halls full of yearning
For the lost—ah me!

What aim or what rest have I?—silence or speech,
of what help shall they be?

Would God I were dead!
O, I came from the womb
To a destiny dread!
Ah, those in the tomb—

How I envy them! How I desire them, and long
to abide in their home!

To mine eyes nothing sweet
Is the light of the heaven,
Nor the earth to my feet;
Such a helpmeet is riven

By Death from my side, and my darling to Hades
the spoiler hath given. 865

STROPHE

CHOR. Pass on thou, and hide thee
In thy chambers.

ADMET. Ah woe!

CHOR. Wail the griefs that betide thee:
How canst thou but so? 870

ADMET. O God!

CHOR. Thou hast passed through deep
waters of anguish—I know it, I know.

ADMET. Woe! darkest of days!

CHOR. No help bringeth this
To thy love in that place.

ADMET. Woe!

CHOR. Bitter it is 875
The face of a wife well-beloved for ever and ever
to miss.

ADMET. Thou hast stricken mine heart
Where the wound will not heal.
What is worse than to part
From the loving and leal? 880

Would God I had wedded her not, home-bliss with
Alcestis to feel!

O, I envy the lot
Of the man without wife,

Without child: single-wrought
Is the strand of his life: 885
No soul-crushing burden of sorrow, no strength-overmastering strife.
But that children should sicken,
That gloom of despair
Over bride-beds should thicken,
What spirit can bear, 890
When childless, unwedded, a man through life's calm journey might fare?

ANTISTROPHE

CHOR. Thee Fortune hath met,
Strong wrestler, and thrown;
Yet no bounds hast thou set—
ADMET. Woe's me!—

CHOR. To thy moan. 895
O, thy burden is heavy!

ADMET. Alas!
CHOR. Yet endure it: thou art not alone.
Not thou art the first
Of bereaved ones.

ADMET. Ah me!
CHOR. Such tempest hath burst 900
Upon many ere thee.

Unto each his mischance, when the surges roll up
from Calamity's sea.

ADMET. O long grief and pain
For beloved ones passed!
Why didst thou restrain,
When myself I had cast 905

Down into her grave, with the noblest to lie peace-lulled at the last?
Not one soul, but two
Had been Hades' prey,
Souls utterly true 910
United for aye,

Which together o'er waves of the underworld-mere had passed this day.

STROPHE

CHOR. Of my kin was there one,
And the life's light failed
In his halls of a son, 915
One meet to be wailed,
His only beloved: howbeit the manhood within
him prevailed;
And the ills heaven-sent
As a man did he bear,
Though by this was he bent 920
Unto silvered hair.

Far on in life's path, without son for his remnant
of weakness to care.

ADMET. O, how can I tread
Thy threshold, fair home? 925
How shelter mine head
'Neath thy roof, now the doom

Of my fate's dice changeth?—ah me, what change
upon all things is come!

For with torches afame
Of the Pelian pine,
And with bride-song I came 930
In that hour divine,

Upbearing the hand of a wife—thine hand, O darling mine!

Followed revelers, raising
Acclaim: ever broke
From the lips of them praising, 935
Of the dead as they spoke,

And of me, how the noble, the children of kings,
Love joined 'neath his yoke.

But for bridal song
Is the wail for the dead,
And, for white-robed throng, 940
Black vesture hath led

Me to halls where the ghost of delight lieth
couched on a desolate bed.

ANTISTROPHE

CHOR. To the trance of thy bliss
Sudden anguish was brought.
Never lesson like this 945
To thine heart had been taught:

Yet thy life hast thou won, and thy soul hast delivered from death:—is it naught?

Thy wife hath departed:
Love tender and true
Hath she left:—stricken-hearted, 950
Wherein is this new?

Hath Death not unyoked from the chariot of Love
full many ere you?

ADMET. Friends, I account the fortune of my wife

Happier than mine, albeit it seem not so.
For naught of grief shall touch her any more, 955
And glorious rest she finds from many toils.

But I, unmeet to live, my doom outrun,
Shall drag out bitter days: I know it now.

How shall I bear to enter this mine home? 959
Speaking to whom, and having speech of whom,

Shall I find joy of entering?—whither turn me?
The solitude within shall drive me forth,

Whense I see my wife's couch tenantless 963

And seats whereon she sat, and, 'neath the roof,
All foul the floor; when on my knees my babes
Falling shall weep their mother, servants moan
The peerless mistress from the mansion lost.
All this within: but from the world without
Me shall Thessalian bridals chase, and throngs
Where women gossip—oh, I shall not bear 970
On these, young matrons like my wife, to look!
And whatsoever foe I have shall scoff:
“Lo there who basely liveth—dared not die,
“But whom he wedded gave, a coward's ransom,
“And 'scaped from Hades. Count ye him a man?
“He hates his parents, though himself was loth 976
“To die!” Such ill report, besides my griefs,
Shall mine be. Ah, what honor is mine to live,
O friends, in evil fame, in evil plight?

STROPHE I

CHOR. I have mused on the words of the wise,
 Of the mighty in song; 981
I have lifted mine heart to the skies,
I have searched all truth with mine eyes;
 But naught more strong
Than Fate have I found: there is naught 985
 In the tablets of Thrace,
Neither drugs wherof Orpheus taught,
Nor in all that Apollo brought
 To Asclepius' race,
When the herbs of healing he severed, and out of
 their anguish delivered 990
The pain-distraught.

ANTISTROPHE I

There is none other Goddess beside
 To the altars of whom
No man draweth near, nor hath cried
To her image, nor victim hath died, 995
 Averting her doom.
O Goddess, more mighty for ill
 Come not upon me
Than in days overpast: for his will
Even Zeus may in no wise fulfill 1000
 Unholpen of thee.
Steel is molten as water before thee, but never re-
 lenting came o'er thee,
Who art ruthless still.

STROPHE II

Thee, friend, hath the Goddess gripped: from her
 hands never wrestler hath slipped.

Yet be strong to endure: never mourning shall
 bring our beloved returning 1005
From the nethergloom up to the light.
Yea, the heroes of Gods begotten,
They fade into darkness, forgotten
 In death's chill night.
Dear was she in days ere we lost her, 1010
 Dear yet, though she lie with the dead.
None nobler shall Earth-mother foster
 Than the wife of thy bed.

ANTISTROPHE II

Not as mounds of the dead which have died, so
 account we the tomb of thy bride:
But O, let the worship and honor that we render to
 Gods rest upon her: 1015

Unto her let the wayfarer pray.
As he treadeth the pathway that trendeth
 Aside from the highway, and bendet
 At her shrine, he shall say:
“Her life for her lord's was given; 1020
 With the Blest now abides she on high.
Hail, Queen, show us grace from thine heaven!”
 Even so shall they cry.

But lo, Alcmena's son, as seemeth, yonder,
Admetus, to thine hearth is journeying. 1025

Enter HERCULES, leading a woman wholly veiled.

HERC. Unto a friend behoveth speech outspoken,
Admetus, not to hide within the breast
Murmurs unvoiced. I came mid thine affliction:
Fair claim was mine to rank amidst thy friends:
Thou told'st me not how lay thy wife a corpse;
Thou gavest me guest-welcome in thine home, 1031
Making pretense of mourning for a stranger.
I wreathed mine head, I spilled unto the Gods
Drink-offerings in a stricken house, even thine.
I blame thee, thus mishandled, yea, I blame; 1035
Yet nowise is my will to gall thy grief.
But wherefore hither turning back I come,
This will I tell. Take, guard for me this maid,
Till, leading hitherward the Thracian mares,
I come from slaughter of Bistonia's lord. 1040
But if I fall—no, no! I *must* return!—
I give her then, for service of thine halls.

Prize of hard toil unto mine hands she came:
For certain men I found but now arraying
An athlete-strife, toil-worthy, for all comers, 1045
Whence I have won and bring this victor's meed.
Horses there were for them to take which won
The light foot's triumph; but for hero-strife,
Boxing and wrestling, oxen were the guerdon;

A woman made it richer. Shame it seemed
To hap thereon, and slip this glorious gain.
But, as I said, this woman be thy care;
For no thief's prize, but toil-achieved, I bring her.
Yea, one day thou perchance shalt say 'twas well.

ADMET. Not flouting thee, nor counting among
foes,

My wife's unhappy fate I hid from thee.
But this had been but grief uppiled on grief,
Hadst thou sped hence to be another's guest;
And mine own ills sufficed me to bewail.
Yon maid—I pray thee, if it may be, prince, 1050
Bid some Thessalian ward her, who hath not
Suffered as I: thou hast many friends in Pheræ.
Oh, waken not remembrance of my grief!
I could not, seeing her mine halls within,
Be tearless: add not hurt unto mine hurt; 1060
Burdened enough am I by mine affliction.
Nay, in mine house where should a young maid
lodge?—

For vesture and adorning speak her young:—
What, 'neath the men's roof shall her lodging be?
And how unsullied, dwelling with young men?
Not easy is it, Hercules, to curb 1071
The young: herein do I take thought for thee.
Or shall I ope to her my dead wife's bower?
How!—cause her to usurp my lost love's bed?
Twofold reproach I dread—first, from my folk,
Lest any say that, traitor to my savior, 1076
I fall upon another woman's bed;
Then, from my dead wife—oh, she is reverenceworthy!—

Of her must I be heedful. Woman, thou
Whoso thou art, know that thy body's stature
Is as Alcestis, and thy form as hers. 1081
Ah me!—lead, for the Gods' sake, from my sight
This woman! Take not my captivity captive.
For, as I look on her, methinks I see
My wife: she stirs mine heart with turmoil: foun-
tains

1085
Of tears burst from mine eyes. O wretched I!
Now first I taste this grief's full bitterness.

CHOR. In sooth thy fortune can I not commend:
Yet all Heaven's visitations must we bear.

HERC. O that such might I had as back to bring
To light thy wife from nethergloom abodes, 1091
And to bestow this kindness upon thee!

ADMET. Fain would'st thou, well I know. But
wherefore this?

It cannot be the dead to light should come.
HERC. O'ershoot not thou the mark; bear bravely
all.

1050

1060

1071

1085

1095

ADMET. Easier to exhort than suffer and be
strong.

HERC. But what thy profit, though for aye thou
moan?

ADMET. I too know this; yet love drives me dis-
traught.

HERC. Love for the lost—aye, that draws forth
the tear.

ADMET. She hath undone me more than words
can tell.

HERC. A good wife hast thou lost, who shall
gainsay?

ADMET. So that thy friend hath no more joy in
life.

HERC. Time shall bring healing; now is thy grief
young.

ADMET. Time—time?—O yea, if this thy Time
be Death!

HERC. A young wife, new love-yearning, shall
console thee.

ADMET. Hush!—what say'st thou?—I could not
think thereon!

HERC. How?—wilt not wed, but widowed keep
thy couch?

ADMET. Lives not the woman that shall couch
with me.

HERC. Look'st thou that this shall profit aught
the dead?

ADMET. I needs must honor her where'er she
be.

HERC. Good—good—yet this the world calls
foolishness.

ADMET. So be it, so thou call me bridegroom
never.

HERC. I praise thee, in that leal thou art to her.

ADMET. I?—false to her, though dead?—may I
die first!

HERC. Receive this woman then these halls
within.

ADMET. Nay!—I implore thee by thy father
Zeus!

HERC. Yet shalt thou err if thou do not this
thing.

ADMET. Yet shall mine heart be tortured, if I do
it.

HERC. Yield thou: this grace may prove per-
chance a duty.

ADMET. O that in strife thou ne'er hadst won
this maid!

HERC. Yet thy friend's victory is surely thine.

ADMET. Well said: yet let the woman hence
depart.

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HERC. Yea—if need be. First look well—need it be?

ADMET. Needs must—save thou wilt else be wroth with me.

HERC. I too know what I do, insisting thus. 1125

ADMET. Have then thy will: thy pleasure is my pain.

HERC. Yet one day shalt thou praise me: only yield.

ADMET. [to attendants]. Lead ye her, if mine halls must needs receive.

HERC. Nay, to no servants' hands will I commit her.

ADMET. Thou lead her in then, if it seems thee good. 1130

HERC. Nay, but in thine hands will I place her—thine.

ADMET. I will not touch her! Open stand my doors.

HERC. Unto thy right hand only trust I her.

ADMET. King, thou dost force me, sore against my will!

HERC. Be strong: stretch forth thine hand and touch thy guest. 1135

ADMET. [turning his face away]. I do, as one who doth behead a Gorgon.

HERC. Hast her?

ADMET. I have.

HERC. Yea, guard her. Thou shalt call The child of Zeus one day a noble guest.

[Raises the veil, and discloses ALCESTIS. Look on her, if in aught she seems to thee Like to thy wife. Step forth from grief to bliss.

ADMET. What shall I say?—Gods! Marvel this unhop'd for! 1141

My wife do I behold in very sooth, Or doth some god-sent mockery-joy distract me?

HERC. Not so; but this thou seest is thy wife.

ADMET. What if this be some phantom from the shades? 1145

HERC. No ghost-upraiser hast thou ta'en for guest.

ADMET. How?—whom I buried do I see—my wife?

HERC. Doubt not: yet might'st thou well mistrust thy fortune.

ADMET. As wife, as living, may I touch, address her?

HERC. Speak to her: all thou didst desire thou hast. 1150

ADMET. Oh, dearest!—wife!—sweet face!—beloved form!

Past hope I have thee! Never I thought to see thee!

HERC. Thou hast: may no God of thy bliss be jealous.

ADMET. O scion nobly-born of Zeus most high, Blessings on thee! The Father who begat thee 1155 Keep thee! Thou only hast restored my fortunes. How didst thou bring her from the shades to light?

HERC. I closed in conflict with the Lord of Spirits.

ADMET. Where, say'st thou, didst thou fight this fight with Death?

HERC. From ambush by the tomb mine hands ensnared him. 1160

ADMET. Now wherefore speechless standeth thus my wife?

HERC. 'Tis not vouchsafed thee yet to hear her voice.

Ere to the Powers beneath the earth she be Unconsecrated, and the third day come.

But lead her in, and, just man as thou art, 1165 Henceforth, Admetus, reverence still the guest.

Farewell. But I must go, and work the work Set by the king, the son of Sthenelus.

ADMET. Abide with us, a sharer of our hearth.

HERC. Hereafter this: now must I hasten on. 1170

ADMET. O prosper thou, and come again in peace!

[Exit HERCULES.

Through all my realm I publish to my folk That, for these blessings, dances they array, And that atonement-fumes from altars rise. For now to happier days than those o'erpast 1175 Have we attained. I own me blest indeed.

CHOR. O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they reveal them:

Manifold things unhop'd-for the Gods to accomplishment bring.

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfill them;

And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them. 1180

So fell this marvelous thing.

[Exeunt OMNES.

GREEK AND LATIN COMEDY

Out of remote fertility rites, full of orgiastic ribaldry, and out of folk festivals in which rudimentary satire was present, the fifth-century Greek developed a second form of drama—light-hearted, gay, and barbed—which we call comedy. In the fifth century, comedy acquired a fanciful and extravagant form, named "Aristophanic" after its leading and only surviving playwright Aristophanes. In the fourth century, arose a second form that is most aptly described as domestic comedy or comedy of manners. The marked difference between the two types was quickly recognized by the Greeks themselves when they called the early type Old Comedy and the later one New Comedy.

Aristophanic comedy was the product of the mercurial, sophisticated, and intellectual Periclean age, of its democratic tolerance of political discussion and satire, even to the point of permitting the lampooning of public characters. And for its subject-matter this comedy drew upon the follies and abuses of democracy when the rule of the people led to demagoguery, a slackening of morale, and imperialism. In form, this dramatic composition resembled modern extravaganza, contemporary musical comedy. In *The Frogs*, for example, Aristophanes selected a fanciful situation, sending Bacchus (Dionysus) down to the underworld, giving him odd and irreverent adventures on the way, and making him the judge of a literary contest between ghosts of Æschylus and Euripides who parody each other's style with exuberant aptitude. In *The Birds*, Aristophanes created a world in the clouds, peopled it with a citizenry composed of birds, and gave them the attributes of contemporary Athens. In *The Clouds*, he invented a ludicrously pretentious Socrates, whom

he showed floating in a basket in order to be closer to the ether and expounding extravagant sophistries. In *Lysistrata*, one of several anti-war satires, he conceived a somewhat bawdy revolt of the Athenian women against their bellicose men.

In Aristophanes' work, the broad humor and burlesque situations, direct harangues (*parabases*) by the chorus, impersonations of public characters, and unexpectedly lovely lyrics created a unique mixture of comic improvisation on political and social themes. These comedies are frankly topical and outspoken, often having as serious a purpose as some of Dean Swift's satires; and in the interest of this purpose, as well as for the sake of greater liveliness and comprehensiveness, the plot is treated lightly—the dramatic construction is free, and the story is replete with loosely related episodes. The form resembled something that Sheridan, Shaw, Gilbert and Sullivan, Shelley (contributing his lyric gift), Ogden Nash, and Cole Porter might have put together, if they could have collaborated.

The production of an Aristophanic comedy reflected the same riotous extravagance. The cast was extravagantly costumed, the choruses sometimes being dressed as animals (hence such titles as *The Birds* and *The Frogs*); the music was lively, the dancing vigorous and playful, the acting farcical. The proceedings presented a decided contrast to the stateliness of tragic composition and staging. But the fifth-century Greeks, who were never a one-sided people, admired this effervescent type of comedy and gave it a place in their Dionysian festivals; after all, Dionysus himself had sanctioned orgiastic exhibitions. After the performance of three tragedies in the morning, came a simple animal burlesque, known as a *satyr play* because the

characters were supposed to be goatish figures or satyrs. Then in the afternoon the audience was entertained with a full-blown comedy. The program continued for three days. In a minor festival (the so-called *Lenæan*) in the neighborhood of Athens, moreover, comedy held undisputed sway.

The master of this kind of uninhibited but thoughtful entertainment was Aristophanes (448?-380? b.c.). *The Frogs* abundantly exemplifies his genius—his talent for fantastication, his playful irreverence, his clever choral poetry, and his gift of inspired mimicry, for his parodies on the styles of Æschylus and Sophocles are amazingly apt. This comedy also reveals his animus, his reverence for the austere virtues of the Marathon generation when a united and heroic Athens could defeat the Persian hordes, and his depreciation of what he considered decadence in Athenian life and art. For this reason he glorifies Æschylus and underestimates Euripides. Aristophanes, himself a child of the Periclean period in his lively wit, longed for the good old days that never returned in Greece.

After the fifth century, political or topical comedy became increasingly impossible. A second Aristophanes could not have arisen during the decline of democracy and the subjugation of the city by Macedonia under Alexander the Great. Comedy consequently became comparatively timorous and directed its attention to private characters and domestic embroilments. After a transitional form, known as Middle Comedy, of which no good examples remain, it was this new type of comic drama that came to the fore.

The great virtue of the so-called New Comedy, developed by Menander (342-292 b.c.) and his contemporaries, whose work survives mostly in fragments, and adapted by the Roman playwrights Plautus (254?-184 b.c.) and Terence (190?-159? b.c.), is its closely knit plot. There is generally some intrigue, involving love affairs, tricks played on stupid fathers, mistaken identities, and the discovery of long-lost relatives. Attention is given to the manners, rather than the politics, of the times, and to characterization, which was rarely present in the caricatures of Aristophanic comedy. Although the characters are types and are therefore not strongly individualized, they are delightfully recognizable, and they highlight familiar human characteristics. In these comedies will be found the young lovers, disapproving parents, comically betrayed husbands, vainglorious boasters, parasites,

panders, and rascally servants who have peopled comedy of manners for two thousand years. Unquestionably comedy lost inventiveness and poetry, but it approached observation of common reality and so acquired a whole new world.

Plautus (254?-184 b.c.), the most lively of the writers of this type of comedy, was born in Umbria and later went to Rome. He lived in the period that laid the foundations of the great Roman empire. It was a boisterous and adventurous age, which may explain his partiality for boisterous subjects, for such unsavory professions as white slavery, and for broad jests. No one could call his comedies refined, but no one could consider them remote from the world he knew. And he had ample opportunity to know this world.

Plautus was a greatly battered man. He served Rome as a soldier, he acted in crude native farces, and he even became a merchant. Losing his fortune at sea, he was reduced to the inglorious vocation of a traveling miller; he would wander through the streets and grind corn for householders. Fortunately for him, his plays soon became successful, and his output began to mount rapidly; according to the Romans, he wrote one hundred and thirty comedies, of which twenty-one have survived.

The Roman theater before his day was a rough-and-tumble affair, and its plays were crude products, not greatly above the level of vaudeville pieces and burlesques. But Rome, after coming into contact with the Greek colonies in Italy and conquering Greece, began to feel the influence of Greek culture.

Vivacity and broad jests distinguish his comedies, which are often much nearer to what we call farce. His dialogue is breezily colloquial, and his plot is filled with activity and complication. A favorite contrivance of his was the confusion produced by the identical appearance of some characters. In his *Amphitruo*, the earliest extant Amphitryon play, Jupiter, in visiting Alcmene who became the mother of Hercules, assumes the shape of her husband. (Mercury, at the same time, assumes the likeness of a servant girl's husband.) In the *Menæchmi*, which was the model for Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, the complications arise from the existence of a pair of identical twins bearing the same name.

His commoners—cooks, flute-girls, panderers, valets, and parasites—are depicted with considerable realism. A notable example is the miser Euclio,

in *The Pot of Gold* or *Aulularia*, who "when he goes to sleep will tie the bellows around his throat . . . lest he should waste his breath." Other examples are the Falstaffian vainglorious soldier who enlivens the *Miles Gloriosus* (*The Braggart Soldier*) with his pretensions, and the irrepressible parasite who foists himself on persons of wealth in *The Captives*. Characters like these became the stock in trade of later writers of comedy; Euclio is the model for the miser of Molière's *L'Avare* (*The Miser*), the braggart soldier appears in Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's comedies, the parasite plays a roguish part in the early Elizabethan play *Ralph Roister Doister*.

The Captives with its comic types, complications, and unexpected discoveries, is typical of Plautus' work. It is also closer to the more refined type of comedy written by Plautus' successor Terence, who in the second century B.C. wrote with greater restraint and polish. His best known work, *Phormio*, contains the superb parasite who lends his name to the play, as well as the resourceful and intriguing slave Geta, a prototype of Molière's intriguing servants and of Beaumarchais' resourceful Figaro.¹ Terence, a Phoenician by birth but a devotee of Greek artistry after becoming the slave of a cultivated Roman master, tried to equal the

polish of fourth-century Greek comedy. As a result he was found more acceptable to the Middle Ages, but he displayed less vigor and resourcefulness. Terence wrote charming literature, but Plautus remained first and last a man of the theater.

The theater came to an inglorious end in Rome. Latin tragedy never attained any distinction, and its last products were the rhetorical melodramas of Seneca, written during Nero's reign, which were probably never intended to be staged. Their antiquity gave them considerable credit during the Renaissance, when even the dross of classic culture passed for gold, and they exercised an unfortunate influence on sixteenth-century playwrights. Comedy deteriorated rapidly after, and in fact during, the lifetime of Terence (190?-159? B.C.). At its best, the stage, which was supplanted by the circus, had some lively actors who shone in a species of farce called *mimes*. These pantomimes and dialogues, that originally had displayed some wit, became increasingly gross and licentious. They ultimately earned the condemnation of the early Christian fathers, who consequently banned the theater as an abomination. Many centuries were to elapse before the Church could become even partially reconciled to an institution that had been so badly abused.

¹ In *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*.

ARISTOPHANES

The Frogs

CHARACTERS

BACCHUS .

XANTHIAS, servant of Bacchus

HERCULES

CHARON

EACUS

EURIPIDES

ESCHYLUS

PLUTO

Deadman

Prosperine's Servant Maid

Two Women Sutlers

Mutes

Chorus of Votaries, and Frogs

Enter BACCHUS and XANTHIAS.

XANTH. Master, shall I begin with the usual jokes

That the audience always laugh at?

BACCH. If you please;

Any joke you please except "being overburthen'd."
—Don't use it yet—We've time enough before us. 5

XANTH. Well, something else that's comical and clever?

Aristophanes, *Frogs*. Translated by John Hookham Frere. Aristophanes (448?-380? B.C.), comic dramatist of Athens, entered on his career just as the disastrous wars were beginning to break down the Athenian leadership. He lived to see its complete eclipse.

BACCH. I forbid being "overpress'd and overburthen'd."

XANTH. Well, but the drollest joke of all—?

BACCH. Remember

There's one thing I protest against— 10

XANTH. What's that?

BACCH. Why, shifting off your load to the other shoulder,

And fidgeting and complaining of the gripes.

XANTH. What then do you mean to say, that I must not say

That I'm ready to befoul myself? 15

BACCH. By no means—

Except when I take an emetic.

XANTH. What's the use, then,

Of my being burthen'd here with all these bundles, If I'm to be deprived of the common jokes 20

That Phryничus, and Lycis, and Ameipsias Allow the servants always in their comedies, Without exception, when they carry bundles?

BACCH. Pray, leave them off—for those ingenuous sallies

Have such an effect upon my health and spirits 25 That I feel grown old and dull when I get home.

XANTH. It's hard for me to suffer in my limbs, To be overburthen'd and debarr'd from joking.

BACCH. Well, this is monstrous, quite, and insupportable!

Such insolence in a servant! When your master 30 Is going afoot and has provided you With a beast to carry ye.

XANTH. What! do I carry nothing?

BACCH. You're carried yourself.

XANTH. But I carry bundles, don't I? 35

BACCH. But the beast bears all the burdens that you carry.

XANTH. Not those that I carry myself—'tis I that carry 'em.

BACCH. You're carried yourself, I tell ye.

XANTH. I can't explain it,

But I feel it in my shoulders plainly enough. 40

BACCH. Well, if the beast don't help you, take and try;

Change places with the ass and carry him.

XANTH. [in a tone of mere disgust]. Oh, dear! I wish I had gone for a volunteer, And left you to yourself. I wish I had.

BACCH. Dismount, you rascal! Here, we're at the house 45

Where Hercules lives.—Hello! there! who's within there?

HERC. Who's there? (He has bang'd at the door, whoever he is,

With the kick of a centaur.) What's the matter, there?

BACCH. [aside]. Ha! Xanthias!

XANTH. What? 50

BACCH. [aside]. Did ye mind how he was frightened?

XANTH. I suppose he was afraid you were going mad.

HERC. [aside] By Jove! I shall laugh outright; I'm ready to burst.

I shall laugh, in spite of myself, upon my life.

BACCH. Come hither, friend.—What ails ye? Step this way; 55

I want to speak to ye.

HERC. But I can't help laughing

To see the lion's skin with a saffron robe, And the club with the women's sandals—altogether—

What's the meaning of it all? Have you been abroad? 60

BACCH. I've been abroad—in the Fleet—with Cleisthenes.

HERC. You fought—?

BACCH. Yes, that we did—we gain'd a victory; And we sunk the enemies' ships—thirteen of 'em.

HERC. "So you woke at last and found it was a dream?" 65

BACCH. But aboard the fleet, as I pursued my studies,

I read the tragedy of Andromeda;

And then such a vehement passion struck my heart,

You can't imagine.

HERC. A small one, I suppose, 70

My little fellow—a moderate little passion?

BACCH. It's just as small as Molon is—that's all—Molon the wrestler, I mean—as small as he is—

HERC. Well, what was it like? what kind of a thing? what was it?

BACCH. No, friend, you must not laugh; it's past a joke; 75

It's quite a serious feeling—quite distressing; I suffer from it—

HERC. Well, explain. What was it?

BACCH. I can't declare it at once; but I'll explain it

Theatrically and enigmatically:

Were you ever seized with a sudden passionate longing 80

For a mess of porridge?

HERC. Often enough, if that's all.

Enter HERCULES.

- BACCH. Shall I state the matter to you plainly at once;
Or put it circumlocutorily? 85
HERC. Not about the porridge. I understand your instance.
BACCH. Such is the passion that possesses me
For poor Euripides, that's dead and gone;
And it's all in vain people trying to persuade me
From going after him. 90
HERC. What, to the shades below?
BACCH. Yes, to the shades below, or the shades beneath 'em.
To the undermost shades of all. I'm quite determined.
HERC. But what's your object?
BACCH. Why my object is 95
That I want a clever poet—"for the good,
The gracious and the good, are dead and gone;
The worthless and the weak are left alive."
HERC. Is not Iophon a good one?
—He's alive sure? 100
BACCH. If he's a good one, he's our only good one;
But it's a question; I'm in doubt about him.
HERC. There's Sophocles; he's older than Euripides—
If you go so far for 'em, you'd best bring him.
BACCH. No; first I'll try what Iophon can do,
Without his father, Sophocles, to assist him. 106
—Besides, Euripides is a clever rascal;
A sharp, contriving rogue that will make a shift
To desert and steal away with me; the other
Is an easy-minded soul, and always was. 110
HERC. Where's Agathon?
BACCH. He's gone and left me too,
Regretted by his friends; a worthy poet—
HERC. Gone! Where, poor soul?
BACCH. To the banquets of the blest! 115
HERC. But then you've Xenocles—
BACCH. Yes! a plague upon him!
HERC. Pythagoras too—
XANTH. But nobody thinks of me;
Standing all this while with the bundles on my shoulder. 120
HERC. But have not you other young ingenious youths
That are fit to out-talk Euripides ten times over;
To the amount of a thousand, at least, all writing tragedy?—
BACCH. They're good for nothing—
"Warblers of the Grove"— 125
—"Little, foolish, fluttering things"—poor puny wretches,
- That dawdle and dangle about the tragic muse;
Incapable of any serious meaning—
—There's not one hearty poet amongst them all
That's fit to risk an adventurous valiant phrase.
HERC. How—"hearty"? What do you mean by
"valiant phrases"? 131
BACCH. I mean a . . . kind . . . of a doubtful,
bold expression
To talk about . . . "*The viewless foot of Time*"—
And . . . "*Jupiter's Secret Chamber in the Skies*"—
And about . . . a person's soul . . . not being perjured 135
When . . . the tongue . . . forswears itself . . .
in spite of the soul.
HERC. Do you like that kind of stuff?
BACCH. I'm crazy after it.
HERC. Why, sure, it's trash and rubbish— Don't you think so?
BACCH. "Men's fancies are their own— Let mine alone"— 140
HERC. But, in fact, it seems to me quite bad— rank nonsense.
BACCH. You'll tell me next what I ought to like for supper.
XANTH. But nobody thinks of me here, with the bundles.
BACCH. —But now to the business that I came upon— 144
(With the apparel that you see—the same as yours)
To obtain a direction from you to your friends,
(To apply to them—in case of anything—
If anything should occur) the acquaintances
That received you there—(the time you went before
—For the business about Cerberus)—if you'd give me 150
Their names and their directions, and communicate
Any information relative to the country,
The roads,—the streets,—the bridges, and the brothels,
The wharfs,—the public walks,—the public houses,
The fountains,—aqueducts,—and inns, and taverns,
And lodgings,—free from bugs and fleas, if possible, 156
If you know any such—
XANTH. But nobody thinks of me.
HERC. What a notion! You! Will you risk it?
Are you mad?
BACCH. I beseech you say no more—no more of that, 160
But inform me briefly and plainly about my journey:

The shortest road and the most convenient one.

HERC. Well,—which shall I tell ye first, now?—
Let me see now—
There's a good convenient road by the Rope and Noose;

The Hanging Road. 165
BACCH. No; that's too close and stifling.
HERC. Then, there's an easy, fair, well-beaten track,

As you go by the Pestle and Mortar—
BACCH. What, the Hemlock?

HERC. To be sure— 170
BACCH. That's much too cold—it will never do.
They tell me it strikes a chill to the legs and feet.

HERC. Should you like a speedy, rapid, downhill road?

BACCH. Indeed I should, for I'm a sorry traveler.
HERC. Go to the Keramicus then. 175
BACCH. What then?

HERC. Stand there and watch when the Race of the Torch begins;
And mind when you hear the people cry "*Start! start!*"

Then start at once with 'em.

BACCH. Me? Start? Where from? 180
HERC. From the top of the tower to the bottom.
BACCH. No, not I.

It's enough to dash my brains out! I'll not go Such a road upon any account.

HERC. Well, which way then? 185
BACCH. The way you went yourself.
HERC. But it's a long one,
For first you come to a monstrous bottomless lake.

BACCH. And what must I do to pass?
HERC. You'll find a boat there; 190
A little tiny boat, as big as that,
And an old man that ferries you over in it,
Receiving twopence as the usual fee.

BACCH. Ah! that same twopence governs everything
Wherever it goes.—I wonder how it managed 195
To find its way there?

HERC. Theseus introduced it.
—Next you'll meet serpents, and wild beasts, and monsters,

Horrific to behold!

BACCH. Don't try to fright me; 200
You'll not succeed, I promise you.—I'm determined.

HERC. Then there's an abyss of mire and floating filth,
In which the damn'd lie wallowing and overwhelm'd;

The unjust, the cruel, and the inhospitable; 204
And the barbarous bilking Cullies that withhold The price of intercourse with fraud and wrong;
The incestuous, and the parricides, and the robbers;

The perjurors, and assassins, and the wretches That willfully and presumptuously transcribe Extracts and trash from Morsimus's plays. 210
BACCH. And, by Jove! Cinesias with his Pyrrhic dancers
Ought to be there—they're worse, or quite as bad.

HERC. But after this your sense will be saluted With a gentle breathing sound of flutes and voices, And a beautiful spreading light like ours on earth, And myrtle glades and happy quires among, 216
Of women and men with rapid applause and mirth.

BACCH. And who are all those folks?

HERC. The initiated.

XANTH. I won't stand here like a mule in a procession 220
Any longer, with these packages and bundles.

HERC. They'll tell you everything you want to know,
For they're established close upon the road, By the corner of Pluto's house—so fare you well; Farewell, my little fellow. [Exit. 226
BACCH. I wish you better.

[To XANTHIAS.] You, sirrah, take your bundles up again.

XANTH. What, before I put them down?

BACCH. Yes! now, this moment.

XANTH. Nah! don't insist; there's plenty of people going 230
As corpses with the convenience of a carriage; They'd take it for a trifle gladly enough.

BACCH. But if we meet with nobody?

XANTH. Then I'll take 'em.

BACCH. Come, come, that's fairly spoken, and in good time; 235
For there they're carrying a corpse out to be buried.

A funeral, with a corpse on an open bier, crosses the stage.

—Hello! you there—you Deadman—can't you hear?

Would you take any bundles to hell with ye, my good fellow?

DEADMAN. What are they?

BACCH. These.

DEADMAN. Then I must have two drachmas.

BACCH. I can't—you must take less. 240

- DEADMAN. Bearers, move on.
 BACCH. No, stop! we shall settle between us—
 you're so hasty.
 DEADMAN. It's no use arguing; I must have two
 drachmas. 245
 BACCH. Ninepence!
 DEADMAN. I'd best be alive again at that rate.
 [Exit.]
 BACCH. Fine airs the fellow gives himself—a
 rascal!
 I'll have him punish'd, I vow, for overcharging.
 XANTH. Best give him a good beating; give me
 the bundles, 250
 I'll carry 'em.
 BACCH. You're a good, true-hearted fellow;
 And a willing servant.—Let's move on to the ferry.
- Enter CHARON.*
- CHARON. Hoy! Bear a hand, there— Heave
 ashore.
 BACCH. What's this? 255
 XANTH. The lake it is—the place he told us of.
 By Jove! and there's the boat—and here's old
 Charon.
 BACCH. Well, Charon!—Welcome, Charon!—
 Welcome kindly!
 CHARON. Who wants the ferryman? Anybody
 waiting
 To remove from the sorrows of life? A passage
 anybody? 260
 To Lethe's wharf?—to Cerberus's Reach?
 To Tartarus?—to Tænarus?—to Perdition?
 BACCH. Yes, I.
 CHARON. Get in then.
 BACCH. Tell me, where are you going? 265
 To Perdition really?
 CHARON. Yes, to oblige you, I will
 With all my heart— Step in there.
 BACCH. Have a care!
 Take care, good Charon!—Charon, have a care!
 Come, Xanthias, come! 270
 CHARON. I take no slaves aboard
 Except they've volunteer'd for the naval victory.
 XANTH. I could not—I was suffering with sore
 eyes.
 CHARON. You must trudge away then, round by
 the end of the lake there. 275
 XANTH. And whereabouts shall I wait?
 CHARON. At the Stone of Repentance,
 By the Slough of Despond beyond the Tribula-
 tions;
 You understand me?
 XANTH. Yes, I understand you; 280
- A lucky, promising direction, truly.
 CHARON [*to Bacchus*]. Sit down at the oar—
 Come quick, if there's more coming!
 [To Bacchus again.] Hello! what's that you're
 doing?
 BACCH. What you told me.
 I'm sitting at the oar. 285
 CHARON. Sit *there*, I tell you,
 You Fatguts; that's your place.
 BACCH. Well, so I do.
 CHARON. Now ply your hands and arms. 290
 BACCH. Well, so I do.
 CHARON. You'd best leave off your fooling. Take
 to the oar,
 And pull away.
 BACCH. But how shall I contrive?
 I've never served on board—I'm only a landsman;
 I'm quite unused to it. 295
 CHARON. We can manage it.
 As soon as you begin you shall have some music
 That will teach you to keep time.
 BACCH. What music's that?
 CHARON. A chorus of Frogs—uncommon musi-
 cal Frogs. 300
 BACCH. Well, give me the word and the time.
 CHARON. Whooh up, up; whooh up, up.
- Enter Chorus of Frogs.*
- CHOR. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash,
 Shall the Choral Quiristers of the Marsh
 Be censured and rejected as hoarse and harsh; 305
 And their Chromatic essays
 Deprived of praise?
 No, let us raise afresh
 Our obstreperous Brekeke-kesh;
 The customary croak and cry 310
 Of the creatures
 At the Theaters,
 In their yearly revelry,
 Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
 BACCH. How I'm maul'd, 315
 How I'm gall'd;
 Worn and mangled to a mash—
 There they go! "Koash, koash!"—
 FROGS. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
 BACCH. Oh, beshrew, 320
 All your crew;
 You don't consider how I smart.
 FROGS. Now for a sample of the Art!
 Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
 BACCH. I wish you hang'd, with all my heart.
 —Have you nothing else to say? 325
 "Brekeke-kesh, koash" all day!

- | | |
|--|-----|
| Frogs. We've a right,
We've a right;
And we croak at ye for spite.
We've a right,
We've a right;
Day and night,
Day and night;
Night and day,
Still to creak and croak away. | |
| Phœbus and every Grace
Admire and approve of the croaking race;
And the egregious guttural notes
That are gargled and warbled in their lyrical
throats. | 330 |
| In reproof
Of your scorn
Mighty Pan
Nods his horn;
Beating time
To the rhyme
With his hoof,
With his hoof. | 340 |
| Persisting in our plan,
We proceed as we began,
Broke-kesh, broke-kesh,
Kooash, kooash. | 350 |
| BACCH. Oh, the Frogs, consume and rot 'em,
I've a blister on my bottom.
Hold your tongues, you tuneful creatures. | 355 |
| Frogs. Cease with your profane entreaties
All in vain forever striving:
Silence is against our natures.
With the vernal heat reviving | 360 |
| Our aquatic crew repair
From their periodic sleep,
In the dark and chilly deep,
To the cheerful upper air;
Then we frolic here and there
All amidst the meadows fair;
Shady plants of asphodel,
Are the lodges where we dwell; | 370 |
| Chaunting in the leafy bowers
All the livelong summer hours,
Till the sudden gusty showers
Send us headlong, helter, skelter,
To the pool to seek for shelter;
Meager, eager, leaping, lunging,
From the sedgy wharfage plunging
To the tranquil depth below,
There we muster all a-row; | 375 |
| Where, secure from toil and trouble,
With a tuneful bubble-bubble,
Our symphonious accents flow. | 385 |
| Broke-kesh, koash, koash.
BACCH. I forbid you to proceed.
Frogs. That would be severe indeed;
Arbitrary, bold, and rash—
Broke-kesh, koash, koash. | 390 |
| BACCH. I command you to desist—
—Oh, my back, there! oh, my wrist!
What a twist!
What a sprain! | 400 |
| Frogs. Once again—
We renew the tuneful strain.
Broke-kesh, koash, koash. | 405 |
| BACCH. I disdain—(Hang the pain!)
All your nonsense, noise, and trash.
Oh, my blister! Oh, my sprain! | 410 |
| Frogs. Broke-kesh, koash, koash.
Friends and Frogs, we must display
All our powers of voice today;
Suffer not this stranger here,
With fastidious foreign ear,
To confound us and abash. | 420 |
| Broke-kesh, koash, koash. | 425 |
| BACCH. Well, my spirit is not broke,
If it's only for the joke,
I'll outdo you with a croak.
Here it goes—"Koash, koash." | 430 |
| Frogs. Now for a glorious croaking crash,
Broke-kesh, koash, koash. | 435 |
| BACCH. I'll disperse you with a splash. | 440 |
| Frogs. Broke-kesh, koash, koash. | 445 |
| BACCH. I'll subdue
Your rebellious, noisy crew—
—Have amongst you there, slap-dash. | 450 |
| Frogs. Broke-kesh, koash, koash.
We defy your oar and you. | 455 |
| CHARON. Hold! We're ashore just—shift your
oar. Get out. | 460 |
| —Now pay for your fare. | 465 |
| BACCH. There—there it is—the twopence. | 470 |
| CHARON returns. BACCHUS, finding himself alone
and in a strange place, begins to call out. | 475 |
| BACCH. Ho, Xanthias! Xanthias, I say! Where's
Xanthias? | 480 |
| XANTH. A-hoy! | 485 |
| BACCH. Come here. | 490 |
| XANTH. I'm glad to see you, master. | 495 |
| BACCH. What's that before us there? | 500 |
| XANTH. The mire and the darkness. | 505 |
| BACCH. Do you see the villains and the perjurors
That he told us of? | 510 |
| XANTH. Yes, plain enough, don't you? | 515 |

- BACCH. Ah! now I see them, indeed, quite plain
—and now too.
Well, what shall we do next?
- XANTH. We'd best move forward;
For here's the place that Hercules there inform'd
us 430
Was haunted by those monsters.
- BACCH. Oh, confound him!
He vapor'd and talk'd at random to deter me
From venturing. He's amazingly conceited
And jealous of other people, is Hercules; 435
He reckon'd I should rival him, and, in fact
(Since I've come here so far), I should rather like
To meet with an adventure in some shape.
- XANTH. By Jove! and I think I hear a kind of a
noise.
- BACCH. Where? Where? 440
XANTH. There, just behind us.
- BACCH. Go behind, then.
- XANTH. Therel—it's before us now.—There!
- BACCH. Go before, then.
- XANTH. Ah! now I see it—a monstrous beast in-
deed! 445
BACCH. What kind?
- XANTH. A dreadful kind—all kinds at once.
It changes and transforms itself about
To a mule and an ox,—and now to a beautiful
creature;
- A woman! 450
BACCH. Where? Where is she? Let me seize her.
- XANTH. But now she's turned to a mastiff all of
a sudden.
- BACCH. It's the Weird hag! the Vampire!
- XANTH. Like enough.
- She's all of a blaze of fire about the mouth. 455
BACCH. Has she got the brazen foot?
- XANTH. Yes, there it is—
By Jove!—and the cloven hoof to the other leg,
Distinct enough—that's she!
- BACCH. But what shall I do? 460
XANTH. And I, too?
- BACCH. Save me, Priest, protect and save me,
That we may drink and be jolly together hereafter.
- XANTH. We're ruin'd, Master Hercules.
- BACCH. Don't call me so, I beg; 465
Don't mention my name, good friend, upon any
account.
- XANTH. Well, Bacchus, then!
- BACCH. That's worse, ten thousand times.
- XANTH. Come, master, move along— Come,
come this way.
- BACCH. What's happened? 470
XANTH. Why, we're prosperous and victorious;
- The storm of fear and danger has subsided,
And (as the actor said the other day)
"Has only left a gentle, *qualm* behind."
The Vampire's vanish'd. 475
- BACCH. Has she? Upon your oath?
- XANTH. By Jove! she has.
- BACCH. No, swear again.
- XANTH. By Jove!
- BACCH. Is she, by Jupiter? 480
XANTH. By Jupiter!
- BACCH. Oh, dear; what a fright I was in with the
very sight of her:
It turn'd me sick and pale—but see, the priest here!
He has color'd up quite with the same alarm.
—What has brought me to this pass?—It must be
Jupiter 485
- With his "*Chamber in the Skies*," and the "*Foot of
Time*."
- XANTH. Hello, you!
- BACCH. What?
- XANTH. Why, did you not hear?
- BACCH. Why, what? 490
XANTH. The sound of a flute.
- BACCH. Indeed! And there's a smell too;
A pretty mystical ceremonious smell
Of torches. We'll watch here, and keep quite quiet.
- Enter Chorus of Votaries.*
- CHOR. Iacchus! Iacchus! Ho! Iacchus! Iacchus!
Ho! 495
XANTH. There, Master, there they are, the initiated;
- All sporting about as he told us we should find 'em.
They're singing in praise of Bacchus like Diagoras.
- BACCH. Indeed, and so they are; but we'll keep
quiet,
- Till we make them out a little more distinctly. 500
CHOR. Mighty Bacchus! Holy Power!
- Hither at the wonted hour
Come away,
Come away,
With the wanton holiday 505
Where the revel uproar leads
To the mystic holy meads,
Where the frolic votaries fly,
With a tipsy shout and cry;
Flourishing the Thrysus high,
Flinging forth, alert and airy,
To the sacred old vagary,
The tumultuous dance and song,
Sacred from the vulgar throng;
Mystic orgies that are known 510
To the votaries alone—

- To the mystic chorus solely—
Secret—unrevealed—and holy.
- XANTH. Oh glorious virgin, daughter of the goddess! 519
What a scent of roasted griskin reach'd my senses.
- BACCH. Keep quiet—and watch for a chance of a piece of the haslets.
- CHOR. Raise the fiery torches high!
Bacchus is approaching nigh,
Like the planet of the morn,
Breaking with the hoary dawn 525
On the dark solemnity—
There they flash upon the sight;
All the plain is blazing bright,
Flushed and overflown with light:
Age has cast his years away, 530
And the cares of many a day,
Sporting to the lively lay—
Mighty Bacchus! march and lead
(Torch in hand toward the mead)
Thy devoted humble Chorus, 535
Mighty Bacchus—move before us!
Keep silence—keep peace—and let all the profane
From our holy solemnity duly refrain;
Whose souls unenlightened by taste, are obscure;
Whose poetical notions are dark and impure; 540
Whose theatrical conscience
Is sullied by nonsense;
Who never were train'd by the mighty Cratinus
In mystical orgies poetic and vinous; 544
Who delight in buffooning and jests out of season;
Who promote the designs of oppression and treason;
- Who foster sedition, and strife, and debate;
All traitors, in short, to the stage and the state;
Who surrender a fort, or in private, export
To places and harbors of hostile resort, 550
Clandestine consignments of cables and pitch;
In the way that Thorycion grew to be rich
From a scoundrelly dirty collector of tribute:
All such we reject and severely prohibit: 554
All statesmen retrenching the fees and the salaries
Of theatrical bards, in revenge for the railieries,
And jests, and lampoons, of this holy solemnity,
Profanely pursuing their personal enmity,
For having been flouted, and scoff'd, and scorn'd,
All such are admonish'd and heartily warn'd; 560
We warn them once,
We warn them twice,
We warn and admonish—we warn them thrice,
To conform to the law,
To retire and withdraw; 565
While the Chorus again with the formal saw
- (Fixt and assign'd to the festive day)
Move to the measure and march away.
March! march! lead forth,
Lead forth manfully,
March in order all;
Bustling, hustling, justling,
As it may befall;
Flocking, shouting, laughing,
Mocking, flouting, quaffing, 575
One and all;
All have had a belly-full
Of breakfast brave and plentiful;
Therefore
Evermore
With your voices and your bodies
Serve the goddess,
And raise
Songs of praise;
She shall save the country still, 585
And save it against the traitor's will;
So she says.
Now let us raise, in a different strain,
The praise of the goddess the giver of grain;
Imploring her favor 590
With other behavior,
In measures more sober, submissive, and graver.
Ceres, holy patroness,
Condescend to mark and bless,
With benevolent regard, 595
Both the Chorus and the Bard;
Grant them for the present day
Many things to sing and say,
Follies intermix'd with sense;
Folly, but without offense.
Grant them with the present play
To bear the prize of verse away.
Now call again, and with a different measure,
The power of mirth and pleasure; 605
The florid, active Bacchus, bright and gay.
To journey forth and join us on the way.
O Bacchus, attend! the customary patron
Of every lively lay;
Go forth without delay
Thy wonted annual way,
To meet the ceremonious holy matron:
Her grave procession gracing,
Thine airy footsteps tracing
With unlaborious, light, celestial motion;
And here at thy devotion 615
Behold thy faithful quire
In pitiful attire;
All overworn and ragged,
This jerkin old and jagged,

These buskins torn and burst,
Though sufferers in the fray,
May serve us at the worst
To sport throughout the day;
And there within the shades,
I spy some lovely maids;
With whom we romp'd and revel'd,
Dismantled and dishevel'd;
With their bosoms open,
With whom we might be coping.

XANTH. Well, I was always hearty,
Disposed to mirth and ease,
I'm ready to join the party.

BACCH. And I will, if you please.

[*To the Chorus.*] Prithee, my good fellows,

Would you please to tell us

Which is Pluto's door,

I'm an utter stranger,

Never here before.

CHOR. Friend, you're out of danger,

You need not seek it far;

There it stands before ye,

Before ye, where you are.

BACCH. Take up your bundles, Xanthias.

XANTH. Hang all bundles;

A bundle has no end, and these have none.

CHOR. Now we go to dance and sing

In the consecrated shades;

Round the secret holy ring,

With the matrons and the maids.

Thither I must haste to bring

The mysterious early light;

Which must witness every rite

Of the joyous happy night.

Let us hasten—let us fly—

Where the lovely meadows lie;

Where the living waters flow;

Where the roses bloom and blow.

—Heirs of Immortality,

Segregated, safe and pure,

Easy, sorrowless, secure;

Since our earthly course is run,

We behold a brighter sun.

Holy lives—a holy vow—

Such awards await them now.

BACCH. Well, how must I knock at the door
now? Can't ye tell me?

How do the native inhabitants knock at doors?

XANTH. Pah; don't stand fooling there; but smite
it smartly,

With the very spirit and air of Hercules.

BACCH. Hello!

ÆACUS. Who's there?

- 620 BACCH. 'Tis I, the valiant Hercules!
ÆACUS. Thou brutal, abominable, detestable,
Vile, villainous, infamous, nefarious scoundrel!
—How durst thou, villain as thou wert, to seize 674
Our watchdog, Cerberus, whom I kept and tended
625 Hurrying him off, half-strangled in your grasp?
—But now, be sure we have you safe and fast,
Miscreant and villain!—Thee, the Stygian cliffs,
With stern adamantine durance, and the rocks
Of inaccessible Acheron, red with gore, 680
630 Environ and beleaguer; and the watch,
And swift pursuit of the hideous hounds of hell;
And the horrible Hydra, with her hundred heads,
Whose furious ravening fangs shall rend and tear
thee;
635 Wrenching thy vitals forth, with the heart and 685
midriff;
While inexpressible Tartesian monsters,
And grim Tithrasian Gorgons toss and scatter
With clattering claws, thine intertwined intestines.
640 To them, with instant summons, I repair,
Moving in hasty march with steps of speed. 690
XANTH. Hello, you! What's the matter there?—?
BACCH. Oh dear.
I've had an accident.
XANTH. Poh! poh! jump up!
Come! you ridiculous simpleton! don't lie there.
The people will see you. 696
BACCH. Indeed I'm sick at heart; la!
XANTH. Was there ever in heaven or earth such a
coward?
BACCH. Me? 699
A coward! Did not I show my presence of mind—
And call for a sponge and water in a moment?
Would a coward have done that?
XANTH. What else would he do?
BACCH. He'd have lain there stinking like a nasty
coward;
But I jump'd up at once, like a lusty wrestler, 705
And look'd about, and wiped myself, withal.
XANTH. Most manfully done!
BACCH. By Jove, and I think it was;
But tell me, weren't you frighten'd with that speech?
—Such horrible expressions! 710
XANTH. No, not I;
I took no notice—
BACCH. Well, I'll tell you what,
Since you're such a valiant-spirited kind of fellow,
Do you be *Me*—with the club and the lion's skin,
Now you're in this courageous temper of mind; 716
And I'll go take my turn and carry the bundles.
XANTH. Well—give us hold—I must humor you,
forsooth;

Make haste, and now behold the Xanthian Hercules,
719

And mind if I don't display more heart and spirit.

BACCH. Indeed, and you look the character, completely,

Like that heroic Melitensian hangdog—

Come, now for my bundles. I must mind my bundles.

Enter Proserpine's Servant Maid who immediately addresses XANTHIAS.

SERV. MAID. Dear Hercules. Well, you're come at last. Come in,

For the goddess, as soon as she heard of it, set to work
725

Baking peck loaves and frying stacks of pancakes, And making messes of furmety; there's an ox Besides, she has roasted whole, with a relishing stuffing,

If you'll only just step in this way.

XANTH. I thank you, I'm equally obliged. 730

SÉRV. MAID. No, no, by Jupiter!

We must not let you off, indeed. There's wild fowl And sweetmeats for the dessert, and the best of wine;

Only walk in.

XANTH. I thank you. You'll excuse me. 735

SERV. MAID. No, no, we can't excuse you, indeed we can't;

There are dancing and singing girls besides.

XANTH. What! dancers?

SERV. MAID. Yes, that there are; the sweetest, charmingest things

That you ever saw—and there's the cook this moment
740

Is dishing up the dinner.

XANTH. Go before then, And tell the girls—those singing girls you mentioned—

To prepare for my approach in person presently.
[To BACCHUS.] You, sirrah! follow behind me with the bundles. 745

BACCH. Hello, you! what, do you take the thing in earnest,

Because, for a joke, I drest you up like Hercules? Come, don't stand fooling, Xanthias. You'll provoke me.

There, carry the bundles, sirrah, when I bid you.

XANTH. Why sure? Do you mean to take the things away
750

That you gave me yourself of your own accord this instant?

BACCH. I never mean a thing; I do it at once.

Let go of the lion's skin directly, I tell you.

XANTH. To you, just Gods, I make my last appeal,
755

Bear witness!

BACCH. What! the gods?—do you think they mind you?

How could you take it in your head, I wonder; Such a foolish fancy for a fellow like you, A mortal and a slave, to pass for Hercules?

XANTH. There. Take them.—There—you may have them—but, please God,
760

You may come to want my help sometime or other.

CHOR. Dexterous and wily wits,
Find their own advantage ever;
For the wind where'er it sits,
765

Leaves a berth secure and clever
To the ready navigator;
That foresees and knows the nature;
Of the wind and weather's drift;

And betimes can turn and shift
To the sheltered easy side;
770

'Tis a practice proved and tried,
Not to wear a formal face;
Fixt in attitude and place,
Like an image on its base;

'Tis the custom of the seas,
Which, as all the world agrees,
775

Justifies Theramenes.

BACCH. How ridiculous and strange;
What a monstrous proposition,
That I should condescend to change
780

My dress, my name, and my condition,
To follow Xanthias, and behave
Like a mortal and a slave;

To be set to watch the door
While he wallow'd with his whore
785

Tumbling on a purple bed;
While I waited with submission,
To receive a broken head;

Or be kick'd upon suspicion
Of impertinence and peeping
790

At the joys that he was reaping.

Enter two women, Sutlers or Keepers of an eating house.

FIRST WOM. What, Platana! Goody Platana!
there! that's he,

The fellow that robs and cheats poor victualers;
That came to our house and eat those nineteen loaves.

SECOND WOM. Aye, sure enough that's he, the very man.
795

- XANTH. There's mischief in the wind for some-
body!
- FIRST WOM.—And a dozen and a half of cutlets
and fried chops,
- At a penny halfpenny apiece—
- XANTH. There are pains and penalties
Impending— 800
- FIRST WOM.—And all the garlic: such a quantity
As he swallowed—
- BACCH. Woman, you're beside yourself;
You talk you know not what—
- SECOND WOM. No, no! you reckoned 805
I should not know you again with them there
buskins.
- FIRST WOM.—Good luck! and there was all that
fish besides.
- Indeed—with the pickle, and all—and the good
green cheese
- That he gorged at once, with the rind, and the
rush-baskets;
- And then, when I called for payment, he looked
fierce, 810
- And stared at me in the face, and grinned, and
roared—
- XANTH. Just like him! That's the way wherever
he goes.
- FIRST WOM.—And snatched his sword out, and
behaved like mad.
- XANTH. Poor souls! you suffered sadly!
- FIRST WOM. Yes, indeed; 815
And then we both ran off with the fright and
terror,
- And scrambled into the loft beneath the roof;
And he took up two rugs and stole them off.
- XANTH. Just like him again—but something must
be done.
- Go call me Cleon, he's my advocate. 820
- SECOND WOM. And Hyperbolus, if you meet him
send him here.
- He's mine; and we'll demolish him, I warrant.
- FIRST WOM. How I should like to strike those
ugly teeth out
- With a good big stone, you ravenous greedy villain!
You gormandizing villain! that I should— 825
- Yes, that I should; your wicked ugly fangs
That have eaten up my substance, and devoured
me.
- BACCH. And I could toss you into the public pit
With the malefactors' carcasses; that I could,
With pleasure and satisfaction; that I could. 830
- FIRST WOM. And I should like to rip that gullet
out
- With a reaping hook that swallowed all my tripe,
- And liver and lights—but I'll fetch Cleon here,
And he shall summon him. He shall settle him,
And have it out of him this very day. 835
- [*Exeunt First and Second Woman.*
- BACCH. I love poor Xanthias dearly, that I do;
I wish I might be hanged else.
- XANTH. Yes, I know—
- I know your meaning— No; no more of that, 840
- I won't act Hercules—
- BACCH. Now pray don't say so, my little Xanthias.
- XANTH. How should I be Hercules?—
- A mortal and a slave, a fellow like me?—
- BACCH. I know you're angry, and you've a right
to be angry;
- And if you beat me for it I'd not complain; 845
- But if ever I strip you again, from this time for-
ward,
- I wish I may be utterly confounded,
With my wife, my children, and my family,
And the blear-eyed Archedemus into the bargain.
- XANTH. I agree then, on that oath and those con-
ditions. 850
- CHOR. Now that you revive and flourish
In your old attire again,
You must rouse afresh and nourish
Thoughts of an heroic strain; 855
- That exalt and raise the figure;
And assume a fire and vigor;
And an attitude and air
Suited to the garb you wear;
With a brow severely bent, 860
- Like the god you represent.
- But beware,
Have a care!
- If you blunder, or betray
Any weakness any way;
Weakness of the heart or brain,
We shall see you once again
Trudging in the former track,
With the bundles at your back. 865
- XANTH. Friends, I thank you for your care;
Your advice was good and fair; 870
- Corresponding in its tone
With reflections of my own.
- Though I clearly comprehend
All the upshot and the end
(That if any good comes of it,
Any pleasure, any profit—
He, my master, will recede
From the terms that were agreed),
- You shall see me, notwithstanding,
Stern, intrepid, and commanding. 875
- 880

Now's the time; for there's a noise!
Now for figure, look, and voice!

Enter Æacus.

ÆACUS. Arrest me there that fellow that stole the
dog.

There!—Pinion him!—Quick!

BACCH. There's somebody in a scrape. 885

XANTH. Keep off, and be hanged.

ÆACUS. Oh, ho! do you mean to fight for it?
Here! Pardokas, and Skeblias, and the rest of ye
Make up to the rogue, and settle him. Come, be
quick.

RACCH. Well, is not this quite monstrous and
outrageous, 890
To steal the dog, and then to make an assault
In justification of it.

XANTH. Quite outrageous!

ÆACUS. An aggravated case!

XANTH. Well, now—by Jupiter, 895
May I die; but I never saw this place before—
Nor ever stole the amount of a farthing from you;
Nor a hair of your dog's tail— But you shall see
now,

I'll settle all this business nobly and fairly.
—This slave of mine—you may take and torture
him; 900

And if you make out anything against me,
You may take and put me to death for aught I
care.

ÆACUS. But which way would you please to have
him tortured?

XANTH. In your own way—with . . . the lash—
with . . . knots and screws,
With—the common usual customary tortures. 905
With the rack—with . . . the water-torture—any-
way—

With fire and vinegar—all sorts of ways.
There's only one thing I should warn you of:
I must not have him treated like a child, 909
To be whipp'd with fennel, or with lettuce leaves.

ÆACUS. That's fair—and if so be . . . he's maim'd
or crippled

In any respect—the valy shall be paid you.
XANTH. Oh no!—by no means! not to me!—by
no means!

You must not mention it!—Take him to the tor-
ture.

ÆACUS. It had better be here, and under your
own eye. 915

Come, you—put down your bundles and make
ready.

And mind—let me hear no lies!

BACCH. I'll tell you what:
I'd advise people not to torture me;
I give you notice—I'm a deity. 920
So mind now—you'll have nobody to blame
But your own self—

ÆACUS. What's that you're saying there?

BACCH. Why, that I'm Bacchus; Jupiter's own
son;

That fellow there's a slave. 925

ÆACUS. Do ye hear?

XANTH. I hear him—

A reason the more to give him a good beating;
If he's immortal he need never mind it.

BACCH. Why should not you be beat as well as I
then, 930

If you're immortal, as you say you are?

XANTH. Agreed—and him, and the first that you
see flinching,

Or seeming to mind it all, you may set him down
For an impostor and no real deity.

ÆACUS. Ah, you're a worthy gentleman, I'll be
bound for't; 935

You're all for the truth and the proof.

Come—Strip there both o' ye.

XANTH. But how can ye put us to the question
fairly,

Upon equal terms?

ÆACUS. Oh, easily enough,
Conveniently enough—a lash apiece,
Each in your turn; you can have 'em one by one.

XANTH. That's right. Now mind if ye see me
flinch or swerve.

ÆACUS. I've struck.

XANTH. Not you!

ÆACUS. Why, it seems as if I had not.
I'll smite this other fellow.

BACCH. When will you do it?

Oh dear! Companions of my youthful years.

XANTH. [to Æacus]. Did ye hear? he made an
outcry. 950

ÆACUS. What was that?

BACCH. A favorite passage from Archilochus.

XANTH. O Jupiter! that on the Idean height;

ÆACUS. Well, after all my pains, I'm quite at a
loss

To discover which is the true, real deity. 955

By the Holy Goddess—I'm completely puzzled;

I must take you before Proserpine and Pluto,

Being gods themselves they're likeliest to know.

BACCH. Why, that's a lucky thought. I only wish
It had happen'd to occur before you beat us. 960

CHOR. Muse, attend our solemn summons

And survey the assembled commons,

Congregated as they sit,
An enormous mass of wit,
—Full of genius, taste, and fire,
Jealous pride, and critic ire—
Cleophon among the rest
(Like the swallow from her nest,
A familiar foreign bird),
Chatters loud and will be heard,
(With the accent and the grace
Which he brought with him from Thrace);
But we fear the tuneful strain
Will be turn'd to grief and pain;
He must sing a dirge perforce
When his trial takes its course; 970
We shall hear him moan and wail,
Like the plaintive nightingale.
It behoves the sacred Chorus, and of right to them
belongs,
To suggest the best advice in their addresses and
their songs, 980
In performance of our office, we present with all
humility
A proposal for removing groundless fears and dis-
ability.
First that all that were inveigled into Phrynicus's
treason,
Should be suffer'd and received by rules of evidence
and reason
To clear their conduct— Secondly, that none of our
Athenian race 985
Should live suspected and subjected to loss of fran-
chise and disgrace,
Feeling it a grievous scandal when a single naval
fight
Renders foreigners and slaves partakers of the city's
right:
—Not that we condemn the measure; we con-
ceived it wisely done,
As a just and timely measure, and the first and
only one: 990
—But your kinsmen and your comrades, those with
whom you fought and bore
Danger, hardship, and fatigue, or with their fathers
long before,
Struggling on the land and ocean, laboring with
the spear and oar
—These we think, as they profess repentance for
their past behavior,
Might, by your exalted wisdoms, be received to
grace and favor. 995
Better it would be, believe us, casting off revenge
and pride,

To receive as friends and kinsmen all that combat
on our side
965 Into full and equal franchise: on the other hand
we fear,
If your hearts are fill'd with fancies, haughty, cap-
tious, and severe;
While the shock of instant danger threatens ship-
wreck to the state, 1000
Such resolves will be lamented and repented of too
late.
If the Muse foresees at all
What in future will befall
Dirty Cleigenes the small—
He, the sovereign of the bath, 1005
Will not long escape from scath;
But must perish by and by,
With his potash and his lye;
With his realm and dynasty,
His terraqueous scouring bail, 1010
And his washes, one and all;
Therefore he can never cease
To declaim against a peace.
Often times have we reflected on a similar abuse,
In the choice of men for office, and of coins for
common use; 1015
For your old and standard pieces, valued, and
approved, and tried,
Here among the Grecian nations, and in all the
world beside;
Recognized in every realm for trusty stamp and
pure assay,
Are rejected and abandon'd for the trash of yester-
day;
For a vile, adulterate issue, drossy, counterfeit, and
base, 1020
Which the traffic of the city passes current in their
place!
And the men that stood for office, noted for ac-
knowledged worth,
And for manly deeds of honor, and for honorable
birth;
Train'd in exercise and art, in sacred dances and in
song,
All are ousted and supplanted by a base ignoble
throng; 1025
Paltry stamp and vulgar mettle raise them to com-
mand and place,
Brazen counterfeit pretenders, scoundrels of a
scoundrel race;
Whom the state in former ages scarce would have
allow'd to stand;
At the sacrifice of outcasts, as the scapegoats of the
land.

—Time it is—and long has been, renouncing all
your follies past, 1030
To recur to sterling merit and intrinsic worth at
last.

—If we rise, we rise with honor, if we fall, it must
be so!

—But there was an ancient saying, which we all
have heard and know,
That the wise, in dangerous cases, have esteem'd it
safe and good

To receive a slight chastisement from a *wand of
noble wood.* 1035

ÆACUS. By Jupiter; but he's a gentleman, that
master of yours.

XANTH. A gentleman! To be sure he is;
Why, he does nothing else but wench and drink.

ÆACUS. His never striking you when you took
his name—

Outfacing him and contradicting him! 1040

XANTH. It might have been worse for him if he
had.

ÆACUS. Well, that's well spoken, like a true-bred
slave.

It's just the sort of language I delight in.

XANTH. You love excuses?

ÆACUS. Yes; but I prefer 1045
Cursing my master quietly in private.

XANTH. Mischief you're fond of?

ÆACUS. Very fond indeed.

XANTH. What think ye of muttering as you leave
the room

After a beating? 1050

ÆACUS. Why, that's pleasant too.

XANTH. By Jove, is it! But listening at the door
To hear their secrets?

ÆACUS. Oh, there's nothing like it.

XANTH. And then the reporting them in the
neighborhood. 1055

ÆACUS. That's beyond everything.—That's quite
ecstatic.

XANTH. Well, give me your hand. And there
take mine—and buss me.

And there again—and now for Jupiter's sake!—
(For he's the patron of our cuffs and beatings)
Do tell me what's that noise of people quarreling
And abusing one another there within? 1060

ÆACUS. Æschylus and Euripides, only!

XANTH. Heh?—?—?

ÆACUS. Why, there's a desperate business has
broke out

Among these here dead people;—quite a tumult.

XANTH. As how? 1066

ÆACUS. First there's a custom we have establish'd

In favor of professors of the arts.

When any one, the first in his own line,
Comes down amongst us here, he stands entitled
To privilege and precedence, with a seat 1071
At Pluto's royal board.

XANTH. I understand you.

ÆACUS. So he maintains it till there comes a
better

Of the same sort, and then resigns it up. 1075

XANTH. But why should Æschylus be disturb'd
at this?

ÆACUS. He held the seat for tragedy, as the mas-
ter

In that profession.

XANTH. Well, and who's there now?

ÆACUS. He kept it till Euripides appeared; 1080
But he collected audiences about him

And flourish'd and exhibited, and harangued
Before the thieves, and housebreakers, and rogues,

Cut-purses, cheats, and vagabonds, and villains,
That make the mass of population here; 1085

And they—being quite transported, and delighted
With his equivocations and evasions,

His subtleties and niceties and quibbles—

In short—they raised an uproar, and declared him
Archpoet, by a general acclamation. 1090

And he with this grew proud and confident,
And laid a claim to the seat where Æschylus sat.

XANTH. And did not he get pelted for his pains?

ÆACUS. Why, no—The mob call'd out, and it
was carried,

To have a public trial of skill between them. 1095

XANTH. You mean the mob of scoundrels that
you mention'd?

ÆACUS. Scoundrels indeed! Aye, scoundrels with-
out number.

XANTH. But Æschylus must have had good
friends and hearty?

ÆACUS. Yes; but good men are scarce both here
and elsewhere.

XANTH. Well, what has Pluto settled to be done?

ÆACUS. To have an examination and a trial 1101
In public.

XANTH. But how comes it?—Sophocles?—

Why does he not put forth his claim amongst
them?

ÆACUS. No, no!—He's not the kind of man—not
he!

I tell ye; the first moment that he came,
He went up to Æschylus and saluted him
And kiss'd his cheek and took his hand quite
kindly;

And Æschylus edged a little from his seat

To give him room; so now the story goes,
(At least I had it from Cleidemides)
He means to attend there as a stander-by,
Proposing to take up the conqueror;
If Æschylus gets the better, well and good,
He gives up his pretensions—but, if not, 1115
He'll stand a trial, he says, against Euripides.

XANTH. There'll be strange doings.

ÆACUS. That there will—and shortly

—Here—in this place—strange things, I promise
you;
A kind of thing that no man could have thought
of; 1120

Why, you'll see poetry weigh'd out and measured.

ÆANTH. What, will they bring their tragedies to
the steel-yards?

ÆACUS. Yes, will they—with their rules and com-
passes

They'll measure, and examine, and compare,
And bring their plummets, and their lines and
levels, 1125

To take the bearings—for Euripides

Says that he'll make a survey, word by word.

XANTH. Æschylus takes the thing to heart, I
doubt.

ÆACUS. He bent his brows and pored upon the
ground; I saw him.

XANTH. Well, but who decides the business? 1130

ÆACUS. Why, there the difficulty lies—for judges,
True learned judges, are grown scarce, and Æs-
chylus

Objected to the Athenians absolutely.

XANTH. Considering them as rogues and villains
mostly. 1135

ÆACUS. As being ignorant and empty generally;
And in their judgment of the stage particularly.
In fine, they've fix'd upon that master of yours,
As having had some practice in the business.
But we must wait within—for when our masters
Are warm and eager, stripes and blows ensue. 1140

[Exit ÆACUS.]

CHOR. The full-mouth'd master of the tragic
quire,
We shall behold him foam with rage and ire;
—Confronting in the list
His eager, shrewd, sharp-tooth'd antagonist.
Then will his visual orbs be wildly whirl'd 1145
And huge invectives will be hurl'd
Superb and supercilious,

Atrocious, atrabilious,

With furious gesture and with lips of foam,
And lion crest unconscious of the comb; 1150
Erect with rage—his brow's impending gloom

1110 O'ershadowing his dark eyes' terrific blaze.

The opponent, dexterous and wary,
Will fend and parry;

While masses of conglomerated phrase,
Enormous, ponderous, and pedantic,
With indignation frantic,
And strength and force gigantic,

Are desperately sped
At his devoted head—

Then in different style

The touchstone and the file,

And subtleties of art

In turn will play their part;

Analysis and rule,

And every modern tool;

With critic scratch and scribble,

And nice invidious nibble;

Contending for the important choice,

A vast expenditure of human voice! 1170

Enter EURIPIDES and ÆSCHYLUS.

EURIP. Don't give me your advice, I claim the
seat

As being a better and superior artist.

BACCH. What, Æschylus, don't you speak? you
hear his language.

EURIP. He's mustering up a grand commanding
visage

—A silent attitude—the common trick 1175
That he begins with in his tragedies.

BACCH. Come, have a care, my friend

—You'll say too much.

EURIP. I know the man of old—I've scrutinized
And shown him long ago for what he is, 1180
A rude unbridled tongue, a haughty spirit;
Proud, arrogant, and insolently pompous;
Rough, clownish, boisterous, and overbearing.

ÆSCH. Say'st thou me so? Thou bastard of the
earth,

With thy patch'd robes and rags of sentiment 1185
Raked from the streets and stitch'd and tack'd to-
gether!

Thou mumping, whining, beggarly hypocrite!
But you shall pay for it.

BACCH. There now, Æschylus, 1189
You grow too warm. Restraine your ireful mood.

ÆSCH. Yes; but I'll seize that sturdy beggar first,
And scratch and strip him bare of his pretensions.

BACCH. Quick! Quick! A sacrifice to the winds—
Make ready;

The storm of rage is gathering. Bring a victim.

ÆSCH. —A wretch that has corrupted everything;
Our music with his melodies from Crete; 1196

'Our morals with incestuous tragedies.

BACCH. Dear, worthy Æschylus, contain yourself,
And as for you, Euripides, move off 1199
This instant, if you're wise; I give you warning.
Or else, with one of his big thumping phrases,
You'll get your brains dash'd out, and all your
notions

And sentiments and matter mash'd to pieces.
—And thee, most noble Æschylus, I beseech
With mild demeanor calm and affable 1205
To hear and answer.—For it ill beseems
Illustrious bards to scold like market-women.
But you roar out and bellow like a furnace.

EURIP. I'm up to it.—I'm resolved, and here I
stand
Ready and steady—take what course you will; 1210
Let him be first to speak, or else let me.
I'll match my plots and characters against him;
My sentiments and language, and what not:
Aye! and my music too, my Meleager,
My Æolus and my Telephus and all. 1215

BACCH. Well, Æschylus,—determine. What say
you?

ÆSCH. I wish the place of trial had been else-
where,

I stand at disadvantage here.

BACCH. As how?

ÆSCH. Because my poems live on earth above,
And his died with him, and descended here, 1221
And are at hand as ready witnesses;
But you decide the matter: I submit.

BACCH. Come—let them bring me fire and frank-
incense,

That I may offer vows and make oblations 1225

For an ingenious critical conclusion

To this same elegant and clever trial—

And you too,—sing me a hymn there.—To the
Muses.

CHOR. To the Heavenly Nine we petition,
Ye, that on earth or in air are forever kindly pro-
tecting the vagaries of learned ambition, 1230
And at your ease from above our sense and folly
directing (or poetical contests inspecting,
Deign to behold for a while as a scene of amusing
attention, all the struggles of style and in-
vention),

Aid, and assist, and attend, and afford to the
furious authors your refined and enlighten'd
suggestions;

Grant them ability—force and agility, quick recol-
lections, and address in their answers and
questions,

Pithy replies, with a word to the wise, and pulling

and hauling, with inordinate uproar and
bawling, 1235

Driving and drawing, like carpenters sawing, their
dramas asunder:

With suspended sense and wonder,

All are waiting and attending

On the conflict now depending!

BACCH. Come, say your prayers, you two before
the trial. 1240

ÆSCH. O Ceres, nourisher of my soul, maintain
me

A worthy follower of thy mysteries.

BACCH. There, you there, make your offering.

EURIP. Well, I will;

But I direct myself to other deities. 1245

BACCH. Hey, what? Your own? Some new ones?

EURIP. Most assuredly!

BACCH. Well! Pray away, then—to your own
new deities.

EURIP. Thou foodful Air, the nurse of all my
notions;

And ye, the organic powers of sense and speech,
And keen refined olfactory discernment, 1251

Assist my present search for faults and errors.

CHOR. Here beside you, here are we,

Eager all to hear and see

This abstruse and mighty battle

Of profound and learned prattle. 1255

But, as it appears to me,

Thus the course of it will be;

He, the junior and appellant,

Will advance as the assailant.

Aiming shrewd satyric darts

At his rival's noble parts;

And with sallies sharp and keen

Try to wound him in the spleen,

While the veteran rends and raises

Rifted, rough, uprooted phrases,

Wielded like a threshing staff

Scattering the dust and chaff.

BACCH. Come, now begin, dispute away, but
first I give you notice

That every phrase in your discourse must be re-
fined, avoiding

Vulgar absurd comparisons, and awkward silly
joking.

EURIP. At the first outset, I forbear to state my
own pretensions;

Hereafter I shall mention them, when his have
been refuted;

After I shall have fairly shown, how he befool'd
and cheated

The rustic audience that he found which Phry-
nichus bequeathed him. 1275

He planted first upon the stage a figure veil'd and
muffled

An Achilles or a Niobe, that never show'd their
faces;

But kept a tragic attitude, without a word to utter.
BACCH. No more they did: 'tis very true.

EURIP. —In the meanwhile the Chorus 1280
Strung on ten strophes right-an-end, but they
remain'd in silence.

BACCH. I liked that silence well enough, as well,
perhaps, or better

Than those new talking characters—

EURIP. That's from your want of judgment,
Believe me. 1285

BACCH. Why, perhaps it is; but what was his
intention?

EURIP. Why, mere conceit and insolence; to
keep the people waiting
Till Niobe should deign to speak, to drive his
drama forward.

BACCH. O what a rascal. Now I see the tricks he
used to play me.

—What makes you writhe and winch about?

EURIP. Because he feels my censures. 1291

—Then having dragg'd and drawl'd along, half-
way to the conclusion,

He foisted in a dozen words of noisy boisterous
accent,

With lofty plumes and shaggy brows, mere bug-
bears of the language.

That no man ever heard before.— 1295

ÆSCH. Alas! Alas!

BACCH. Have done there!

EURIP. He never used a simple word.

BACCH. Don't grind your teeth so strangely.

EURIP. But "Bulwarks and Scamanders" and
"Hippogriffs and Gorgons." 1300

"On burnish'd shields emboss'd in brass;" bloody
remorseless phrases

Which nobody could understand.

BACCH. Well, I confess, for my part,
I used to keep awake at night, with guesses and
conjectures

To think what kind of foreign bird he meant by
griffin-horses. 1305

ÆSCH. A figure on the heads of ships; you goose,
you must have seen them.

BACCH. Well, from the likeness, I declare, I took
it for Eurus.

EURIP. So! Figures from the heads of ships are
fit for tragic diction.

ÆSCH. Well, then—thou paltry wretch, explain.
What were your own devices?

EURIP. Not stories about flying-stags, like yours,
and griffin-horses; 1310

Nor terms nor images derived from tapestry Per-
sian hangings.

When I received the Muse from you I found her
puff'd and pamper'd

With pompous sentences and terms, a cumbrous
huge virago.

My first attention was applied to make her look
genteelly;

And bring her to a slighter shape by dint of
lighter diet; 1315

I fed her with plain household phrase, and cool
familiar salad.

With water-gruel episode, with sentimental jelly,
With moral mincemeat; till at length I brought
her into compass;

Cephisophon, who was my cook, contrived to
make them relish.

I kept my plots distinct and clear, and, to prevent
confusion, 1320

My leading characters rehearsed their pedigrees for
prologues.

ÆSCH. 'Twas well, at least that you forbore to
quote your own extraction.

EURIP. From the first opening of the scene, all
persons were in action;

The master spoke, the slave replied, the women,
young and old ones,

All had their equal share of talk— 1325

ÆSCH. Come, then, stand forth and tell us,
What forfeit less than death is due for such an
innovation?

EURIP. I did it upon principle, from democratic
motives.

BACCH. Take care, my friend—upon that ground
your footing is but ticklish.

EURIP. I taught these youths to speechify. 1330

ÆSCH. I say so too.—Moreover
I say that—for the public good—you ought to have
been hang'd first.

EURIP. The rules and forms of rhetoric,—the
laws of composition,

To prate—to state—and in debate to meet a ques-
tion fairly:

At a dead lift to turn and shift—to make a nice
distinction. 1335

ÆSCH. I grant it all—I make it all—my ground
of accusation.

EURIP. The whole in cases and concerns occur-
ring and recurring

At every turn and every day domestic and familiar,
So that the audience, one and all, from personal
experience,
Were competent to judge the piece, and form a
fair opinion 1340
Whether my scenes and sentiments agreed with
truth and nature.
I never took them by surprise to storm their under-
standings,
With Memnons and Tydides's and idle rattle-trap-
pings
Of battle-steeds and clattering shields to scare them
from their senses;
But for a test (perhaps the best) our pupils and
adherents 1345
May be distinguish'd instantly by person and be-
havior;
His are Phormisius the rough, Meganetes the
gloomy,
Hobgoblin-headed, trumpet-mouth'd, grim-visaged,
ugly-bearded;
But mine are Cleitophon the smooth,—Theramenes
the gentle.
BACCH. Theramenes—a clever hand, a universal
genius. 1350
I never found him at a loss in all the turns of party
To change his watchword at a word or at a mo-
ment's warning.
EURIP. Thus it was that I began,
With a nicer, neater plan;
Teaching men to look about, 1355
Both within doors and without;
To direct their own affairs,
And their house and household wares;
Marking everything amiss—
“Where is that? and—What is this?” 1360
“This is broken—that is gone,”
‘Tis the modern style and tone.

BACCH. Yes, by Jove—and at their homes
Nowadays each master comes,
Of a sudden bolting in
With an uproar and a din; 1365
Rating all the servants round,
“If it's lost, it must be found.
Why was all the garlic wasted?
There, that honey has been tasted:
And these olives pilfer'd here.
Where's the pot we bought last year?
What's become of all the fish?
Which of you has broke the dish?”
Thus it is, but heretofore, 1370
The moment that they cross'd the door,
They sat them down to doze and snore.

CHOR. “Noble Achilles! you see the disaster
The shame and affront, and an enemy nigh!”
Oh! bethink thee, mighty master, 1380
 Think betimes of your reply;
Yet beware, lest anger force
Your hasty chariot from the course;
Grievous charges have been heard,
With many a sharp and bitter word, 1385
Notwithstanding, mighty chief,
Let Prudence fold her cautious reef
In your anger's swelling sail;
By degrees you may prevail,
But beware of your behavior 1390
Till the wind is in your favor:
Now for your answer, illustrious architect,
 Founder of lofty theatrical lays!
Patron in chief of our tragical trumperies!
Open the floodgate of figure and phrase! 1395
ÆSCH. My spirit is kindled with anger and
shame,
To so base a competitor forced to reply,
But I needs must retort, or the wretch will report
That he left me refuted and foil'd in debate;
Tell me then, What are the principal merits 1400
Entitling a poet to praise and renown?
EURIP. The improvement of morals, the progress
of mind,
When a poet, by skill and invention,
Can render his audience virtuous and wise.
ÆSCH. But if you, by neglect or intention, 1405
Have done the reverse, and from brave honest
spirits
Depraved, and have left them degraded and base,
Tell me, what punishment ought you to suffer?
BACCH. Death, to be sure!—Take that answer
from me.
ÆSCH. Observe then, and mark, what our citi-
zens were, 1410
When first from my care they were trusted to you;
Not scoundrel informers, or paltry buffoons,
Evading the services due to the state;
But with hearts all on fire, for adventure and war,
Distinguished for hardiness, stature, and strength,
Breathing forth nothing but lances and darts, 1415
Arms, and equipment, and battle array,
Bucklers, and shields, and habergeons, and hau-
berks,
Helmets, and plumes, and heroic attire.
BACCH. There he goes, hammering on with his
helmets, 1420
He'll be the death of me one of these days.
EURIP. But how did you manage to make 'em
so manly,

What was the method, the means that you took?

BACCH. Speak, Æschylus, speak, and behave yourself better,

And don't in your rage stand so silent and stern.

ÆSCH. A drama, brimful with heroical spirit.

EURIP. What did you call it?

ÆSCH. "The Chiefs against Thebes,"

That inspired each spectator with martial ambition,
Courage, and ardor, and prowess, and pride.

BACCH. But you did very wrong to encourage
the Thebans.

Indeed, you deserve to be punish'd, you do,
For the Thebans are grown to be capital soldiers,
You've done us a mischief by that very thing.

ÆSCH. The fault was your own, if you took other
courses;

The lesson I taught was directed to you:
Then I gave you the glorious theme of "the Persians,"

Replete with sublime patriotical strains,
The record and example of noble achievement,
The delight of the city, the pride of the stage.

BACCH. I rejoiced, I confess, when the tidings
were carried

To old King Darius, so long dead and buried,
And the chorus in concert kept wringing their
hands,

Weeping and wailing, and crying, Alas!

ÆSCH. Such is the duty, the task of a poet,

Fulfilling in honor his office and trust.

Look to traditional history—look

To antiquity, primitive, early, remote:

See there, what a blessing illustrious poets
Conferred on mankind, in the centuries past,

Orpheus instructed mankind in religion,

Reclaim'd them from bloodshed and barbarous
rites:

Musæus deliver'd the doctrine of medicine,
And warnings prophetic for ages to come:

Next came old Hesiod, teaching us husbandry,

Plowing, and sowing, and rural affairs,

Rural economy, rural astronomy,

Homely morality, labor, and thrift:

Homer himself, our adorable Homer,

What was his title to praise and renown?

What, but the worth of the lessons he taught us,

Discipline, arms, and equipment of war?

BACCH. Yes, but Pantacles was never the wiser;

For in the procession he ought to have led,

When his helmet was tied, he kept puzzling, and
tried

To fasten the crest on the crown of his head.

ÆSCH. But other brave warriors and noble commanders

Were train'd in his lessons to valor and skill;

Such was the noble heroical Lamachus;

Others besides were instructed by him;

And I, from his fragments ordaining a banquet,

Furnish'd and deck'd with majestical phrase,

Brought forward the models of ancient achievement,

Teucer, Patroclus, and chiefs of antiquity;

Raising and rousing Athenian hearts,

When the signal of onset was blown in their ear,

With a similar ardor to dare and to do;

But I never allow'd of your lewd Sthenobœas,

Or filthy, detestable Phædras—not I—

Indeed, I should doubt if my drama throughout

Exhibit an instance of woman in love.

EURIP. No, you were too stern for an amorous turn,

For Venus and Cupid too stern and too stupid.

ÆSCH. May they leave me at rest, and with peace
in my breast,

And infest and pursue your kindred and you,

With the very same blow that despatch'd you below.

BACCH. That was well enough said; with the life that he led,

He himself in the end got a wound from a friend.

EURIP. But what, after all, is the horrible mischievous?

My poor Sthenobœas, what harm have they done?

ÆSCH. The example is followed, the practice has gain'd,

And women of family, fortune, and worth,
Bewilder'd with shame in a passionate fury,

Have poison'd, themselves for Bellerophon's sake.

EURIP. But at least you'll allow that I never invented it,

Phædra's affair was a matter of fact.

ÆSCH. A fact, with a vengeance! but horrible facts

Should be buried in silence, not bruited abroad,
Nor brought forth on the stage, nor emblazon'd

in poetry,

Children and boys have a teacher assign'd them—

The bard is a master for manhood and youth,
Bound to instruct them in virtue and truth,

Beholden and bound.

EURIP. But is virtue a sound?

Can any mysterious virtue be found

In bombastical, huge, hyperbolical phrase?

ÆSCH. Thou dirty, calamitous wretch, recollect
That exalted ideas of fancy require

to be clothed in a suitable vesture of phrase;
 And that heroes and gods may be fairly supposed
 Discoursing in words of a mightier import, 1511
 More lofty by far than the children of man;
 As the pomp of apparel assign'd to their persons,
 Produced on the stage and presented to view,
 Surpasses in dignity, splendor, and luster 1515
 Our popular garb and domestic attire,
 A practice which nature and reason allow,
 But which you disannull'd and rejected.

EURIP. As how?

ÆSCH. When you brought forth your kings, in
 a villainous fashion, 1520
 In patches and rags, as a claim for compassion.

EURIP. And this is a grave misdemeanor, for
 sooth!

ÆSCH. It has taught an example of sordid un-
 truth;
 For the rich of the city, that ought to equip,
 And to serve with, a ship, are appealing to pity,
 Pretending distress—with an overworn dress. 1526

BACCH. By Jove, so they do; with a waistcoat
 brand new,
 Worn closely within, warm and new for the skin;
 And if they escape in this beggarly shape,
 You'll meet 'em at market, I warrant 'em all, 1530
 Buying the best at the fishmonger's stall.

ÆSCH. He has taught every soul to sophisticate
 truth;
 And debauch'd all the bodies and minds of the
 youth;

Leaving them morbid, and pallid, and spare;
 And the places of exercise vacant and bare:— 1535
 The disorder has spread to the fleet and the crew;
 The service is ruin'd, and ruin'd by you—
 With prate and debate in a mutinous state;
 Whereas, in my day, 'twas a different way;
 Nothing they said, nor knew nothing to say, 1540
 But to call for their porridge, and cry, "Pull away."

BACCH. Yes—yes, they knew this,
 How to f . . . in the teeth
 Of the rower beneath:
 And befoul their own comrades, 1545
 And pillage ashore;
 But now they forget the command of the oar:—
 Prating and splashing,
 Discussing and dashing,
 They steer here and there, 1550
 With their eyes in the air,
 Hither and thither,
 Nobody knows whither.

ÆSCH. Can the reprobate mark in the course he
 has run,

One crime unattempted, a mischief undone? 1555
 With his horrible passions, of sisters and brothers,
 And sons-in-law, tempted by villainous mothers,
 And temples defiled with a bastardly birth,
 And women, divested of honor or worth,
 That talk about life "as a death upon earth"; 1560
 And sophistical frauds and rhetorical bawds;
 Till now the whole state is infested with tribes
 Of scriveners and scribblers, and rascally scribes—
 All practice of masculine vigor and pride,
 Our wrestling and running, are all laid aside, 1565
 And we see that the city can hardly provide
 For the Feast of the Founder, a racer of force
 To carry the torch and accomplish a course.

BACCH. Well, I laugh'd till I cried 1570
 The last festival tide,
 At the fellow that ran,—
 'Twas a heavy fat man,
 And he panted and hobbled,
 And stumbled and wabbled,
 And the pottery people about the gate, 1575
 Seeing him hurried, and tired, and late,
 Stood to receive him in open rank,
 Helping him on with a hearty spank
 Over the shoulder and over the flank,
 The flank, the loin, the back, the shoulders, 1580
 With shouts of applause from all beholders;
 While he ran on with a filthy fright,
 Puffing his link to keep it alight.

CHOR. Ere the prize is lost and won
 Mighty doings will be done. 1585
 Now then—(though to judge aright
 Is difficult, when force and might
 Are opposed with ready slight,
 When the Champion that is cast
 Tumbles uppermost at last) 1590
 —Since you meet in equal match,
 Argue, contradict and scratch,
 Scuffle, and abuse and bite,
 Tear and fight,
 With all your wits and all your might. 1595
 —Fear not for a want of sense
 Or judgment in your audience,
 That defect has been removed;
 They're prodigiously improved,
 Disciplined, alert and smart, 1600
 Drill'd and exercised in art:
 Each has got a little book,
 In the which they read and look,
 Doing all their best endeavor
 To be critical and clever; 1605
 Thus their own ingenious natures,
 Aided and improved by learning,

Will provide you with spectators
Shrewd, attentive, and discerning.

EURIP. Proceed—Continue!

1610

BACCH. Yes, you must continue,
Æschylus, I command you to continue.
And you, keep a look-out and mark his blunders.

ÆSCH. "From his sepulchral mound I call my
father

"To listen and hear"—

1615

EURIP. There's a tautology!

"To listen and hear"—

BACCH. Why, don't you see, you ruffian!

It's a dead man he's calling to—Three times
We call to 'em, but they can't be made to hear.

ÆSCH. And you: your prologues, of what kind
were they?

EURIP. I'll show ye; and if you'll point out a
tautology,

Or a single word clapped in to botch a verse—
That's all!—I'll give you leave to spit upon me.

BACCH. Well, I can't help myself; I'm bound to
attend.

Begin then with these same fine-spoken prologues.

EURIP. "Œdipus was at first a happy man." . . .

ÆSCH. Not he, by Jove!—but born to misery;
Predicted and predestined by an oracle
Before his birth to murder his own father!

1625

—Could he have been "at first a happy man?"

EURIP. . . . "But afterwards became a wretched
mortal."

ÆSCH. By no means! he continued to be
wretched,

—Born wretched, and exposed as soon as born
Upon a potsherd in a winter's night;

1635

Brought up a foundling with disabled feet;
Then married—a young man to an aged woman,
That proved to be his mother—whereupon
He tore his eyes out.

BACCH. To complete his happiness,

1640

He ought to have served at sea with Erasinides.

There!—that's enough—now come to music, can't
ye?

EURIP. I mean it; I shall now proceed to expose
him

As a bad composer, awkward, uninventive,
Repeating the same strain perpetually.—

1645

CHOR. I stand in wonder and perplex

To think of what will follow next.

Will he dare to criticize

The noble bard, that did devise

Our oldest, boldest harmonies,
Whose mighty music we revere?
Much I marvel, much I fear.—

1650

EURIP. Mighty fine music, truly! I'll give ye a
sample;

It's every inch cut out to the same pattern.

BACCH. I'll mark—I've pick'd these pebbles up
for counters.

1655

EURIP. Noble Achilles! Forth to the rescue!
Forth to the rescue with ready support!

Hasten and go,

There is havoc and woe,

Hasty defeat,

1660

And a bloody retreat,

Confusion and rout,

And the terrible shout

Of a conquering foe,

Tribulation and woe!

1665

BACCH. Whoh hoh there! we've had woes
enough, I reckon;

Therefore I'll go to wash away my woe

In a warm bath.

EURIP. No, do pray wait an instant,
And let me give you first another strain,
Transferr'd to the stage from music to the lyre.

1670

BACCH. Proceed then—only give us no more woes.

EURIP. The supremacy scepter and haughty com-
mand

Of the Grecian land—with a flatto-flatto-flatto-
thrat—

1674

And the ravenous sphinx, with her horrible brood,
Thirsting for blood—with a flatto-flatto-flatto-thrat,
And armies equipt for a vengeful assault,
For Paris's fault—with a flatto-flatto-flatto-thrat.

BACCH. What herb is that same flatto-thrat?
Some simple,

1679

I guess, you met with in the field of Marathon:
—But such a tune as this! You must have learned it
From fellows hauling buckets at the well.

ÆSCH. Such were the strains I purified and
brought

To just perfection—taught by Phrynicus,
Not copying him, but culling other flowers
From those fair meadows which the Muses love—

1685

—But he filches and begs, adapts and borrows .
Snatches of tunes from minstrels in the street,
Strumpets and vagabonds—the lullabies

1689

Of nurses and old women—jigs and ballads—
I'll give ye a proof— Bring me a lyre here, some-
body.

What signifies a lyre? the castanets
Will suit him better— Bring the castanets,
With Euripides's Muse to snap her fingers

- In cadence to her master's compositions. 1695
 BACCH. This Muse, I take it, is a Lesbian Muse.
 ÆSCH. Gentle halcyons, ye that lave
 Your snowy plume,
 Sporting on the summer wave;
 Ye too that around the room,
 On the rafters of the roof
 Strain aloft your airy woof;
 Ye spiders, spiders ever spinning,
 Never ending, still beginning—
 Where the dolphin loves to follow,
 Weltering in the surge's hollow,
 Dear to Neptune and Apollo;
 By the seamen understood
 Ominous of harm or good;
 In capricious, eager sallies,
 Chasing, racing round the galleys.
- ÆSCH. Well, now. Do you see this?
 BACCH. I see it—
 ÆSCH. Such is your music. I shall now proceed
 To give a specimen of your monodies— 1715
- O dreary shades of night!
 What phantoms of affright
 Have scared my troubled sense
 With saucer eyes immense;
 And huge horrific paws
 With bloody claws!
 Ye maidens haste, and bring
 From the fair spring
 A bucket of fresh water; whose clear stream
 May purify me from this dreadful dream: 1725
 But oh! my dream is out!
 Ye maidens search about!
 O mighty powers of mercy, can it be;
 That Glyke, Glyke, she
 (My friend and civil neighbor heretofore), 1730
 Has robb'd my henroost of its feather'd store?
 With the dawn I was beginning,
 Spinning, spinning, spinning, spinning,
 Unconscious of the meditated crime;
 Meaning to sell my yarn at market-time. 1735
 Now tears alone are left me,
 My neighbor hath bereft me,
 Of all—of all—of all—all but a tear!
 Since he, my faithful trusty chanticleer
 Is flown—is flown!—Is gone—is gone! 1740
 —But, O ye nymphs of sacred Ida, bring
 Torches and bows, with arrows on the string;
 And search around
 All the suspected ground:
 And thou, fair huntress of the sky; 1745
 Deign to attend, descending from on high—
 —While Hecate, with her tremendous torch,
- Even from the topmost garret to the porch
 Explores the premises with search exact,
 To find the thief and ascertain the fact— 1750
 BACCH. Come, no more songs!
 ÆSCH. I've had enough of 'em;
 1700 For my part, I shall bring him to the balance,
 As a true test of our poetic merit,
 To prove the weight of our respective verses. 1755
 BACCH. Well then, so be it—if it must be so,
 That I'm to stand here like a cheesemonger
 Retailing poetry with a pair of scales.
- CHOR. Curious eager wits pursue
 Strange devices quaint and new, 1760
 Like the scene you witness here,
 Unaccountable and queer;
 I myself, if merely told it,
 If I did not here behold it,
 Should have deem'd it utter folly,
 Craziness and nonsense wholly. 1765
- Enter PLUTO.*
- BACCH. Move up; stand close to the balance!
 EURIP. Here are we—
 BACCH. Take hold now, and each of you repeat
 a verse,
 1720 And don't leave go before I call to you! 1770
 EURIP. We're ready.
 BACCH. Now, then, each repeat a verse.
 EURIP. "I wish that Argo with her woven wings."
 ÆSCH. "O streams of Sperchius, and ye pastured
 plains."
 BACCH. Let go!—See now—this scale outweighs
 that other 1775
 Very considerably—
 EURIP. How did it happen?
 BACCH. He slipp'd a river in, like the wool-job-
 bers,
 To moisten his meter—but your line was light,
 A thing with wings—ready to fly away. 1780
 EURIP. Let him try once again then, and take
 hold.
 BACCH. Take hold once more.
 EURIP. We're ready.
 BACCH. Now repeat.
 EURIP. "Speech is the temple and altar of per-
 suasion." 1785
 ÆSCH. "Death is a God that loves no sacrifice."
 BACCH. Let go!—See there again! This scale sinks
 down;
 No wonder that it should, with Death put into it,
 The heaviest of all calamities.
 EURIP. But I put in persuasion finely express'd
 In the best terms. 1791

BACCH. Perhaps so; but persuasion
Is soft and light and silly— Think of something
That's heavy and huge, to outweigh him, some-
thing solid.

EURIP. Let's see— Where have I got it? Some-
thing solid? 1795

BACCH. "Achilles has thrown twice— Twice a
deuce ace!"

Come now, one trial more; this is the last.

EURIP. "He grasp'd a mighty mace of massy
weight."

ÆSCH. "Cars upon cars, and corpses heap'd pell
mell."

BACCH. He has nick'd you again— 1800

EURIP. Why so? What has he done?

BACCH. He has heap'd ye up cars and corpses,
such a load

As twenty Egyptian laborers could not carry—

ÆSCH. Come, no more single lines—let him
bring all,

His wife, his children, his Cephisophon, 1805

His books and everything, himself to boot—

I'll counterpoise them with a couple of lines.

BACCH. Well, they're both friends of mine—I
shan't decide

To get myself ill-will from either party;
One of them seems extraordinary clever, 1810
And the other suits my taste particularly.

PLUTO. Won't you decide then, and conclude
the business?

BACCH. Suppose then I decide; what then?

PLUTO. Then take him

Away with you, whichever you prefer, 1815
As a present for your pains in coming down here.

BACCH. Heaven bless ye— Well—let's see now—
Can't ye advise me?

This is the case—I'm come in search of a poet—

PLUTO. With what design? 1820

BACCH. With this design; to see

The City again restored to peace and wealth,
Exhibiting tragedies in a proper style.

—Therefore whichever gives the best advice
On public matters I shall take him with me.

—First then of Alcibiades, what think ye? 1825
The City is in hard labor with the question.

EURIP. What are her sentiments towards him?

BACCH. What?

"She loves and she detests and longs to have him."
But tell me, both of you, your own opinions. 1831

EURIP. I hate the man, that in his country's ser-
vice

Is slow, but ready and quick to work her harm;
Unserviceable except to serve himself.

BACCH. Well said, by Jove!—Now you— Give us
a sentence. 1835

ÆSCH. 'Tis rash and idle policy to foster
A lion's whelp within the city walls,
But when he's rear'd and grown you must indulge
him.

BACCH. By Jove, then I'm quite puzzled; one of
them

Has answer'd clearly, and the other sensibly: 1840
But give us both of ye one more opinion;
—What means are left of safety for the state?

EURIP. To tack Cinesias like a pair of wings
To Cleocritus' shoulders, and dispatch them
From a precipice to sail across the seas. 1845

BACCH. It seems a joke; but there's some sense
in it.

EURIP. . . . Then being both equipp'd with little
cruets

They might co-operate in a naval action,
By sprinkling vinegar in the enemies' eyes.
—But I can tell you and will. 1850

BACCH. Speak, and explain then—

EURIP. If we mistrust where present trust is
placed,

Trusting in what was heretofore mistrusted—
BACCH. How! What? I'm at a loss— Speak it
again 1854

Not quite so learnedly—more plainly and simply.

EURIP. If we withdraw the confidence we placed
In these our present statesmen, and transfer it
To those whom we mistrusted heretofore,
This seems I think our fairest chance for safety:

If with our present counselors we fail, 1860
Then with their opposites we might succeed.

BACCH. That's capitally said, my Palamedes!
My politician! Was it all your own?
Your own invention?

EURIP. All except the cruets; 1865
That was a notion of Cephisophon's.

BACCH. Now you—what say you?

ÆSCH. Inform me about the city—
What kind of persons has she placed in office?
Does she promote the worthiest? 1870

BACCH. No, not she,
She can't abide 'em.

ÆSCH. Rogues then she prefers?
BACCH. Not altogether, she makes use of 'em
Perforce as it were. 1875

ÆSCH. Then who can hope to save
A state so wayward and perverse, that finds
No sort of habit fitted for her wear?

Drugget or superfine, nothing will suit her! 1879

BACCH. Do think a little how she can be saved.

- ÆSCH. Not here; when I return there, I shall speak.
- BACCH. No, do pray send some good advice before you.
- ÆSCH. When they regard their lands as enemy's ground,
Their enemy's possessions as their own,
Their seamen and the fleet their only safeguard,
Their sole resource hardship and poverty, 1886
And resolute endurance in distress—
- BACCH. That's well,—but juries eat up everything,
And we shall lose our supper if we stay.
- PLUTO. Decide then— 1890
- BACCH. You'll decide for your own selves,
I'll make a choice according to my fancy.
- EURIP. Remember, then, your oath to your poor friend;
And, as you swore and promised, rescue me.
- BACCH. "It was my tongue that swore"—I fix on Æschylus. 1895
- EURIP. O wretch! what have you done?
- BACCH. Me? Done? What should I?
Voted for Æschylus to be sure— Why not?
- EURIP. And after such a villainous act, you dare To view me face to face— Art not ashamed? 1900
- BACCH. Why, shame, in point of fact, is nothing real:
Shame is the apprehension of a vision
Reflected from the surface of opinion—
—The opinion of the public—they must judge.
- EURIP. O cruel!—Will you abandon me to death? 1905
- BACCH. Why, perhaps death is life, and life is death,
And victuals and drink an illusion of the senses;
For what is Death but an eternal sleep?
- And does not Life consist in sleeping and eating?
- PLUTO. Now, Bacchus, you'll come here with us within. 1910
- BACCH. What for?
- PLUTO. To be received and entertain'd With a feast before you go.
- BACCH. That's well imagined,
With all my heart—I've not the least objection.
- CHOR. Happy is the man possessing 1916
The superior holy blessing
Of a judgment and a taste
Accurate, refined and chaste;
As it plainly doth appear,
In the scene presented here;
Where the noble worthy Bard
Meets with a deserved reward,
- Suffer'd to depart in peace
Freely with a full release,
To revisit once again
His kindred and his countrymen—
Hence moreover
You discover,
That to sit with Socrates, 1930
In a dream of learned ease;
Quibbling, counter-quibbling, prating,
Argufying and debating
With the metaphysic sect;
Daily sinking in neglect,
Growing careless, incorrect,
While the practice and the rules
Of the true poetic Schools
Are renounced or slighted wholly,
Is a madness and a folly. 1935
- PLUTO. Go forth with good wishes and hearty good-will,
And salute the good people on Pallas's hill;
Let them hear and admire father Æschylus still
In his office of old which again he must fill:
—You must guide and direct them,
Instruct and correct them,
With a lesson in verse,
For you'll find them much worse;
Greater fools than before, and their folly much more,
And more numerous far than the blockheads of yore— 1945
- And give Cleophon this,
And bid him not miss,
But be sure to attend
To the summons I send:
To Nicomachus too, 1950
And the rest of the crew
That devise and invent
New taxes and tribute,
Are summonses sent,
Which you'll mind to distribute.
- Bid them come to their graves,
Or, like runaway slaves,
If they linger and fail,
We shall drag them to jail;
Down here in the dark 1955
With a brand and a mark.
- ÆSCH. I shall do as you say;
But the while I'm away,
Let the seat that I held
Be by Sophocles fill'd,
As deservedly reckon'd
My pupil and second. 1965
- 1970

In learning and merit
And tragical spirit—
And take special care;
Keep that reprobate there
Far aloof from the Chair;
Let him never sit in it
An hour or a minute,
By chance or design
To profane what was mine.

PLUTO. Bring forward the torches!—The Chorus
shall wait
And attend on the Poet in triumph and state
With a thundering chant of majestic tone 1984
To wish him farewell, with a tune of his own.

1975

1980

CHOR. Now may the powers of the earth give
a safe and speedy departure
To the Bard at his second birth, with a prosperous
happy revival;
And may the city, fatigued with wars and long
revolution,
At length be brought to return to just and wise
resolutions;
Long in peace to remain— Let restless Cleophon
hasten 1990
Far from amongst us here—since wars are his only
diversion,
Thrace his native land will afford him wars in
abundance.

PLAUTUS

The Captives

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ERGASILUS, *a parasite*
HEGIO, *an old gentleman*
PHILOCrates, *an Elian Knight* } the prisoners
TYNDARUS, *son of Hegio* }
ARISTOPHONTES, *a prisoner*
PHILOPOLEMUS, *a young man, son of Hegio*
STALAGMUS, *a slave*
Overseers of slaves
A boy

*The Scene represents the house of Hegio in Aetolia.
Before the house are seen standing in chains the
two prisoners, Philocrates and Tyndarus.*

PROLOGUE. You all can see two prisoners standing
here,
Standing in bonds; they stand, they do not sit;
In this you'll witness that I speak the truth.
Old Hegio, who lives here, is this one's father;
But how he's come to be his father's slave 5
My prologue shall inform you, if you'll listen.
This old man had two sons; the one of whom
Was stolen by a slave when four years old.
He ran away to Elis and there sold him
To this one's father.

—Do you see?—That's right! 10

Yon fellow in the gallery says he doesn't?
Let him come nearer, then! What, there's no
room?

If there's no room to sit, there's room to walk!
You'd like to send me begging, would you, sir!
Pray, don't suppose I'll crack my lungs for you!
You gentlemen of means and noble rank 16
Receive the rest; I hate to be in debt.
That run-a-way, as I've already said,
When in his flight he'd stolen from his home
His master's son, sold him to this man's father, 20
Who, having bought him, gave him to his son
To be his valet; for the two lads were
Much of an age. Now he's his father's slave
In his own home, nor does his father know it;
See how the gods play ball with us poor men! 25
Now then, I've told you how he lost *one* son.
The Aetolians and the Elians being at war,
His *other* son, a not uncommon thing
In war, was taken prisoner; and a doctor
At Elis, called Menarchus, bought him there. 30
His father then began to buy up Elians,
To see if he could find one to exchange
Against his son,—the one that is a prisoner;
The other, who's at home, he doesn't know.
Now, only yesterday he heard a rumor 35

How that an Elian knight of highest rank
 And noblest family was taken prisoner;
 He spared no cash if he might save his son;
 And so, to get him home more readily,
 He bought these two from the commissioners. 40
 But they between themselves have laid a plot,
 So that the slave may get his lord sent home.
 Thus they've exchanged their clothing and their
 names;
He's called Philocrates, *he* Tyndarus,
 And either plays the other's part today. 45
 The slave today will work this clever dodge,
 And get his master set at liberty.
 By the same act he'll save his brother too,
 And get him brought back free to home and father,
 Though all unwitting: oft we do more good 50
 In ignorance than by our best-laid plans.
 Well, ignorantly, in their own deceit,
 They've so arranged and worked their little trick,
 That he shall still remain his father's slave.
 For now, not knowing it, he serves his father. 55
 What things of naught are men, when one reflects
 on 't!

This story's ours to act, and yours to see.
 But let me give you one brief word of warning:
 It's well worth while to listen to this play.
 It's not been treated in a hackneyed fashion, 60
 Nor like the rest of plays; here you'll not find
 Verses that are too nasty to be quoted.
 Here is no perjured pimp, or crafty girl,
 Or braggart captain.—Pray, don't be afraid
 Because I said a war was going on 65
 Between the Ætolians and the Elians;
 The battles won't take place upon the stage.
 We're dressed for comedy; you can't expect
 That we should act a tragedy all at once.
 If anybody's itching for a fight, 70
 Just let him start a quarrel; if he gets
 An opposite that's stronger, I dare bet
 He'll quickly see more fighting than he likes,
 And never long to see a fight again.
 I'm off. Farewell, ye most judicious judges 75
 At home, most valiant fighters in the field!

[Exit.]

Enter ERGASILUS from the town.

ERG. Grace is the name the boys have given me,
 Because I'm always found *before the meat!*
 The wits, I know, say it's ridiculous;
 But so don't I! For at the banquet-table 80
 Your gamester throws the dice and asks for *grace*.
 Then is *grace* there or not? Of course she is!
 But, more of course, we parasites are there,

Though no one ever asks or summons us!
 Like mice we live on other people's food; 85
 In holidays, when folks go out of town,
 Our teeth enjoy a holiday as well.
 As, when it's warm, the snails lie in their shells,
 And, failing dew, live on their native juices;
 So parasites lie hid in misery 90
 All through the holidays, living on their juices,
 Whilst those they feed on jaunt it in the country.
 During the holidays, we parasites
 Are greyhounds; when they're over, we are mastiffs,
 Bred out of "Odious" by "Prince of Bores." 95
 Now here, unless your parasite can stand
 Hard fisticuffs, and has no strong objection
 To have the crockery broken on his pate,
 He'd better go and take a porter's billet
 At the Trigeminal gate; which lot, I fear, 100
 Is not at all unlikely to be mine.
 My patron has been captured by the foe—
 The Ætolians and the Elians are at war,
 (This is Ætolia); Philopolemus,
 The son of Hegio here, whose house this is, 105
 In Elis lies a prisoner; so this house
 A house of lamentation is to me;
 As oft as I behold it, I must weep.
 Now for his son's sake, he's begun a trade,
 Dishonorable, hateful to himself, 110
 He's buying prisoners, if perchance he may
 Find any to exchange against his son.
 O how I pray that he may gain his wish!
 Till he's recovered, I am past recovery.
 The other youths are selfish, hopelessly, 115
 And only he keeps up the ancient style.
 I've never flattered him without reward;
 And the good father takes after his son!
 Now I'll go see him. Ha! the door is opening,
 Whence I have often come, just drunk with gorg- 120
 ing.

Enter from the house HEGIO and an Overseer.

HEG. Attend to me; those prisoners that I bought
 A day ago from the Commissioners
 Out of the spoil, put lighter fetters on them;
 Take off these heavier ones with which they're
 bound, 125
 And let them walk indoors or out at will;
 But watch them with the utmost carefulness.
 For when a free man's taken prisoner,
 He's just like a wild bird; if once he gets
 A chance of running off, it's quite enough;
 You needn't hope to catch your man again. 130

OVER. Why, all of us would rather far be free
 Than slaves.

HEG. Why not take steps, then, to be free?

OVER. Shall I give *leg-bail*? I've naught else to give!

HEG. I fancy that in that case you would *catch it!*
OVER. I'll be like that wild bird you spoke about.

HEG. All right; then I will clap you in a cage. 136
Enough of this; do what I said, and go.

[*Exit Overseer into the house.*

I'll to my brother's, to my other captives,
To see how they've behaved themselves last night,
And then I'll come back home again straightway.

ERG. [aside]. It grieves me that the poor old man
should ply 141

This gaoler's trade to save his hapless son.
But if perchance the son can be brought back,
The father may turn hangman: what care I? 144

HEG. Who speaks there?

ERG. One who suffers in your grief.
I'm growing daily thinner, older, weaker!
See, I'm all skin and bones, as lean as lean!
All that I eat at home does me no good;
Only a bite at a friend's agrees with me.

HEG. Ergasilus! hail!
ERG. Heav'n bless you, Hegio! 150

HEG. Don't weep!
ERG. Not weep for him? What, not bewail
That excellent young man?

HEG. I always knew
You and my son to be the best of friends.

ERG. Alas! we don't appreciate our blessings
Till we have lost the gifts we once enjoyed. 155
Now that your son is in the foeman's hands,
I realize how much he was to me!

HEG. Ah, if a stranger feels his loss so much,
What must I feel? He was my only joy.

ERG. A stranger? I a stranger? Hegio, 160
Never say that nor cherish such a thought!
Your only joy he was, but oh! to me
Far dearer than a thousand only joys.

HEG. You're right to make your friend's distress
your own;
But come, cheer up!

ERG. Alas! it pains me here, 165
That now the feaster's army is discharged.

HEG. And can't you meantime find another general
To call to arms this army that's discharged?

ERG. No fear! since Philopolemus was taken,
Who filled that post, they all refuse to act. . 170

HEG. And it's no wonder they refuse to act.
You need so many men of divers races
To work for you; first, those of Bakerton;
And several tribes inhabit Bakerton;

Then men of Breadport and of Biscuitville, 175
Of Thrushborough and Ortolania,
And all the various soldiers of the sea.

ERG. How oft the noblest talents lie concealed!
O what a splendid general you would make, 179
Though now you're serving as a private merely.

HEG. Be of good cheer; in a few days, I trust,
I shall receive my dear son home again.

I've got a youthful Elian prisoner,
Whom I am hoping to exchange for him,
One of the highest rank and greatest wealth. 185

ERG. May Heaven grant it!

HEG. Where've you been invited
To dine today?

ERG. Why, nowhere that I know of.
Why do you ask?

HEG. Because it is my birthday;
And so, I pray you, come and dine with me.

ERG. Well said indeed!

HEG. That is if you're content

With frugal fare.

ERG. Well, if it's not *too* frugal; 191

I get enough of that, you know, at home.

HEG. Well, name your figure!

ERG. Done! unless I get
A better offer, and on such conditions

As better suit my partners and myself. 195
As I am selling you my whole estate,
It's only fair that I should make my terms.

HEG. I fear that this estate you're selling me

Has got a bottomless abyss within't!
But if you come, come early.

ERG. Now, if you like! 200

HEG. Go hunt a hare; you've only caught a
weasel.

The path my guest must tread is full of stones.

ERG. You won't dissuade me, Hegio; don't think
it!

I'll get my teeth well shod before I come.

HEG. My table's really coarse.

ERG. Do you eat brambles? 205

HEG. My dinner's from the soil.

ERG. So is good pork

HEG. Plenty of cabbage!

ERG. Food for invalids!

What more?

HEG. Be there in time.

ERG. I'll not forget.

[*Exit ERGASILUS to the marketplace.*

HEG. Now I'll go in and look up my accounts,
To see what I have lying at my banker's; 210
Then to my brother's, as I said just now.

[*Exit HEGIO into the house.*

*Enter Overseers, PHILOCrates and TYNDARUS, each
in the other's clothes, and other slaves.*

OVER. Since Heaven has willed it should be so,
That you must drink this cup of woe,
Why, bear it with a patient mind,
And so your pain you'll lighter find. 215
At home, I dare say, you were free;
Now that your lot is slavery,
Just take it as a thing of course,
Instead of making matters worse;
Behave yourselves and don't be queasy 220
About your lord's commands; 'tis easy.

PRISONERS. Oh, oh!

OVER. No need for howls and cries!
I see your sorrow in your eyes.
Be brave in your adversities. 224

TYN. But we're ashamed to wear these chains.

OVER. My lord would suffer far worse pains,
Should he leave you to range at large out of his
custody,

Or set you at liberty whom he bought yesterday.

TYN. Oh, he needn't fear that he'll lose his gains;
Should he release us, we know what's our duty,
sir. 230

OVER. Yes, you'll run off; I know *that*. You're a
beauty, sir!

TYN. Run off? run off where?

OVER. To the land of your birth.

TYN. Nay, truly, it never would answer
To imitate runaway slaves.

OVER. Well, by Jove!
I'd advise you, if you get a chance, sir. 235

TYN. One thing I beg of you.

OVER. What's your petition, sir?

TYN. Give us a chance of exchanging a word,
Where there's no fear that we'll be overheard.

OVER. Granted! Go, leave them. We'll take our
position there.

See that your talk doesn't last too long! 240

TYN. Oh, that's my intention. So now, come
along!

OVER. Go, leave them alone.

TYN. We ever shall own
We're in your debt for the kindness you've shown
to us;

You have the power, and you've proved yourself
bounteous. 245

PHILOC. Come away farther, as far as we can
from them;

We must contrive to conceal our fine plan from
them,

Never disclose any trace of our trickery,

Else we shall find all our dodges a mockery.

Once they get wind of it,

There'll be an end of it;

For if you are my master brave,

And I pretend to be your slave,

Then we must watch with greatest care;

Of eavesdroppers we must beware.

With caution and skill keep your senses all waking;
There's no time to sleep; it's a big undertaking.

TYN. So I'm to be master?

PHILOC. Yes, that is the notion.

TYN. And so for your head (I would pray you
remark it), 259

You want me to carry my own head to market!

PHILOC. I know.

TYN. Well, when you've gained your wish, re-
member my devotion.

This is the way that you'll find most men treating
you;

Until they have

The boon they crave,

They're kind as can be; but success makes the
knaves!

When they have got it, they set to work cheating
you.

Now I have told you the treatment you owe to me.
You I regard as a father, you know, to me.

PHILOC. Nay, let us say,—no conventions shall
hinder us,— 270

Next to my own, you're my father, dear Tyndarus.

TYN. That will do!

PHILOC. Now then, I warn you always to remem-
ber this;

I no longer am your master but your slave; don't
be remiss.

Since kind Heav'n has shown us plainly that the
way ourselves to save 275

Is for me, who was your master, now to turn into
your slave,

Where before I gave you orders, now I beg of you
in prayer,

By the changes in our fortune, by my father's
kindly care,

By the common fetters fastened on us by the
enemy,

Think of who you were and are, and pay no more
respect to me 280

Than I used to pay to you, when you were slave
and I was free.

TYN. Well, I know that I am you and you are me!

PHILOC. Yes, stick to that!

Then I hope that by your shrewdness we shall gain
what we are at.

Enter HEGIO from his house.

HEG. [addressing someone inside]. I'll be back again directly when I've looked into the case: Where are those whom I directed at the door to take their place? 285

PHILOC. O by Pollux! you've been careful that we shouldn't be to seek; Thus by bonds and guards surrounded we have had no chance to sneak!

HEG. Howsoever careful, none can be as careful as he ought; When he thinks he's been most careful, oft your careful man is caught. Don't you think that I've just cause to keep a careful watch on you, 290 When I've had to pay so large a sum of money for the two?

PHILOC. Truly we've no right to blame you, that you watch and guard us thus; And if we should get a chance and run away, you can't blame us.

HEG. Just like you, my son is held in slavery by your countrymen.

PHILOC. Was he taken prisoner?

HEG. Yes.

PHILOC. We weren't the only cowards then.

HEG. Come aside here; there is something I would ask of you alone; 296

And I hope you'll not deceive me.

PHILOC. Everything I know I'll own; If in aught I'm ignorant, I'll tell you so, upon my life.

HEGIO and PHILOCrates go aside; TYNDARUS standing where he can hear their conversation.

TYN. [aside]. Now the old man's at the barber's; see my master whets his knife!

Why, he hasn't even put an apron on to shield his clothes! 300

Will he shave him close or only cut his hair? Well, goodness knows!

But if he has any sense, he'll crop the old man properly!

HEG. Come now, tell me, would you rather be a slave or get set free?

PHILOC. What I want is that which brings me most of good and least of ill.

Though I must confess my slavery wasn't very terrible; 305

Little difference was made between me and my master's son.

TYN. [aside]. Bravo! I'd not give a cent for Thales, the Milesian!

For, compared with this man's cunning, he is but a trifling knave.

Mark how cleverly he talks, as if he'd always been a slave!

HEG. Tell me to what family Philocrates belongs?

PHILOC. The Goldings; 310

That's a family most wealthy both in honors and in holdings.

HEG. Is your master there respected?

PHILOC. Highly, by our foremost men.

HEG. If his influence amongst them is as great as you maintain,

Are his riches fat?

PHILOC. I guess so! Fat as suet, one might say.

HEG. Is his father living?

PHILOC. Well, he was, sir, when we came away; Whether he still lives or not, you'll have to go to hell to see.

TYN. [aside]. Saved again! for now he's adding to his lies philosophy!

HEG. What's his name, I pray?

PHILOC. Thensaurocrœsonicochrysides.

HEG. I suppose a sort of nickname given to show how rich he is.

PHILOC. Nay, by Pollux! it was given him for his avarice and greed. 320

Truth to tell you, Theodoromedes is his name indeed.

HEG. What is this? His father's grasping?

PHILOC. Grasping? Aye, most covetous!

Just to show you, when he sacrifices to his Genius, All the vessels that he uses are of Samian crockery, Lest the Genius should steal them! There's his character, you see. 325

HEG. Come with me then. [Aside.] Now I'll ask the other what I want to know.

[To TYNDARUS.] Now, Philocrates, your slave has acted as a man should do, For from him I've learnt your birth; the whole he has confessed to me.

If you will admit the same, it shall to your advantage be;

For your slave has told me all.

TYN. It was his duty so to do. 330
All is true that he's confessed; although I must admit to you,

'Twas my wish to hide from you my birth, and wealth, and family;

But now, Hegio, that I've lost my fatherland and liberty,

Naturally he should stand in awe of you much more than me,
Since by force of arms our fortunes stand on an equality.

I remember when he durst not speak a word to do me ill;

He may strike me now; so fortune plays with mortals as she will.

I, once free, am made a slave and brought from high to low degree,
And instead of giving orders must obey submissively.

But if I should have a master, such as I was when at home,

I've no fear that his commands will prove unjust or burdensome.

Hegio, will you bear from me a word of warning?

HEG. Yes, say on.

TYN. Once I was as free and happy as your own beloved son.

But the force of hostile arms has robbed him of his freedom, too;

He's a slave amongst our people, just as I am here with you.

Certainly there is a God who watches us where'er we be;

He will treat your son exactly as He finds that you treat me.

Virtue sure will be rewarded, vice will e'er bring sorrow on—

I've a father misses me, as much as you your absent son.

HEG. Yes, I know. Do you admit, then, what your slave confessed to me?

TYN. I admit, sir, that my father is a man of property,

And that I'm of noble birth. But I beseech you, Hegio,

Do not let my ample riches cause your avarice to grow,

Lest my father think it better, though I am his only son,

That I should continue serving you and keep your livery on,

Rather than come home a beggar to my infinite disgrace.

HEG. Thanks to Heav'n and my forefathers, I've been wealthy all my days;

Nor is wealth, in my opinion, always useful to obtain—

Many a man I've known degraded to a beast by too much gain;

There are times when loss is better far than gain, in every way.

Gold! I hate it! Oh, how many people has it led astray!

Now, attend to me, and I my purpose plainly will declare:

There in Elis, with your people, is my son a prisoner.

If you'll bring him back to me, you shall not pay a single cent:

I'll release you and your slave too; otherwise I'll not relent.

TYN. That's the noblest, kindest offer! All the world can't find your mate!

But is he in slavery to a private man or to the State?

HEG. To Menarchus, a physician.

TYN. Ah! my client! all is plain;

Everything will be as easy as the falling of the rain.

HEG. Bring him home as soon as may be.

TYN. Certainly; but, Hegio—

HEG. What's your wish? For I'll do aught in reason.

TYN. Listen; you shall know.

I don't ask that I should be sent back until your son has come.

Name the price you'll take for yonder slave, to let me send him home,

That he may redeem your son.

HEG. Nay, someone else I should prefer, Whom I'll send when truce is made to go and meet your father there.

He can take your father any message that you like to send.

TYN. It's no use to send a stranger; all your toil in smoke would end.

Send my slave, he'll do the business just as soon as he gets there;

You won't hit on anybody you can send who's trustier,

Or more faithful; he's a man who does his work with all his heart.

Boldly trust your son to him; and he will truly play his part.

Don't you fear! at my own peril I'll make trial of his truth;

For he knows my kindness to him; I can safely trust the youth.

HEG. Well, I'll send him at your risk, if you consent.

TYN. Oh, I agree.

HEG. Let him start as soon as may be.

TYN. That will suit me perfectly.
 HEG. Well, then, if he doesn't come back here
 you'll pay me fifty pounds;
 Are you willing?

TYN. Certainly.

HEG. Then go and loose
 him from his bonds;
 And the other too.

TYN. May Heaven ever treat you graciously!
 Since you've shown me so much kindness, and
 from fetters set me free.

Ah, my neck's more comfortable, now I've cast
 that iron ruff! 390

HEG. Gifts when given to good people win their
 gratitude! Enough!

Now, if you are going to send him, teach and tell
 him what to say,
 When he gets home to your father. Shall I call
 him?

TYN. Do so, pray!

HEGIO crosses the stage to PHILOCrates and ad-
dresses him.

HEG. Heav'n bless this project to my son and me,
 And you as well! I, your new lord, desire 395
 That you should give your true and faithful service
 To your old master. I have lent you to him,
 And set a price of fifty pounds upon you.
 He says he wants to send you to his father
 That he may ransom my dear son and make 400
 An interchange between us of our sons.

PHILOC. Well, I'm prepared to serve either one
 or t' other;

I'm like a wheel, just twist me as you please!
 I'll turn this way or that, as you command.

HEG. I'll see that you don't lose by your com-
 pliance; 405

Since you are acting as a good slave should.
 Come on.

Now, here's your man.

TYN. I thank you, sir,
 For giving me this opportunity
 Of sending him to bring my father word
 About my welfare and my purposes; 410
 All which he'll tell my father as I bid him.
 Now, Tyndarus, we've come to an agreement,
 That you should go to Elis to my father;
 And should you not come back, I've undertaken
 To pay the sum of fifty pounds for you. 415

PHILOC. A fair agreement! for your father looks
 For me or for some other messenger
 To come from hence to him.

TYN. Then, pray attena,
 And I will tell you what to tell my father.

PHILOC. I have always tried to serve you hitherto,
 Philocrates, 420
 As you wished me, to the utmost of my poor abili-
 ties.

That I'll ever seek and aim at, heart and soul and
 strength alway.

TYN. That is right: you know your duty. Listen
 now to what I say.

First of all, convey a greeting to my parents dear
 from me,

And to other relatives and friends, if any you
 should see. 425

Say I'm well, and held in bondage 'by this worthy
 gentleman,

Who has shown and ever shows me all the honor
 that he can.

PHILOC. Oh, you needn't tell me that, it's rooted
 in my memory.

TYN. If I didn't see my keeper, I should think
 that I was free.

Tell my father of the bargain I have made with
 Hegio, 430

For the ransom of his son.

PHILOC. Don't stay to tell me that. I know.

TYN. He must purchase and restore him, then
 we both shall be set free.

PHILOC. Good!

HEG. Bid him be quick, for your sake
 and for mine in like degree.

PHILOC. You don't long to see your son more
 ardently than he does his!

HEG. Why, each loves his own.

PHILOC. Well, have you any other messages?

TYN. Yes; don't hesitate to say I'm well and
 happy, Tyndarus; 436

That no shade of disagreement ever separated us;
 That you've never once deceived me nor opposed
 your master's will,

And have stuck to me like wax in spite of all this
 flood of ill.

By my side you've stood and helped me in my sore
 adversities, 440

True and faithful to me ever. When my father
 hears of this,

Tyndarus, and knows your noble conduct towards
 himself and me,

He will never be so mean as to refuse to set you
 free;

When I'm back I'll spare no effort that it may be
 brought about.

To your toil, and skill, and courage, and your wisdom, there's no doubt 445
That I owe my chance of getting to my father's home again:

For 'twas you confessed my birth and riches to this best of men;
So you set your master free from fetters by your ready wit.

PHILOC. Yes, I did, sir, as you say; I'm glad that you remember it.
But indeed, you've well deserved it at my hands, Philocrates; 450
For if I should try to utter all your many kindnesses,
Night would fall before I'd finished; you have done as much for me
As if you had been my slave.

HEG. Good heavens, what nobility Shines in both their dispositions! I can scarce refrain from tears
When I see their true affection, and the way the slave reveres 455
And commands his master.

TYN. Truly he has not commended me Even a hundredth part as much as he himself deserves to be.

HEG. Well, as you've behaved so nobly, now you have a splendid chance
Here to crown your services by doubly faithful vigilance.

PHILOC. As I wish the thing accomplished, so I shall do all I know; 460
To assure you of it, I call Jove to witness, Hegio!
That I never will betray Philocrates, I'll take my oath!

HEG. Honest fellow!
PHILOC. I will treat him as myself, upon my troth!

TYN. From these loving protestations, mind you never never swerve.

And if I've said less about you than your faithful deeds deserve, 465
Pray you, don't be angry with me on account of what I've said;

But remember you are going with a price upon your head;

And that both my life and honor I have staked on your return;

When you've left my sight, I pray you, don't forget what you have sworn,

Or when you have left me here in slavery instead of you, 470

Think that you are free, and so neglect what you are pledged to do,
And forget your solemn promise to redeem this good man's son.

Fifty pounds, remember, is the price that we've agreed upon.

Faithful to your faithful master, do not let your faith be bought;
And I'm well assured my father will do everything he ought. 475

Keep me as your friend forever, and this good old man as well.

Take my hand in yours, I pray you, swear an oath unbreakable,

That you'll always be as faithful as I've ever been to you.

Mind, you're now my master, aye, protector, and my father too!

I commit to you my hopes and happiness.

PHILOC. O that'll do! 480

Are you satisfied if I can carry this commission through?

TYN. Yes.
PHILOC. Then I'll return in such a manner as shall please you both.

Is that all, sir?

HEG. Come back quickly.

PHILOC. So I will, upon my troth.

HEG. Come along then to my banker's; I'll provide you for the way.

Also I will get a passport from the prætor.

TYN. Passport, eh? 485

HEG. Yes, to get him through the army so that they may let him go.

Step inside.

TYN. A pleasant journey!
PHILOC. Fare-you-well!

HEG. By Pollux, though, what a blessing that I bought these men from the Commissioners!

So, please Heav'n, I've saved my son from bondage to those foreigners.

Dear! How long I hesitated whether I should buy or not! 490

Please to take him in, good slaves, and do not let him leave the spot,

When there is no keeper with him; I shall soon be home again.

[*Exeunt TYNDARUS and slaves into the house.*

Now I'll run down to my brother's and inspect my other men.

I'll inquire if any of them is acquainted with this youth.

[To PHILOCRATES.] Come along and I'll despatch you. That must be done first, in sooth. 495

[*Exeunt HEGIO and PHILOCRATES to the market-place.*

Enter ERGASILUS returning from the market-place.

ERG. Wretched he who seeks his dinner, and with trouble gets a haul;

Wretcheder who seeks with trouble, and can't find a meal at all;

Wretchedest who dies for food, and can't get any anyway.

If I could, I'd like to scratch the eyes out of this cursed day!

For it's filled all men with meanness towards me. Oh, I never saw 500

Day so hungry; why, it's stuffed with famine in its greedy maw.

Never day pursued its purpose in so vacuous a way;

For my gullet and my stomach have to keep a holiday.

Out upon the parasite's profession: it's all gone to pot!

For us impecunious wits the gilded youth don't care a jot. 505

They no longer want us Spartans, owners of a single chair,

Sons of Smacked-Face, whose whole stock-in-trade is words, whose board is bare.

Those that they invite are fellows who can ask them back in turn.

Then they cater for themselves and us poor parasites they spurn;

You will see them shopping in the market with as little shame 510

As when, sitting on the bench, the culprit's sentence they proclaim.

For us wits they don't care twopence; keep entirely to their set.

When I went just now to market, there a group of them I met;

"Hail!" says I; "where shall we go," says I, "to lunch?" They all were mum.

"Who speaks first? Who volunteers?" says I. And still the chaps were dumb. 515

Not a smile! "Where shall we dine together? Answer." Not a word!

Then I flashed a jest upon them from my very choicest hoard,

One that meant a month of dinners in the old days, I declare.

No one smiled; and then I saw the whole was a got-up affair.

Why, they wouldn't even do as much as any angry cur; 520

If they couldn't smile, they might at least have shown their teeth, I swear!

Well, I left the rascals when I saw that they were making game;

Went to others; and to others; and to others—still the same!

They had formed a ring together, just like those who deal in oil

I' the Velabrum. So I left them when I saw they mocked my toil. 525

In the Forum vainly prowling other parasites I saw.

I've resolved that I must try to get my rights by Roman law.

As they've formed a plot to rob us of our life and victuals too,

I shall summon them and fine them, as a magistrate would do.

They shall give me ten good dinners, at a time when food is dear! 530

So I'll do; now to the harbor; there I may to dinner steer;

If that fails me, I'll return and try this old man's wretched cheer.

[*Exit ERGASILUS to the harbor.*

Enter HEGIO from his brother's with ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. How pleasant it is when you've managed affairs

For the good of the public, as yesterday I did, When I bought those two fellows. Why, everyone stares 535

And congratulates me on the way I decided. To tell the plain truth, I am worried with standing, And weary with waiting;

From the flood of their words I could scarce get a landing,

And even at the prætor's it showed no abating. 540
I asked for a passport; and when it had come,
I gave it to Tyndarus; he set off home.

When he had departed, for home off I started;
Then went to my brother's, to question the others,
Whether any among them Philocrates knew. 545

Then one of them cries, "He's my friend, good and true."

I told him I'd bought him;
He begged he might see him; and so I have brought him.

I bade them loose him from his chains,
And came away. [To ARISTOPHONTES.] Pray fol-
low me; 550
Your earnest suit success obtains,
Your dear old friend you soon shall see.
 [Exeunt HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES into the
house; TYNDARUS immediately rushes out.
TYN. Alas! the day has come on which I wish I
never had been born.
My hopes, resources, stratagems, have fled and left
me all forlorn.
On this sad day no hope remains of saving my
poor life, 'tis clear; 555
No help or hope remains to me to drive away my
anxious fear.
No cloak I anywhere can find to cover up my
crafty lies,
No cloak, I say, comes in my way to hide my tricks
and rogueries.
There is no pardon for my fibs, and no escape for
my misdeeds;
My cheek can't find the shelter, nor my craft the
hiding-place it needs. 560
All that I hid has come to light; my plans lie open
to the day;
The whole thing's out, and in this scrape I fail to
see a single ray
Of hope to shun the doom which I must suffer for
my master's sake.
This Aristophontes, who's just come, will surely
bring me to the stake;
He knows me, and he is the friend and kinsman
of Philocrates. 565
Salvation couldn't save me, if she would; there is
no way but this,
To plan some new and smarter trickeries.
Hang it, what? What shall I do? I am just up a
lofty tree,
If I can't contrive some new and quite preposterous
foolery.

Enter from the house HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. Where's the fellow gone whom we saw
rushing headlong from the house? 570
TYN. [aside]. Now the day of doom has come;
the foe's upon thee, Tyndarus!
O, what story shall I tell them? What deny and
what confess?
My purposes are all at sea; O, ain't I in a pretty
mess?
O would that Heaven had blasted you before you
left your native land.

You wretch, Aristophontes, who have ruined all
that I had planned. 575
The game is up if I can't light on some atrocious
villainy!
HEG. Ah, there's your man; go speak to him.
TYN. [aside]. What man is
wretcheder than I?
ARIS. How is this that you avoid my eyes and
shun me, Tyndarus?
Why, you might have never known me, fellow,
that you treat me thus!
I'm a slave as much as you, although in Elis I was
free, 580
Whilst you from your earliest boyhood were en-
thrall'd in slavery.
HEG. Well, by Jove! I'm not surprised that he
should shun you, when he sees
That you call him Tyndarus, not, as you should,
Philocrates.
TYN. Hegio, this man in Elis was considered
raving mad.
Take no note of anything he tells you either good
or bad. 585
Why, he once attacked his father and his mother
with a spear;
And the epilepsy takes him in a form that's most
severe.
Don't go near him!
HEG. Keep your distance!
ARIS. Rascal! Did I rightly hear,
That you say I'm mad, and once attacked my
father with a spear?
And that I have got the sickness for which men
are wont to spit? 590
HEG. Never mind! for many men besides your-
self have suffered it,
And the spitting was a means of healing them,
and they were glad.
ARIS. What, do you believe the wretch?
HEG. In what respect?
ARIS. That I am mad!
TYN. Do you see him glaring at you? Better
leave him! O beware!
Hegio, the fit is on him; he'll be raving soon!
Take care! 595
HEG. Well, I thought he was a madman when
he called you Tyndarus.
TYN. Why, he sometimes doesn't know his own
name. Oh, he's often thus.
HEG. But he said you were his comrade.
TYN. Ah, no doubt! precisely so!
And Alcmæon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus, don't
you know.

Are my comrades quite as much as he is!
 ARIS. Oh, you gallows bird, 600
 Dare you slander me? What, don't I know you?
 HEG. Come, don't be absurd.
 You don't know him, for you called him Tyndarus: that's very clear.
 You don't know the man you see; you name the man who isn't here.
 ARIS. Nay, he says he is the man he isn't, not the man he is. 605
 TYN. O yes! Doubtless you know better whether I'm Philocrates
 Than Philocrates himself does!
 ARIS. You'd prove truth itself a liar, As it strikes me. But, I pray you, look at me!
 TYN. As you desire!
 ARIS. Aren't you Tyndarus?
 TYN. I'm not.
 ARIS. You say you are Philocrates?
 TYN. Certainly.
 ARIS. Do you believe him?
 HEG. Yes, and shall do, if I please.
 For the other, who you say he is, went home from here today 610
 To the father of this captive.
 ARIS. Father? He's a slave.
 TYN. And pray!
 Are you not a slave, though you were free once, as I hope to be,
 When I have restored good Hegio's son to home and liberty?
 ARIS. What's that, gaol-bird? Do you tell me that you were a free-man born? 615
 TYN. No! Philocrates, not Freeman, is my name.
 ARIS. Pray, mark his scorn!
 Hegio, I tell you, you're being mocked and swindled by this knave;
 Why, he never had a slave except himself for he's a slave.
 TYN. Ah, because you're poor yourself, and have no means of livelihood,
 You'd wish everybody else to be like you. I know your mood; 620
 All poor men like you are spiteful, envy those who're better off.
 ARIS. Hegio, don't believe this fellow; for he's doing naught but scoff;
 Sure I am, he'll play some scurvy trick on you before he's done;
 I don't like this tale of his about the ransom of your son.
 TYN. You don't like it, I dare say; but I'll accomplish it, you see! 625

I'll restore him to his father; he in turn releases me.
 That's why I've sent Tyndarus to see my father.
 ARIS. Come, that's lame!
 You are Tyndarus yourself, the only slave who bears that name!
 TYN. Why reproach me with my bondage? I was captured in the fray.
 ARIS. Oh, I can't restrain my fury!
 TYN. Don't you hear him? Run away! He'll be hurling stones at us just now, if you don't have him bound. 631
 ARIS. Oh, damnation!
 TYN. How he glares at us! I hope your ropes are sound.
 See, his body's covered over with bright spots of monstrous size!
 It's the black bile that afflicts him.
 ARIS. Pollux! if this old man's wise, You will find black pitch afflict you, when it blazes round your breast. 635
 TYN. Ah, he's wandering now, poor fellow! by foul spirits he's possessed!
 HEG. [to TYNDARUS]. What do you think? Would it be best to have him bound?
 TYN. Yes, so I said.
 ARIS. Oh, perdition take it! Would I had a stone to smash his head,
 This whipped cur, who says I'm mad! By Jove, sir, I will make you smart!
 TYN. Hear him calling out for stones!
 ARIS. Pray, might we have a word apart, Hegio?
 HEG. Yes, but keep your distance; there's no need to come so close! 641
 TYN. If, by Pollux, you go any nearer, he'll bite off your nose.
 ARIS. Hegio, I beg and pray you, don't believe that I am mad,
 Or that I have epilepsy as this shameless fellow said.
 But if you're afraid of me, then have me bound; I won't say no, 645
 If you'll bind that rascal too.
 TYN. O no, indeed, good Hegio!
 Bind the man who wishes it!
 ARIS. Be quiet, you! The case stands thus; I shall prove Philocrates the false to be true Tyndarus.
 What are you winking for?
 TYN. I wasn't.
 ARIS. He winks before our very face!
 HEG. What, if I approached this madman?

TYN. It would be a wild-goose chase.
He'll keep chattering till you can't make either
head or tail of it. 651

Had they dressed him for the part, you'd say 'twas
Ajax in his fit.

HEG. Never mind, I *will* approach him.

TYN. [aside]. Things are looking very blue.
I'm between the knife and altar, and I don't know
what to do.

HEG. I attend, Aristophontes, if you've anything
to say. 655

ARIS. You shall hear that that is true which
you've been thinking false today.

First I wish to clear myself of all suspicion that I
rave,

Or that I am subject to disease—except that I'm a
slave.

So may He who's king of gods and men restore
me home again:

He's no more Philocrates than you or I.

HEG. But tell me then, 660
Who he is.

ARIS. The same that I have told you from
the very first.

If you find it otherwise, I pray that I may be
accursed,

And may suffer forfeit of fatherland and freedom
sweet.

HEG. What say *you*?

TYN. That I'm your slave, and you're my
master.

HEG. That's not it.

Were you free?

TYN. I was.

ARIS. He wasn't. He's just lying worse and
worse. 665

TYN. How do *you* know? Perhaps it happened
that you were my mother's nurse,

That you dare to speak so boldly!

ARIS. Why, I saw you when a lad.

TYN. Well, I see you when a man today! So we
are quits, by gad!

Did I meddle with your business? Just let mine
alone then, please.

HEG. Was his father called Thensaurocræsoni-
cochrysides? 670

ARIS. No, he wasn't, and I never heard the name
before today.

Theodoromedes was his master's father.

TYN. [aside]. Deuce to pay!

O be quiet, or go straight and hang yourself, my
beating heart!

You are dancing there, whilst I can hardly stand
to play my part.

HEG. He in Elis was a slave then, if you are not
telling lies, 675

And is not Philocrates?

ARIS. You'll never find it otherwise.

HEG. So I've been chopped into fragments and
dissected, goodness knows,

By the dodges of this scoundrel, who has led me
by the nose.

Are you sure there's no mistake though?

ARIS. Yes, I speak of what I know.

HEG. Is it certain?

ARIS. Certain? Nothing could be
more entirely so. 680

Why, Philocrates has been my friend from when
he was a boy;

But where is he now?

HEG. Ah, that's what vexes me,
but gives *him* joy.

Tell me though, what sort of looking man is this
Philocrates?

ARIS. Thin i' the face, a sharpish nose, a fair
complexion, coal-black eyes,

Reddish, crisp, and curly hair.

HEG. Yes, that's the fellow to a T. 685

TYN. [aside]. Curse upon it, everything has gone
all wrong today with me.

Woe unto those wretched rods that on my back
today must die!

HEG. So I see that I've been cheated.

TYN. [aside]. Come on, fetters, don't be shy!
Run to me and clasp my legs and I'll take care of
you, no fear!

HEG. Well, I've been sufficiently bamboozled by
these villains here. 690

T' other said he was a slave, while this pretended
to be free;

So I've gone and lost the kernel, and the husk is
left to me.

Yes, they've corked my nose most finely! Don't I
make a foolish show?

But this fellow here shan't mock me! Colaphus,
Corax, Cordalio,

Come out here and bring your thongs.

Enter Overseers.

OVER. To bind up faggots? Here's a go!

HEG. Come, bind your heaviest shackles on this
wretch. 696

TYN. Why, what's the matter? what's my
crime?

HEG. Your crime!

You've sowed and scattered ill, now you shall reap it.

TYN. Hadn't you better say I harrowed too?
For farmers always harrow first, then sow. 700

HEG. How boldly does he flout me to my face!
TYN. A harmless, guiltless man, although a slave,
Should boldly face his master, of all men.

HEG. Tie up his hands as tightly as you can.

TYN. You'd better cut them off; for I am yours.
But what's the matter? Why are you so angry? 706

HEG. Because my plans, as far as in you lay,
By your thrice-villainous and lying tricks
You've torn asunder, mangled limb from limb,
And ruined all my hopes and purposes. 710
Philocrates escaped me through your guile;
I thought he was the slave, and you the free;
For so you said, and interchanged your names
Between yourselves.

TYN. Yes, I admit all that.
'Tis just as you have said, and cunningly 715
He's got away by means of my smart work;
But I beseech you, are you wroth at that?

HEG. You've brought the worst torments on
yourself.

TYN. If not for sin I perish, I don't care!
But though I perish, and he breaks his word, 720
And doesn't come back here, my joy is this:
My deed will be remembered when I'm dead,
How I redeemed my lord from slavery,
And rescued him and saved him from his foes,
To see once more his father and his home; 725
And how I rather chose to risk my life,
Than let my master perish in his bonds.

HEG. The only fame you'll get will be in hell.

TYN. Nay, he who dies for virtue doesn't perish.

HEG. When I've expended all my torments on
you, 730

And given you up to death for your deceits,
People may call it death or perishing
Just as they like; so long as you are dead,
I don't mind if they say that you're alive.

TYN. By Pollux! if you do so, you'll repent, 735
When he comes back as I am sure he will.

ARIS. O Heavens! I see it now! and understand
What it all means. My friend Philocrates
Is free at home, and in his native land.

I'm glad of that; nothing could please me more.
But I am grieved I've got *him* into trouble, 741

Who stands here bound because of what I said.

HEG. Did I forbid you to speak falsely to me?

TYN. You did, sir.

HEG. Then how durst you tell me lies?

TYN. Because to tell the truth would have done
hurt 745

To him I served; he profits by my lie.

HEG. But *you* shall smart for it!

TYN. O that's all right!

I've saved my master and am glad of that,
For I've been his companion from a boy;
His father, my old master, gave me to him. 750
D' you now think this a crime?

HEG. A very vile one.

TYN. I say it's right; I don't agree with you.
Consider, if a slave had done as much
For your own son, how grateful you would be!
Wouldn't you give that slave his liberty? 755
Wouldn't that slave stand highest in your favor?
Answer!

HEG. Well, yes.

TYN. Then why be wroth with *me*?

HEG. Because you were more faithful to your
master

Than e'er to me.

TYN. What else could you expect?
Do you suppose that in one night and day 760
You could so train a man just taken captive,
A fresh newcomer, as to serve you better
Than him with whom he'd lived from earliest
childhood?

HEG. Then let him pay for it. Take him off,
And fit him with the heaviest, thickest chains; 765
Thence to the quarries you shall go right on.
And whilst the rest are hewing eight stones each,
You shall each day do half as much again,
Or else be nicknamed the Six-hundred-striper.

ARIS. By gods and men, I pray you, Hegio, 770
Do not destroy him.

HEG. I'll take care of him!
For in the stocks all night he shall be kept,
And quarry stones all day from out the ground.
O, I'll prolong his torments day by day.

ARIS. Is this your purpose?

HEG. Death is not so sure.
Go take him to Hippolytus the smith; 776
Tell him to rivet heavy fetters on him.
Then cause him to be led out of the city
To Cordalus, my freedman at the quarries,
And tell him that I wish him to be treated 780
With greater harshness than the worst slave there.

TYN. Why should I plead with you when you're
resolved?

The peril of my life is yours as well.
When I am dead I have no ill to fear;
And if I live to an extreme old age, 785
My time of suffering will be but short.

Farewell! though you deserve a different wish.
Aristophontes, as you've done to me,
So may you prosper; for it is through you
That this has come upon me.

HEG. Take him off. 790

TYN. But if Philocrates returns to you,
Give me a chance of seeing him, I pray.

HEG. Come, take him from my sight or I'll de-
stroy you!

TYN. Nay, this is sheer assault and battery!

[*Exeunt Overseers and Tyndarus to the
quarries.*

HEG. There, he has gone to prison as he merits.
I'll give my other prisoners an example, 796
That none of them may dare repeat his crime.
Had it not been for him, who laid it bare,
The rascals would have led me in a string.
Never again will I put trust in man. 800
Once cheated is enough. Alas! I hoped
That I had saved my son from slavery.
My hope has perished. One of my sons I lost,
Stolen by a slave when he was four years old;
Nor have I ever found the slave or him. 805
The elder's now a captive. What's my crime,
That I beget my children but to lose them?
Follow me, you! I'll take you where you were.
Since no one pities me, I'll pity none.

ARIS. Under good auspices I left my chain; 810
But I must take the auspices again.

[*Exeunt Aristophontes and Hegio to Hegio's
brother's.*

Enter Ergasilus from the harbor.

ERG. Jove supreme, thou dost protect me and in-
crease my scanty store,
Blessings lordly and magnific thou bestowest more
and more;
Both thanks and gain, and sport and jest, festivity
and holidays,
Processions plenty, lots of drink and heaps of meat
and endless praise. 815

Ne'er again I'll play the beggar, everything I want
I've got;
I'm able now to bless my friends, and send my
enemies to pot.
With such joyful joyfulness this joyful day has
loaded me!

Though it hasn't been bequeathed me, I've come
into property!
So now I'll run and find the old man Hegio. O
what a store 820
Of good I bring to him, as much as ever he could
ask, and more.

I am resolved I'll do just what the slaves do in a
comedy;
I'll throw my cloak around my neck, that he may
hear it first from me.
For this good news I hope to get my board in per-
petuity.

Enter Hegio from his brother's.

HEG. How sad the regrets in my heart that are
kindled, 825

As I think over all that has happened to me.
O isn't it shameful the way I've been swindled,
And yet couldn't see!
As soon as it's known, how they'll laugh in the
city!
When I come to the market they'll show me no
 pity, 830
But chaffing say, "Wily old man up a tree!"
But is this Ergasilus coming? Bless me!
His cloak's o'er his shoulder. Why, what can it
be?

ERG. Come, Ergasilus, act and act vigorously!
Hereby I denounce and threaten all who shall ob-
struct my way; 835
Any man who dares to do so will have seen his
life's last day.

I will stand him on his head.

HEG. 'Fore me the man begins to spar!
ERG. I shall do it. Wherefore let all passers-by
stand off afar;

Let none dare to stand conversing in this street,
till I've passed by;
For my fist's my catapult, my arm is my artillery,
And my shoulder is my ram; who meets my knee,
to earth he goes. 841

Folk will have to pick their teeth up, if with me
they come to blows.

HEG. What's he mean by all this threatening?
I confess I'm puzzled quite.

ERG. I'll take care they don't forget this day, this
place, my mickle might.

He who stops me in my course, will find he's
stopped his life as well. 845

HEG. What he's after with these threats and
menaces, I cannot tell.

ERG. I proclaim it first, that none may suffer
inadvertently;

Stay at home, good people all, and then you won't
get hurt by me.

HEG. Oh, depend on 't, it's a dinner that has
stirred his valorous bile.

Woe to that poor wretch whose food has given
him this lordly style! 850

ERG. First, for those pig-breeding millers, with
their fat and bran-fed sows,
Stinking so that one is hardly able to get past the
house;

If in any public place I catch their pigs outside
their pen,
With my fists I'll hammer out the bran from those
same filthy—men!

HEG. Here's pot-valour with a vengeance! He's as
full as man could wish! 855

ERG. Then those fishmongers, who offer to the
public stinking fish,
Riding to the market on a jumping, jolting, jog-
gling cob,
Whose foul smell drives to the Forum every loafer
in the mob;
With their fish baskets I'll deal them on their face
a few smart blows,
Just to let them feel the nuisance that they cause
the public nose. 860

HEG. Listen to his proclamations! What a royal
style they keep!

ERG. Then the butchers, who arrange to steal the
youngsters from the sheep,
Undertake to kill a lamb, but send you home right
tough old mutton;
Nickname ancient ram as yearling, sweet enough
for any glutton;
If in any public street or square that ram comes in
my view, 865
I will make them sorry persons—ancient ram and
butcher, too!

HEG. Bravo! he makes rules as if he were a
mayor and corporation.
Surely he's been made the master of the market to
our nation.

ERG. I'm no more a parasite, but kinglier than a
king of kings.
Such a stock of belly-timber from the port my
message brings. 870

Let me haste to heap on Hegio this good news of
jollity.

Certainly there's no man living who's more for-
tunate than he.

HEG. What's this news of gladness which he
gladly hastens on me to pour?

ERG. Ho! where are you?
Who is there? Will someone open me this door?

HEG. Ah! the fellow's come to dinner.

ERG. Open me the door, I say; 875
Or I'll smash it into matchwood, if there's any
more delay.

HEG. I'll speak-to him. Ergasilus!

ERG. Who calls my name so lustily?

HEG. Pray, look my way!

ERG. You bid me do what Fortune never did to
me!

Who is it?

HEG. Why, just look at me. It's Hegio!

ERG. Ye Gods! It's he.
Thou best of men, in nick of time we have each
other greeted. 880

HEG. You've got a dinner at the port; *that* makes
you so conceited.

ERG. Give me your hand.

HEG. My hand?

ERG. Your hand, I say, at once!

HEG. I give it. There!
Now rejoice!

HEG. Rejoice! but why?

ERG. 'Tis my command. Begone dull care!

HEG. Nay, the sorrows of my household hinder
me from feeling joy.

ERG. Ah, but I will wash you clean from every
speck that can annoy. 885

Venture to rejoice!

HEG. All right, though I've no rea-
son to be glad.

ERG. That's the way. Now order—

HEG. What?

ERG. To have a mighty fire made.

HEG. What, a mighty fire?

ERG. I said so; have it big enough.

HEG. What next?

Do you think I'll burn my house down at your
asking?

ERG. Don't be vexed!

Have the pots and pans got ready. Is it to be done
or not? 890

Put the ham and bacon in the oven, have it piping
hot.

Send a man to buy the fish—

ERG. His eyes are open, but he dreams!

ERG. And another to buy pork, and lamb, and
chickens—

HEG. Well, it seems

You could dine well, if you'd money.

ERG. —Perch and lamprey, if you please,
Pickled mackerel and sting-ray, then an eel and
nice soft cheese. 895

HEG. Naming's easy, but for eating you won't
find facilities

At my house, Ergasilus.

ERG. Why, do you think I'm ordering this
For myself?

HEG. Don't be deceived; for you'll eat neither much, nor little,
If you've brought no appetite for just your ordinary victual.

ERG. Nay, I'll make you eager for a feast though I should urge you not. 900

HEG. Me?

ERG. Yes, you.

HEG. Then you shall be my lord.

ERG. A kind one too, I wot!

Come, am I to make you happy?

HEG. Well, I'm not in love with woe.

ERG. Where's your hand?

HEG. There, take it.

ERG. Heaven's your friend!

HEG. But I don't mark it, though.

ERG. You're not in the *market*, that's why you don't *mark it*: come now, bid

That pure vessels be got ready for the offering, and a kid, 905

Fat and flourishing, be brought.

HEG. What for?

ERG. To make a sacrifice.

HEG. Why, to whom?

ERG. To me, of course!—I'm Jupiter in human guise!

Yes, to you I am Salvation, Fortune, Light, Delight, and Joy.

It's your business to placate my deity with food, dear boy!

HEG. Hunger seems to be your trouble.

ERG. Well, my hunger isn't yours. 910

HEG. As you say; so I can bear it.

ERG. Lifelong habit that ensures!

HEG. Jupiter and all the gods confound you!

ERG. Nothing of the sort!

Thanks I merit for reporting such good tidings from the *port*.

Now I'll get a meal to suit me!

HEG. Idiot, go! you've come too late.

ERG. If I'd come before I did, your words would come with greater weight. 915

Now receive the joyful news I bring you. I have seen your son

Philopolemus in harbor safe; and he'll be here anon.

He was on a public vessel; with him was that Elian youth

And your slave Stalagmus, he who ran away—it's naught but truth—

He who stole your little boy when four years old so cruelly. 920

HEG. Curse you, cease your mocking!

ERG. So may holy Fullness smile on me, Hegio, and make me ever worthy of her sacred name,
As I saw him.

HEG. Saw my son?

ERG. Your son, my patron: they're the same.

HEG. And the prisoner from Elis?

ERG. Oui, parbleu!

HEG. And that vile thief, Him who stole my younger son, Stalagmus?

ERG. Oui, monsieur, par Crieff! 925

HEG. What, just now?

ERG. Par Killiecrankie!

HEG. Has he come?

ERG. Oui, par Dundee!

HEG. Are you sure?

ERG. Par Auchtermuchtie!

HEG. Certain?

ERG. Oui, par Kirkcudbright!

HEG. Why by these barbarian cities do you swear?

ERG. Because they're rude,

As you said your dinner was.

HEG. That's just like your ingratitude!

ERG. Ah, I see you won't believe me though it's simple truth I say. 930

But what countryman was this Stalagmus, when he went away?

HEG. A Sicilian.

ERG. Well, but he belongs to Colorado now; For he's married to a *collar*, and she squeezes him, I vow!

HEG. Tell me, is your story true?

ERG. It's really true—the very truth.

HEG. O good Heav'ns! if you're not mocking, I've indeed renewed my youth. 935

ERG. What? Will you continue doubting when I've pledged my sacred troth?

As a last resource then, Hegio, if you can't believe my oath,

Go and see.

HEG. Of course I will; go in, prepare the feast at once;

Everything's at your disposal; you're my steward for the nonce.

ERG. If my oracle's a false one, with a cudgel comb my hide! 940

HEG. You shall have your board forever, if you've truly prophesied.

ERG. Who will pay?

HEG. My son and I.

ERG. You promise that?

HEG. I do indeed

ERG. Then I promise you your son has really come in very deed.

HEG. Take the best of everything!

ERG. May no delay your path impede!

[Exit HEGIO to the harbor.]

ERG. He has gone; and put his kitchen absolutely in my hands! 945

Heav'n's! how necks and trunks will be dissevered at my stern commands!

What a ban will fall on bacon, and what harm on humble ham!

O what labor on the lard, and what calamity on lamb!

Butchers and pork dealers, you shall find a deal to do today!

But to tell of all who deal in food would cause too long delay. 950

Now, in virtue of my office, I'll give sentence on the lard,

Help those gammons, hung though uncondemned —a fate for them too hard.

[Exit ERGASILUS into the house.]

Enter a boy from the house of Hegio.

BOY. May Jupiter and all the gods, Ergasilius, confound you quite, And all who ask you out to dine, and every other parasite.

Destruction, ruin, dire distress, have come upon our family. 955

I feared that, like a hungry wolf, he'd make a fierce attack on me.

I cast an anxious look at him, he licked his lips and glared around;

I shook with dread, by Hercules! he gnashed his teeth with fearsome sound.

When he'd got in, he made a raid upon the meat-safe and the meats;

He seized a knife—from three fat sows he cut away the dainty teats. 960

Save those which held at least a peck, he shattered every pan and pot:

Then issued orders to the cook to get the copper boiling hot.

He broke the cupboard doors and searched the secrets of the storeroom's hoard.

So kindly watch him if you can, good slaves, whilst I go seek my lord.

I'll tell him to lay in fresh stores, if he wants any for himself, 965

For as this fellow's carrying on, there'll soon be nothing on the shelf.

[Exit boy to the harbor.]

Enter from the harbor HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, PHILOCRATES, and STALAGMUS.

HEG. All praise and thanksgiving to Jove I would render

For bringing you back to your father again; For proving my staunch and successful defender, When, robbed of my son, I was tortured with pain; 970

For restoring my runaway slave to my hands; For Philocrates' honor; unsullied it stands.

PHIOP. Grieved I have enough already, I don't want to grow still thinner, And you've told me all your sorrows at the harbor, pending dinner.

Now to business!

PHILOC. Tell me, Hegio, have I kept my promises, 975

And restored your son to freedom?

HEG. Yes, you have, Philocrates. I can never, never thank you for the services you've done, As you merit for the way you've dealt with me and with my son.

PHIOP. Yes, you can, dear father, and the gods will give us both a chance, Worthily to recompense the source of my deliverance. 980

And I'm sure, my dearest father, it will be a pleasing task.

HEG. Say no more. I have no tongue that can deny you aught you ask.

PHILOC. Then restore to me the slave whom, as a pledge, I left behind.

He has always served me better than himself, with heart and mind.

To reward him for his kindness now shall be my earnest care. 985

HEG. For your goodness he shall be restored to you; 'tis only fair.

That and aught beside you ask for, you shall have. But don't, I pray,

Be enraged with me because in wrath I've punished him today.

PHILOC. Ah, what have you done? I sent him to the quarries bound with chains,

When I found how I'd been cheated.

PHILOC. Woe is me! he bears these pains, Dear good fellow, for my sake, because he gained me my release. 991

HEG. And on that account you shall not pay for him a penny piece.

I will set him free for nothing.

PHILOC. Well, by Pollux! Hegio,
That is kind. But send and fetch him quickly, will
you?

HEG. Be it so.

[To a slave.] Ho, where are you? Run and quickly
bid young Tyndarus return. 995

Now, go in; for from this slave, this whipping-
block, I fain would learn
What has happened to my younger son, and if he's
living still.

Meanwhile you can take a bath.

PHIOP. Come in, Philocrates.

PHILOC. I will.

[Exeunt PHILOPOLEMUS and PHILOCrates into
the house.]

HEG. Now stand forth, my worthy sir, my slave
so handsome, good, and wise!

STAL. What can you expect from *me*, when such
a man as *you* tells lies? 1000

For I never was nor shall be fine or handsome,
good or true;

If you're building on my goodness, it will be the
worse for you.

HEG. Well, it isn't hard for you to see which way
your interest lies;

If you tell the truth, 'twill save you from the
harshest penalties.

Speak out, straight and true; although you've not
done right and true, I guess. 1005

STAL. Oh, you needn't think I blush to hear you
say what I confess.

HEG. I will make you blush, you villain; for a
bath of blood prepare!

STAL. That will be no novelty! you threaten one
who's oft been there!

But no more of that; just tell me what you want
to ask of me.

Perhaps you'll get it.

HEG. You're too fluent; kindly speak
with brevity. 1010

STAL. As you please.

HEG. Ah, from a boy he was a supple,
flattering knave.

But to business! Pray attend to me, and tell me
what I crave.

If you speak the truth, you'll find your interest
'twill best subserve.

STAL. Don't tell me! D'you think that I don't
know full well what I deserve?

HEG. But you may escape a part if not the whole
of your desert. 1015

STAL. Oh, it's little I'll escape! and much will
happen to my hurt:

For I ran away and stole your son from you, and
him I sold.

HEG. Oh, to whom?

STAL. To Theodoromedes of the
house of Gold

For ten pounds.

HEG. Good Heav'n's! Why, that's the
father of Philocrates.

STAL. Yes, I know that quite as well as you do—
better, if you please. 1020

HEG. Jupiter in Heaven, save me, and preserve
my darling son!

On your soul, Philocrates, come out! I want you.
Make haste, run!

Enter PHILOCrates from the house.

PHILOC. Hegio, I am at your service.

HEG. This man says he sold my son
To your father there in Elis for ten pounds.

PHILOC. When was this done?

STAL. Twenty years ago.

PHILOC. O, nonsense! Hegio, he's telling lies.

STAL. Either you or I am lying; for when you
were little boys, 1025

He was given you by your father to be trained
along with you.

PHILOC. Well, then, tell me what his name was,
if this tale of yours is true.

STAL. Pægnium at first; in after time you called
him Tyndarus.

PHILOC. How is it that I don't know you?

STAL. Men are oft oblivious, 1030
And forget the names of those from whom they've
nothing to expect.

PHILOC. Then this child you sold my father, if
your story is correct,

Was bestowed on me as valet. Who was he?

STAL. My master's son.

HEG. Is he living, fellow?

STAL. Nay, I got the money; then I'd done.

HEG. What say *you*?

PHILOC. That Tyndarus is your lost
son! I give you joy! 1035

So at least this fellow's statements make me think;
for he's the boy

Who received his education with myself all through
our youth.

HEGIO. Well, I'm fortunate and wretched all at
once, if you speak truth;

Wretched that I treated him so cruelly, if he's my
son;

Oh, alas! I did both more and less than what I
should have done!

1040

How I'm vexed that I chastised him! Would that I
could alter it!

See, he comes! and in a fashion that is anything
but fit.

Enter TYNDARUS from the quarries.

TYN. Well, I've often seen in pictures all the
torments of the damned;

But I'm certain that you couldn't find a hell that's
stuffed and crammed

With such tortures as those quarries. There they've
got a perfect cure

1045

For all weariness; you simply drive it off by work-
ing more.

When I got there, just as wealthy fathers oft will
give their boys

Starlings, goslings, quills to play with in the place
of other toys,

So when I got there, a *crow* was given me as play-
thing pretty!

Ah, my lord is at the door; and my old lord from
Elis city

1050

Has returned!

HEG. O hail, my long lost son!

TYN. What means this talk of "sons"?
Oh, I see why you pretend to be my father; yes,
for once

You have acted like a parent, for you've brought
me to the light.

PHILOC. Hail, good Tyndarus!

TYN. All hail! for you I'm
in this pretty plight.

PHILOC. Ah! but now you shall be free and
wealthy; for you must be told,

1055

Hegio's your father. That slave stole you hence
when four years old;

And then sold you to my father for ten pounds,
who gave you me,

When we both were little fellows, that my valet
you might be.

This man whom we brought from Elis has most
certain proofs supplied.

TYN. What, am I his son?

PHILOC.

You are; your brother
too you'll find inside.

1060

TYN. Then you have brought back with you his
son who was a prisoner?

PHILOC. Yes, and he is in the house.

TYN. You've done right well and nobly, sir

PHILOC. Now you have a father; here's the thief
who stole you when a boy.

TYN. Now that I'm grown up, he'll find that
theft will bring him little joy.

PHILOC. He deserves your vengeance.

TYN. Oh, I'll have him paid
for what he's done.

1065

Tell me though, are you my father really?

HEG. Yes, I am, my son

TYN. Now at length it dawns upon me, and I
seem, when I reflect,

Yes, I seem to call to mind and somewhat vaguely
recollect,

As if looking through a mist, my father's name
was Hegio.

HEG. I am he!

PHILOC. Then strike the fetters off your
son and let him go!

1070

And attach them to this villain.

HEG. Certainly, it shall be so.

Let's go in, and let the smith be summoned to
strike off your chains,

And to put them on this fellow.

STAL. Right! For they're my only gains.

EPILOGUE. Gentlemen, this play's been written on
the lines of modesty;

Here are found no wiles of women, no gay lovers'
gallantry;

1075

Here are no affiliations, and no tricks for getting
gold;

No young lover buys his mistress whilst his father
is cajoled.

It's not often nowadays, that plays are written of
this kind,

In which good folk are made better. Now then, if
it be your mind,

And we've pleased you and not bored you, kindly
undertake our cause,

1080

And to modesty award the prize with heartiest
applause.

GREEK AND LATIN LYRICS

GREEK LYRIC POETRY

One of the major achievements of the Greek genius was lyric poetry. Beginning with the seventh century B.C. and for about a thousand years, the Greeks wrote lyrics remarkable for their purity, precision, and expressiveness. Though the term *lyric* as used today refers to any verse that is neither dramatic nor epic, the word was originally associated with the lyre because lyrics were intended for singing. The influence of music is apparent in the development of the Greek lyric and its verse patterns can be best understood by imagining the poems as sung to musical accompaniment.

We have only a minute fraction of Greek lyric poetry, which is like having only an arm from the statue of Venus. The great loss was sustained when the library at Alexandria was partly burned down during Julius Caesar's siege of the city; it was completely destroyed in A.D. 389 by the fanatical Christian emperor Theodosius. Today when we look at the fragments of Sappho, though they carry across twenty-five centuries some faint impression of the remarkable woman who wrote them, we realize that we shall never know her as the Greeks did. Lyrics like hers are so intensely personal that without their author's background much is lost.

The reader of translations is at a greater disadvantage in lyric verse than in any other form. The lyricist is particularly concerned with the pattern of his verse, which depends on skillful use of words and syllables. Since one cannot carry over into a new language the poet's use of word or syllable pattern, the translator can convey at best only an approximation of the original content, thought, and emotion.

LYRIC POETRY

Of the early Greek lyricists Sappho (about 600 B.C.) is easily the most important. Her characteristic metrical form can be imitated though not exactly reproduced in English. The first three lines in the stanza are of the form $\sim|-\sim|-\sim|-\sim$. The last line is $\sim\sim|-\sim$.

Swinburne has imitated it in his

All the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron
 Stood and beheld me.

The translations of Sappho that follow are loose imitations of the original form.

It is evident that she was an artist of singular accomplishment; the ancient world called her the Tenth Muse. We know little about her life except that she lived in the Aegean island of Lesbos, the leader of a group of unusually brilliant and "emancipated" women. She was made a subject of romance and was supposed to have drowned herself from unrequited love by leaping into the sea. Although her themes were erotic, her expression of them was pure and exalted, and like all true artists she sublimated her intense emotionalism. Keenly sensitive to verse forms, she was by no means inclined to artificial decorativeness. In the words of Gilbert Murray, "her love poetry, if narrow in scope, has unrivalled splendor of expression for the longing that is too intense to have any joy in it, too serious to allow room for metaphor and imaginative ornament." By reason of her remarkable fusion of personal emotion and scrupulous craftsmanship, Sappho acquired a commanding position in the

world of poetry and her influence extended even to English poets.

In an entirely different mood, Anacreon (563?-478 B.C.) combined the sensuousness of Sapphic verse with the jollity of popular drinking songs (*skolia*). Forced to flee from his home in Teos when it was conquered by the Persians in 545, he attached himself to various royal personages in Samos, Athens, and Thessaly, and became a court poet. His work shows the sophistication and pleasure-seeking of the circles in which he moved. Noted for his charm, wit, and rhythmic felicity, he was not only prolific himself but he started a fashion in verse. He is, indeed, the father of light verse or *vers de société* (society verse) and his influence appears in England, especially in the Cavalier poets of the seventeenth century. The poems of his successors among the Greeks, known as *Anacreontics*, were often attributed to him. His own work has greater variety of form and theme and is also somewhat more stately. (Since his imitators continued to flourish for many centuries, his own poems and the *Anacreontics* are placed together in our selection.)

CHORAL POETRY

Another kind of verse, choral poetry, arose from the practice of celebrating occasions like birthdays, holidays, athletic games, and victories. The celebrations took the form of poems sung and danced by a choir, and the custom soon gave rise to a profession. Poets wrote choral odes or choir songs to order, and professional choruses performed them with specially composed music. This verse could not be subjective, nor could it long remain simple, since it had to satisfy the poet's moneyed patrons, who favored ostentation. The non-choral poets were "their own," said Aristotle; the choral poets were "another's."

There were many choral poets in Greece, beginning with the seventh century, among them Stesichorus (meaning *choir-setter*) and Simonides; but it is with Pindar (522-448 B.C.) that choral poetry is usually associated. Born in Thebes, he studied music and choir-training at Athens, and being of noble descent, he quickly found wealthy patrons and became a guest of the chief families of Rhodes, Corinth, and Athens and of the kings of Macedonia, Cyrene, and Syracuse. The tyrant of Syracuse, Hiero, appears to have been his favorite patron and it is for him that he composed his first Olympic odes. Although it is too much to

call him a sycophant, Pindar did make it his business to glorify men of wealth and power and to flatter them with mythical accounts of their ancestry. A convinced conservative, a votary of Apollo and a devotee of traditional religion, he enjoyed special privileges at Delphi, the official center of Greek worship. For one who witnessed the age of free thought, he was singularly untouched by the spirit of enlightenment, as he had been earlier untouched by the Greek struggle for freedom during the Persian invasion. Gilbert Murray wonders why this remarkably gifted man "is not accounted the greatest poet that ever lived, why he has not done more, matters more," but he answers his own question by surmising that Pindar was "a poet and nothing else."

Writing about athletic victories, leisure-class generosity and genealogy, the pursuit of honor in races and other competitions of the nobility, Pindar lapsed into banalities when he attempted moralizations. But these limitations cannot detract from his remarkable gift for poetic form and for expressiveness—"the organ-playing, the grave strong magic of language, the lightning flashes of half-revealed mystery" of his style. The music he provided for his verses is, of course, lost, but it was accounted exceptionally beautiful. His verse form is a complex, musically related pattern, resembling that of the choral odes in Greek tragedy. The unit consists of three stanzas, known respectively as the *strophe*, the *antistrophe*, and the *epode*, with the strophe and the antistrophe corresponding syllable for syllable, as if sung to the same tune. In other words, they are identical in structure, whereas the epode, which closes a section of the ode, is independent in its metrical structure. The singers would move to one side as they danced with the *strophe*, which means a *turn*; then they moved back to their former position with the *antistrophe* or *counter-turn*; and finally they remained stationary while rendering the *epode* or *conclusion* of any section of the ode. Underlying his traditionalism, moreover, is his admiration for heroism and splendor. Despite the ridiculous pettiness of some of his subjects—two of his best odes celebrate mule-races!—he communicates a certain sublimity of feeling.

Although he has no following in our own day, Pindar was one of the inspirers of English poetry. In looser form than Pindar's, the ode became popular in England. We owe to it Wordsworth's great *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*; and, in still freer and in simpler structure, several of the love-

liest poems of Keats. The strict Pindaric ode form was introduced into English by Ben Jonson, and popularized by Thomas Gray.

During the second half of the fifth century, much of the best lyric poetry went into the writing of Athenian tragedy and comedy, instead of rising to new heights as an independent form. Choral poetry became one of the glories of Greek drama. But the beginning of the third century witnessed a revival of Hellenic lyricism, notably in Sicily. In this ancient Hellenic outpost there arose a fresh form known as the *idyll* or the pastoral form.

PASTORAL POETRY

Simple country-songs had of course existed among the people for a long time. But it was the Sicilian Greek Theocritus who shaped pastoral literature into a distinctive literary style. For this he is known as the father of pastoral or bucolic poetry, and more broadly, as the founder of the pastoral tradition which found expression not only in lyricism, but later in drama (an example is *As You Like It*) and in prose fiction. This kind of writing became artificial when the urban gentlemen of imperial Rome and Elizabethan London cast longing eyes on the countryside. In Theocritus' day, the rustic way of life may have already lost its attractiveness, and his Sicilian peasants were soon to become semi-enslaved agricultural workers of the Roman empire. It is also true that though Sicilian-born, the poet had passed much of his life in Alexandria, the center of the sophisticated world of the third century. He reflects that world in the refinement of his artistry, as well as, to cite Murray once more, in "that habit of retrospect, that yearning over the past which pervades all the poetry . . . of Alexandria." Nevertheless, the freshness of his work and the impression it gives of spontaneity of song and of simple happiness is ever present in the ten of his thirty-two idylls which have come down to us. Perhaps in the days before he became famous in Alexandria, he had caught glimpses of just that kind of simple life in his native Sicily. His *Cyclops*, an idyll of the love of the mythical shepherd Polyphemus for the sea-nymph Galatea, is composed of simple, recognizable details of farm life.

His first idyll, the *Dirge on Daphnis*, gave rise to the fashion of couching some lament in pastoral terms, with the departed one presented as a shepherd and the imagery drawn from rustic surroundings and occupations. This poem has had

many imitations; not only classic dirges but English masterpieces like Milton's *Lycidas* and Shelley's famous lament for Keats, *Adonais*. But in Theocritus' poem the pastoral setting is not yet a convention; the dirge is a lovely lyric sung by one shepherd at the request of a friend, and the subject, the death of the love-lorn Daphnis, is a folk tale or legend. No effort is made to weight it with added significance or to symbolize anything.

The fifteenth idyll, *The Syracusan Ladies* (*Adoniazuse* or Feast of Adonis), recounts a folk festival in honor of Adonis, Aphrodite's lover according to legend, but originally a vegetation spirit whose death was lamented every year with appropriate rites. This festival is vividly described in the poem through the behavior of the celebrants, and is concluded with a dirge for Adonis that is pure lyricism. A touch of reality is present throughout in the account of the two matrons who attend the celebration; here indeed we find a humorous realism one does not expect in lyric poetry. In form, too, *The Syracusan Women* is remarkable; it is a little play or *mime*, for it consists of dialogue and involves a certain amount of action.

Theocritus is, indeed, a most attractive poet, who was capable of creating not only lyric utterance, but humor, realism, and charming dramatic narrative. He knew how to arouse and sustain interest, largely by means of expressive details and dialogue. Even *The Cyclops*, which is a monologue, has dramatic vigor. Theocritus is the last Greek poet to whom the adjective great can be applied. His two third-century successors Bion and Moschus are, by comparison, florid and ornate. Although the former's *Dirge of Adonis* is rich in passion and imagery, he is distinctly a poet by secondary inspiration. Moschus, whose *Lament for Bion* is a famous tribute to a dead poet, is even further removed from the fountainhead of natural art. The pastoral form rapidly became subject to the law of diminishing returns in the Greek world.

After this, the resources of Greek poetry came to an end, but not before leaving one final legacy in the compilation known as *The Greek Anthology*. Its approximately four thousand tiny poems, many of them anonymous, came from different centuries; some were written as early as the fifth century B.C., others as late as the sixth century A.D. Their character was well expressed by the famous librarian of Alexandria, the poet and critic Callimachus: "Great is the sweep of the river of Assyria; but it bears many scourings of earth on the flood of it, and much driftwood to the sea.

Apollo's bees draw not their water everywhere; a little dew from a holy fount, the highest bloom of the flower." Maintaining that the age of epics was gone, Callimachus called for perfection in little things. The best poems of the *Greek Anthology*¹ fulfill this requirement; most of them, including Callimachus' own lovely epitaph *Heraclitus*, are brief evocations of feeling or epigrammatic distillations of wit. They may be likened to the engravings on rare Greek coins; they have a lasting quality, for they are exquisite, apt, and universal.

Among the known contributors to this collection, the most famous are Meleager of Gadara (*circa* 100 B.C.) who possessed a vein of tenderness; the polished Antipater of Sidon; the fifth-century (A.D.) Pallades; and the sixth-century A.D. poets Agathias and Paulus Silentarius. It was Meleager who made the first collection, which was later increased by Philippus of Thessalonica about 100 A.D. and by others throughout the Dark Ages in Eastern Europe. The *Anthology* is a fitting conclusion to Greek poetry, for, in the words of John Addington Symonds, it is "coextensive with the whole current of Greek history, from the splendid period of the Persian wars to the decadence of Christianized Byzantium." In it we hear "the private utterances, the harmoniously modulated whispers of a multitude of Greek poets."

ROMAN LYRIC POETRY

The little verses with which Greek lyricism ends are the last glistening trickles of what had once been a mighty river. It remained for the slowly awakening Romans to find new fountainheads and create a new broad stream. Roman poetry is less spontaneous and inspired than Greek. As the Latin language developed it became sonorous and complex, and imperialist Roman society favored a façade of formalism and artifice. A contemporary critic, Burton Rascoe, goes so far as to maintain that for the most part, it is "simply not to be trusted to express the author's genuine feelings, emotions or convictions."² But although it is true that much Roman writing is rhetorical, its best examples have a grandeur that exalts the reader, and their organ music and felicitous phrasing remain memorable. Elemental emotions are rarely evoked, but the attitudes of cultivated men,

whose humanity is not any the less valid because it is polished, live vividly in Latin verse.

Personal emotion is most apparent in Rome's first great lyricist, Catullus (c. 87-54 B.C.). Genuine grief and tenderness are present in the touching lament for his brother which ends with the immortal phrase of *ave atque vale*, "hail and farewell." Catullus evinces tenderness even about such little things as the death of Lesbia's sparrow. Above all, there can be no doubt about the validity of his passion, born of four years of turbulent love for a married woman, who was probably Clodia, the sister of a Roman politician. She was the product of a sophisticated social set—we would label her "café society" today—and her inconstancy was notorious. As a worldly, sophisticated gentleman, he should perhaps have taken an easy view of her infidelity, but Catullus happened to be an impassioned poet for whom love and jealousy were painfully real emotions. He raged and railed, and sometimes even became vengeful. Catullus is, in short, a realist among love poets. Moreover, there is an appealing candor in his self-examination, in his oscillation between ecstasy and misery, sunshine and shadow, confidence and doubt.

There is a genuine self-revelation in all of his work, which records, in addition to his stormy infatuation, his fondness for genial friendships and for nature. His evocation of passion has power, his exuberance and petulance a captivating charm; his description of Roman life is vivid, and his picture of country life pleasurable. It is no wonder that his poems have remained fresh over the centuries.

Catullus was a child of the turbulent years of the Roman republic, and he even became involved in republican politics, joining the faction that opposed Julius Caesar. His greatest successors belong to the reign of Augustus Caesar, a period of greater refinement and stability. The members of the Augustan literary circle reflect this more orderly and luxurious age in poetry that is stately, even-tempered, and comparatively artificial.

(Virgil (70 B.C.-19 B.C.) is the principal figure of this period. Most important for his epic, the *Aeneid*, he also made substantial contributions to lyric poetry with his pastoral writings, the *Georgics* and the *Elegies*. In the former, written in 37 B.C., he described and glorified agriculture, which had fallen on evil days and had to be revived for the

¹ The word *anthology* means "garland."

² *Titans of Literature*, p. 92.

good of the country. In these poems Virgil relied largely on the routine life he must have observed during his boyhood on his Mantuan estate. Their content is generally tedious, but one admires them for their formal perfection, picturesqueness, and incidental passages that have little or nothing to do with the business of farming. The *Elegues*, ten in number and written between 42 and 37 b.c., are patterned after the idylls of Theocritus. Some are genuine pastorals, others are allegories expressed in the pastoral idiom. It is largely to Virgil, in fact, that we owe this convention of allegorical pastoral poetry, in which the language of the countryside is employed to set forth ideas in no way related to agriculture. The famous fourth *Elogue*, addressed to the poet and politician Pollio who befriended Virgil, celebrates Pollio's consulship and the expected birth of a child to this patron. Here the references to rustic life merely express Virgil's courteous compliments, his tribute to the orderly and prosperous Augustan era, and his dream of a tranquil and happy Golden Age. The Christian Middle Ages regarded this eclogue erroneously as a prophecy of the coming of Christ, but it is any case the most inspired of Virgil's poems.

Most characteristic of the Augustan age was the poetry of Virgil's contemporary and friend Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 b.c.), known to future generations as Horace. The son of a well-to-do farmer who provided him with an excellent education, he led a quiet and refined life, and he steered clear of political involvements after his ill-fated support of Brutus at Philippi while a student at Athens. This cost him his estate and forced him to seek clerical employment in a government office. But his poetry won him powerful friends at court, among them the famous minister of Augustus Cæsar, Mæcenas, who patronized the arts. Given his beloved Sabine farm by Mæcenas, Horace spent most of his time there, leading a simple and independent life. His aptitude was by no means rustic, for he was a worldly and sophisticated poet, but he liked to observe the busy world at a comfortable distance, and often with amusement. He was amused at himself too, and he remained discreetly detached even in love. Perhaps he exaggerated his lack of attractiveness to women, since they probably liked him for his wit and good spirits, but he never gave himself up to a consuming interest, so that he is never impassioned,

irascible, or recriminative in his amatory verses. His *Ode to Pyrrha* (I, 5), in which he assures us he will never court shipwreck in the seas of passion, typifies his detached spirit. Indeed, he pursued the golden mean in all things.

The poetry speaks for the man. It is the product of leisure and of "the labor of the file" (*labor limæ*), as he himself said. It has precision, neatness, and is a model of the apt phrase and the right word. It is not the poetry of inspiration but that of sound observation, humor, and good taste. It is worldly and charming, not vaulting and fiery, although some of his *Odes*, like his *Ship of State*, are noble in sentiment and express a high seriousness. His *Satires* are amiable and tolerant, though penetrative; only in some of the earlier satirical poems of his *Epodes* does he indulge in any invective. His later *Epistles* are easy and informal, essayistic, and invariably charming; they contain his *Art of Poetry*, an essay in literary criticism that became the bible for many critics during and after the Renaissance. No poet received the compliment of so many imitations, and his themes and style have served many eminent writers of light verse. He brought good cheer and civilized attitudes into the soul of poetry.

The rest of Latin lyric poetry is spread over several centuries. It is richest in the period of Virgil and Horace, who found companions in such poets as Tibullus (54?-18? A.D.), the author of graceful elegies inspired by various love affairs, Propertius (50?-15? b.c.), and Ovid (43 b.c.-A.D. 18). The latter became better known as a story-teller for his poetic recounting of myths in his *Metamorphoses*, but he was also a clever writer of erotic elegies in his *Amores* and a genuine lyricist in the *Tristitia* that he composed while in exile on the shores of the Black Sea. After this age some of the most interesting verse belongs to satire rather than lyricism. The anonymous *Pervigilium Veneris* (The Vigil of Venus) is the lovely swan-song of paganism. It is a pæan to nature, to the joy of spring and the ecstasies of the worshippers of nature and love. Probably associated with a pagan rite in honor of fertility, whose goddess is Venus, the poem speaks the universal language of classic paganism. When the Latin tongue again becomes ecstatic, in the hymns of the medieval Church, it speaks with the accent of Christianity, which has a radically different spiritual view of man and the world.

HOMERIC HYMN

Hymn to Earth the Mother of All

O universal Mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee!
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine 5
Live, move, and there are nourished—these are
thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!
The life of mortal men beneath thy sway 10
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
Happy are they whom thy mild favors nourish;
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish;

For them, endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield 15
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honored dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters free from care and 20
sadness,
With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting—such delights by thee
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.
Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven, 25
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

SAPPHO

One Girl

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the top-
most bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers
forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could
get it till now.
Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is
found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever
tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden in the ground.

Hesperus the Bringer

O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child too to its mother's breast.

Ode to Aphrodite

Splendor-throned Queen, immortal Aphrodite,
Daughter of Jove, Enchantress, I implore thee
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;

Slay me not, Goddess!
Come in thy pity—come, if I have prayed thee; 5
Come at the cry of my sorrow; in the old times
Oft thou hast heard, and left thy father's heaven,
Left the gold houses,
Yoking thy chariot. Swiftly did the doves fly,
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of won- 10
der—
Waving their dark plumes all across the æther,
All down the azure
Very soon they lighted. Then didst thou, Divine
one,
Laugh a bright laugh from lips and eyes immortal,
Ask me, What ailed me—wherefore out of heaven
Thus I had called thee? 15
What it was made me madden in my heart so?
Question me, smiling—say to me, "My Sappho,
Who is it wrongs thee? Tell me who refuses
Thee, vainly sighing.
Be it who it may be, he that flies shall follow;
He that rejects gifts, he shall bring thee many;
He that hates now shall love thee dearly, madly— 20
"Aye, though thou wouldest not."
So once again come, Mistress; and, releasing 25
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,
Grant me my prayer, and be as heretofore now
Friend and protectress.

PINDAR

*Olympian Ode I**To Hiero the Syracusan**Victor in the Horse-race*

STROPHE I

Water the first of elements we hold;
 And, as the flaming fire at night
 Glows with its own conspicuous light,
 Above proud treasure shines transcendent gold:
 But if, my soul, 'tis thy desire 5
 For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
 Look not within the range of day
 A star more genial to descry
 Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
 Dims all the spheres that gild the sky; 10
 Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
 Than famed Olympia's crowded plain:
 From whence, by gifted minstrels richly wove,
 Th' illustrious hymn, at glory's call,
 Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall, 15
 To hail his prosperous throne and sing Saturnian
 Jove.

ANTISTROPHE I

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
 Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed
 Unnumber'd flocks, and for his meed
 Culls the sweet flowers that all the virtues yield;
 Nor less renown'd his hand essays 21
 To wake the Muse's choicest lays,
 Such as the social feast around
 Full oft our tuneful band inspire—
 But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound? 25
 Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre,
 If Pisa's palms have charms for thee,
 If Pherenicus' victory
 Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares of song;
 Tell us how swift the ungodoaded steed 30
 By Alpheus urged his furious speed,
 And bore the distant prize from all the panting
 throng.

EPODE I

Proud of his stud, the Syracusan king
 Partook the courser's triumph. Through the
 plain

Olympian Ode I. Translated by Abraham Moore. Pindar (522-448? B.C.) was born near Thebes and died at Argos. He passed four years at the court of Hieron in Syracuse. Except for his brilliant series of odes, little is known of him.

By Lydian Pelops won his praises ring— 35
 Pelops of Neptune loved (whose watery reign
 Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at his
 might),

Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate replaced.
 And from the caldron bright
 Drew forth with ivory shoulder graced. 40
 Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's spite,
 O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm
 From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
 That more than Nature's self her painted dreams
 delight.

STROPHE II

For Taste, whose softening hand hath power to
 give 45
 Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
 And trifles to distinction brings,
 Makes us full oft the enchanting tale receive
 In Truth's disguise as Truth. The day
 Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away 50
 The veil each flattering falsehood wears.

Beseems us then (for less the blame)
 Of those that heed us from the spheres
 Becoming marvels to proclaim.
 Great son of Tantalus, thy fate 55
 Not as the fablers I relate.

Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Sipylian guest,
 When they in turn beneath his bower
 Purest repast partook, the Power
 That wields the Trident, seized, and ravished from
 the feast. 60

ANTISTROPHE II

Desire his breast had conquered. Up he drove
 His trembling prize of mortal mold
 In radiant car with steeds of gold
 To th' highest mansion of all-honored Jove;
 With whom the Boy, from wondering Ide 65
 Rapt long before, like place supplied.
 Her Pelops lost, her vanished son
 Soon roused the frantic mother's care;
 No tidings came; the search begun
 In mystery ended in despair.

Forthwith some envious foe was found
 Whispering th' unseemly slander round,
 How all into the bubbling caldron cast
 Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and shred
 In fragments on the table spread, 75
 While circling Gods looked on and shared th'
 abhorred repast.

EPODE II

Far be from me and mine the thought profane,
 That in foul feast celestials could delight!
 Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its bane 79
 E'en in the wrong it works—If mortal wight
 Heaven e'er hath honored, 'twas this Tantalus;
 But soon from ill-digested greatness sprung
 Presumption and abuse:
 Thence from his towering fortunes flung
 (Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponderous rock 85
 High o'er his head hung threatening (angry
 Jove
 So judged him for his crimes above):
 Where day and night he waits, dreading th'
 expected shock.

STROPHE III

Thus doomed is he life's hopeless load to bear,
 Torment unceasing! Three beside, 90
 Delinquents there, like pains abide.
 He from th' Immortals their ambrosial fare,
 The nectarous flood that crowned their bowl,
 To feast his earth-born comrades, stole;
 Food, that, by their celestial grace, 95
 Eternal youth to him had given.
 Vain hope, that guilt by time or place
 Can 'scape the searching glance of heaven!
 For this the blameless Son once more
 Back to man's short-lived race they bore; 100
 There, when fresh youth its blooming flower had
 blown,
 And round his chin th' umbrageous beard
 Mature its manlier growth had reared,
 From Pisa's Prince he sought, his nuptial couch to
 crown

ANTISTROPHE III

The famed Hippodamè; whose charms to gain,
 The fond and furious father's pride, 105
 At night's dark hour alone he hied
 To the rough shore of the loud-bellowing main,
 And called the Trident-sceptered God,
 Whose form forthwith beside him stood: 110

"Oh! if th' endearing gifts," said he,
 "The Cyprian sea-born Queen bestows,
 Have still, great Neptune, grace with thee,
 Propitiate now thy suppliant's vows. 115
 Arrest Cenomaus' brazen spear,
 To Elis guide my prompt career,
 And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's wheel
 Victorious to the goal; for he,
 Slayer of suitors ten and three,
 Still from his daughter's hope withholds the bridal
 seal. 120

EPODE III

"Majestic Danger calls but for the brave,
 Trusts not the dastard's arm: then why should
 man,
 By life's hard lot predestined to the grave,
 Waste in the dark th' unprofitable span,
 And crouch in Age's corner unrenowned, 125
 Heav'n's noblest gifts untasted? Power divine!
 Grant thou th' event be crowned,
 This peril shall at least be mine."
 Thus he, with zeal not unregarded, speeds
 His ardent prayer. The God his prayer em-
 braced, 130
 Gave him his car with gold engraved,
 And roused th' unwearied plumes that winged the
 immortal steeds.

STROPHE IV

Cenomaus' power th' exulting youth o'erthrows:
 The virgin spouse his arms entwine;
 From whose soft intercourse, a line 135
 By all the virtues nursed, six warriors rose.
 Now in rich pomp and solemn state
 His dust heroic honors wait.
 Where Alpheus laves the hallowed glade,
 His tomb its ample range displays, 140
 And gifts by many a stranger laid
 High on his crowded altar blaze;
 But most from proud Olympia's drome,
 On distant realms, on times to come,
 Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed demands his
 crown, 145
 Toil-mastering Strength the muscle strains,
 And conquerors pass life's proud remains
 On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber of renown.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Such is the Champion's meed: the constant good,
 That lives beyond the transient hour, 150

Of all that Heaven on man can shower,
Most fires his hope, most wakes his gratitude:
But now 'tis mine, the strain to raise,
And swell th' Equestrian Hero's praise,
To crown with loud Æolian song 155
A Prince, whose peer the spacious earth
Holds not its noblest chiefs among,
Boasts not in wisdom, power and worth,
A host more gifted, to display,
Through all the mazes of the lay. 160

Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sustains
And makes thee his peculiar care;
If long thy deeds his smiles shall share,
A loftier flight I'll soar, and warble sweeter
strains.

EPODE IV

Then high on Cronium's peak my post shall be;
There, as a poet's glance informs my soul, 165
First in the burning race thy steeds to see,
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to the goal.
Then shall the Muse her strongest javelin fling;
'Bove all the ranks of greatness at the top 170
Shines the consummate king—
Beyond that height lift not thy hope.
Be thine in that bright station long to bear
Thy upright course; mine, with the conquering
band, 175
To take my honorable stand,
And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm of genius
wear.

THEOCRITUS

The Cyclops

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew,
The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
Loved Galatea while the manhood grew
Adown his cheeks, and darkened round his
mouth.
No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses; 5
Love made him mad; the whole world was
neglected,
The very sheep went backward to their closes
From out the fair green pastures, self-directed.
And singing Galatea, thus, he wore
The sunrise down along the weedy shore, 10
And pined alone, and felt the cruel wound
Beneath his heart, which Cypris' arrow bore,
With a deep pang: but, so, the cure was found;
And, sitting on a lofty rock, he cast
His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last: 15
"O whitest Galatea, can it be
That thou shouldst spurn me off who love thee
so?
More white than curds, my girl, thou art to see,
More meek than lambs, more full of leaping glee
Than kids, and brighter than the early glow. 20
On grapes that swell to ripen,—sour like thee!
Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep,

And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from me;
Thou fiest . . . fiest as a frightened sheep
Flies the gray wolf!—yet love did overcome me, 25
So long!—I loved thee, maiden, first of all
When down the hills (my mother fast beside
thee)
I saw thee stray to pluck the summer-fall
Of hyacinth-bells, and went myself to guide thee;
And since my eyes have seen thee, they can leave
thee 30
No more, from that day's light! But thou . . .
by Zeus,
Thou wilt not care for *that*, to let it grieve thee!
I know thee, fair one, why thou springest loose
From my arm round thee. Why? I tell thee, dear!
One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road 35
Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear;
One eye rolls underneath; and yawning, broad,
Flat nostrils feel the bulging lips too near.
Yet . . . ho, ho!—I,—whatever I appear, 39
Do feed a thousand oxen! When I have done,
I milk the cows, and drink the milk that's best!
I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the sun;
And after, in the cold, it's ready prest!
And then, I know to sing, as there is none
Of all the Cyclops can, . . . a song of thee, 45
Sweet apple of my soul, on love's fair tree,

Theocritus, *The Cyclops*. Translated by E. B. Browning. Theocritus lived in the early part of the third century B.C. Though he passed much of his time in Alexandria, his idylls reflect the shepherd life of Sicily, where he was born.

And of myself who love thee . . . till the west
Forgets the light, and all but I have rest.
I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does, 49
And all in fawn; and four tame whelps of bears.
Come to me, sweet! thou shalt have all of those
In change for love! I will not halve the shares.
Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended
To the dry shore; and, in my cave's recess,
Thou shalt be gladder for the noon-light ended; 55
For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,
Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves infold
Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,
The wooded Ætna pours down through the trees
From the white snows, which gods were scarce too
bold 60
To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these
Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm
seas?
Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire
In these gray ashes which burns hot enough; 65
And, when I burn for *thee*, I grudge the pyre
No fuel . . . not my soul, nor this one eye,—
Most precious thing I have, because thereby
I see thee, fairest! Out, alas! I wish
My mother had borne me finned like a fish, 70
That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee,
And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,
If still thy face were turned; and I would bear thee
Each lily white, and poppy fair that bleeds 74
Its red heart down its leaves!—one gift, for hours
Of summer,—one for winter; since to cheer thee,
I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.
Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,

If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis,
That I may know how sweet a thing it is 80
To live down with you in the deep and dim!
Come up, O Galatea, from the ocean,
And, having come, forget again to go!
As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion,
Could sit forever. Come up from below! 85
Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine;
Come, press my cheese, distract my whey and
curd!
Ah, mother! she alone . . . that mother of mine . . .
Did wrong me sore! I blame her! Not a word
Of kindly intercession did she address 90
Thine ear with for my sake; and ne'ertheless
She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day:
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,
All sick for grief, as I myself was sick.
O Cyclops, Cyclops! whither hast thou sent 95
Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert bent
On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick
The sprouts to give thy lambkins, thou wouldest
make thee
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.
Milk dry the present! Why pursue too quick 100
That future which is fugitive aright?
Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find,
Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;
For many girls do call me through the night,
And, as the call, do laugh out silverly. 105
I, too, am something in the world, I see!
While thus the Cyclops love and lambs did fold,
Ease came with song, he could not buy with gold.

The Syracusan Ladies

GORG. Is Praxinoë at home?

PRAXINOË. Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She is at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

GORG. It does most charmingly as it is.

PRAXINOË. Do sit down.

GORG. Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely 10
got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

PRAXINOË. It is all the fault of that madman of

mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

GORG. Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy,—look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

PRAXINOË. Our Lady! the child takes notice.

GORG. Nice papa!

PRAXINOË. That papa of his the other day—we call every day “the other day”—went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt—the great big endless fellow!

GORG. Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect

spendthrift—Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings a piece for—what do you suppose?—dog-skins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash—trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis; I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

PRAXINOË. Fine folks do everything finely.

GORG. What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to anyone who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

PRAXINOË. Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first, and how she carries it! give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! Why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

GORG. Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

PRAXINOË. Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money,—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

GORG. Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

PRAXINOË. Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to bite. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused, call in the dog, and shut the street door.

[They go into the street.]

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion—oh! the tricks those perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us? Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample on me. Look, the bay's rearing, see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home.

GORG. Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them, now, and they have gone to their station.

PRAXINOË. There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along, the huge mob is overflowing us.

GORG. *[to an old Woman].* Are you from the Court, mother?

OLD WOMAN. I am, my child.

PRAXINOË. Is it easy to get there?

OLD WOMAN. The Achæans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

GORG. The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

PRAXINOË. Women know everything, yes, and how Zeus married Hera!

GORG. See, Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

PRAXINOË. Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand, and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis;—never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo, my muslin skirt is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate take care of my shawl!

STRANGER. I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

PRAXINOË. How close-packed the mob is, they hustle like a herd of swine!

STRANGER. Courage, lady, all is well with us now.

PRAXINOË. Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed—come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he shut himself in with his bride.

GORG. Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

PRAXINOË. Lady Athene, what spinning women wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself—Adonis—how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis,—Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A STRANGER. You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

GORG. Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we are chatterboxes! Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you just know, we are Corinthians by descent, like *ellerophon* himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

PRAXINOË. Lady Persephone, never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

GORG. Hush, hush, Praxinoë—the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the *Adonis*; she that won the prize last year for *irge-singing*. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is (preluding) commencing with her airs and graces.

THE PSALM OF ADONIS

O Queen that loveth Golgi, and Idalium, and the eep of Eryx, O Aphrodite, that playest with gold, , from the stream eternal of Acheron they have sought back to thee Adonis—even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved hours, but dear and desired they come, for always , all mortals, they bring some gift with them. O ypris, daughter of Diônê, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, drop- 30 ng softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, oh thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear, and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver, and the golden vessels are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that 40 omen fashion in the kneading-tray, mingling bosoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, I that is wrought of honey sweet, and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of

things that fly, and of things that creep, lo, here they are set before him.

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, all laden with tender anise, and children flit overhead—the little Loves—as the young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try their wings from bough to bough.

O the ebony, O the gold, O the twin eagles of white ivory that carry to Zeus the son of Cronos his darling, his cup-bearer! O the purple coverlet strewn above, more soft than sleep! So Miletus will say, and whose sheep feeds in Samos.

Another bed is strewn for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris keeps, and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years is he, his kisses are not rough, the golden down being yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris, in the arms of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather with the dew, and carry 20 him forth among the waves that break upon the beach, and with locks unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling to the ankles, and bosoms bare will we begin our shrill sweet song.

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell, thou only of the demigods dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. For Agamemnon had no such lot, nor Aias, that mighty lord of the terrible anger, nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons of Hecabe, nor Parocius, nor Pyrrhus, that returned 30 out of Troyland, nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithæ and Deucalion's sons, nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasgian Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in the coming year. Dear to us has thine advent been, Adonis, and dear shall it be when thou comest again.

GORG. Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much, thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar,—don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis, may you find us glad at your next coming!

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Undying Thirst

This rudely sculptured porter-pot
Denotes where sleeps a female sot;
Who passed her life, good easy soul,
In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.
Not for her friends or children dear
She mourns, but only for her beer.
E'en in the very grave, they say,
She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;
And, faith, she thinks it very wrong
This jug should stand unfilled so long.

5 Antipater, tr. by Robert Bland

Heraclitus

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Callimachus, tr. by William Cory

A Garland for Heliodora

I'll frame, my Heliodora! a garland for thy hair,
Which thou, in all thy beauty's pride, mayst not disdain to wear:
For I with tender myrtles white violets will twine,
White violets, but not so pure as that pure breast
of thine;
With laughing lilies I will twine narcissus, and the sweet
Crocus shall, in its yellow hue, with purple hyacinth meet.

And I will twine with all the rest, and all the rest above,
Queen of them all, the red red rose, the flower which lovers love.

Meleager, tr. by Christopher North

My Star

Star-gazing, O my Star; would I could be Heaven, with a host of eyes to gaze on thee.

—Plato, tr. by Alexander Lothian

An Irony

A man found a treasure; and, what's very strange, Running off with the cash, left a rope in exchange: The poor owner, at missing his gold, full of grief, Hung himself with the rope which was left by the thief.

—Plato, tr. by Sir Alexander Croke

Writ in Water

In holy night we made the vow;
And the same night, that long before
Had seen our early passion grow,
Was witness to the faith we swore.
Did I not swear to love her ever?
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not vow a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?
Yet now she says those words are air;
Those vows were written in the water;

10 And, by the lamp that heard her swear,
Hath yielded to the first who sought her.

—Meleager, tr. by C. Merivale

No Matter

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether proud or base my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
Thou knowst its use. It hides—no matter whom.

—Paulus Silentarius, tr. by William Cowper

here

ODES OF ANACREON

-n,

I

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beamed upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sighed,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breathed of him and blushed with wine.
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now:
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.

II

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal right,
I'm monarch of the board tonight;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweetebriety;
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

5

Then, give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

10

Listen to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketched in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, reveling free,
Full of loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the earthly heaven of love
These delighted mortals prove.

20

15

Vulcan! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labors ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.

25

No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But mind that, o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side,
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.

30

I care not for the glittering wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.

35

But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipped bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.

40

Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes,
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,
Wing through the air their winding way;
While Venus, from her arbor green,
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,

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8-

Odes of Anacreon. Translated by Thomas Moore. Anacreon (563-478 B.C.) passed most of his life at the courts of Greek tyrants for whom he composed graceful verses celebrating their pleasures. Later imitations of his work are called *Anacreontics*.

And young Lyæus by her side
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

V

Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul,
Grave for me an ample bowl,
Worthy to shine in hall or bower, 85
When spring-time brings the reveler's hour.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Fit for a simple board like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights; 90
Nor any tale of tragic fate
Which History shudders to relate.
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love;
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy, 95
Distill the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread. 100
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces, linked with Love,
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys disporting round, 105
In circlets trip the velvet ground.
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.

VI

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide 110
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelmed him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poisoned bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast. 115

VII

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,

And like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinned my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal, 130
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give.

VIII

I care not for the idle state 135
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great:
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe; 140
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
Today I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if tomorrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again. 145
And thus while all our days are bright,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine. 150
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

ANACREONTICS

The Bard of Love

I wish to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war, 5
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name; 10
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due:
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds, 15

Beneath whose arms the Hydra bleeds,
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renowned in arms!
Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, love alone my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

—tr. by Byron

20

25

The Cicada

On your verdant throne elate,
Lovely insect, here in state,
Nectared dew you sip, and sing,
Like a little happy king.
All thou seest so blooming fine,
Lovely insect, all is thine,
Which the painted fields produce,
Or the soft-wing hours profuse.
Swains adore thy guiltless charms;
None thy blissful revel harms;
Thee, sweet prophet, all revere;

5

10

Thou foretellst the ripening year.
Thou by Muses art caressed,
Thou by golden Phœbus blessed;
He inspired thy tuneful voice;
Age ne'er interrupts thy joys.
Wisest offspring of the earth,
Thou for nothing car'st but mirth;
Free from pain, and flesh, and blood,
Thou'ret almost a little god.

15

20

—tr. by Addison

Stung

Love a bee, that lurked among
Roses, saw not, and was stung;
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Did to his fair mother hie;
And "Help," cried he, "ere I die;
A snake winged has bitten me,
Called by country-folks a bee."
On which Venus—"If such smart
Little sting of bee impart,
How much greater is the pain
Which, whom thou hast stung, sustain."

5

10

—tr. by T. Stanley

CATULLUS

Home to Sirmio

Dear Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set
free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed!
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!

5

10

Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please,—
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice; and every smile of home awake!

15

Love Is All

Let us, Lesbia darling, still
Live our life, and love our fill;
Heeding not a jot, howe'er
Churlish dotards chide or stare!
Suns go down, but 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
A thousand kisses grant me sweet;
With a hundred these complete;

5

10

Catullus, *Home to Sirmio*. Translated by Theodore Martin. Gaius Valerius Catullus (c. 87-54 B.C.) divided his life between his native Verona and Rome. His poems reflect the life of a gentleman of leisure and an unhappy lover of a cruel mistress.

Catullus, *Love Is All*. Translated by Theodore Martin.

Lip me a thousand more, and then
Another hundred give again.
A thousand add to these, anon
A hundred more, then hurry one
Kiss after kiss without cessation,
Until we lose all calculation;
So envy shall not mar our blisses
By numbering up our tale of kisses.

15

Never all the world around
Faith so true as mine was found.
If no longer it endures
(Would it did!) the fault is yours.
I can never think again
Well of you: I try in vain.
But . . . be false . . . do what you will.—
Lesbia! I must love you still.

5

10

The Dead Sparrow

Ye Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread;
My Lesbia's favorite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved.
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to clear the air,
But chirruped oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having passed the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save;
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

Love's Unreason

I hate and love—the why I cannot tell,
But by my tortures know the fact too well.

True or False

None could ever say that she,
Lesbia! was so loved by me.

Catullus, *The Dead Sparrow*. Translated by Lord Byron.

Catullus, *True or False*. Translated by Walter Savage Landor.

Catullus, *On the Burial of His Brother*. Translated by Aubrey Beardsley.

Catullus, *Farewell to Bithynia*. Translated by Theodore Martin.

x On the Burial of His Brother

By ways remote and distant waters sped,
Brother, to thy sad graveside am I come
That I may give the last gifts to the dead,
And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb;
5 Since She who now bestows and now denies
Hath ta'en thee, hopeless brother, from 1
eyes.
But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years,
Are made sad things to grace thy coffin-shell;
Take them, all drenched with a brother's tears,
And, brother, for all time, hail and farewell. 10

Farewell to Bithynia

15 A balmy warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
Has died away; the spring, the spring is here!

Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain, 5
Where days of sweltering sunshine soon shall
crown
Nicea's fields with wealth of golden grain,
And fly to Asia's cities of renown!

Already through each nerve a flutter runs
Of eager hope, that longs to be away; 10
Already 'neath the light of other suns
My feet, new-winged for travel, yearn to stray.

And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
Who side by side went forth from home, fare-
well!

How far apart the paths shall carry you 15
Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell?

HORACE

Ode I, 4. To Lucius Sestius

As biting Winter flies, lo; Spring with sunny skies
And balmy airs! and barks long dry put out
again from shore;
Now the ox forsakes his byre, and the husband-
man his fire,
And daisy-dappled meadows bloom where win-
ter frosts lay hoar.

By Cytherea led, while the moon shines overhead,
The Nymphs and Graces, hand in hand, with
alternating feet 6
Shake the ground, while swinking Vulcan strikes
the sparkles fierce and red
From the forges of the Cyclops, with reiterated
beat.

'T is the time with myrtle green to bind our glisten-
ting locks,
Or with flowers wherein the loosened earth her-
self hath newly dressed, 10
And to sacrifice to Faunus in some glade amidst
the rocks
A yearling lamb, or else a kid, if such delight
him best.

Death comes alike to all—to the monarch's lordly
hall,
Or the hovel of the beggar, and his summons
none shall stay.
O Sestius, happy Sestius! use the moments as they
pass; 15
Far-reaching hopes are not for us, the creatures
of a day.

Thee soon shall night enshroud, and the Manes'
phantom crowd,
And the starveling house unbeautiful of Pluto
shut thee in;
And thou shalt not banish care by the ruddy wine-
cup there,
Nor woo the gentle Lycidas, whom all are mad
to win. 20

Horace, *To Lucius Sestius*. Translated by Theodore Martin. Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 B.C.), educated in the best schools of Rome and Athens, was a close friend of important men in a most interesting period of Roman history. His patron, the wealthy Mæcenas, enabled him to live a pleasant life on his Sabine Farm.

Horace, *To Pyrrha*. Translated by Goldwin Smith.

Horace, *The Ship of State*. Translated by Sir Stephen E. De Vere.

Ode I, 5. To Pyrrha

What slender youth, with perfumed locks,
In some sweet nook beneath the rocks,
Pyrrha, where clustering roses grow,
Bends to thy fatal beauty now?
For whom is now that golden hair 5
Wreathed in a band so simply fair?
How often will he weep to find
Thy pledges frail, Love's power unkind?
And start to see the tempest sweep 10
With angry blast the darkening deep;
Though sunned by thy entrancing smile,
He fears no change, suspects no guile.
A sailor on bright summer seas,
He wots not of the fickle breeze. 15
For me—yon votive tablet scan;
It tells that I, a shipwrecked man,
Hung my dank weeds in Neptune's fane,
And ne'er will tempt those seas again.

Ode I, 14. The Ship of State

Ship of State, beware!
Hold fast the port. Cling to the friendly shore
Lest sudden storms and whirling eddies bear
Thy shattered hull to faithless seas once more.

See how the rower faints upon his oar! 5
Hark to the groaning of the mast,
Sore stricken by the Libyan blast!
Thy shrouds are burst; thy sails are torn;
And through thy gaping ribs forlorn 10
The floods remorseless pour.
Dare not to call for aid on powers divine;
Dishonored once they hear no more:
Nor boast, majestic pine,
Daughter of Pontic forests, thy great name, 15
Old lineage, well-earned fame,
The honors of thy sculptured prow—
Sport of the mocking winds, nor feared nor trusted
now!

Alas! my country, long my anxious care,
Source now of bitter pain and fond regret!

Thy stars obscured, thy course beset
By rocks unseen, beware!
Trust not soft winds and treacherous seas
Or the false glitter of the Cyclades.

Ode I, 22. To Aristius Fuscus

Fuscus, the man of life upright and pure,
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipped with venom deadly sure,
Loading his quiver;

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

For as I strayed along the Sabine wood
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turned and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parched nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

Place me where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
Where clouds oppress and withering tempests
freeze
From shore to shore.

Place me beneath the sunbeams' fiercest glare,
On arid sands, no dwelling anywhere;
Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice even there
I will adore.

Ode I, 23. To Chloe

Chloe, thou fliest me like a fawn
That on some lonely upland lawn,
Seeking its dam, in winds and trees
Imaginary dangers sees.
Does Spring's fresh breeze the foliage shake
Or lizard rustle in the brake?
At once it quakes in heart and limb.
Yet I, sweet girl, no tiger grim,
No fierce Gaetulian lion am.
Then, no more, fawn-like, seek thy dam,
But bury all thy fond alarms—
'T is time thou shouldst—in true love's arms.

Horace, *To Aristius Fuscus*. Translated by Theodore Martin.

Horace, *To Chloe*. Translated by Goldwin Smith.

Horace, *The Death of Cleopatra*. Translated by Sir Stephen E. De Vere.

Horace, *To His Cup-Bearer*. Translated by Theodore Martin.

γ *Ode I, 37. The Death of Cleopatra* α

Drink, comrades, drink; give loose to mirth!
With joyous footstep beat the earth,
And spread before the War-God's shrine
The Salian feast, the sacrificial wine.

Bring forth from each ancestral hoard
Strong draughts of Cæcuban long stored,
Till now forbidden. Fill the bowl!
For she is fallen, that great Egyptian Queen,
With all her crew contaminate and obscene,
Who, mad with triumph, in her pride,
The manly might of Rome defied,
And vowed destruction to the Capitol.

As the swift falcon stooping from above
With beak unerring strikes the dove,
Or as the hunter tracks the deer
Over Hæmonian plains of snow,
Thus Cæsar came. Then on her royal State
With Mareotic fumes inebriate,
A shadow fell of fate and fear,
And thro' the lurid glow
From all her burning galleys shed
She turned her last surviving bark, and fled.

She sought no refuge on a foreign shore.
She sought her doom: far nobler 't was to die
Than like a panther caged in Roman bonds to lie.
The sword she feared not. In her realm once
more,
Serene amongst deserted fanes,
Unmoved 'mid vacant halls she stood;
Then to the aspic gave her darkening veins,
And sucked the death into her blood.

Deliberately she died: fiercely disdained
To bow her haughty head to Roman scorn,
Discrowned, and yet a Queen; a captive chained;
A woman desolate and forlorn.

Ode I, 38. To His Cup-Bearer

Persia's pomp, my boy, I hate;
No coronals of flowerets rare
For me on bark of linden plait,
Nor seek thou to discover where
The lush rose lingers late.

With unpretending myrtle twine
Naught else! It fits your brows

Attending me; it graces mine
As I in happy ease carouse
Beneath the thick-leaved vine.

10

Ode II, 3. To Quintus Dellius

When dangers press, a mind sustain
Unshaken by the storms of fate,
And when delight succeeds to pain
With no glad insolence elate;
For death will end the various joys
Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

5

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
You pass life's melancholy day,
Or in some green, retired cave,
Wearing the idle hours away,
Give to the Muses all your soul,
And pledge them in the flowing bowl,

10

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
To join their hospitable shade
With intertwined boughs delight,
And, o'er its pebbly bed conveyed,
Labors the winding stream to run,
Trembling and glittering to the sun.

15

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom,
And wither with declining spring.
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And Fate still holds th' uncertain thread.

20

You soon must leave your verdant bowers
And groves yourself had taught to grow,
Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave; and all you call your own
Be squandered by an heir unknown.

30

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
Unsheltered from the midnight air,
'T is all alike; no age or state
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

35

To the same port our barks are bound;
One final doom is fixed for all;
The universal wheel goes round,
And, soon or late, each lot must fall,

40

When all together shall be sent
To one eternal banishment.

Ode II, 10. To Licinius Murena

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach;
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's power:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.

5

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

10

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

15

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices, with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellows from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

20

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky!
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

25

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

30

35

Ode II, 14. To Postumus

Alas, my Postumus, our years
Glide silently away. No tears,

Horace, *To Quintus Dellius*. Translated by John Herman Merivale.

Horace, *To Licinius Murena*, Translated by William Cowper.

Horace. *To Postumus*. Translated by Sir Stephen E. De Vere.

No loving orisons repair
 The wrinkled cheek, the whitening hair
 That drop forgotten to the tomb.
 Pluto's inexorable doom
 Mocks at thy daily sacrifice.
 Around his dreary kingdom lies
 That fatal stream whose arms infold
 The giant race accurst of old:
 All, all alike must cross its wave,
 The kind, the noble, and the slave.
 In vain we shun the battle's roar,
 And breakers dashed on Adria's shore;
 Vainly we flee in terror blind
 The plague that walketh on the wind;
 The sluggish river of the dead,
 Cocytus, must be visited,
 The Danaïds' detested brood,
 Foul with their murdered husbands' blood, 20
 And Sisyphus with ghastly smile
 Pointing to his eternal toil.
 All must be left; thy gentle wife,
 Thy home, the joys of rural life:
 And when thy fleeting days are gone
 Th' ill-omened cypresses alone
 Of all thy fondly cherished trees
 Shall grace thy funeral obsequies.
 Cling to thy loved remains, and wave
 Their mournful shadows o'er thy grave.
 A lavish but a nobler heir
 Thy hoarded Cæcuban shall share,
 And on the tessellated floor
 The purple nectar madly pour—
 Nectar more worthy of the halls
 Where pontiffs hold high festivals.

5

10

15

25

30

Ode III, 9. The Reconciliation

HORACE

Whilst I was dear and thou wert kind,
 And I, and I alone, might lie
 Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
 Not Persia's king so blest as I.

LYDIA

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
 Nor Chloe might with Lydia vie,

Renowned in ode or madrigal,
 Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

HORACE

I now am Thracian Chloe's slave,
 With hand and voice that charms the air, 10
 For whom even death itself I'd brave,
 So fate the darling girl would spare!

LYDIA

I dote on Calais—and I
 Am all his passion, all his care,
 For whom a double death I'd die, 15
 So fate the darling boy would spare!

HORACE

What if our ancient love return,
 And bind us with a closer tie,
 If I the fair-haired Chloe spurn,
 And as of old for Lydia sigh. 20

LYDIA

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
 Thou fickle as an April sky,
 More churlish, too, than Adria's sea,
 With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die!

X Ode III, 13. The Fountain of Bandusia

O babbling Spring, than glass more clear,
 Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
 Tomorrow shall a kid be thine
 With swelled and sprouting brows for sign—
 Sure sign!—of loves and battles near. 5

Child of the race that butt and rear!
 Not less, alas! his life-blood dear
 Shall tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
 O babbling Spring!

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
 With pleasant cool the plow-worn steer,
 The wandering flock. This verse of mine
 Shall rank thee one with founts divine;
 Men shall thy rock and tree revere, 10
 O babbling Spring!

10

15

VIRGIL

Eclogue IV: "The Messiah"

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain!
 Tho' lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
 Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes, 5
 Renews its finished course: Saturnian times
 Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
 From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
 A golden progeny from heaven descends. 10
 O chaste Lucina,¹ speed the mother's pains,
 And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo
 reigns!
 The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
 Majestic months set out with him to their appointed
 race. 15
 The father banished virtue shall restore,
 And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
 The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
 By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
 The jarring nations he in peace shall bind, 20
 And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
 And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
 As her first offerings to her infant king.
 The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward
 speed, 25
 And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
 His cradle shall with rising flowers be crowned:
 The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
 Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear;
 Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear. 30
 But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
 And form it to hereditary praise,
 Unlabored harvests shall the fields adorn,
 And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn;
 The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep, 35
 And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold shall
 creep.
 Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:
 The merchant still shall plow the deep for gain;
 Great cities shall with walls be compassed round,
 And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
 Another Tiphys² shall new seas explore; 41

¹ Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro, 70-19 B.C.).
² pilot of the Argo. ³ ship in which Jason sailed.
 "Of them who have not smiled on a parent, never couch." Dryden's last line predicts the end of the interpretations of this Eclogue.

Another Argo³ land the chiefs upon the Iberian
 shore;
 Another Helen other wars create,
 And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
 But when to ripened manhood he shall grow, 45
 The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
 No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
 For every soil shall every product bear.
 The laboring hind his oxen shall disjoin;
 No plow shall hurt the glebe, no pruning hook the
 vine; 50
 Nor wool shall in dissembled colors shine.
 But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple, or unborrowed gold,
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
 And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat. 55
 The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clew, and bid it smoothly
 run.
 Mature in years, to ready honors move,
 O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
 See, laboring Nature calls thee to sustain 60
 The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and
 main!
 See to their base restored, earth, seas, and air;
 And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks
 appear.
 To sing thy praise, would Heaven my breath
 prolong,
 Infusing spirits worthy such a song, 65
 Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
 Nor Linus⁴ crowned with never-fading bays;
 Tho' each his heavenly parent should inspire;
 The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the
 lyre.
 Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
 Arcadian judges should their god condemn. 71
 Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
 Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother
 single out:
 Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months and
 travel to requite. 75
 Then smile: the frowning infant's doom is read;
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless
 the bed.⁵

translated by John Dryden. ¹ goddess of childbirth.
² singer who taught music to Hercules. ³ Actually:
 was one honored at a god's feast or on a goddess'
 pagan gods, in accordance with medieval Christian

THE VIGIL OF VENUS

*Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.*

The spring appears, in which the earth
Receives a new harmonious birth; 5
When all things mutual love unites;
When birds perform their nuptial rites;
And fruitful by her watery lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover.
Love's Queen to-morrow, in the shade, 10
Which by these verdant trees is made,
Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And myrtles into arbors wind;
To-morrow, raised on a high throne,
Dione¹ shall her laws make known.

*Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.* 15

Then the round ocean's foaming flood
Immingled with celestial blood,
'Mongst the blue purple of the main,
And horses whom two feet sustain,
Rising Dione did beget 20
With fruitful waters dropping wet.

*Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.*

With flowery jewels everywhere 25
She paints the purple-color'd year;
She, when the rising bud receives
Favonius² breath, thrusts forth the leaves,
The naked roof with these t' adorn;
She the transparent dew o' th' morn, 30
Which the thick air of night still uses
To leave behind, in rain diffuses;
These tears with orient brightness shine,
Whilst they with trembling weight decline,
Whose every drop, into a small 35
Clear orb distill'd, sustains its fall.
Pregnant with these the bashful rose
Her purple blushes doth disclose.
The drops of falling dew that are
Shed in calm nights by every star, 40
She in her humid mantle holds,
And then her virgin leaves unfolds.
I' th' morn, by her command, each maid
With dewy roses is array'd;
Which from Cytherea's³ crimson blood, 45

From the soft kisses Love bestow'd,
From jewels, from the radiant flame,
And the sun's purple luster, came.
She to her spouse shall married be
To-morrow; not ashamed that he 50
Should with a single knot untie
Her fiery garment's purple dye.

*Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.*

The goddess bade the nymphs remove 55
Unto the shady myrtle grove;
The boy goes with the maids, yet none
Will trust, or think Love tame is grown,
If they perceive that anywhere
He arrows doth about him bear. 60
Go fearless, nymphs, for Love hath laid
Aside his arms, and tame is made.
His weapons by command resign'd,
Naked to go he is enjoin'd,
Lest he hurt any by his craft, 65
Either with flame, or bow, or shaft.
But yet take heed, young nymphs, beware
You trust him not, for Cupid's fair,
Lest by his beauty you be harm'd;
Love naked is completely arm'd. 70

*Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.*

Fair Venus virgins sends to thee, 75
Indued with equal modesty:
One only thing we thee desire,
Chaste Delia,⁴ for a while retire;
That the wide forest, that the wood,
May be unstain'd with savage blood.
She would with prayers herself attend thee, 80
But that she knew she could not bend thee;
She would thyself to come have pray'd,
Did these delights beseem a maid.
Now might'st thou see with solemn rites
The Chorus celebrate three nights; 85
'Mongst troops whom equal pleasure crowns,
To play and sport upon thy downs;
'Mongst garlands made of various flowers,
'Mongst ever-verdant myrtle bowers.
Ceres nor Bacchus⁵ absent be, 90
Nor yet the poet's deity.
All night we wholly must employ

Translated by Thomas Stanley. An address to Venus commanding a night devoted to her, this song—or dance song, possibly—is related to spring rites intended to induce the fertility of nature by glorifying the fecundating power of Venus. ¹ poetic name of Venus taken from her mother's name. ² the west wind, favorable to vegetation. ³ poetic name of Venus, from the island to which Venus was wafted in a shell. ⁴ name for Diana, goddess of the moon, the hunt, and chastity. ⁵ Ceres: goddess of agriculture; Bacchus: god of wine.

In vigils, and in songs of joy;
None but Dione must bear sway
Amongst the woods; Delia, give way.
Love he to-morrow, who loved never; 95
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

She the tribunal did command
Deck'd with Hyblæan flowers should stand;
She will in judgment sit; the Graces
On either side shall have their places; 100
Hybla, the flowers pour forth, whate'er
Was brought thee by the welcome year;
Hybla, thy flowery garment spread,
Wide as is Enna's⁶ fruitful mead; 105
Maids of the country here will be;
Maids of the mountain come to see;
Hither resort all such as dwell
Either in grove, or wood, or well.
The wing'd boy's mother every one 110
Commands in order to sit down;
Charging the virgins that they must
In nothing Love, though naked, trust.
Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

Let the fresh covert of a shade 115
Be by these early flowers display'd,
To-morrow (which with sports and play
We keep) was Æther's⁷ wedding day;
When first the father of the spring
Did out of clouds the young year bring. 120
The husband Shower⁸ then courts his spouse,
And in her sacred bosom flows,
That all which that vast body bred
By this defluxion may be fed:
Produced within, she all there sways 125
By a hid spirit, which by ways
Unknown diffused through soul and veins,
All things both governs and sustains.
Piercing through the unsounded sea,
And earth, and highest heaven, she 130
All places with her power doth fill,
Which through each part she doth distil;
And to the world the mystic ways
Of all production open lays.
Love he to-morrow, who loved never; 135
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

She to the Latins did transfer
The Trojan nephews; and by her
Was the Laurentian virgin won,

And join'd in marriage to her son. 140
By her assistance did Mars gain
A votaress from Vesta's⁹ fane.
To marriage Romulus betray'd
The Sabine women, by her aid,
(Of Romans the wide-spreading stem,) 145
And in the long descent of them
In whom that offspring was dilated,
Cæsar her nephew she created.
Love he to-morrow, who loved never; 150
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

The fields are fruitful made by pleasure;
The fields are rich in Venus' treasure;
And Love, Dione's son, fame yields
For truth, his birth had in the fields;
As soon as born the field reliev'd him, 155
Into its bosom first receiv'd him;
She bred him from his infant hours
With the sweet kisses of the flowers.
Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever. 160

See how the bulls their sides distend,
And broom-stalks with the burthen bend;
Now every one doth safely lie
Confined within his marriage tie;
See, with their husbands here are laid 165
The bleating flocks beneath the shade.
The warbling birds on every tree
The goddess wills not silent be.
The vocal swans on every lake,
With their hoarse voice a harsh sound make; 170
And Tereus¹⁰ hapless maid beneath
The poplar's shade her song doth breathe;
Such as might well persuade thee love
Doth in those trembling accents move,
Not that the sister in those strains 175
Of the inhuman spouse complains.
We silent are whilst she doth sing,
How long in coming is my spring?
When will the time arrive, that I
May swallow-like my voice untie? 180
My muse for being silent flies me,
And Phœbus¹¹ will no longer prize me:
So did Amicla once, whilst all
Silence observed, through silence fall.
Love he to-morrow, who loved never; 185
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

⁶ where there is perpetual springtime. ⁷ Zeus or Jupiter, god of the sky and all its phenomena; here, the gatherer of the clouds that dispense the fertilizing rain. ⁸ rain pouring on the earth and fructifying it. ⁹ Roman goddess of the hearth and its fire. Six virgins called Vestals served her. ¹⁰ Tereus married Procne but fell in love with her sister Philomela. When the latter rejected him, he cut out her tongue. Procne avenged herself by killing her child Itys and feeding him to Tereus. Itys was turned into a pheasant, Procne into a swallow, Tereus into a hawk or vulture, and Philomela into a nightingale. ¹¹ Phœbus Apollo, god of poetry as well as god of the sun.

LATIN EPIC POETRY

It would have been strange if the Romans, whose course of empire-making was so resolute and far-reaching, had failed to produce epic poems. The material was at hand, from the early wars against neighboring towns to the Punic Wars that brought the Roman legions to campaigns as distant as northern Africa. The latter ended in the destruction of the Phœnician capital of Carthage. This was a war of empires, involving not only a vast battlefield, not only such memorable deeds as the crossing of the Alps by the Carthaginians, but heroic leaders like Hannibal and Scipio Africanus whose accomplishments captured the imaginations of mankind. Nor was this followed by an easy lapse into contentment and mere colonization, for there were still wars to be fought in Asia Minor, Egypt, and Greece. Finally, Julius Cæsar carried the Roman standards to all Gaul and, across the Channel, to sea-girt England.

When this was concluded, Roman patriots in the golden age of Augustus Cæsar could look back upon a record of world conquest unparalleled in history, regard the present as the ripe harvest of a glorious seed-time, and look forward to æons of rulership by the master-race of which they were proud members. That all this would pass away because there can be no survival for a community half-slave and half-free—or rather one-tenth fabulously rich and nine-tenths incredibly poor and oppressed—could not occur to those who enjoyed a sinecure in the Queen of Cities.

However, the writing of folk epics requires two conditions—creativity and an exuberant people happy in the enjoyment of its strength and its share in the fruits thereof. Neither condition existed. On the one hand, the Roman people were essentially hard-headed and unimaginative, and drew upon the culture of the Greeks, deriving both instruction and early literature from Greek slaves.

On the other, the profits of victory went to a few plutocrats, while the poor only became poorer when the acquisition of rich granaries in Northern Africa began to make a homeless proletariat out of the agricultural population of Italy. Yet epic writing was inevitable after the triumphal march of the Roman standard over three continents, and the rise and progress of national glory soon found expression in the *Annals* of Ennius (239-169 B.C.), whom a later poet, Horace, called "Father Ennius" and revered as the creator of Latin literature. Unhappily, only fragments of his work survive, and those do not suggest a folk epic. The one memorable epic poem of the Romans comes later, during the transiently stable regime of Augustus; and this work, the *Aeneid* of Virgil, is inevitably something different from the *Iliad*. It is based on a model belonging to another nation—namely, the Homeric poems. It is not the genuine balladry and heroic songs of a people created during the epic ages from which the subject of the poem is taken. It is written by a poet whose authorship is beyond dispute, in an artificial age, and in an atmosphere of urban cultivation and refinements. Its polished and carefully ordered language is that of a literary set, and its epic devices are borrowed. It is, in short, a supreme example of another type of composition, for which a suitable name is the "literary epic."

The author of this work, already known to his time for his polished pastoral poetry, was a man of culture. Publius Virgilius Maro, or simply Virgil, was born in 70 B.C. in Mantua. His well-to-do father provided him with a liberal education under slave-tutors and in schools in Cremona, Milan, and Naples. He studied Greek literature, pursued philosophy under the most expert tutelage, and even dabbled in the sciences. Of delicate health and disposed to tuberculosis, he could only be a spectator

in the whirl of Roman history. Losing his estate during the civil war, he became dependent upon the patronage of the governor of the province. His property was restored to him, but from this time on he was a protégé of the men in power. Mæcenas took him under his wing, and Octavian, now Augustus Cæsar, made him virtually a court poet.

Beginning in his fortieth year, Virgil devoted about a decade to his task, and he would have continued polishing his poem if death had not interfered. The literary circle watched his progress with intense interest, expecting a work that would eclipse the *Iliad*. Augustus himself asked to see the work in progress. Only the poet had grave misgivings about it, continued to revise conscientiously, and on his death-bed, in 19 b.c., asked his friends to destroy the manuscript as unworthy of its great theme. It was Augustus who released them of the obligation of fulfilling Virgil's request, and he had good grounds. Apart from the poem's literary merits, as Alexander Pope surmised, this epic had political importance in strengthening the popularity of the first of the emperors.

Virgil chose for the central character of the *Aeneid* the Trojan hero Æneas, who is also the son of Venus. Since Æneas becomes the mythical founder of Rome, Virgil gave his city firm roots in remotest antiquity. Æneas' wanderings take him to Africa, where he starts the historic cleavage between the two rival imperial cities of Rome and Carthage by abandoning Dido, Queen of Carthage, and departing to fulfil his divinely appointed task of founding Rome. Thus Virgil makes legend the handmaid of the commercial and imperialistic conflict that gave empire to the Cæsars. It is noteworthy, too, that his hero's descent from Trojan royalty emphasizes the political antagonism between the Greeks and their Roman conquerors. Virgil's patriotism led him to force upon his material every parallelism that would give the sanction of legend to historical fact.

Virgil had no hesitation in linking his poem to Homeric tradition, thereby adding the final period to the story of Rome's dependence on Greek art. The *Aeneid* takes up where the Homeric account ends—the imminent fall of Troy. It is Virgil who writes the tale of the actual fall of Troy, thus supplementing the *Iliad*. Since the first half of his poem concerns the wanderings of his hero before the establishment of Rome, the analogy with the wanderings of Odysseus in the *Odyssey* is also

Helen of Troy, and Æneas is in danger of falling into her hands like Paris, until his mother Venus (who also befriended Paris) orders him to Italy. There Æneas engages in a protracted conflict with the native inhabitants led by the hero Turnus, whom he finally defeats. The parallel with Achilles and Hector, and with the long struggle on the fields of Troy, is also evident.

The *Aeneid* is, nevertheless, Roman to the core. No one could confuse Virgil's stately, orotund style and slow measures with Homer's simple loveliness and swift, limpid lines. The recital of Æneas' wars has a matter-of-fact, rather tedious, quality, suggestive of the Roman's more literal, business-like view of war. The characterizations of the *Aeneid* reveal little of the humanization of the Greek epics, though Virgil follows Homer's example in making his hero's antagonist, Turnus, relatively sympathetic. Dido is well realized, and is a superb achievement, but her passion, too, reflects the Roman concept of love. It reminds us of the carnal intensities of the matrons who gave poets like Catullus so much trouble, and who soon degenerated into the torrid women of Rome's decay. And Æneas is a Roman gentleman, whose repeatedly stressed "piety" is devoid of spirituality, and is tinged with the so-called Babbittism of the self-made man.

If it were not for compensating qualities, the *Aeneid* would not be entitled to its high estate in the field of letters. Notable among the compensations are Virgil's superb descriptive faculty, the noble music of his lines, the felicitous phrasing, the words that seem so apt. It is these qualities that have made the poem so quotable, and its isolated passages so adaptable for many occasions. And, above all, it is the inherent grandeur of the work that engages the reader; one derives from the poem a sense of man's dignity which is so tonic to the spirit in a world of petty concerns and commonplaces.

The *Aeneid* begins in the usual epic fashion, with an invocation to the muse and a short declaration of his purpose in writing. We are then shown Æneas and his companions sailing on their way from Troy. A remarkable description of a storm and of the eventual arrival of Æneas at Carthage complete the first book.

In the second, the hero tells the assembled court of his adventures, especially of the tragic fall of Troy and his dramatic escape. This is one of the

After the relatively quiet third book we are taken into the midst of one of the world's great love stories—that of Dido and Æneas. The tragedy of love here is as great as is the tragedy of war and catastrophe in Book II. For the average reader, these two books, because of their universality of

emotional appeal, will always be more vital than the rest of the poem, in which we follow Æneas to Italy and see him conquer his foes. Yet the casual reader must not forget that those who really know Virgil find much of his greatest poetry in the latter part of the epic.

VIRGIL

The Aeneid

Book II

Every tongue was hushed,¹ and every eye fixed intently, when, from his high couch, father Æneas began thus:—

"Too cruel to be told, great queen, is the sorrow you bid me revive—how the power of Troy and its empire met with piteous overthrow from the Danaans—the heartrending sights which my own eyes saw, and the scenes where I had a large part to play. Who, in such recital—be he of the Myrmidons or the Dolopes,² or a soldier of ruthless Ulysses's band—would refrain from tears? And now, too, night is rushing dews down the steep of heaven, and the setting stars counsel repose. Still, if so great be your longing to acquaint yourself with our disasters, and hear the brief tale of Troy's last agony, though my mind shudders at the remembrance, and starts back in sudden anguish, I will essay the task.

"Broken by war and foiled by destiny, the chiefs of the Danaans, now that the flying years were numbering so many, build a horse of mountain size, by the inspiration of Pallas's skill, and interlace its ribs with planks of fir. A vow for their safe journey home is the pretext: such the fame that spreads. In this they secretly enclose chosen men of sinew, picked out by lot, in the depth of its sides, and fill every corner of those mighty caverns, the belly of the monster, with armed warriors.

"In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island of wide-spread renown, powerful and rich while Priam's empire yet was, now a mere bay, a treach-

erous roadstead for ships. Thus far they sail out and hide themselves on the forsaken coast. We thought them gone off with a fair wind for Mycenæ. And so all Trojan land shakes off the agony of years. Open fly the gates; what pleasure to go and see the Dorian camp, and the places deserted, and the shore forsaken! Yes, here were the troops of the Dolopes; here the tent of that savage Achilles; here the ships were drawn up; here they use to set the battle in array. Some of us are standing agaze at the fatal offering to the virgin goddess,³ and wondering at the hugeness of the horse; and Thymoëtes takes the lead, urging to have it dragged within the walls, and lodged in the citadel, either with treasonable intent, or that the fate of Troy had begun to set that way. But Capys, and the men of saner judgment, bid us send this snare of the Danaans, this suspicious present, headlong into the sea, or light a fire under and burn it; or, if not that, to pierce and probe that hollow womb that might hide so much. The populace, unstable as ever, divides off into opposite factions.

"Throwing himself before all, with a great crowd at his back, Laocoon,⁴ all on fire, comes running down the steep of the citadel, crying in the distance, 'What strange madness is this, my unhappy countrymen? Think you that the enemy has sailed off, or that a Danaan could ever make a present that had no treachery in it? Is this your knowledge of Ulysses? Either the Achæans are shut up and hiding in this piece of wood, or it is an engine framed against our walls, to command the houses and come down on the city from above, or there

Virgil, *The Aeneid*. Translated by John Conington. Publius Virgilius Maro (70-19 B.C.) was born near Mantua in northern Italy. When he was about fifteen he came to Rome to complete his education. He secured the friendship of the Emperor Augustus, who sponsored his greatest poem.

¹ Æneas is speaking before an assembly at the court of Queen Dido of Carthage.

² Myrmidons and Dolopes were tribes of Greeks in the Trojan War, the former being under the rule of Achilles.

³ Pallas.

⁴ Pronounce La-o-co-on.

is some other secret trick. Men of Troy, put no faith in the horse. Whatever it be, I fear a Greek even with a gift in his hand.' With these words he hurled a mighty spear with all his force against the beast's side, the jointed arch of its belly. It lodged, and stood quivering; the womb shook again, and an echo and a groan rang hollow from its caverns; and then, had but heaven's destiny and man's judgment been unwarped, he had led us to carry sword and havoc into the Argive lurking-place, and Troy would now be standing, and thou, Priam's tall fortress, still in being.

"Meanwhile, see! some Dardan shepherds are dragging with loud shouts before the king a young man with his hands tied behind him, who had thrown himself, a stranger, across their way, to compass this very thing, and thus let the Achæans into Troy—bold of heart, and ready for either issue, either to play off his stratagem, or to meet inevitable death. From all sides, in eager curiosity, the Trojan youth come streaming round, vying in their insults to the prisoner. Now then, listen to the tale of Danaan fraud, and from one act of guilt learn what the whole nation is. There as he stood, with all eyes bent on him, bewildered, defenseless, and looked round on the Phrygian bands, 'Alas,' he cries, 'where is there a spot of earth or sea that will give me shelter now? or what last resource is left for a wretch like me—one who has no place among the Danaans to hide my head—while the children of Dardanus no less are in arms against me, crying for bloody vengeance?' At that piteous cry our mood was changed, and every outrage checked. We encourage him to speak—to tell us what his parentage is; what his business; what he has to rest on as a prisoner. 'All, my lord, shall be avowed to you truly, whatever be the issue. I will not deny that I am an Argive by nation; this to begin with. Nor if Fortune has made a miserable man out of Sinon, shall her base schooling make him deceiver and liar as well. If haply in talk your ears ever caught the name of Palamedes,⁵ of the house of Belus, and his wide-spread renown—his, whom under false accusation, an innocent man, charged by the blackest calumny, all because his voice was against the war, the Pelasgians sent down to death, and now, when he is laid in darkness, lament him too late—know that it was as his comrade and near kinsman I was sent by a needy father to a soldier's life in earliest youth. While he stood with his royal state unimpaired, an honored

member of the kingly council, I, too, enjoyed my measure of name and dignity; but after the jealousy of false Ulysses—you know the tale—removed him from this upper clime—dashed him from my height, I dragged on life in darkness and sorrow, and vented to my own heart my rage at the disaster of my innocent friend. Nor did I keep silence—madman that I was! No, if ever the chance were given me—if ever I came back with glory to my native Argos—I vowed myself his avenger, and my words stirred up bitter enmity. From that time my ruin began; from that time Ulysses was ever threatening me with some new charge, ever scattering abroad words of mystery, and looking for allies to plot with. Nor did he rest till by Calchas's agency—but why recall this unwelcome story with no end to gain? Why waste your time, if you hold all Achæans alike, and to hear *that* is to hear enough? Take the vengeance you should have taken long ago. It is just what would please the Ithacan, and earn a large reward from the sons of Atreus!"

"This makes us burn, indeed, to explore and inquire into the reason of his tale, not knowing that crime could be so monstrous, and Pelasgian art so cunning. He resumes, in faltering tones, spoken from his false heart:—

"Often have the Danaans designed to turn their back on Troy and accomplish a retreat, and abandon the war that had wearied them so long; and would they had done it! As often has the fierce inclemency of the deep barred their purpose, and the south wind frightened them from sailing. Especially, when this horse was set up at last, a compacted mass of maple planks, the thunder of the storm-clouds was heard the whole firmament over. In our perplexity we send Eurypylus to inquire of the Phœbus's oracle, and this is the gloomy message that he brings from the shrine: "With blood it was ye appeased the winds, even with a maiden's slaughter,⁶ when first ye came, Danaans, to the shore of Ilion. With blood it is ye must buy your return, and propitiate heaven by the life of an Argive!" Soon as the news reached the public ear, every mind was cowed, and a cold shudder thrilled the depths of every heart. For whom has Fate a summons? Whom does Apollo demand as his prey? And now the Ithacan, with boisterous vehemence, drags forward the prophet Calchas, insists on knowing what that announcement of heaven's will may mean; and many even then

⁵ Palamedes, who disclosed Ulysses' feigned madness. See p. 40 above.

⁶ For Iphigenia at Aulis, see p. 41 above.

were the prophetic mouths that warned me of the trickster's cruel villainy, and many the eyes that silently foresaw the future. Ten days the seer holds his peace, and keeps his tent, refusing to utter a word that should disclose any name or sacrifice any life. At last, goaded by the Ithacan's vehement clamor, he breaks into a concerted utterance, and dooms me to the altar. All assented, well content that the danger which each feared for himself should be directed to the extinction of one poor wretch. And now the day of horror was come; all was being ready for my sacrifice—the salt cakes for the fire, and the fillet to crown my brow—when I escaped, I own it, from death, and broke my bonds, and hid myself that night in a muddy marsh in the covert of the rushes, while they should be sailing, in the faint hope that they had sailed. My old country, I never expect to see it again, nor my darling children, and the father I have longed so for! No! they are likely to visit them with vengeance for my escape, and expiate this guilt of mine by taking their poor lives. O! by the gods above, and the powers that know when truth is spoken, if there is yet abiding anywhere among men such a thing as unsullied faith, I conjure you, have pity on this weight of suffering, have pity on a soul that is unworthily borne down!

"Such a tearful appeal gains him his life, and our compassion too. Priam himself is first to bid them relieve the man of his manacles and the chains that bound him, and addresses him in words of kindness, 'Whoever you are, from this time forth have done with the Greeks, and forget them. I make you my man, and bid you answer truly the questions I shall put. What do they mean by setting up this huge mountain of a horse? Who was the prompter of it? What is their object? Some religious offering, or some engine of war?'

"Thus Priam: the prisoner, with all his Pelasgian craft and cunning about him, raised his unfettered hands to the stars:—

"You, eternal fires, with your inviolable majesty, be my witnesses; you, altars and impious swords, from which I fled; and you, hallowed fillets, which I wore for the sacrifice! I am free to break all the sacred ties that bound me to the Greeks. I am free to treat them as my foes, and disclose all their secrets to the light of day, all the claims of the land of my birth notwithstanding. Only do thou abide by thy plighted word, and

preserve faith with thy preserver, land of Troy, if he tells thee true, and makes thee large returns.

"The strength of the Danaan hopes, and the soul of their confidence in the war they plunged into, has ever been the aid of Pallas. From the time when Tydeus's impious son and Ulysses, that coiner of villainy, dared to drag away from her hallowed temple the fateful Palladium,⁷ slaughtering the guards who watched the citadel's height, thenceforth there was an ebb and a backsiding in the Danaan hopes, their forces shattered, the goddess estranged. Nor were the portents dubious that betokened Tritonia's⁸ change of mood. Scarce was the image lodged in the camp, when flashing fire glowed in her uplifted eyes, and salt sweat trickled over her frame, and thrice of herself she leaped from the ground, marvelous to relate, shield and quivering lance and all. Forthwith Calchas sounds the note for flight over the perilous deep, for that Pergamus can never be razed by Argive steel, unless they go to Argos for fresh omens, and bring back the divine aid which their crooked keels bore with them aforesight over the sea. And now this their voyage home to Mycenæ is to get new forces and gods to sail with them; they will recross the deep and come upon you unforeseen. Such is Calchas's scanning of the omens. As for this image, he warned them to set it up in exchange for the Palladium, and, in expiation of injured deity, to atone for their fatal crime. Calchas, however, bade them raise it to the vast height you see, knitting plank to plank, till it was brought near to heaven; that it might not be admitted at the gates or dragged within the walls, and thus restore to the people the bulwark of their old worship. For if your hand should profane Minerva's offering, then (said he) a mighty destruction—may the gods turn the omen on his head ere it falls on yours!—would come on the empire of Priam and the Phrygian nation; but if these hands of yours should help it to scale your city's height, Asia would roll the mighty tide of invasion on the walls of Pelops, and our posterity would have to meet the fate he threatened."

"Such was the stratagem—the cursed art of perjured Sinon—that gained credence for the tale; and such the victory won over us by wiles and constrained tears—over us, whom not Tydeus's son, nor Achilles of Larissa, nor ten years of war subdued, nor a fleet of a thousand sail.

⁷ The Palladium was a wooden image of Athena holding a spear in one hand and a distaff in the other. It was supposed to have fallen from heaven when Troy was founded. Troy was thought unconquerable as long as it was safe.

⁸ Pallas.

"And now another object, greater and far more terrible, is forced on my poor countrymen, to the confusion of their unprophetic souls. Laocoön, drawn by lot as Neptune's priest, was sacrificing a mighty bull at the wonted altar—when behold from Tenedos, over the still deep—I shudder as I recount the tale—two serpents coiled in vast circles are seen breasting the sea, and moving side by side towards the shore. Their breasts rise erect among the waves; their manes, of blood-red hue, tower over the water; the rest of them floats behind on the main, trailing a huge undulating length; the brine foams and dashes about them; they are already on shore, in the plain—with their glowing eyes bloodshot and fiery, and their forked tongues playing in their hissing mouths. We fly all ways in pale terror: they, in an unswerving column, make for Laocoön, and first each serpent folds round one of his two sons, clasping the youthful body, and greedily devouring the poor limbs. Afterwards, as the father comes to the rescue, weapon in hand, they fasten on him and lash their enormous spires tight round him—and now twice folded round his middle, twice embracing his neck with their scaly length, they tower over him with uplifted head and crest. He is straining with agonizing clutch to pull the knots asunder, his priestly fillets all bedewed with gore and black poison, and raising all the while dreadful cries to heaven—like the bellowing, when a wounded bull darts away from the altar, dashing off from his neck the ill-aimed ax. But the two serpents escape glidingly to the temple top, making for the height where ruthless Tritonia is enthroned, and there shelter themselves under the goddess's feet and the round of her shield. Then, indeed, every breast is cowed and thrilled through by a new and strange terror—every voice cries that Laocoön has been duly punished for his crime, profaning the sacred wood with his weapon's point, and hurling his guilty lance against the back of the steed. Let the image be drawn to her temple, and let prayer be made to the goddess, is the general cry—we break through the walls and open the town within. All gird them to the work, putting wheels to run easily under its feet, and throwing lengths of hempen tie round its neck. It scales the walls, that fateful engine, with its armed brood—boys and unwedded girls, standing about it, chant sacred hymns, delighted to touch the rope. In it moves, rolling with threatening brow into the heart of the city. O my

country! O Ilion, home of the gods! O ye, Dardan towers, with your martial fame! Yes—four times on the gateway's very threshold it stopped, four times the arms rattled in its womb. On, however, we press, unheeding, in the blindness of our frenzy, and lodge the ill-starred portent in our hallowed citadel. Even then Cassandra⁸ unseals to speak of future fate those lips which by the god's command no Trojan ever believed—while we, alas! we, spend the day that was to be our last in crowning the temples of the gods with festal boughs the whole city through.

"Meantime round rolls the sky, and on comes night from the ocean, wrapping in its mighty shade earth and heaven and Myrmidon wiles: through the city the Trojans are hushed in careless repose, their tired limbs in the arms of sleep. Already was the Argive host on its way from Tenedos, through the friendly stillness of the quiet moon, making for the well-known shore, when see! the royal ship mounts its fire signal, and Sinon, sheltered by heaven's partial decree, stealthily sets at large the Danaans, hid in that treacherous womb, and opens the pine-wood door: they as the horse opens are restored to upper air, and leap forth with joy from the hollow timber, Thessander and Stheneius leading the way, and the dreaded Ulysses, gliding down the lowered rope, and Achamas and Thoas, and Neoptolemus of Peleus's line, and first Machaon, and Menelaus, and the framer of the cheat himself, Epeus. They rush on the town as it lies drowned in sleep and revelry. The watchers are put to the sword, the gates thrown open, and all are welcoming their comrades, and uniting with the conspiring bands.

"It was just the time when first slumber comes to heal human suffering, stealing on men by heaven's blessing with balmiest influence. Lo! as I slept, before my eyes Hector, in deepest sorrow, seemed to be standing by me, shedding rivers of tears—mangled from dragging at the car, as I remember him of old, and black with gory dust, and with his swollen feet bored by the thong. Aye me! what a sight was there! what a change from that Hector of ours, who comes back to us clad in the spoils of Achilles, or from hurling Phrygian fire on Danaan vessels! with stiffened beard and hair matted with blood, and those wounds fresh about him, which fell on him so thickly round his country's walls. Methought I addressed him first with tears like his own, fetching from my breast the accents of

⁸ This daughter of Priam was loved by Apollo, who gave her the power of prophecy. Later, in anger, he decreed that she should never be believed. We meet her in *Æschylus' Agamemnon*, p. 151 above.

sorrow—‘O light of Dardan land, surest hope that Trojans ever had! What delay has kept you so long? From what clime is the Hector of our longings returned to us at last? O the eyes with which, after long months of death among your people, months of manifold suffering to Troy and her sons, spent and weary, we look upon you now! What unworthy cause has marred the clear beauty of those features, or why do I behold these wounds?’ He answers nought, and gives no idle heed to my vain inquiries, but with a deep sigh, heaved from the bottom of his heart—‘Ah! fly, goddess-born!’ cries he, ‘and escape from these flames—the walls are in the enemy’s hand—Troy is tumbling from its summit—the claims of country and king are satisfied—if Pergamus could be defended by force of hand, it would have been defended by mine, in my day. Your country’s worship and her gods are what she entrusts to you now—take them to share your destiny—seek for them a mighty city, which you shall one day build when you have wandered the ocean over.’ With these words he brings out Queen Vesta with her fillets and the ever-burning fire from the secret shrine.

“Meanwhile the city in its various quarters is being convulsed with agony—and ever more and more, though my father Anchises’s palace was retired in the privacy of embosoming trees, the sounds deepen, and the alarm of battle swells. I start up from sleep, mount the sloping roof, and stand intently listening—even as, when among standing corn a spark falls with a fierce south wind to fan it, or the impetuous stream of a mountain torrent sweeps the fields, sweeps the joyous crops and the bullocks’ toil, and drives the woods headlong before it, in perplexed amazement a shepherd takes in the crash from a rock’s tall summit. Then, indeed, all doubt was over, and the wiles of the Danaans stood confessed. Already Deiphobus’s palace has fallen with a mighty overthrow before the mastering fire-god—already his neighbor Ucalegon is in flames—the expanse of the Sigean sea shines again with the blaze. Up rises at once the shouting of men and the braying of trumpets. To arms I rush in frenzy—not that good cause is shown for arms—but to muster a troop for fight, and run to the citadel with my comrades is my first burning impulse—madness and rage drive my mind headlong, and I think how glorious to die with arms in my hand.

“But see! Panthus, escaped from an Achæan volley, Panthus, Othrys’s son, priest of Phœbus in

the citadel, comes dragging along with his own hand the vanquished gods of his worship and his young grandchild, and making distractedly for my door. ‘How goes the day, Panthus? What hold have we of the citadel?’ The words were scarcely uttered when with a groan he replies, ‘It is come, the last day, the inevitable hour—on Dardan land no more Trojans; no more of Ilion, and the great renown of the sons of Teucer; Jove, in his cruelty, has carried all over to Argos; the town is on fire, and the Danaans are its masters. There, planted high in the heart of the city, the horse is pouring out armed men, and Sinon is flinging about fire in the insolence of conquest; some are crowding into the unfolded gates—thousands, many as ever came from huge Mycenæ; some are blocking up the narrow streets, with weapons pointed at all corners; the sharp steel with its gleaming blade stands drawn, ready for slaughter; hardly, even on the threshold, the sentinels of the gates are attempting resistance, in a struggle where the powers of war are blind.’

“At these words of the son of Othrys, and heaven’s will thus expressed, I plunge into the fire and the battle, following the war-fiend’s yell, the din of strife, and the shout that rose to the sky. There join me Rhipeus and Epytus, bravest in fight, crossing my way in the moonlight, as also Hypanis and Dymas, and form at my side; young Corcebus, too, Mygdon’s son; he happened to be just then come to Troy, with a frantic passion for Cassandra, and was bringing a son-in-law’s aid to Priam and his Phrygians—poor boy! to have given no heed to the warnings of his heaven-struck bride! Seeing them gathered in a mass and nerved for battle, I begin thereon:—‘Young hearts, full of unavailing valor, if your desire is set to follow a desperate man, you see what the plight of our affairs is—gone in a body from shrine and altar are the gods who upheld this our empire—the city you succor is a blazing ruin; choose we then death, and rush we into the thick of the fight. The one safety for vanquished men is to hope for none.’ These words stirred their young spirits to madness: then, like ravenous wolves in night’s dark cloud, driven abroad by the blind rage of lawless hunger, with their cubs left at home waiting their return with parched jaws, among javelins, among foemen, on we go with no uncertain fate before us, keeping our way through the heart of the town, while night flaps over us its dark, overshadowing wings. Who could unfold in speech the carnage, the horrors of that night, or make his tears keep pace

with our suffering? It is an ancient city, falling from the height where she queened it many a year; and heaps of unresisting bodies are lying confusedly in the streets, in the houses, on the hallowed steps of temples. Nor is it on Teucer's sons alone that bloody vengeance lights. There are times when even the vanquished feel courage rushing back to their hearts, and the conquering Danaans fall. Everywhere is relentless agony; everywhere terror, and the vision of death in many a manifestation.

"First of the Danaans, with a large band at his back, Androgeos crosses our way, taking us for a troop of his friends in his ignorance, and hails us at once in words of fellowship: 'Come, my men, be quick. Why, what sloth is keeping you so late? Pergamus is on fire, and the rest of us are spoiling and sacking it, and here are you, but just disembarked from your tall ships.' He said, and instantly, for no reply was forthcoming to reassure him, saw that he had fallen into the thick of the enemy. Struck with consternation, he drew back foot and tongue. Just as a man who at unawares has trodden on a snake among thorns and briers in his walk, and recoils at once in sudden alarm from the angry uplifted crest and the black swelling neck, so Androgeos, appalled at the sight, was retiring. But we rush on him, and close round, weapons in hand; and, in their ignorance of the ground, and the surprise of their terror, they fall before us everywhere. Fortune smiles on our first encounter. Hereon Corœbus, flushed with success and daring, 'Come, my friends,' he cries, 'where Fortune at starting directs us to the path of safety, and reveals herself as our ally, be it ours to follow on. Let us change shields, and see if Danaan decorations will fit us. Trick or strength of hand, who, in dealing with an enemy, asks which? They shall arm us against themselves.' So saying, he puts on Androgeos's crested helm, and his shield with its goodly device, and fastens to his side an Argive sword. So does Rhipeus, so Dymas too, and all our company, with youthful exultation, each arming himself out of the new-won spoils. On we go, mixing with the Greeks, under auspices not our own, and many are the combats in which we engage in the blindness of night, many the Danaans whom we send down to the shades. They fly on all hands: some to the ships, making at full speed for safety on the shore; others, in the debasement of terror, climb once more the horse's huge sides, and hide themselves in the womb they knew so well.

"Alas! it is not for man to throw himself on the gods against their will!

"Lo! there was a princess of Priam's house being dragged by her disheveled hair from the temple, from the very shrine of Minerva, Cassandra, straining her flashing eyes to heaven in vain—her eyes—for those delicate hands were confined by manacles. The sight was too much for the infuriate mind of Corœbus: rushing to his doom, he flung himself into the middle of the hostile force. One and all, we follow, close our ranks, and fall on. And now, first from the temple's lofty top we are overwhelmed by a shower of our own countrymen's darts, and a most piteous carnage ensues, all along of the appearance of our arms and our mistaken Grecian crests. Then the Danaans, groaning and enraged at the rescue of the maiden, rally from all sides, and fall on us. Ajax, in all his fury, and the two sons of Atreus, and the whole array of the Dolopes—even as one day when the tempest is broken loose, and wind meets wind—west, and south, and east exulting in his orient steeds—there is crashing in the woods, and Nereus, in a cloud of foam, is plying his ruthless trident, and stirring up the sea from its very bottom. Such of the foe, moreover, as in the darkness of night we had driven routed through the gloom—thanks to our stratagem—and scattered the whole city over, rally again: they are the first to recognize the imposture of shield and weapon, and to mark the different sound of our speech. All is over—we are overwhelmed by numbers: first of all, Corœbus is stretched low; his slayer Peneleos, his place of death the altar of the Goddess of Arms; slain, too, is Rhipeus, the justest and most righteous man in Troy—but heaven's will is not ours—down go Hypanis and Dymas both, shot by their friends; nor could all your acts of piety, good Panthus, shield you in your fall; no, nor the fillet of Apollo on your brow. Ye ashes of Ilion, and thou, funeral fire of those I loved, witness ye that in your day of doom I shrank from no Danaan dart, no hand-to-hand encounter; nay, that had my fate been to fall, my hand had earned it well. We are parted from the rest, Iphitus, Pelias, and I. Iphitus, a man on whom years were already pressing; Pelias, crippled by a wound from Ulysses—all three summoned by the shouting to Priam's palace.

"Here, indeed, the conflict was gigantic—just as if the rest of the war were nowhere—as if none were dying in the whole city beside: even such was the sight we saw—the war-god raging untamed, the Danaans streaming up to the roof, the

door blockaded by a long penthouse of shields. The scaling ladders are clasping the walls; close to the very door men are climbing, with their left hands presenting the buckler to shelter them from darts, while with their right they are clasping the battlements. The Dardans, on their part, are tearing up from the palace turret and roof—such the weapons with which, in their dire extremity, in the last death-struggle, they make ready for their defense—gilded rafters, the stately ornaments of elder days, they are hurling down; while others, their swords drawn, are stationed at the doors at the bottom, and guarding them in close array. The fire revived within me, to bring succor to the royal roof, and relieve those brave men, and breathe new daring into the vanquished.

"A door there was, a hidden entrance, a thoroughfare through Priam's palace, a postern which you leave in the rear; by it the hapless Andromache, while yet the throne was standing, used often to repair unattended to her husband's parents, and pull the boy Astyanax into his grand-sire's presence. Through it I make my way to the summit of the roof, whence the wretched Teucrians were hurling darts without avail. There was a tower standing precipitous, its roof reared high to the stars, whence could be seen all Troy, and the Danaan fleet, and the Achæan camp; to this we applied our weapons, just where the lofty flooring made the joining insecure; we wrench it from its eminence, we have toppled it over—down it falls at once, a huge crashing ruin, and tumbles far and wide over the Danaan ranks. But others fill their place; while stones and every kind of missile keep raining unabated.

"There in the entry, at the very gate, is Pyrrhus in his glory, gleaming with spear and sword, and with all the brilliance of steel. Even as against the daylight a serpent gorged with baleful herbage, whom winter's cold of late was keeping swollen underground, now, his skin shed, in new life and in the beauty of youth, rears his breast erect, and wreathes his shining scales, towering to the sun, and flashes in his mouth his three-forked tongue. With him gigantic Periphas and Automedon, his armor-bearer, once Achilles's charioteer, with him the whole chivalry of Scyros press to the walls, and hurl up fire to the roof. Himself among the foremost, a two-edged ax in hand, is bursting through the stubborn door and forcing from their hinges the valves copper-sheathed; see! now he has cut out a plank and delved into that stout heart of oak, and made a wide gaping window in the

middle. There is seen the house within, and the long vista of the hall; there is seen the august retirement of Priam and the monarchs of past days, and armed warriors are disclosed standing in the entrance.

"But the palace within is a confused scene of shrieking and piteous disorder; the vaulted chambers wail from their hollow depths with female lamentation; the noise strikes the golden stars above. The terror-stricken matrons are running to and fro through the spacious courts, clinging claspingly to the gates and printing them with kisses. On presses Pyrrhus with all his father's might; neither barrier of oak nor yet living guard can resist him; the door gives way under the thick strokes of the battery, and the valves are torn from their hinges and brought down. Force finds its way; the Danaans burst a passage, rush in, and slaughter those they meet, and the whole wide space is flooded with soldiers. With far less fury, when the river, all foam, has broken the prison of its banks and streamed with triumphant tide over the barriers set to check it, down it comes tumbling along the corn-fields, and along the whole country sweeps away herd and stall. With my own eyes I saw Neoptolemus, mad with carnage, and the two Atridae on the palace-floor. I saw Hecuba and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam at the altar, polluting with his blood the flames he had himself made holy. Those fifty marriage-chambers, the splendid promise of children's children, doors gorgeous with barbaric gold and plundered treasure, all sank in dust. Where the fire flags, the Danaans are masters.

"Perhaps, too, you may be curious to hear the fate of Priam. When he saw his city fallen and captured, the doors of his palace burst open, the foe in the heart of his home's sanctuary, poor old man! helplessly and hopelessly he puts about his shoulders, trembling with age, his armor, long disused, and girds on his unavailing sword, and is going to his doom among the thick of the foe. In the midst of the palace, under the naked height of the sky, stood a great altar, and by it a bay tree of age untold, leaning over the altar and enfolding the household gods in its shade. Here about the altar Hecuba and her daughters, all helpless, like doves driven headlong down by a murky tempest, huddled together and clinging to the statues of the gods, were sitting. But when she saw Priam—yes, Priam—wearing the arms of his youth—'What monstrous thought,' cries she, 'my most wretched spouse, has moved you to gird on these weapons?

or to what are you hurrying? It is not help like this, not protections like those you wear, that the crisis needs. No, not even if my lost Hector were now at our side. Come, join us here at last; this altar shall be a defense for us all, or we will die together.' With these words she took him to where she was, and lodged his aged frame in the hallowed resting-place.

"But, see! here is Polites, one of Priam's sons escaped from Pyrrhus's murderous hand, through showers of darts and masses of foemen, flying down the long corridors and traversing the empty courts, sore and wounded, while Pyrrhus, all on fire, is pursuing him with a deadly stroke, his hand all but grasping him, his spear close upon him. Just as at last he won his way into the view and presence of his parents, down he fell and poured out his life in a gush of blood. Hereon Priam, though hemmed in by death on all sides, could not restrain himself, or control voice and passion. 'Aye,' cries he, 'for a crime, for an outrage like this, may the gods, if there is any sense of right in heaven to take cognizance of such deeds, give you the full thanks you merit, and pay you your due reward; you, who have made me look with my own eyes on my son's death, and stained a father's presence with the sight of blood. But he whom your lying tongue calls your sire, Achilles, dealt not thus with Priam his foe—he had a cheek that could crimson at a suppliant's rights, a suppliant's honor. Hector's lifeless body he gave back to the tomb, and sent me home to my realms in peace.' So said the poor old man, and hurled at him a dart unwarlike, unwounding, which the ringing brass at once shook off, and left hanging helplessly from the end of the shield's boss. Pyrrhus retorts: 'You shall take your complaint, then, and carry your news to my father, Pelides. Tell him about my shocking deeds, about his degenerate Neoptolemus, and do not forget. Now die.' With these words he dragged him to the very altar, palsied and sliding in a pool of his son's blood, wreathed his left hand in his hair, and with his right flashed forth and sheathed in his side the sword to the hilt. Such was the end of Priam's fortunes, such the fatal lot that fell upon him, with Troy blazing and Pergamus in ruins before his eyes—upon him, once the haughty ruler of those many nations and kingdoms, the sovereign lord of Asia! There he lies on the shore, a gigantic trunk, a head severed from the shoulders, a body without a name.

"Now, for the first time grim horror prisoned

me round—I was wildered—there rose up the image of my dear father, as I saw the king, his fellow in age, breathing out his life through that ghastly wound. There rose up Creusa unprotected, my house, now plundered, and the chance to which I had left my little Iulus. I cast my eyes back and look about to see what strength there is round me. All had forsaken me, too tired to stay; they had leapt to the ground, or dropped helplessly into the flames. And now I was there alone. When lodged in the temple of Vesta, and crouching mutely in its darkest recess, the daughter of Tyn-dareus meets my eye; the brilliant blaze gives light to my wandering feet and ranging glance. Yes, she in her guilty fears, dreading at once the Teucrians whom the overthrow of Pergamus had made her foes, and the vengeance of the Danaans, and the wrath of the husband she abandoned—she, the common fiend of Troy and of her country, had hid herself away, and was sitting in hateful solitude at the altar. My spirit kindled into flame—a fury seized me to avenge my country in its fall, and to do justice on a wretch. 'So she is to see Sparta and her native Mycenæ again in safety, and is to move as a queen in a triumph of her own? She is to look upon her lord and her old home, her children and her parents, with a crowd of our Trojan ladies and Phrygian captives to wait on her? Shall it be for this that Priam has died by the sword, that Troy has been burnt with fire, that the Dardan shore has gushed so oft with the sweat of blood? No, never—for though there are no proud memories to be won by vengeance on a woman, no laurels to be reaped from a conquest like this, yet the extinction of so base a life and the exaction of vengeance so merited will count as a praise, and it will be a joy to have glutted my spirit with the flame of revenge and slaked the thirsty ashes of those I love.' Such were the wild words I was uttering, such the impulse of my infuriate heart, when suddenly there appeared to me, brighter than I had ever seen her before, and shone forth in clear radiance through the night, my gracious mother, all her deity confessed, with the same mien and stature by which she is known to the dwellers in heaven. She seized me by the hand and stayed me, seconding her action with these words from her roseate lips: 'My son, what mighty agony is it that stirs up this untamed passion? What means your frenzy? or whither has fled your care for me? Will you not first see where you have left your father Anchises, spent with age as he is? whether your wife, Creusa, be

yet alive, and your child, Ascanius? All about them the Grecian armies are ranging to and fro, and were not my care exerted to rescue them, ere this they had been snatched by the flame, devoured by the foeman's sword. It is not the hated beauty of the daughter of Tyndareus, the Spartan woman—not the reviled Paris. No, it is heaven, unpitying heaven that is overturning this great empire and leveling Troy from its summit. See here—for I will take away wholly the cloud whose veil, cast over your eyes, dulls your mortal vision and darkles round you damp and thick—do you on your part shrink in naught from your mother's commands, nor refuse to obey the instructions she gives. Here, where you see huge masses rent asunder, and stones wrenched from stones, and blended torrents of smoke and dust, is Neptune with his mighty trident shaking the walls and upheaving the very foundations; here is Juno, cruelest of foes, posted at the entry of the Scæan gate, and summoning in tones of fury from the ships her confederate band, herself girt with steel like them. Look behind you—there is Tritonian Pallas, seated already on the summit of our towers, in the lurid glare of her storm-cloud and grim Gorgon's head. The great Father himself is nerving the Danaans with courage and strength for victory—himself leading the gods against our Dardan forces. Come, my son, catch at flight while you may and bring the struggle to an end. I will not leave you, till I have set you in safety at your father's door.' She had ceased, and veiled herself at once in night's thickest shadows. I see a vision of awful shapes—mighty presences of gods arrayed against Troy.

"Then, indeed, I beheld all Ilion sinking into flame, and Neptune's city, Troy, overturned from its base. Even as an ancient ash on the mountain-top, which woodmen have hacked with steel and repeated hatchet strokes, and are trying might and main to dislodge—it keeps nodding menacingly, its leafy head palsied and shaken, till at last, gradually overborne by wound after wound, it has given its death-groan, and fallen uprooted in ruined length along the hill. I come down, and, following my heavenly guide, thread my way through flames and foemen, while weapons glance aside and flames retire.

"Now when at last I had reached the door of my father's house, that old house I knew so well, my sire, whom it was my first resolve to carry away high up the hills—who was the first object I sought—refuses to survive the razing of Troy and submit to banishment. 'You, whose young blood

is untainted, whose strength is firmly based and self-sustained, it is for you to think of flight. For me, had the dwellers in heaven willed me to prolong my life, they would have preserved for me my home. It is enough and more than enough to have witnessed one sack, to have once outlived the capture of my city. Here, O here as I lie, bid farewell to my corpse and begone. I will find me a warrior's death. The enemy will have mercy on me, and my spoils will tempt him. The loss of a tomb will fall on me lightly. Long, long have I been a clog on time, hated of heaven and useless to earth, from the day when the father of gods and sovereign of men blasted me with the wind of his lightning, and laid on me the finger of flame.'

"Such the words he kept on repeating and continued unshaken, while we were shedding our hearts in tears—Creusa, my wife, and Ascanius and my whole house, imploring my father not to be bent on dragging all with him to ruin, and lending his weight to the avalanche of destiny. But he refuses, and will not be moved from his purpose or his home. Once more I am plunging into battle, and choosing death in the agony of my wretchedness—for what could wisdom or fortune do for me now? What, my father? that I could stir a step to escape, leaving you behind? was this your expectation? could aught so shocking fall from a parent's lips? No—if it is the will of heaven that naught of this mighty city should be spared—if your purpose is fixed, and you find pleasure in throwing yourself and yours on Troy's blazing pile, the door stands open for the death you crave. Pyrrhus will be here in a moment, fresh from bathing in Priam's blood—Pyrrhus, who butchers the son before the father's face, who butchers the father at the altar. Gracious mother! was it for this that thou rescuest me from fire and sword—all that I may see the foe in the heart of my home's sanctuary—may see my Ascanius, and my father, and my Creusa by them sacrificed in a pool of each other's blood? My arms, friends, bring me my arms! the call of the day of death rings in the ears of the conquered. Give me back to the Danaans, let me return and renew the combat. Never shall this day see us all slaughtered unresisting.

"Now I gird on my sword again, and was buckling and fitting my shield to my left arm, and making my way out of the house—when lo! my wife on the threshold began to clasp and cling to my feet, holding out my little Iulus to his father. 'If it is to death you are going, then carry us with you to death and all, but if experience gives you

any hope in the arms you are resuming, let your first stand be made at your home. To whom, think you, are you leaving your little Iulus—your father, and me who was once styled your wife?

"Thus she was crying, while her moaning filled the house, when a portent appears, sudden and marvelous to relate. Even while the hands and eyes of his grieving parents were upon him, lo, a flickering tongue of flame on the top of Iulus's head was seen to shoot out light, playing round his soft curly locks with innocuous contact and pasturing about his temples. We are all hurry and alarm, shaking out his blazing hair and quenching the sacred fire with water from the spring—but Anchises my father raised his eyes in ecstasy to heaven, directing hand and voice to the stars: 'Almighty Jove, if any prayer can bow thy will, look down on us,—tis all I crave—and if our piety have earned requital, grant us thy succor, father, and ratify the omen we now see.' Scarce had the old man spoken, when there came a sudden peal of thunder on the left, and a star fell from heaven and swept through the gloom with a torchlike train and a blaze of light. Over the top of the house we see it pass, and mark its course along the sky till it buries itself lustrosly in Ida's wood—then comes a long furrowed line of light, and a sulphurous smoke fills the space all about. Then at length overcome, my father raises himself towards the sky, addresses the gods, and does reverence to the sacred meteor: 'No more, no more delay from me. I follow your guidance, and am already in the way by which you would lead me. Gods of my country! preserve my house, preserve my grandchild. Yours is this augury—your shield is stretched over Troy. Yes, my son, I give way, and shrink not from accompanying your flight.' He said—and by this the blaze is heard louder and louder through the streets, and the flames roll their hot volumes nearer. 'Come then, dear father, take your seat on my back, my shoulders shall support you, nor shall I feel the task a burden. Fall things as they may, we twain will share the peril, share the deliverance. Let my little Iulus walk by my side, while my wife follows our steps at a distance. You, our servants, attend to what I now say. As you leave the city there is a mound, where stands an ancient temple of Ceres all alone, and by it an old cypress, observed these many years by the reverence of our sires. This shall be our point of meeting in one place from many quarters. You, my father, take in your hand these sacred things, our country's household gods. For

me, just emerged from this mighty war, with the stains of carnage fresh upon me, it were sacrilege to touch them, till I have cleansed me in the running stream.'

"So saying, I spread out my shoulders, bow my neck, cover them with a robe, a lion's tawny hide, and take up the precious burden. My little Iulus has fastened his hand in mine, and is following his father with ill-matched steps, my wife comes on behind. On we go, keeping in the shade—and I, who erewhile quailed not for a moment at the darts that rained upon me or at the masses of Greeks that barred my path, now am scared by every breath of air, startled by every sound, fluttered as I am, and fearing alike for him who holds my hand and him I carry. And now I was nearing the gates, and the whole journey seemed accomplished, when suddenly the noise of thick trampling feet came to my ear, and my father looks onward through the darkness. 'Son, son,' he cries, 'fly: they are upon us. I distinguish the flashing of their shields and the gleam of their steel.' In this alarm some unfriendly power perplexed and took away my judgment. For, while I was tracking places where no track was, and swerving from the wonted line of road, woe is me! destiny tore from me my wife Creusa. Whether she stopped, or strayed from the road, or sat down fatigued, I never knew—nor was she ever restored to my eyes in life. Nay, I did not look back to discover my loss, or turn my thoughts that way till we had come to the mound and temple of ancient Ceres; then, at last, when all were mustered, she alone was missing, and failed those who should have traveled with her, her son and husband both. Whom of gods or men did my upbraiding voice spare? what sight in all the ruin of the city made my heart bleed more? Ascanius and Anchises my father and the Teucrian household gods I give to my comrades' care, and lodge them in the winding glade. I repair again to the city and don my shining armor. My mind is set to try every hazard again, and retrace my path through the whole of Troy, and expose my life to peril once more. First I repair again to the city walls, and the gate's dark entry by which I had passed out. I track and follow my footsteps back through the night, and traverse the ground with my eye. Everywhere my sense is scared by the horror, scared by the very stillness. Next I betake me home, in the hope, the faint hope that she may have turned her steps thither. The Danaans had broken in and were lodged in every chamber. All is over—the greedy,

flame is wafted by the wind to the roof, the fire towers triumphant—the glow streams madly heavenwards. I pass on, and look again at Priam's palace and the citadel. There already in the empty cloisters, yes, in Juno's sanctuary, chosen guards, Phoenix and Ulysses the terrible, were watching the spoil. Here are gathered the treasures of Troy torn from blazing shrines, tables of gods, bowls of solid gold, and captive vestments in one great heap. Boys and mothers stand trembling all about in long array.

"Nay, I was emboldened even to fling random cries through the darkness. I filled the streets with shouts, and in my agony called again and again on my Creusa with unavailing iteration. As I was thus making my search and raving unceasingly the whole city through, the hapless shade, the specter of my own Creusa appeared in my presence—a likeness larger than the life. I was aghast, my hair stood erect, my tongue clove to my mouth, while she began to address me thus, and relieve my trouble with words like these: 'Whence this strange pleasure in indulging frantic grief, my darling husband? It is not without Heaven's will that these things are happening: that you should carry your Creusa with you on your journey is forbidden by fate, forbidden by the mighty ruler of heaven above. You have long years of exile, a vast expanse of ocean to traverse—and then you will arrive at the land of Hesperia, where Tiber, Lydia's river, rolls his gentle volumes through rich and cultured plains. There you have a smiling future, a kingdom, and a royal bride waiting your coming. Dry your tears for Creusa, your heart's choice though she be. I am not to see the face of Myrmidons or Dolopes in their haughty homes, or to enter the service of some Grecian matron—I, a Dardan princess, daughter by marriage of Venus the immortal. No, I am kept in this country by heaven's mighty mother. And now farewell, and continue to love your son and mine.' Thus having spoken, in spite of my tears, spite of the thousand things I longed to say, she left me and vanished into unsubstantial air. Thrice, as I stood, I essayed to fling my arms round her neck—thrice the phantom escaped the hands that caught at it in vain—impalpable as the wind, fleeting as the wings of sleep.

"So passed my night, and such was my return to my comrades. Arrived there, I find with wonder their band swelled by a vast multitude of new companions, matrons and warriors both, an army mustered for exile, a crowd of the wretched. From

every side they were met, prepared in heart as in fortune to follow me over the sea to any land where I might take them to settle. And now the morning star was rising over Ida's loftiest ridge with the day in its train—Danaan sentinels were blocking up the entry of the gates, and no hope of succor appeared. I retired at last, took up my father, and made for the mountains."

Book IV

But the queen, pierced long since by love's cruel shaft, is feeding the wound with her life-blood, and wasting under a hidden fire. Many times the hero's own worth comes back to her mind, many times the glory of his race; his every look remains imprinted on her breast, and his every word, nor will trouble let soothing sleep have access to her frame.

The dawn-goddess of the morrow was surveying the earth with Phœbus's torch in her hand, and had already withdrawn the dewy shadow from the sky, when she, sick of soul, thus bespoke the sister whose heart was one with hers:—"Anna, my sister, what dreams are these that confound and appall me! Who is this new guest that has entered our door! What a face and carriage! What strength of breast and shoulders! I do believe—it is no mere fancy—that he has the blood of gods in his veins. An ignoble soul is known by the coward's brand. Ah! by what fates he has been tossed! What wars he was recounting, every pang of them borne by himself! Were it not the fixed, immovable purpose of my mind never to consent to join myself with any in wedlock's bands, since my first love played me false and made me the dupe of death—had I not been weary of bridal bed and nuptial torch, perchance I might have stooped to this one reproach. Anna—for I will own the truth—since the fate of Sychæus, my poor husband—since the sprinkling of the gods of my home with the blood my brother shed, he and he only has touched my heart and shaken my resolution till it totters. I recognize the traces of the old flame. But first I would pray that earth may yawn for me from her foundations, or the all-powerful sire hurl me thunder-stricken to the shades, to the wan shades of Erebus and abysmal night, ere I violate thee, my woman's honor, or unknit the bonds thou test. He who first wedded me, he has carried off my heart—let him keep it all his own, and retain it in his grave." Thus having said, she deluged her bosom with a burst of tears.

Anna replies:—"Sweet love, dearer than the light to your sister's eye, are you to pine and grieve in loneliness through life's long spring, nor know aught of a mother's joy in her children, nor of the prizes Venus gives? Think you that dead ashes and ghosts low in the grave take this to heart? Grant that no husbands have touched your bleeding heart in times gone by, none now in Libya, none before in Tyre; yes, Iarbas has been slighted, and the other chieftains whom Afric, rich in triumphs, rears as its own—will you fight against a welcome, no less than an unwelcome passion? Nor does it cross your mind in whose territories you are settled? On one side the cities of the Gætulians, a race invincible in war, and the Numidians environ you, unbridled as their steeds, and the inhospitable Syrtis; on another, a region unpeopled by drought, and the widespread barbarism of the nation of Barce. What need to talk of the war-cloud threatening from Tyre, and the menaces of our brother? It is under Heaven's auspices, I deem, and by Juno's blessing, that the vessels of Ilion have made this voyage hither. What a city, my sister, will ours become before your eyes! what an empire will grow out of a marriage like this! With the arms of the Teucrians at its back, to what a height will the glory of Carthage soar! Only be it yours to implore the favor of Heaven, and having won its acceptance, give free course to hospitality and weave a chain of pleas for delay, while the tempest is raging its full on the sea, and Orion, the star of rain, while his ships are still battered, and the rigor of the sky still unyielding." By these words she added fresh fuel to the fire of love, gave confidence to her wavering mind, and loosed the ties of woman's honor.

First they approach the temples and inquire for pardon from altar to altar; duly they slaughter chosen sheep to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phœbus, and to father Lyæus—above all to Juno, who makes marriage bonds her care. Dido herself, in all her beauty, takes a goblet in her hand, and pours it out full between the horns of a heifer of gleaming white, or moves majestic in the presence of the gods towards the richly-laden altars, and solemnizes the day with offerings, and gazing greedily on the victims' open breasts, consults the entrails yet quivering with life. Alas! how blind are the eyes of seers! What can vows, what can temples do for the madness of love? All the while a flame is preying on the very marrow of her bones, and deep in her breast a wound keeps

noiselessly alive. She is on fire, the ill-fated Dido, and in her madness ranges the whole city through, like a doe from an arrow-shot, whom, unguarded in the thick of the Cretan woods, a shepherd, chasing her with his darts, has pierced from a distance, and left the flying steel in the wound, unknowing of his prize; she at full speed scours the forests and lawns of Dicte; the deadly reed still sticks in her side. Now she leads Æneas with her through the heart of the town, and displays the wealth of Sidon, and the city built to dwell in. She begins to speak, and stops midway in the utterance. Now, as the day fades, she seeks again the banquet of yesterday, and once more in frenzy asks to hear of the agonies of Troy, and hangs once more on his lips as he tells the tale. Afterwards, when the guests are gone, and the dim moon in turn is hiding her light, and the setting stars invite to slumber, alone she mourns in the empty hall, and presses the couch he has just left; him far away she sees and hears, herself far away; or holds Ascanius long in her lap, spellbound by his father's image, to cheat, if she can, her ungovernable passion. The towers that were rising rise no longer; the youth ceases to practice arms, or to make ready havens and bulwarks for safety in war; the works are broken and suspended, the giant frowning of the walls, and the engine level with the sky.

Soon as Jove's loved wife saw that she was so mastered by the plague, and that good name could not stand in the face of passion, she, the daughter of Saturn, bespeaks Venus thus:—"Brilliant truly is the praise, ample the spoils you are carrying off, you and your boy—great and memorable the fame, if the plots of two gods have really conquered one woman. No; I am not so blind either to your fears of my city, to your suspicions of the open doors of my stately Carthage. But when is this to end? or what calls now for such terrible contention? Suppose for a change we establish perpetual peace and a firm marriage bond. You have gained what your whole heart went to seek. Dido is ablaze with love, and the madness is coursing through her frame. Jointly then let us rule this nation, each with full sovereignty; let her stoop to be the slave of a Phrygian husband, and make over her Tyrians in place of dowry to your control."

To her—for she saw that she had spoken with a feigned intent, meaning to divert the Italian empire to the coast of Libya—Venus thus replied:—"Who would be so mad as to spurn offers like these, and prefer your enmity to your friendship.

were it but certain that the issue you name would bring good fortune in its train? But I am groping blindly after destiny—whether it be Jupiter's will that the Tyrians and the voyagers from Troy should have one city—whether he would have the two nations blended and a league made between them. You are his wife; it is your place to approach him by entreaty. Go on, I will follow." Imperial Juno rejoined thus:—"That task shall rest with me. Now, in what way our present purpose can be contrived, lend me your attention, and I will explain in brief. Æneas and Dido, poor sufferer! are proposing to go hunting in the forest, when first tomorrow's sun displays his rising, and with his beams uncurtains the globe. On them I will pour from above a black storm of mingled rain and hail, just when the horsemen are all astir, and spreading their toils before the wood-walks, and the whole heaven shall be convulsed with thunder. The train shall fly here and there, and be lost in the thick darkness. Dido and the Trojan chief shall find themselves in the same cave. I will be there, and, if I may count on your sanction, will unite her to him in lasting wedlock, and consecrate her his for life. Thus shall Hymen give us his presence." The Queen of Cythera makes no demur, but nods assent, smiling at the trick she has found out.

Meanwhile Aurora has risen, and left the ocean. Rising with the day-star, the chivalry of Carthage streams through the gates, their woven toils, and nets, and hunting-spears tipped with broad iron, and Massylian horsemen hurry along, and a force of keen-scented hounds. There are the Punic princes, waiting for the queen, who still lingers in her chamber; there stands her palfrey, conspicuous in purple and gold, fiercely champing the foaming bit. At length she comes forth, with a mighty train attending, a Tyrian scarf round her, itself surrounded by an embroidered border; her quiver of gold, her hair knotted up with gold, her purple robe fastened with a golden clasp. The Phrygian train, too, are in motion, and Iulus, all exultation. Æneas himself, comely beyond all the rest, adds his presence to theirs, and joins the procession; like Apollo, when he leaves his Lycian winter-seat and the stream of Xanthus, and visits Delos, his mother's isle, and renews the dance; while with mingled voices round the altar shout Cretans and Dryopians, and tattooed Agathyrnsians. The god in majesty walks on the heights of Cynthus, training his luxuriant hair with the soft

gold; his arrows rattle on his shoulders. Not with less ease than he moves Æneas; such the beauty that sparkles in that peerless countenance. When they reach the high mountains and the pathless coverts, see! the wild goats, dropping from the tops of the crags, have run down the slopes; in another quarter the deer are scouring the open plains, massing their herds as they fly in a whirlwind of dust, and leaving the mountains. But young Ascanius is in the heart of the glens, exulting in his fiery courser. Now he passes one, now another of his comrades at full speed, and prays that in the midst of such spiritless game he may be blest with the sight of a foaming boar, or that a tawny lion may come down the mill. Meantime the sky begins to be convulsed with a mighty turmoil; a storm-cloud follows of mingled rain and hail. The Tyrian train, all in confusion, and the chivalry of Troy, and the hope of Dardania, Venus's grandson, have sought shelter in their terror up and down the country, some here, some there. The streams run in torrents down the hills. Dido and the Trojan chief find themselves in the same cave. Earth, the mother of all, and Juno give the sign.

Lightnings blaze, and heaven flashes in sympathy with the bridal; and from mountain-tops the nymphs give the nuptial shout. That day was the birthday of death, the birthday of woe. Henceforth she has no thought for the common eye or the common tongue; it is not a stolen passion that Dido has now in her mind—no, she calls it marriage; that name is the screen of her sin.

Instantly Fame takes her journey through Libya's great cities—Fame, a monster surpassed in speed by none; her nimbleness lends her life, and she gains strength as she goes. At first fear keeps her low; soon she rears herself skyward, and treads on the ground, while her head is hidden among the clouds. Earth, her parent, provoked to anger against the gods, brought her forth, they say, the youngest of the family of Cœus and Enceladus—swift of foot and untiring of wing, a portent terrible and vast—who, for every feather on her body has an ever-watchful eye beneath, marvelous to tell, for every eye a loud tongue and mouth, and a pricked-up ear. At night she flies midway between heaven and earth, hissing through the darkness, nor ever yields her eyes to the sweets of sleep. In the daylight she sits sentinel on a high house-top, or on a lofty turret, and makes great cities afraid; as apt to cling to falsehood and wrong as to proclaim the truth. So then she was filling the

public ear with a thousand tales—things done and things never done alike the burden of her song—how that *Æneas*, a prince of Trojan blood, had arrived at Carthage, a hero whom lovely Dido deigned to make her husband, and now in luxurious ease they were wearing away the length of winter together, forgetful of the crowns they wore or hoped to wear, and enthralled by unworthy passion. Such are the tales the fiendlike goddess spreads from tongue to tongue. Then, in due course, she turns her steps to King Iarbas, and inflames him with her rumors, and piles his indignation high. He, the son of Ammon, from the ravished embrace of a Garamantian nymph, built within his broad realms a hundred temples to Jove, and in each temple an altar; there he had consecrated an ever-wakeful fire, the god's unsleeping sentry, a floor thick with victim's blood, and doors wreathed with parti-colored garlands. And he, frenzied in soul, and stung by the bitter tidings, is said, as he stood before the altars, with the majesty of Heaven all around him, to have prayed long and earnestly to Jove with upturned hands:—"Jove, the Almighty, to whom in this my reign the Moorish race, feasting on embroidered couches, pour out the offering of the vintage, seest thou this? or is our dread of thee, Father, when thou hurlest thy lightnings, an idle panic? are those aimless fires in the clouds that appall us? have their confused rumblings no meaning? See here: a woman, who, wandering in our territories, bought leave to build a petty town, to whom we made over a strip of land for tillage, with its rights of lordship, she has rejected an alliance with us, and received *Æneas* into her kingdom, to be its lord and hers. And now that second Paris, with his emasculate following, a Maonian cap supporting his chin and his essenced hair, is enjoying his prize, while we, forsooth, are making offerings to temples of thine, and keeping alive an idle rumor."

Thus as he prayed, his hands grasping the altar, the almighty one heard him, and turned his eyes to the queenly city and the guilty pair, lost to their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him a charge like this:—"Go, haste, my son, summon the Zephyrs, and float on thy wings; address the Dardan chief, who is now dallying in Tyrian Carthage, and giving no thought to the city which Destiny makes his own; carry him my commands through the flying air. It was not a man like that whom his beauteous mother promised us in him, and on the strength of her word twice rescued him from the sword of Greece. No,

he was to be one who should govern Italy—Italy, with its brood of unborn empires, and the war-cry bursting from its heart—who should carry down a line sprung from the grand fountain-head of Teucer's blood, and should force the whole world to bow to the laws he makes. If he is fired by no spark of ambition for greatness like this, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for his own praise, is it a father's heart that grudges Ascanius the hills of Rome? What is he building? What does he look to in lingering on among a nation of enemies, with no thought for the great Ausonian family, or for the fields of Lavinium? Away with him to seal! This is our sentence; thus far be our messenger."

"Jove had spoken, and Mercury was preparing to execute the great sire's command: first he binds to his feet his sandals, all of gold, which carry him, uplifted by their pinions, over sea no less than land, with the swiftness of the wind that wafts him. Then he takes his rod—the rod with which he is wont to call up pale specters from the place of death, to send others on their melancholy way to Tartarus, to give sleep or take it away, and to open the eyes when death is past. With this in hand, he drives the winds before him, and makes a path through the sea of clouds. And now in his flight he espies the crest and the tall sides of Atlas the rugged, who with his top supports the sky—Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, everwreathed with dark clouds, is buffeted by wind and rain. A mantle of snow wraps his shoulders; rivers tumble from his hoary chin, and his grisly beard is stiff with ice. Here first Cyllene's god poised himself on his wings and rested; then from his stand stooping his whole body, he sent himself headlong to the sea, like a bird which haunting the coast and the fishy rocks flies low, close to the water. Even so was he flying between earth and heaven, between Libya's sandy coast and the winds that swept it, leaving his mother's father behind, himself Cyllene's progeny.

Soon as his winged feet alit among the huts of Carthage, he sees *Æneas* founding towers and making houses new. A sword was at his side, starred with yellow jaspers, and a mantle drooped from his shoulders, ablaze with Tyrian purple—a costly gift which Dido had made, varying the web with threads of gold. Instantly he assails him:—"And are you at a time like this laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and building, like a fond husband, your wife's goodly city, forgetting, alas! your own kingdom and the cares that should

be yours? It is no less than the ruler of the gods who sends me down to you from his bright Olympus—he whose nod sways heaven and earth; it is he that bids me carry his commands through the flying air. What are you building? what do you look to in squandering your leisure in Libyan land? If you are fired by no spark of ambition for the greatness in your view, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for your own praise, think of Ascanius rising into youth, think of Iulus, your heir and your hope, to whom you owe the crown of Italy and the realm of Rome." With these words Cyllene's god quitted mortal sight ere he had well ceased to speak, and vanished away from the eye into unsubstantial air.

The sight left Æneas dumb and aghast indeed; his hair stood shudderingly erect; his speech clave to his throat. He burns to take flight and leave the land of pleasure, as his ears ring with the thunder of Heaven's imperious warning. What—ah! what is he to do? with what address can he now dare to approach the impassioned queen? what first advances can he employ? And thus he dispatches his rapid thought hither and thither, hurrying it east and west, and sweeping every corner of the field. So balancing, at last he thought this judgment the best. He calls Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus; bids them quietly get ready the fleet, muster the crews on the shore, with their arms in their hands, hiding the reason for so sudden a change. Meantime he, while Dido, kindest of friends, is in ignorance, deeming love's chain too strong to be snapped, will feel his way, and find what are the happiest moments for speech, what the right hold to take of circumstance. At once all gladly obey his command, and are busy on the tasks enjoined.

But the queen (who can cheat a lover's senses?) scented the plot, and caught the first sound of the coming stir, alive to fear in the midst of safety. Fame, as before, the same baleful fiend, whispered in her frenzied ear that the fleet was being equipped and the voyage got ready. She storms in impotence of soul, and, all on fire, goes raving through the city, like a Mænad starting up at the rattle of the sacred emblems, when the triennial orgies lash her with the cry of Bacchus, and Cithæron's yell calls her into the night. At length she thus bespeaks Æneas, unaddressed by him:—

"To hide, yes, hide your enormous crime, perfidious wretch, did you hope *that* might be done—to steal away in silence from my realm? Has our love no power to keep you? has our troth, once

plighted, none, nor she whom you doom to a cruel death, your Dido? Nay, are you fitting out your fleet with winter's sky overhead, and hastening to cross the deep in the face of all the northern winds, hard-hearted as you are? Why, suppose you were not seeking a strange clime and a home you know not—suppose old Troy were still standing—would even Troy draw you to seek her across a billowy sea? Flying, and from me! By the tears I shed, and by your plighted hand, since my own act, alas! has left me nought else to plead—by our union—by the nuptial rites thus prefaced—if I have ever deserved well of you, or aught of mine ever gave you pleasure—have pity on a falling house, and strip off, I conjure you, if prayer be not too late, the mind that clothes you. It is owing to you that the Libyan tribes and the Nomad chiefs hate me, that my own Tyrians are estranged; owing to you, yes, you, that my woman's honor has been put out, and that which was my one passport to immortality, my former fame. To whom are you abandoning a dying woman, my guest?—since the name of husband has dwindled to that. Why do I live any longer?—to give my brother Pygmalion time to batter down my walls, or Iarbas the Moor to carry me away captive? Had I but borne any offspring of you before your flight, were there some tiny Æneas to play in my hall, and remind me of you, though but in look, I should not then feel utterly captive and forlorn."

She ceased. He all the while, at Jove's command, was keeping his eyes unmoved, and shutting up in his heart his great love. At length he answers in brief:—"Fair queen, name all the claims to gratitude you can. I shall never gainsay one, nor will the thought of Elissa ever be unwelcome while memory lasts, while breath animates this frame. A few words I will say, as the case admits. I never counted—do not dream it—on stealthily concealing my flight. I never came with a bridegroom's torch in my hand, nor was this the alliance to which I agreed. For me, were the Fates to suffer me to live under a star of my own choosing, and to make with care the terms I would, the city of Troy, first of all the dear remains of what was mine, would claim my tendance. Priam's tall roof-tree would still be standing, and my hand would have built a restored Pergamus, to solace the vanquished. But now to princely Italy Grynean Apollo, to Italy his Lycian oracles bid me repair. There is my heart, there my fatherland. If you are riveted here by the sight of your stately Carthage, a daughter of Phœnicia

by a Libyan town, why, I would ask, should jealousy forbid Teucrians to settle in Ausonian land? We, like you, have the right of looking for a foreign realm. There is my father Anchises, oft as night's dewy shades invest the earth, oft as the fiery stars arise, warning me in dreams and appalling me by his troubled presence. There is my son Ascanius, and the wrongs heaped on his dear head every day that I rob him of the crown of Hesperia, and of the land that fate makes his.¹⁰ Now, too, the messenger of the gods, sent down from Jove himself (I swear by both our lives) has brought me orders through the flying air. With my own eyes I saw the god in clear daylight entering the walls, and took in his words with the ears that hear you now. Cease then to harrow up both our souls by your reproaches: my quest of Italy is not of my own motion."

Long ere he had done this speech she was glaring at him askance, rolling her eyes this way and that, and scanning the whole man with her silent glances, and thus she bursts forth all ablaze:—"No goddess was mother of yours, no Dardanus the head of your line, perfidious wretch!—no, your parent was Caucasus, rugged and craggy, and Hyracanian tigresses put their breasts to your lips. For why should I suppress aught? or for what worse evil hold myself in reserve? Did he groan when I wept? did he move those hard eyes? did he yield and shed tears, or pity her that loved him? What first? what last? Now, neither Juno, queen of all, nor Jove, the almighty Father, eyes us with impartial regard. Nowhere is there aught to trust—nowhere. A shipwrecked beggar, I welcomed him, and madly gave him a share of my realm; his lost fleet, his crews, I brought back from death's door. Ah! Fury sets me on fire, and whirls me round! Now, prophet Apollo, now the Lycian oracles. Now the messenger of the gods, sent down by Jove himself, bears his grim bidding through the air!²⁰ Aye, of course, that is the employment of the powers above, those the cares that break their repose! I retain not your person, nor refute your talk. Go, chase Italy with the winds at your back; look for realms with the whole sea between you. I have hope that on the rocks midway, if the gods are as powerful as they are good, you will drain the cup of punishment, with Dido's name ever on your lips. I will follow you with murky fires when I am far away; and when cold death shall have parted soul and body, my shade shall haunt you everywhere. Yes, wretch, you shall suffer. I shall hear it—the news will reach me down among

the dead." So saying, she snaps short her speech, and flies with loathing from the daylight, and breaks and rushes from his sight, leaving him hesitating, and fearing, and thinking of a thousand things to say. Her maidens support her, and carry her sinking frame into her marble chamber, and lay her on her bed.

But good Æneas, though yearning to solace and soothe her agonized spirit, and by his words to check the onset of sorrow, with many a groan, his whole soul upheaved by the force of love, goes nevertheless about the commands of Heaven, and repairs to his fleet. The Teucrians redouble their efforts, and along the whole range of the shore drag their tall ships down. The keels are careened and floated. They carry oars with their leaves still on, and timber unfashioned as it stood in the woods, so strong their eagerness to fly. You may see them all in motion, streaming from every part of the city. Even as ants when they are sacking a huge heap of wheat, provident of winter days, and laying up the plunder in their stores; a black column is seen moving through the plain, and they convey their booty along the grass in a narrow path: some are putting their shoulders to the big grains, and pushing them along; others are rallying the force and punishing the stragglers; the whole track is in a glow of work. What were your feelings then, poor Dido, at a sight like this!³⁰ How deep the groans you heaved, when you looked out from your lofty tower on a beach all seething and swarming, and saw the whole sea before you deafened with that hubbub of voices! Tyrant love! what force dost thou not put on human hearts? Again she has to descend to tears, again to use the weapons of entreaty, and bow her spirit in suppliance under love's yoke, lest she should have left aught untried, and be rushing on a needless death.

"Anna, you see there is hurrying all over the shore—they are met from every side; the canvas is already wooing the gale, and the joyful sailors have wreathed the sterns. If I have had the foresight to anticipate so heavy a blow, I shall have the power to bear it too, my sister. Yet, Anna, in my misery, perform me this one service. You, and you only, the perfidious man was wont to make his friend—aye, even to trust you with his secret thoughts. You, and you only, know the subtle approaches to his heart, and the times of essaying them. Go, then, my sister, and supplicate our haughty foe. Tell him I was no party to the Danaan league at Aulis to destroy the Trojan

nation; I sent no ships to Pergamus; I never disinterred his father Anchises, his dust or his spirit. Why will he not let my words sink down into his obdurate ears? Whither is he hurrying? Let him grant this last boon to her who loves him so wildly; let him wait till the way is smoothed for his flight, and there are winds to waft him. I am not asking him now to renew our old vows which he has forsown. I am not asking him to forego his fair Latium, and resign his crown. I entreat but a few vacant hours, a respite and breathing-space for my passion, till my fortune shall have taught baffled love how to grieve. This is my last request of you—oh, pity your poor sister!—a request which when granted shall be returned with interest in death."

Such was her appeal—such the wailing which her afflicted sister bears to him, and bears again; but no wailing moves him, no words find him a gentle listener. Fate bars the way, and Heaven closes the hero's unrelenting ears. Even as an aged oak, still hale and strong, which Alpine winds, blowing now here, now there, strive emulously to uproot—a loud noise is heard, and, as the stem rocks, heaps of leaves pile the ground; but the tree cleaves firmly to the cliff; high as its head strikes into the air, so deep its root strikes down to the abyss—even thus the hero is assailed on all sides by a storm of words: his mighty breast thrills through and through with agony; but his mind is unshaken, and tears are showered in vain.

Then at last, maddened by her destiny, poor Dido prays for death: heaven's vault is a weariness to look on. To confirm her in pursuing her intent, and closing her eyes on the sun, she saw, as she was laying her offerings on the incense-steaming altars—horrible to tell—the sacred liquor turn black, and the streams of wine curdle into loathly gore. This appearance she told to none, not even to her sister. Moreover, there was in her palace a marble chapel to her former husband, to which she used to pay singular honors, wreathing it with snowy fillets and festal boughs; from it she thought she heard a voice, the accents of the dead man calling her, when the darkness of night was shrouding the earth; and on the roof a lonely owl in funereal tones kept complaining again and again, and drawing out wailingly its protracted notes; and a thousand predictions of seers of other days come back on her, terrifying her with their awful warnings. When she dreams, there is Æneas himself driving her in furious chase: she seems always being left alone to herself, always pacing

companionless on a never-ending road, and looking for her Tyrians in a realm without inhabitants—like Pentheus, when in frenzy he sees troops of Furies, and two suns, and a double Thebes rising round him; or Agamemnon's Orestes rushing over the stage, as he flies from his mother, who is armed with torches and deadly snakes, while the avenging fiends sit couched on the threshold.

So when, spent with agony, she gave conception to the demon, and resolved on death, she settled with herself time and means, and thus bespoke her grieving sister, her face disguising her intent, and hope smiling on her brow:—"Dearest, I have found a way—wish me joy, as a sister should—to bring him back to me, or to loose me from the love which binds me to him. Hard by the bound of ocean and the setting sun lies the extreme Ethiopian clime, where mighty Atlas turns round on his shoulders the pole, studded with burning stars. From that clime, I have heard of a priestess of the Massylian race, once guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, who used to give the dragon his food, and so preserve the sacred boughs on the tree, sprinkling for him moist honey and drowsy poppy-seed. She, by her spells, undertakes to release souls at her pleasure, while into others she shoots cruel pangs; she stops the water in the river-bed, and turns back the stars in their courses, and calls ghosts from realms of night. You will see the earth bellowing under you, and the ashes coming down from the mountain-top. By the gods I swear, dearest sister, by you and your dear life, that unwillingly I gird on the weapons of magic. Do you, in the privacy of the inner court, build a pile to the open sky; lay on it the arms which that godless man left hanging in the chamber, and all his doffed apparel, and the nuptial bed which was my undoing. To destroy every memorial of the hateful wretch is my pleasure, and the priestess's bidding." This said, she is silent—paleness over-spreads her face. Yet Anna does not dream that these strange rites are a veil to hide her sister's death: she cannot grasp frenzy like that; she fears no darker day than that of their mourning for Sychæus, and so she does her bidding.

But the queen, when the pile had been built in the heart of the palace to the open sky, a giant mass of pine-wood and hewn oak, spans the place with garlands, and crowns it with funeral boughs. High above it on the couch she sets the doffed apparel, and the sword that had been left, and the image of the false lover, knowing too well what was to come. Altars rise here and there; the priest-

ess, with hair disheveled, thunders out the roll of three hundred gods, Erebus and Chaos, and Hecate with her triple form—the three faces borne by maiden Dian. See! she has sprinkled water, brought, so she feigns, from Avernus's spring, and she is getting green downy herbs, cropped by moonlight with brazen shears, whose sap is the milk of deadly poison, and the love-charm, torn from the brow of the new-born foal, ere the mother could snatch it. Dido herself, with salted cake and pure hands at the altars, one foot unshod, her vest ungirdled, makes her dying appeal to the gods and to the stars who share Fate's counsels, begging the powers, if any there be, that watch, righteous and unforgetting, over ill-yoked lovers, to hear her prayer.

It was night, and overtoiled mortality throughout the earth was enjoying peaceful slumber; the woods were at rest, and the raging waves—the hour when the stars are rolling midway in their smooth courses, when all the land is hushed, cattle, and gay-plumed birds, hauntings far and wide of clear waters and rough forest-ground, lapped in sleep with stilly night overhead, their troubles assuaged, their hearts dead to care. Not so the vexed spirit of Phoenicia's daughter; she never relaxes into slumber, or welcomes the night to eye or bosom; sorrow doubles peal on peal; once more love swells, and storms, and surges, with a mighty tempest of passion. Thus, then, she plunges into speech, and whirls her thoughts about thus in the depth of her soul:—“What am I about? Am I to make fresh proof of my former suitors, with scorn before me? Must I stoop to court Nomad bridegrooms, whose offered hand I have spurned so often? Well, then, shall I follow the fleet of Ilion, and be at the beck and call of Teucrian masters? Is it that they think with pleasure on the succor once rendered them? that gratitude for past kindness yet lives in their memory? But even if I wished it, who will give me leave, or admit the unwelcome guest to his haughty ships? Are you so ignorant, poor wretch? Do you not yet understand the perjury of the race of Laomedon? What then? Shall I fly alone, and swell the triumph of their crews? or shall I put to sea, with the Tyrians and whole force of my people at my back, dragging those whom it was so hard to uproot from their Sidonian home again into the deep, and bidding them spread sail to the winds? No!—die the death you have merited, and let the sword put your sorrow to flight. You, sister, are the cause; overmastered by my tears, you heap this

deadly fuel on my flame, and fling me upon my enemy. Why could I not forswear wedlock, and live an unblamed life in savage freedom, nor meddle with troubles like these? Why did I not keep the faith I vowed to the ashes of Sychæus?” Such were the reproaches that broke from that bursting heart.

Meanwhile Æneas, resolved on his journey, was slumbering in his vessel's tall stern, all being now in readiness. To him a vision of the god, appearing again with the same countenance, presented itself as he slept, and seemed to give this second warning—the perfect picture of Mercury, his voice, his blooming hue, his yellow locks, and the youthful grace of his frame:—“Goddess-born, at a crisis like this can you slumber on? Do you not see the wall of danger which is fast rising round you, infatuate that you are, nor hear the favoring whisper of the western gale? She is revolving in her bosom thoughts of craft and cruelty, resolved on death, and surging with a changeful tempest of passion. Will you not haste away while haste is in your power? you will look on a sea convulsed with ships, an array of fierce torch-fires, a coast glowing with flame, if the dawn-goddess shall have found you loitering here on land. Quick!—burst through delay. A thing of moods and changes is woman ever.” He said, and was lost in the darkness of night.

At once Æneas, scared by the sudden apparition, springs up from his sleep, and rouses his comrades, “Wake in a moment, my friends, and seat you on the benches. Unfurl the sails with all speed. See! here is a god sent down from heaven on high, urging us again to hasten our flight, and cut the twisted cables. Yes! sacred power, we follow thee, whoever thou art, and a second time with joy obey thy behest. Be thou with us, and graciously aid us, and let propitious stars be ascendant in the sky.” So saying, he snatches from the scabbard his flashing sword, and with the drawn blade cuts the hawsers. The spark flies from man to man; they scour, they scud; they have left the shore behind; you cannot see the water for ships. With strong strokes they dash the foam, and sweep the blue.

And now Aurora was beginning to sprinkle the earth with fresh light, rising from Tithonus's saffron couch. Soon as the queen from her watch-tower saw the gray dawn brighten, and the fleet moving on with even canvas, and coast and haven forsaken, with never an oar left, thrice and again smiting her beauteous breast with her hands, and rending her golden locks. “Great Jupiter!” cries

she, "shall he go? Shall a chance-comer boast of having flouted our realm? Will they not get their arms at once, and give chase from all the town, and pull, some of them, the ships from the docks? Away! bring fire; quick! get darts, ply oars! What am I saying? Where am I? What madness turns my brain? Wretched Dido! do your sins sting you now? They should have done so then, when you were giving your crown away. What truth! what fealty!—the man who, they say, carries about with him the gods of his country, and took up on his shoulders his old worn-out father! Might I not have caught and torn him piecemeal, and scattered him to the waves?—destroyed his friends, aye, and his own Ascanius, and served up the boy for his father's meal? But the chance of a battle would have been doubtful. Let it have been. I was to die, and whom had I to fear? I would have flung torches into his camp, filled his decks with flame, consumed son and sire and the whole line, and leapt myself upon the pile. Sun, whose torch show thee all that is done on earth, and thou, Juno, revealer and witness of these stirrings of the heart, and Hecate, whose name is yelled in civic cross-ways by night, avenging fiends, and gods of dying Elissa, listen to this! Let your power stoop to ills that call for it, and hear what I now pray! If it must needs be that the accursed wretch gain the haven and float to shore—if such the requirement of Jove's destiny, such the fixed goal—yet grant that, harassed by the sword and battle of a war-like nation, a wanderer from his own confines, torn from his Iulus's arms, he may pray for succor, and see his friends dying miserably round him! Nor when he has yielded to the terms of an unjust peace, may he enjoy his crown, or the life he loves; but may he fall before his time, and lie unburied in the midst of the plain! This is my prayer—these the last accents that flow from me with my life-blood. And you, my Tyrians, let your hatred persecute the race and people for all time to come. Be this the offering you send down to my ashes: never be there love or league between nation and nation. Arise from my bones, my unknown avenger, destined with fire and sword to pursue the Dardanian settlers, now or in after-days, whenever strength shall be given! Let coast be at war with coast, water with wave, army with army; fight they, and their sons, and their sons' sons!"

Thus she said, as she whirled her thought to this side and that, seeking at once to cut short the life she now abhorred. Then briefly she spoke to Barce,

Sychæus's nurse, for her own was left in her old country, in the black ashes of the grave—"Fetch me here, dear nurse, my sister Anna. Bid her hasten to sprinkle herself with water from the stream, and bring with her the cattle and the atoning offerings prescribed. Let her come with these; and do you cover your brow with the holy fillet. The sacrifice to Stygian Jove, which I have duly commenced and made ready, I wish now to accomplish, and with it the end of my sorrows, giving to the flame the pile that pillows the Dardan head!" She said: the nurse began to quicken her pace with an old wife's zeal.

But Dido, wildered and maddened by her enormous resolve, rolling her bloodshot eye, her quivering cheeks stained with fiery streaks, and pale with the shadow of death, bursts the door of the inner palace, and frantically climbs the tall pile, and unsheathes the Dardan sword, a gift procured for a far different end. Then, after surveying the Trojan garments and the bed, too well known, and pausing awhile to weep and think, she pressed her bosom to the couch, and uttered her last words:—

"Relics, once darlings of mine, while Fate and Heaven gave leave, receive this my soul, and release me from these my sorrows. I have lived my life—the course assigned me by Fortune is run, and now the august phantom of Dido shall pass underground. I have built a splendid city. I have seen my walls completed. In vengeance for a husband, I have punished a brother that hated me—blest, ah! blest beyond human bliss, if only Dardan ships had never touched coast of ours!" She spoke—and kissing the couch: "Is it to be death without revenge? But be it death," she cries—"this, this is the road by which I love to pass to the shades. Let the heartless Dardanian's eyes drink in this flame from the deep, and let him carry with him the presage of my death."

She spoke, and even while she was yet speaking, her attendants see her fallen on the sword, the blade spouting blood, and her hands dabbled in it. Their shrieks rise to the lofty roof; Fame runs wild through the convulsed city. With wailing and groaning, and screams of women, the palace rings; the sky resounds with mighty cries and beating of breasts—even as if the foe were to burst the gates and topple down Carthage or ancient Tyre, and the infuriate flames were leaping from roof to roof among the dwellings of men and gods.

Her sister heard it Breathless and frantic with

wild speed, disfiguring her cheeks with her nails, her bosom with her fists, she bursts through the press, and calls by name on the dying queen:—“Was this your secret, sister? Were you plotting to cheat me? Was this what your pile was preparing for me, your fires, and your altars? What should a lone heart grieve for first? Did you disdain your sister’s company in death? You should have called me to share your fate—the same keen sword-pang, the same hour, should have been the end of both. And did these hands build the pile, this voice call on the gods of our house, that you might lie there, while I, hard-hearted wretch, was away? Yes, sister, you have destroyed yourself and me, the people and the elders of Sidon, and your own fair city. Let in the water to the wounds; let me cleanse them, and if any remains of breath be still flickering, catch them in my mouth!” As she thus spoke, she was at the top of the lofty steps, and was embracing and fondling in her bosom her dying sister, and stanching with her robe the black streams of blood. Dido strives to raise her heavy eyes, and sinks down again, the

deep stab gurgles in her breast. Thrice, with an effort, she lifted and reared herself up on her elbow; thrice, she fell back on the couch, and with helpless wandering eyes aloft in the sky, sought for the light and groaned when she found it.

Then Juno almighty, in compassion for her lengthened agony and her trouble in dying, sent down Iris from Olympus to part the struggling soul and its prison of flesh. For, as she was dying, not in the course of fate, nor for any crime of hers, but in mere misery, before her time, the victim of sudden frenzy, not yet had Proserpine carried off a lock of her yellow hair, and thus doomed her head to Styx and the place of death. So then Iris glides down the sky with saffron wings dew-besprent, trailing a thousand various colors in the face of the sun, and alights above her head. “This I am bidden to bear away as an offering to Pluto, and hereby set you free from the body.” So saying, she stretches her hand and cuts the lock: at once all heat parts from the frame, and the life has passed into air.

ROMAN HISTORIANS

A nation that made history as arduously as Rome did was bound to write it, too, and Roman historians have contributed many vivid pages to our heritage. The practical inclinations of Roman character and the rhetorical tendencies of Latin writers lowered the level of their inspiration. But the historical writings of Julius Cæsar, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus possess a variety of virtues and a great deal of interest. Many of their stories and comments passed into the cultural stream of Europe.

Although the *Commentaries* of Julius Cæsar (100-44 B.C.) are merely records of his campaigns, his book is notable for simplicity and directness, though his complacency is somewhat offensive. His graphic descriptions of battles and conquests have never been forgotten. Sallust (86-34 B.C.), author of the *Jugurthine War* and *The War of Catiline*, an account of the famous conspiracy that was scotched by Cicero, was an ostentatious writer. Yet he managed to create vivid pictures of Roman society, to analyze the motivations of his chief actors, and to draw thoughtful conclusions from his narrative. Sallust, in fact, initiated the writing of formal history in Rome. He was succeeded by the two Latin masters of historical prose, Livy and Tacitus.

Livy (59 B.C.-A.D. 17) was not a careful historian, but he became a superb narrator. Born in Padua, but making Rome his home, he was the proud chronicler of its ascent to power from the obscure beginnings to 9 B.C. He conceived his *Annals* almost as an epic of Rome's early grandeur, and glorified its past by tracing its heroic spirit from struggle to struggle, from hero to hero.

Livy was primarily interested in watching Roman character in action. This gives his *Annals* a lavish procession of personages and exciting events. It was not accuracy that Livy sought but vitality; therefore, though acknowledging that his

earliest material bears "the semblance rather of poetic fictions than of authentic records," he made no serious attempt to distinguish between legend and historical fact. The battles he describes may be topographically vague, but they never fail to be rousing. His biographical sketches are open to suspicion on the grounds of uncritical glorification or simplification, and there is certainly no profundity in his observations, but they are remarkably vivid. Livy selected the most striking details of his characters and events, and then strung them together into a flowing narrative, noble and stately. The world is under deep obligation to him for many household portraits and stories.

Livy, who had been a partisan of the Pompey faction during the civil war in which Cæsar triumphed, gave evidence of dissatisfaction with the trends of his day. In fact, his professed object was to set an example to his contemporaries. The Preface to the *Annals* states this clearly.

If Livy found it necessary to instruct his age, his successor Tacitus had even better reason to look for didactic possibilities in the writing of history. Born about A.D. 55, he grew up in a turbulent world. If, as is believed, he lived until about A.D. 126, he spanned some extremely significant decades of Roman history. He held offices under the Emperors Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and Nerva, serving as consul under the latter. In 78, he married the daughter of the famous Agricola, governor of Britain, whom Tacitus later made the subject of an excellent biography. His political appointments apparently took him to various parts of the empire. Such a career and such connections provided ideal opportunities for observation and reflection upon the times. Directly and by implication Tacitus followed a didactic purpose—the inculcation of virtue. Fortunately this did not vitiate his writings and actually gave them a singular nobility of style.

In the *Agricola*, Tacitus wrote a memorable biography of his father-in-law and set him up as a model for Roman gentlemen. In the *Germania*, in which he provided the first substantial description of the Germanic tribes that were beginning to challenge the Roman empire, he not only produced a remarkable ethnographic work, but implied a criticism of Roman decadence through the sheer contrast between the life of the Romans and the vigorous customs of the still unspoiled Teutons, whom he probably idealized. His greatest works, the *Annales* (*Annals*) and the *Historiae* (*Histories*), both very incompletely preserved, include the best historical writing of the Romans. The former spans the period between the death of Augustus (A.D. 14) and the inglorious end of Nero (A.D. 68). It contains some of the most vivid accounts of a nation moving toward dissolution.

Tacitus is an engaging, though formal and moralistic, writer. Uncorrupted by his age, he set down his liberal thoughts and his facts with becoming gravity and striking suggestiveness, implying more than he stated. He could also be vividly descriptive and dramatic, and at times he attained poetic elevation. The suitability of the Latin language for dignified and compact expression is excellently exemplified in his style. At its worst, this

kind of writing could be vitiated by sententiousness or pomposity. But Tacitus generally avoided this defect, and poured into his rounded sentences provocative and often universally apt observations.

Comments like the following, taken from his biographical sketch of Agricola, abound in his work: "By the very nature of human imperfection the remedy is slower than the ill; and as our bodies take years to grow, and perish in a moment, so too it is easier to suppress genius and industry than it is to revive them . . . Courage and liberty perished together . . . Gradually the Britons yielded to the seduction of our Roman vices, and took to lounges and baths and elegant banquets. This was all part of their slavery. The ignorant called it 'civilization.' . . . To robbery, murder, and pillage they give the false name of Empire, and when they make a wilderness they call it Peace . . . It is but human nature to hate the man whom you have hurt . . . I would have all such know that even under bad rulers men may be great . . . Men's statues, like the faces they depict, are weak and crumbling." Men write like this only out of the fullness of reflection, and such classic definiteness outlasts many subtleties and graces. No one can read lines like these without becoming aware of their application to one's own times.

* LIVY

Hannibal's March Across the Alps

In about three days after Hannibal's moving from the bank of the Rhone, the consul Publius Cornelius had come with his forces in order of battle to the camp of the enemy, intending to fight them without delay. But finding the fortifications abandoned, and concluding that, as they had got the start of him so far, it would be difficult to overtake them, he marched back to the sea where his ships lay; for he judged that he might thus with greater ease and safety meet Hannibal on his descent from the Alps. However, not to leave Spain, the province which the lots had assigned to his care, destitute of the aid of the Roman troops, he sent his brother Cneius Scipio with the greater part of his forces against Hasdrubal,¹ with the expecta-

tion of not merely protecting old allies, and acquiring new, but of driving him out of Spain. He himself, with a very small force, repaired to Genoa, proposing, with the army which was stationed on the Po, to provide for the security of Italy. From the Druentia, Hannibal, passing through a tract in general level, without any molestation from the Gauls inhabiting those regions, arrived at the Alps. And now, notwithstanding that the men had already conceived notions from the reports, which in cases capable of misrepresentation generally go beyond the truth, yet the present view exhibited such objects as renewed all their terrors: the height of the mountains, the snow almost touching the sky, the wretched huts standing on cliffs, the cattle and

¹ Hannibal's brother.

Livy (59 B.C.-A.D. 17) Translation by George Baker.

beasts shivering with the cold, the natives squalid and in uncouth dress, all things, in short, animate and inanimate, stiffened with frost, besides other circumstances more shocking to the sight than can be represented in words. As they marched up the first acclivities, they beheld the eminences which hung over them covered with parties of the mountaineers, who, if they had posted themselves in the valleys out of view, and, rushing out suddenly, had made an unexpected attack, must have occasioned the most terrible havoc and dismay. Hannibal commanded the troops to halt, and having discovered from some Gauls whom he sent forward to examine the ground that there was no passage on that side, encamped in the widest valley which he could find, where the whole circuit around consisted of rocks and precipices. Then having gained intelligence by means of the same Gauls (who differed not much from the others in language and manners, and who had entered into conversation with them) that the pass was blocked up only by day, and that at night they separated to their several dwellings, he advanced at the first dawn to the eminences, as if with the design of forcing his way through the pass. This feint he carried on through the whole day, his men at the same time fortifying a camp in the spot where they were drawn up. As soon as he understood that the mountaineers had retired from the heights and withdrawn their guards, he made, for a show, a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the troops who remained in the camp, and leaving behind the baggage with the cavalry and the greater part of the infantry, he himself, with a light-armed band composed of the most daring men in the army, pushed rapidly through the pass, and took post on those very eminences of which the enemy had been in possession.

At the first dawn of the next day the rest of the army began to march forward. By this time the mountaineers, on a given signal, were coming together out of their fortresses to their usual station; when on a sudden they perceived a part of the enemy over their heads in possession of their own strong post, and the rest passing along the road. Both these circumstances striking them at once, they were for some time incapable of thought, or of turning their eyes to any other object. Afterwards, when they observed the confusion in the pass, and that the body of the enemy was disordered on their march by the hurry among themselves, and particularly by the unruliness of the affrighted horses, they thought that if they could

augment in any degree the terror under which the army already labored, they could destroy it. They therefore ran down the rocks in an oblique direction through pathless and circuitous ways which habitual practice rendered easy to them. And now the Carthaginians had to contend at once with the Gauls and the disadvantage of the ground, and there was a greater struggle among themselves than with the enemy, for every one strove to get first out of danger. But the greatest disorder was occasioned by the horses, which, affrighted at the dissonant clamors, multiplied by the echoes from the woods and valleys, became nearly unmanageable; and when they happened to receive a stroke or a wound, grew so unruly as to overthrow numbers of men and heaps of baggage of all sorts; and as there were abrupt passages on each side of the pass, their violence cast down many to an immense depth, so that the fall of such great masses caused a dreadful effect. Although these were shocking sights to Hannibal, yet he kept his place for a while, and restrained the troops that were with him, lest he should increase the tumult and confusion. Afterwards, seeing the line of the army broken, and that there was danger of their being wholly deprived of their baggage, in which case the effecting of their passage would answer no purpose, he hastened down from the higher ground; and while by the mere rapidity of his motion he dispersed the forces of the enemy, he at the same time increased the confusion among his own. But this, when the roads were cleared by the flight of the mountaineers, was instantly remedied, and the whole army was soon brought through the pass not only without disturbance, but almost without any noise. He then seized a fort, which was the capital of that district, and several villages that lay around it, and fed his army for three days with cattle taken from the fugitives. During these three days, as he was not incommoded by the mountaineers, nor much by the nature of the ground, he made a considerable progress in his march.

He then reached the territory of another state, which was thickly inhabited for a mountainous country: there he was very near suffering a defeat, not only by open force, but by his own arts, treachery, and ambush. Some men of advanced age, governors of their forts, came to the Carthaginian as ambassadors, with humble representations that "as the calamities of others had afforded them a profitable lesson, they wished to make trial of the friendship rather than of the strength of the Carthaginians. That they were therefore resolved to yield

obedience to all his commands, and requested him to accept provisions and guides on his march, and hostages to insure the performance of their engagements." Hannibal neither hastily crediting, nor yet slighting their offers, lest, if rejected, they might declare openly against him, after returning a favorable answer, accepted the hostages, and made use of the provisions which they had, of their own accord, brought to the road; but followed the guides, not as through a friendly country, but with the strictest order in his march. The elephants and cavalry composed the van, and he himself followed with the main body of the infantry, carefully inspecting every particular. On their coming into a road narrower than the rest, confined on one side by an impending hill, the barbarians rising up on all sides from places where they had lain concealed, assailed them in front and rear, in close and in distant fight, rolling down also huge rocks on the troops. The most numerous body pressed on the rear. There the main force of infantry was ready to oppose them; but had not that been very strong, it must undoubtedly, in such a difficult pass, have suffered very great loss: even as the case stood, it was brought to the extremity of danger, and almost to destruction: for whilst Hannibal hesitated to lead his horsemen into the narrower road, though he had left no kind of support at the back of the infantry, the mountaineers, rushing across and breaking through between the two divisions of the army, took possession of the pass, and Hannibal spent one night separated from his cavalry and his baggage.

Next day, the barbarians having relaxed the violence of their attacks in the centre, the troops were reunited, and carried through the defile, but not without loss; the destruction was greater however among the beasts of burden than among the men. Thenceforward the mountaineers made their attacks in smaller parties, more like robbers than an army; at one time on the van, at another on the rear, just as the ground happened to afford them an advantage, or as stragglers advancing before the rest, or staying behind, gave them an opportunity. Although the driving of the elephants through the narrow roads, even with all the haste that could be made, occasioned much loss of time, yet wherever they went they effectually secured the troops from the enemy; who, being unaccustomed to such creatures, dared not to come near them. On the ninth day the army completed the ascent to the summit of the Alps, mostly through path-

less tracts and wrong roads; into which they had been led either by the treachery of their guides, or when these were not trusted, rashly, on the strength of their own conjectures, following the courses of the valleys. On the summit they remained encamped two days, in order to refresh the soldiers, who were spent with toil and fighting; and in this time several of the beasts which had fallen among the rocks, following the tracks of the army, came into camp. Tired as the troops were of struggling so long with hardships, they found their terrors very much increased by a fall of snow, this being the season of the setting of the constellation Pleiades.² The troops were put in motion with the first light; and as they marched slowly over ground which was entirely covered with snow, dejection and despair being strongly marked in every face, Hannibal went forward before the standards, and ordering the soldiers to halt on a projecting eminence, from which there was a wide extended prospect, made them take a view of Italy, and of the plains about the Po, stretching along the foot of the mountains; then told them that "they were now scaling the walls, not only of Italy, but of the city of Rorae: that all the rest would be plain and smooth; and after one or at most a second battle, they would have the bulwark and capital of Italy in their power and disposal." The army then began to advance, the enemy now desisting from any further attempts on them except by trifling parties for pillaging, as opportunity offered. But the way was much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, the declivity on the Italian side of the Alps being in most places shorter, and consequently more perpendicular; while the whole way was narrow and slippery, so that the soldiers could not prevent their feet from sliding, nor, if they made the least false step, could they, on falling, stop themselves: and thus men and beasts tumbled promiscuously over one another.

Then they came to a ridge much narrower than the others, and composed of rock so upright that a light-armed soldier, making the trial, could with difficulty by laying hold of bushes and roots, which appeared here and there, accomplish the descent. In this place the precipice, originally great, had by a late falling away of the earth been increased to the depth of at least one thousand feet. Here the cavalry stopped, as if at the end of their journey, and Hannibal, wondering what could be the cause of the troops' halting, was told that the cliff was impassable. Then going up himself to view the

²The beginning of November.

place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army in a circuit, though ever so great, and through tracks never trodden before. That way, however, was found to be impracticable. The old snow indeed had become hard, and being covered with the new of a moderate depth, the men found good footing as they walked through it; but when that was dissolved by the treading of so many men and beasts, they then trod on the naked ice below. "Here they were much impeded, because the foot could take no hold on the smooth ice, and was besides more apt to slip on account of the declivity of the ground; and whenever they attempted to rise, either by aid of the hands or knees, they fell again. Add to this that there were neither stumps nor roots within reach, on which they could lean for support; so that they wallowed in the melted snow on one entire surface of slippery ice. This the cattle sometimes penetrated as soon as their feet reached the lower bed; and sometimes, when they lost their footing, by striking more strongly with their hoofs in striving to keep themselves up, they broke it entirely through; so that the greatest part of them, as if caught in traps, stuck fast in the hard, deep ice.

At length, after men and beasts were heartily fatigued to no purpose, they fixed a camp on the summit, having with very great difficulty cleared even the ground which that required, so great was the quantity of snow to be dug and carried off. The soldiers were then employed to make a way down the steep, through which alone it was possible to effect a passage; and as it was necessary to break the mass, they felled and lopped a number of huge trees which stood near, which they raised into a vast pile, and as soon as a smart wind arose, to forward the kindling of it, set it on fire; and then, when the stone was violently heated, made it crumble to pieces by pouring on vinegar. When the rock was thus disjointed by the power of the heat, they opened a way through it with iron instruments, and inclined the descents with it in such a manner, that not only the beasts of burden, but even the elephants could be brought down. Four days were spent about this rock, during which the cattle were nearly destroyed by hunger; for the summits are for the most part bare, and whatever little pasture there might have been was covered with snow. In the lower parts are valleys and some hills, which, enjoying the benefit of the sun, with rivulets at the side of the woods, are better suited to become the residence of human beings. There

the horses were sent out to pasture, and the men, fatigued with the labor on the road, allowed to rest for three days. They then descended into the plains, where the climate, like the character of the inhabitants, was of a milder cast.

In this manner, as nearly as can be ascertained, they accomplished their passage into Italy, in the fifth month, according to some authors, after leaving New Carthage, having spent fifteen days in crossing the Alps. As to what number of forces Hannibal had when he arrived in Italy, writers by no means agree. Those who state them at the highest make them amount to one hundred thousand foot and twenty thousand horse; while those who state them at the lowest say twenty thousand foot and six of horse. The authority of Lucius Cincius Alimentus, who writes that he was taken prisoner by Hannibal, would have the greatest weight with me, did he not confound the number by adding the Gauls and Ligurians. He says that, including these (who, it is more probable, however, flocked to him afterwards, and so some writers assert), there were brought into Italy eighty thousand foot and ten thousand horse; and that he heard from Hannibal himself, that from the time of his passing the Rhone he had lost thirty-six thousand men, together with a vast number of horses and other beasts of burden, before he left the country of the Taurinians,³ the next nation to the Gauls as he went down into Italy. That he came to this state is agreed by all. I am therefore the more surprised at its remaining doubtful by what road he crossed the Alps, and that the opinion should commonly prevail that he passed over the Pennine Hill, and that from thence that summit of these mountains got its name.⁴ Coelius says that he passed over the hill of Cremo. Either of these passes would have led him not in the territory of the Taurinians, but through that of the mountaineers, called Salluvians, to the Libyan Gauls. Nor is it probable that those roads into Hither Gaul should at that time have been open: those, especially, which led to the Pennine Hill would have been blocked up by nations half German. And besides, if the assertions of the inhabitants be admitted as an argument of any weight, it must be allowed that the Veragrians, the inhabitants of that very hill, deny that the name was given to these mountains from any passage of the Carthaginians, and allege that it was so named from a person, called by the mountaineers Peninus, worshipped as a divinity on the highest peak.

³ Modern Turin, in northern Italy.

⁴ The Carthaginians were called *Poeni*, owing to their Phoenician origin.

TACITUS

Customs of the Germans

The Germans, it is well known, have no regular cities; nor do they allow a continuity of houses. They dwell in separate habitations, dispersed up and down as a grove, a meadow, or a fountain happens to invite. They have villages, but not with a series of connected buildings. Every tenement stands detached, with a vacant piece of ground round it, either to prevent accidents by fire, or for want of skill in the art of building. They do not know the use of mortar or of tiles. They build with rude materials, regardless of beauty, order, and proportion. Particular parts are covered over with a kind of earth so smooth and shining that the natural veins have some resemblance to the lights and shades of painting. Besides these habitations they have a number of subterranean caves, dug by their own labor and carefully covered over with dung: in winter their retreat from cold and the repository of their corn. In those recesses they not only find a shelter from the rigor of the season, but in times of foreign invasion their effects are safely concealed. The enemy lays waste the open country, but the hidden treasure escapes the general ravage; safe in its obscurity, or because the search would be attended with too much trouble.

The clothing in use is a loose mantle, made fast with a clasp, or, when that cannot be had, with a thorn. With only this on they loiter away whole days by the fire-side. The rich wear a more pretentious garment, not however displayed and flowing like the Parthians or the people of Sarmatia, but drawn so tight that the form of the limbs is palpably expressed. The skins of wild animals are also much in use. Near the frontier, on the borders of the Rhine, the inhabitants wear them, but are wholly indifferent as to the choice. The people who live in the more remote regions near the northern seas, and who have not acquired by commerce a taste for new-fashioned apparel, are more careful in their selection. They choose particular beasts, and having stripped off the furs clothe themselves with the spoil, decorated with parti-colored spots, or fragments taken from the skins of fish that swim the ocean as yet unexplored by the Romans. In point of dress there is no distinction between the sexes, except that the garment of the women is frequently made of linen, adorned with

purple spots, but without sleeves, leaving the arms and part of the bosom uncovered.

Marriage is considered as a strict and sacred institution. In the national character there is nothing so truly commendable. To be contented with one wife is peculiar to the Germans. They differ in this respect from all other savage nations. There are indeed a few instances of polygamy; not however the effect of loose desire, but occasioned by the ambition of various families, who court the alliance of a chief distinguished by the nobility of his rank and character. The bride brings no portion, but receives a dowry from her husband. In the presence of her parents and relations he makes a tender of part of his wealth; if accepted, the match is approved. In the choice of the presents female vanity is not consulted. There are no frivolous trinkets to adorn the future bride. The whole fortune consists of oxen, a caparisoned horse, a shield, a spear, and a sword. She in return delivers a present of arms, and by this exchange of gifts the marriage is concluded. This is the nuptial ceremony; this the bond of union; these their hymeneal gods. Lest the wife should think that her sex exempts her from the rigor of the severest virtue and the toils of war, she is informed of her duty by the marriage ceremony; and thence she learns that she is received by her husband to be his partner in toil and danger, to dare with him in war, and suffer with him in peace. The oxen yoked, the horse accoutred, and the arms given on the occasion inculcate this lesson; and thus she is prepared to live, and thus to die. These are the terms of their union: she receives her armor as a sacred treasure, to be preserved inviolate, and transmitted with honor to her sons, a portion for their wives, and from them going down to her grandchildren.

In consequence of these manners the married state is a life of affection and female constancy. The virtue of the woman is guarded from seduction: no public spectacles to seduce her, no banquets to inflame her passions, no baits of pleasure to disarm her virtue. The art of intriguing by clandestine letters is unknown to both sexes. Populous as the country is, adultery is rarely heard of; when detected, the punishment is instant, and inflicted by the husband. He cuts off the hair of his guilty

wife, and having assembled her relations expels her naked from his house, pursuing her with stripes through the village. To public loss of honor no favor is shown. She may possess beauty, youth, and riches; but a husband she can never obtain. Vice is not treated by the Germans as a subject of raillery, nor is the profligacy of corrupting and being corrupted called the fashion of the age. By the practice of some [German] states, female virtue is advanced to still higher perfection: with them none but virgins marry. When the bride has fixed her choice, her hopes of matrimony are closed for life. With one husband, as with one life, one mind, one body, every woman is satisfied. In him her happiness is centred, her desires find their limit, and the result is not only affection for the husband's person, but reverence for the married state. To set limits to population by rearing up only a certain number of children, and destroying the rest, is accounted a scandalous crime. Among the savages of Germany virtuous manners operate more than good laws in other countries.

In every family the children are reared in filth. They run about naked, and in time grow up to that strength and size of limb which we behold with wonder. The infant is nourished at the mother's breast, not turned over to nurses and to servants. No distinction is made between the future chieftain and the infant son of a common slave. On the same ground and mixed with the same cattle they pass their days, till the age of manhood draws the line of separation, and early valor shows the person of free birth. It is generally late before their young men come to manhood, nor are the virgins married too soon. Both parties wait to attain their full growth. In due time the match is made, and the children of the marriage have the constitution of their parents. The uncle by the mother's side regards his nephews with an affection not at all inferior to that of their father. With some the relation of the sister's children to their maternal uncle is held to be the strongest tie of consanguinity, so that in demanding hostages that line of kindred is preferred as the most endearing objects of the family and, consequently, the most tender pledges. The son is always heir to his father. Last wills and testaments are not in use. In case of failure of issue, the brothers of the deceased are next in succession, or else the paternal or maternal uncles. A numerous train of relations is the comfort and honor of old age. To live without raising heirs to yourself is no advantage in Germany.

To adopt the quarrels as well as the friendships

of your parents and relations is held to be an indispensable duty. In their resentments, however, they are not implacable. Injuries are adjusted by a settled measure of compensation. Atonement is made for homicide by a certain number of cattle, and by that satisfaction the whole family is appeased; a happy regulation and conducive to the public interest, since it serves to curb that spirit of revenge which is the natural result of liberty in the excess. Hospitality and convivial pleasure are nowhere else so liberally enjoyed. To refuse admittance to a guest were an outrage against humanity. The master of the house welcomes every stranger, and regales him to the best of his ability. If his stock falls short, he becomes a visitor to his neighbor, and conducts his new acquaintance to a more plentiful table. They do not wait to be invited, nor is this of any consequence, since a cordial reception is always certain. Between an intimate and an entire stranger no distinction is made. The law of hospitality is the same. The departing guest receives as a present whatever he desires, and the host retaliates by asking with the same freedom. A German delights in the gifts which he receives, yet by bestowing he imputes nothing to you as a favor, and for what he receives he acknowledges no obligation.

In this manner the Germans pride themselves on their frankness and generosity. Their hours of rest are protracted to broad daylight. As soon as they rise, they bathe, generally, on account of the intense severity of the climate, in warm water. They then betake themselves to their meal, each on a separate seat and at his own table. Having finished their repast they proceed completely armed to the despatch of business, and frequently to a convivial meeting. To devote both day and night to deep drinking is a disgrace to no man. Disputes, as will be the case with people in liquor, frequently arise, and are seldom confined to opprobrious language. The quarrel generally ends in a scene of blood. Important subjects, such as the reconciliation of enemies, the forming of family alliances, the election of chiefs, and even peace and war, are generally canvassed in their carousing festivals. The convivial moment, according to their notion, is the true season for business, when the mind opens itself in plain simplicity, or grows warm with bold and noble ideas. Strangers to artifice and knowing no refinement, they tell their sentiments without disguise. The pleasure of the table expands their hearts and calls forth every secret. On the following day the subject of debate is again taken into

consideration, and thus two different periods of time have their distinct uses: when warm, they debate; when cool, they decide.

Their beverage is a liquor drawn from barley or from wheat, and, like the juice of the grape, fermented to a spirit. The settlers on the banks of the Rhine provide themselves with wine. Their food is of the simplest kind: wild apples, the flesh of an animal recently killed, or coagulated milk. Without skill in cookery, or without seasoning to stimulate the palate, they eat to satisfy nature. But they do not drink merely to quench their thirst. Indulge their love of liquor to the excess which they require, and you need not employ the terror of your arms; their own vices will subdue them.

Their public spectacles boast of no variety. They have but one sort, and that they repeat at all their meetings. A band of young men make it their pastime to dance entirely naked amidst pointed swords and javelins. By constant exercise this kind of exhibition has become an art, and art has taught them to perform with grace and elegance. Their talents, however, are not let out for hire. Though some danger attends the practice, the pleasure of the spectator is their only recompense. In the character of a German there is nothing so remarkable as his passion for play. Without the excuse of liquor, strange as it may seem, in their cool and sober moments they have recourse to dice, as to a serious and regular business, with the most desperate spirit committing their whole substance to chance, and when they have lost their all, putting their liberty and even their persons on the last hazard of the die! The loser yields himself to slavery. Young, robust, and valiant, he submits to be chained, and even exposed to sale. Such is the effect of a ruinous and inveterate habit. They are victims to folly, and they call themselves men of honor. The winner is always in a hurry to barter away the slaves acquired by success at play; he is ashamed of his victory, and therefore puts away the remembrance of it as soon as possible.

The slaves in general are not arranged at their several employments in the household affairs, as is the practice at Rome. Each has his separate habitation, and his own establishment to manage. The master considers him as an agrarian dependent, who is obliged to furnish a certain quantity of grain, cattle, or wearing apparel. The slave obeys, and the state of servitude extends no further. All domestic affairs are managed by the master's wife and children. To punish a slave with stripes, to load him with chains or condemn him to hard

labor is unusual. It is true that slaves are sometimes put to death, not under color of justice, or of any authority vested in the master, but in transport of passion, in a fit of rage, as is often the case in a sudden affray; but it is also true that this species of homicide passes with impunity. The freedmen are not of much higher consideration than the actual slaves; they obtain no rank in the master's family, and, if we except the parts of Germany where monarchy is established, they never figure on the stage of public business. In despotic governments they rise above the men of ingenuous birth, and even eclipse the whole body of the nobles. In other states the subordination of the freedmen is a proof of public liberty.

The practice of placing money at interest and reaping the profits of usury is unknown in Germany; and that happy ignorance is a better preventive of the evil than a code of prohibitory laws. In cultivating the soil they do not settle on one spot, but shift from place to place. The state or community takes possession of a certain tract proportioned to its number of hands; allotments are afterwards made to individuals according to their rank and dignity. In so extensive a country, where there is no want of land, the partition is easily made. The ground tilled in one year lies fallow the next, and a sufficient quantity always remains, the labor of the people being by no means adequate to the extent or fertility of the soil. Nor have they the skill to make orchard plantations, to enclose the meadow grounds, or to lay out and water gardens. From the earth they demand nothing but grain. Hence their year is not, as with the Romans, divided into four seasons. They have distinct ideas of winter, spring, and summer, and their language has terms for each; but they neither know the blessings nor the name of autumn.

Their funerals have neither pomp nor vain ambition. When the bodies of illustrious men are to be burned, they choose a particular kind of wood for the purpose, and have no other attention. The funeral pile is neither strewed with garments nor enriched with fragrant spices. The arms of the deceased are committed to the flames, and sometimes his horse. A mound of turf is raised to his memory; and this, in their opinion, is a better sepulchre than those structures of labored grandeur which display the weakness of human vanity, and are at best a burden to the dead. Tears and lamentations are soon at an end, but their regret does not so easily wear away. To grieve for the departed is comely in the softer sex. The women weep for their friends; the men remember them.

ROMAN STORY-TELLERS

Story-telling is one of the oldest forms of literary activity; it cannot be regarded as the monopoly or invention of any single nation. The folktales of the Greeks found their way into the Homeric epics, lyric poetry, and drama, and were variously transformed; that is, they did not retain the form of folktales. An interesting minor achievement of Roman literature was the retelling of these stories in a manner so graceful and engaging that they achieve a place in our literary heritage.

The name of Ovid (43 B.C.-A.D. 17) is inseparable from many of the tales and myths of the Greco-Roman world. Perhaps he acquired his narrative gift at his native hearth, for he was born at Sulmo in the mountains more than a hundred miles east of Rome, where no doubt the love of yarn-spinning was as strong as in other outlying provinces. Plunging into the social whirl after his education at Rome and Athens, Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso) wrote fashionable love poetry. His early *Amores* were erotic lyrics, his *Heroides* a series of imaginary letters from deserted women to their lovers, and his *Art of Love* an amusing and sophisticated treatise. These vivacious verses earned him prosperity and social success. Finally, his reputation as a lyricist was strengthened by a book of laments, *Tristitia*, written while he lived in exile on the shores of the Black Sea, to which he had been banished by Augustus for some scandalous affair.

He was at his best, however, as a story-teller, and it is his series of short narrative poems, known as the *Metamorphoses*, that ultimately assured him a niche in literature's Hall of Fame. In this book, Ovid brings together the stories from the old myths in which persons or objects change their form and substance. His descriptive and imaginative powers, rich figures of speech, fluency, and clever transitions make this work a remarkable

feat, beguiling both as narration and poetry. In the case of many ancient myths, Ovid's versions became the standard ones for the literary world of later times, and the *Metamorphoses* remained a source for European poets from the Renaissance to the nineteenth century. Ovid exerted a vast influence on them as a fabulist and as an erotic poet. Both Marlowe and Shakespeare became his debtors.

What we have in Apuleius, who wrote around A.D. 150, is the elaboration of folktales rather than myths. These tales are common to many countries and some are world-wide. There is no doubt that those he used were as current in the Italy of his day as they are in ours. In such a story as *Cupid and Psyche*, Apuleius has taken an ordinary folktale of a girl with a supernatural husband and has connected it with Greek mythology, so that his hero and heroine have relation to the gods. The folklore that produced the story has been greatly sophisticated here and made a part of a long, elaborate tale called *The Golden Ass*. In this work, a late product of classic culture, we meet a prose romance, a type of writing found more abundantly in medieval than in classic literature. *The Golden Ass*, also known as *The Metamorphoses*, recounts the strange adventures of a certain Lucius, who was transformed into an ass by a magic potion, but who retained his human intelligence. In the course of his odd experiences, Lucius overhears the tale of Cupid and Psyche as it is told in a robbers' cave to a captive girl.

That Lucius Apuleius should have been an exotic writer, opulent in style and interested in magic, is not strange. He belonged to the Roman Empire rather than to Rome, for he was born in Northern Africa and educated at Carthage and Athens. Like Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Apuleius' romance became a source-book for later generations.

OVID

*Metamorphoses**Pygmalion and Galatea*

When Pygmalion saw women spending their lives in criminal pursuits, shocked at the vices which Nature had so plentifully imparted to the female disposition, he lived a single life without a wife, and for a long time was without a partner of his bed. In the meantime, he ingeniously carved a statue of snow-white ivory with wondrous skill; and gave it a beauty with which no woman can be born; and then conceived a passion for his own workmanship. The appearance was that of a real virgin, whom you might suppose to be alive, and if modesty did not hinder her, to be desirous to move; so much did art lie concealed under his skill. Pygmalion admires it; and entertains, within his breast, a flame for this fictitious body.

Often does he apply his hands to the work, to try whether it is a *human* body, or whether it is ivory; and yet he does not own it to be ivory. He gives it kisses, and fancies that they are returned, and speaks to it, and takes hold of it, and thinks that his fingers make an impression on the limbs which they touch, and is fearful lest a livid mark should come on her limbs when pressed. And one while he employs soft expressions, at another time he brings her presents that are agreeable to maidens, such as shells, and smooth pebbles, and little birds, and flowers of a thousand tints, and lilies, and painted balls, and tears of the Heliades, that have fallen from the trees. He decks her limbs, too, with clothing, and puts jewels on her fingers; he puts, too, a long necklace on her neck. Smooth pendants hang from her ears, and bows from her breast. All things are becoming to her; and she does not seem less beautiful than when naked. He places her on coverings dyed with the Sidonian shell, and calls her the companion of his bed, and lays down her reclining neck upon soft feathers, as though it were sensible.

A festival of Venus, much celebrated throughout all Cyprus, had now come; and heifers, with snow-white necks, having their spreading horns tipped

with gold, fell, struck by the ax. Frankincense, too, was smoking, when, having made his offering, Pygmalion stood before the altar, and timorously said, "If ye Gods can grant all things, let my wife be, I pray," and he did not dare to say "this ivory maid," but "like to this statue of ivory." The golden Venus, as she herself was present at her own festival, understood what that prayer meant; and as an omen of the Divinity being favorable, thrice was the flame kindled up, and it sent up a tapering flame into the air. Soon as he returned, he repaired to the image of his maiden, and, lying along the couch, he gave her kisses. She seems to grow warm. Again he applies his mouth; with his hands, too, he feels her breast. The pressed ivory becomes soft, and losing its hardness, yields to the fingers, and gives way, just as Hymettian wax grows soft in the sun, and being worked with the fingers is turned into many shapes, and becomes pliable by the very handling. While he is amazed, and is rejoicing, though with apprehension, and is fearing that he is deceived; the lover again and again touches the object of his desires with his hand. It is a *real* body; the veins throb, when touched with the thumb.

Then, indeed, the Paphian hero conceives in his mind the most lavish expressions, with which to give thanks to Venus, and at length presses lips, no longer fictitious, with his own lips. The maiden, too, feels the kisses given her, and blushes; and raising her timorous eyes towards the light of day, she sees at once her lover and the heavens. The Goddess was present at the marriage which she thus effected. And now, the horns of the moon having been nine times gathered into a full orb, she brought forth Paphos; from whom the island derived its name.

Pluto and Proserpine

Not far from the walls of Henna there is a lake of deep water, Pergus by name; Cäyster does not hear more songs of swans, in his running streams, than

Ovid, *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Translated by H. T. Riley. Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B.C.-17 A.D.) was born at Sulmo in the mountains more than a hundred miles east of Rome. Educated in Rome he led a gay social life there until he was exiled to the wild country on the Black Sea, where he spent the last nine years of his life. Aside from his *Metamorphoses* his most famous work is *The Art of Love*.

Ovid, *Pluto and Proserpine*. Translated by H. T. Riley.

that. A wood skirts the lake, surrounding it on every side, and with its foliage, as though with an awning, keeps out the rays of the sun. The boughs produce a coolness, the moist ground flowers of Tyrian hue. *There* the spring is perpetual. In this grove, while Proserpine is amusing herself, and is plucking either violets or white lilies, and while, with child-like eagerness, she is filling her baskets and her bosom, and is striving to out-do *her companions* of the same age in gathering, almost at the same instant she is beheld, beloved, and seized by Pluto; in such great haste is love. The Goddess, affrighted, with lamenting lips calls both her mother and her companions, but more frequently her mother; and as she has torn her garment from the upper edge, the collected flowers fall from her loosened robes. So great, too, is the innocence of her childish years, this loss excites the maiden's grief as well. The ravisher drives on his chariot, and encourages his horses, called, each by his name, along whose necks and manes he shakes the reins, dyed with swarthy rust. He is borne through deep lakes, and the pools of the Palici, smelling strong of sulphur, *and* boiling fresh from out of the burst earth; and where the Bacchiadæ, a race sprung from Corinth, with its two seas, built a city between unequal harbors.

There is a stream in the middle, between Cyane and the Pisæan Arethusa, which is confined within itself, being enclosed by mountain ridges at a short distance *from each other*. Here was Cyane, the most celebrated among the Sicilian Nymphs, from whose name the pool also was called, who stood up from out of the midst of the water, as far as the higher part of her stomach, and recognized the God, and said, "No further shall you go. Thou mayst not be the son-in-law of Ceres against her will. *The girl* should have been asked of *her*

Pyramus and Thisbe

In Babylon, where first her queen, for state,
Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great,
Liv'd Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair!
He found no eastern youth his equal there,
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair. 5
A closer neighborhood was never known,
Though two the houses, yet the roof was one.
Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love:
Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad, 10
What parents could not hinder, they forbade.

mother, not carried away. But if I may be allowed to compare little matters with great ones, Anapis also loved me. Yet I married him, courted, and not frightened *into it*, like her." She *thus* said, and stretching her arms on different sides, she stood in his way. The son of Saturn no longer restrained his rage; and encouraging his terrible steeds, he threw his royal scepter, hurled with a strong arm, into the lowest depths of the stream. The earth, *so* struck, made a way down to Tartarus, and received the descending chariot in the middle of the yawning space. But Cyane, lamenting both the ravished Goddess, and the slighted privileges of her spring, carries in her silent mind an inconsolable wound, and is entirely dissolved into tears, and melts away into those waters, of which she had been but lately the great guardian Divinity. You might see her limbs soften, her bones become subjected to bending, her nails lay aside their hardness: each, too, of the smaller extremities of the whole of her body melts away; both her azure hair, her fingers, her legs, and her feet; for easy is the change of those small members into a cold stream. After that, her back, her shoulders, her side, and her breast dissolve, vanishing into thin rivulets. Lastly, pure water, instead of live blood, enters her corrupted veins, and nothing remains which you can grasp *in your hands*.

In the meantime, throughout all lands and in every sea, the daughter is sought in vain by her anxious mother. Aurora, coming with her ruddy locks, does not behold her taking any rest, neither does Hesperus. She, with her two hands, sets light to some pines at the flaming Ætna, and giving herself no rest, bears them through the frosty darkness. Again when the genial day has dulled the light of the stars, she seeks her daughter from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof.

For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd;
Aloud in words their thoughts they dare not break,
But silent stand; and silent looks can speak.
The fire of love, the more it is suppress, 15
The more it glows, and rages in the breast.

When the division-wall was built, a chink
Was left, the cement unobserv'd to shrink.
So slight the cranny, that it still had been
For centuries unclos'd, because unseen. 20
But oh! what thing so small, so secret lies,
Which 'scapes, if form'd for love, a lover's eyes?
Ev'n in this narrow chink they quickly found
A friendly passage for a trackless sound.

Safely they told their sorrows, and their joys, 25
 In whisper'd murmurs, and a dying noise
 By turns to catch each other's breath they strove,
 And suck'd in all the balmy breeze of love.
 Oft as on diff'rent sides they stood, they cry'd,
 "Malicious wall, thus lovers to divide!" 30
 Suppose, thou should'st awhile to us give place
 To lock, and fashion in a close embrace:
 But if too much to grant so sweet a bliss,
 Indulge at least the pleasure of a kiss.
 We scorn ingratitude: to thee, we know, 35
 This conveyance of our minds we owe."
 Thus they their vain petition did renew
 Till night, and then they softly sigh'd adieu.
 But first they strove to kiss, and that was all;
 Their kisses died untasted on the wall. 40
 Soon as the morn had o'er the stars prevail'd,
 And, warm'd by Phœbus, flow'r's their dews ex-
 haled,
 The lovers to their well-known place return,
 Alike they suffer, and alike they mourn.
 At last their parents they resolve to cheat 45
 (If to deceive in love be called deceit),
 To steal by night from home, and thence unknown
 To seek the fields, and quit th' unfaithful town.
 But, to prevent their wand'ring in the dark,
 They both agree to fix upon a mark; 50
 A mark, that could not their designs expose:
 The tomb of Ninus was the mark they chose.
 There they might rest secure beneath the shade,
 Which boughs, with snowy fruit encumber'd,
 made: 55
 A wide-spread mulberry its rise had took
 Just on the margin of a gurgling brook.
 Impatient for the friendly dusk they stay,
 And chide the slowness of departing day;
 In western seas down sunk at last the light. 60
 From western seas uprose the shades of night.
 The loving Thisbe ev'n prevents the hour,
 With cautious silence she unlocks the door,
 And veils her face, and marching thro' the gloom
 Swiftly arrives at th' assignation-tomb. 65
 For still the fearful sex can fearless prove;
 Boldly they act, if spirited by love.
 When lo! a lioness rush'd o'er the plain,
 Grimly besmear'd with blood of oxen slain:
 And what to the dire sight new horrors brought, 70
 To slake her thirst the neighb'ring spring she
 sought,
 Which, by the Moon, when trembling Thisbe
 spies,
 Wing'd with her fear, swift as the wind, she flies;

And in a cave recovers from her fright,
 But dropt her veil, confounded in her flight.
 When sated with repeated draughts, again 75
 The queen of beasts scour'd back along the plain,
 She found the veil, and mouthing it all o'er,
 With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore.
 The youth, who could not cheat his guards so
 soon,
 Late came, and noted by the glimmering Moon 81
 Some savage feet, now printed on the ground,
 His cheeks turn'd pale, his limbs no vigor found:
 But when advancing on, the veil he spy'd
 Distain'd with blood, and ghastly torn, he cry'd,
 "One night shall death to two young lovers give, 86
 But she deserv'd unnumber'd years to live!"
 'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd,
 Who came not early, as my charming maid.
 Whatever slew thee, I the cause remain;
 I nam'd, and fix'd the place where thou wast slain.
 Ye lions, from your neighb'ring dens repair, 91
 Pity the wretch, this impious body tear!
 But cowards thus for death can idly cry;
 The brave still have it in their pow'r to die."
 Then to the appointed tree he hastens away, 95
 The veil first gather'd, though all rent it lay:
 The veil all rent yet still endears,
 He kiss'd and kissing, wash'd it with his tears.
 "Tho' rich," he cry'd, "with many a precious stain,
 Still from my blood a deeper tincture gain." 100
 Then in his breast his shining sword he drown'd,
 And fell supine, extended on the ground.
 As out again the blade he dying drew,
 Out spun the blood, and streaming upwards flew.
 So if a conduit-pipe e'er burst you saw, 105
 Swift spring the gushing waters thro' the flaw:
 Then spouting in a bow, they rise on high,
 And a new fountain plays amid the sky.
 The berries, stain'd with blood, began to show
 A dark complexion, and forgot their snow; 110
 While fatten'd with the flowing gore, the root
 Was doom'd for ever to a purple fruit.
 Meantime poor Thisbe fear'd, so long she stay'd,
 Her lover might suspect a perjur'd maid.
 Her fright scarce o'er, she strove the youth to find,
 With ardent eyes, which spoke an ardent mind.
 Already in his arms, she hears him sigh 117
 At her destruction, which was once so nigh.
 The tomb, the tree, but not the fruit she knew;
 The fruit she doubted for its alter'd hue. 120
 Still as she doubts, her eyes a body found
 Quiv'ring in death, and gasping on the ground.
 She started back, the red her cheeks forsook,
 And ev'ry nerve with thrilling horrors shook.

So trembles the smooth surface of the seas, 125
 If brush'd o'er gently with a rushing breeze.
 But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
 She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast.
 She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
 And bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping
 wound. 130

Then her warm lips to the cold face apply'd;
 "And is it thus, ah! thus we meet?" she cry'd:
 "My Pyramus! whence sprung the cruel fate?
 My Pyramus!—ah! speak, ere 'tis too late.
 I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore, 135
 One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before."
 At Thisbe's name, awak'd, he open'd wide
 His dying eyes; with dying eyes he try'd
 On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow, and died.
 The fatal cause was now at last explor'd, 140
 Her veil she knew, she saw his sheathless sword:
 "From thy own hand thy ruin thou hast found,"
 She said; "but love first taught that hand to wound.
 Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can show,
 And love, which shall as true direct the blow. 145
 I will against the woman's weakness strive,

And never thee, lamented youth, survive.
 The world may say, I caus'd, alas! thy death,
 But saw thee breathless, and resign'd my breath.
 Fate, tho' it conquers, shall no triumph gain, 150
 Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.
 Now, both our cruel parents, hear my pray'r;
 My pray'r to offer for us both I dare;
 Oh! see our ashes in one urn confin'd,
 Whom Love at first, and Fate at last has join'd. 155
 The bliss, you envy'd, is not our request;
 Lovers when dead, may sure together rest.
 Thou, tree, where now one lifeless lump is laid,
 Ere long o'er two shalt cast a friendly shade.
 Still let our loves from thee be understood, 160
 Still witness in thy purple fruit our blood."
 She spoke, and in her bosom plung'd the sword
 All warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
 The pray'r, which dying Thisbe had preferr'd,
 Both gods, and parents, with compassion heard.
 The whiteness of the mulberry soon fled, 165
 And, ripening, sadden'd in a dusky red:
 While both their parents their lost children mourn,
 And mix their ashes in one golden urn.

APULEIUS

Cupid and Psyche

In a certain city lived a king and queen who had three daughters exceeding fair. But the beauty of the elder sisters, though pleasant to behold, yet passed not the measure of human praise, while such was the loveliness of the youngest that men's speech was too poor to commend it worthily and could express it not at all. Many of the citizens and of strangers, whom the fame of this excellent vision had gathered thither, confounded by that matchless beauty, could but kiss the finger-tips of their right hands at sight of her, as in adoration to the goddess Venus herself. And soon a rumor passed through the country that she whom the blue deep had borne, forbearing her divine dignity, was even then moving among men, or that by some fresh germination from the stars, not the

sea now, but the earth, had put forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity.

This belief, with the fame of the maiden's loveliness, went daily further into distant lands, so that many people were drawn together to behold that glorious model of the age. Men sailed no longer to Paphos, to Cnidos or Cythera, to the presence of the goddess Venus: her sacred rites were neglected, her images stood uncrowned, the cold ashes were left to disfigure her forsaken altars. It was to a maiden that men's prayers were offered, to a human countenance they looked, in propitiating so great a godhead: when the girl went forth in the morning they strewed flowers on her way, and the victims proper to that unseen goddess were presented as she passed along. This conveyance of

Apuleius, *Cupid and Psyche*. Translated by Walter Pater. Lucius Apuleius was born about 125 A.D. in northern Africa and, aside from some years when he practiced law in Rome, lived his life there. The *Cupid and Psyche* is part of a longer work, the *Metamorphoses*, in which the hero, transformed to an ass, experiences many adventures.

divine worship to a mortal kindled meantime the anger of the true Venus. "Lo! now, the ancient parent of nature," she cried, "the fountain of all elements! Behold me, Venus, benign mother of the world, sharing my honors with a mortal maiden, while my name, built up in heaven, is profaned by the mean things of earth! Shall a perishable woman bear my image about with her? In vain did the shepherd of Ida prefer me! Yet shall she have little joy, whosoever she be, of her usurped and unlawful loveliness!" Thereupon she called to her that winged, bold boy, of evil ways, who wanders armed by night through men's houses, spoiling their marriages; and stirring yet more by her speech his inborn wantonness, she led him to the city, and showed him Psyche as she walked.

"I pray thee," she said, "give thy mother a full revenge. Let this maid become the slave of an unworthy love." Then, embracing him closely, she departed to the shore and took her throne upon the crest of the wave. And lo! at her unuttered will, her ocean-servants are in waiting: the daughters of Nereus are there singing their song, and Portunus, and Salacia, and the tiny charioteer of the dolphin, with a host of Tritons leaping through the billows. And one blows softly through his sounding sea-shell, another spreads a silken web against the sun, a third presents the mirror to the eyes of his mistress, while the others swim side by side below, drawing her chariot. Such was the escort of Venus as she went upon the sea.

Psyche meantime, aware of her loveliness, had no fruit thereof. All people regarded and admired, but none sought her in marriage. It was but as on the finished work of the craftsman that they gazed upon that divine likeness. Her sisters, less fair than she, were happily wedded. She, even as a widow, sitting at home, wept over her desolation, hating in her heart the beauty in which all men were pleased.

And the king, supposing the gods were angry, inquired of the oracle of Apollo, and Apollo answered him thus: "Let the damsel be placed on the top of a certain mountain, adorned as for the bed of marriage, and of death. Look not for a son-in-law of mortal birth; but for that evil serpent-thing, by reason of whom even the gods tremble and the shadows of Styx are afraid."

So the king returned home and made known to the oracle to his wife. For many days she lamented, but at last the fulfillment of the divine precept is urgent upon her, and the company make

ready to conduct the maiden to her deadly bridal. And now the nuptial torch gathers dark smoke and ashes: the pleasant sound of the pipe is changed into a cry: the marriage hymn concludes in a sorrowful wailing: below her yellow wedding-veil the bride shook away her tears; insomuch that the whole city was afflicted together at the ill-luck of the stricken house.

But the mandate of the god impelled the hapless Psyche to her fate, and, these solemnities being ended, the funeral of the living soul goes forth, all the people following. Psyche, bitterly weeping, assists not at her marriage but at her own obsequies, and while the parents hesitate to accomplish a thing so unholy the daughter cries to them: "Wherefore torment your luckless age by long weeping? This was the prize of my extraordinary beauty! When all people celebrated us with divine honors, and in one voice named the New Venus,
20 it was then ye should have wept for me as one dead. Now at last I understand that that one name of Venus has been my ruin. Lead me and set me upon the appointed place. I am in haste to submit to that well-omened marriage, to behold that goodly spouse. Why delay the coming of him who was born for the destruction of the whole world?"

She was silent, and with firm step went on the way. And they proceeded to the appointed place on a steep mountain, and left there the maiden alone, and took their way homewards dejectedly. The wretched parents, in their close-shut house, yielded themselves to perpetual night; while to Psyche, fearful and trembling and weeping sore upon the mountain-top, comes the gentle Zephyrus. He lifts her mildly, and, with vesture afloat on either side, bears her by his own soft breathing over the windings of the hills, and sets her lightly among the flowers in the bosom of a valley below.

Psyche, in those delicate grassy places, lying sweetly on her dewy bed, rested from the agitation of her soul and arose in peace. And lo! a grove of mighty trees, with a fount of water, clear as glass, in the midst; and hard by the water, a dwelling-place, built not by human hands but by some divine cunning. One recognized, even at the entering, the delightful hostelry of a god. Golden pillars sustained the roof, arched most curiously in cedar-wood and ivory. The walls were hidden under wrought silver,—all tame and woodland creatures leaping forward to the visitor's gaze. Wonderful indeed was the craftsman, divine or half-divine, who by the subtlety of his art had

breathed so wild a soul into the silver! The very pavement was distinct with pictures in goodly stones. In the glow of its precious metal the house is its own daylight, having no need of the sun. Well might it seem a place fashioned for the conversation of gods with men!

Psyche, drawn forward by the delight of it, came near, and, her courage growing, stood within the doorway. One by one, she admired the beautiful things she saw; and, most wonderful of all! no lock, no chain, nor living guardian protected that great treasure-house. But as she gazed there came a voice,—a voice, as it were, unclothed by bodily vesture. "Mistress!" it said, "all these things are thine. Lie down, and relieve thy weariness, and rise again for the bath when thou wilst. We thy servants, whose voice thou hearest, will be beforehand with our service, and a royal feast shall be ready."

And Psyche understood that some divine care was providing, and, refreshed with sleep and the bath, sat down to the feast. Still she saw no one: only she heard words falling here and there, and had voices alone to serve her. And the feast being ended, one entered the chamber and sang to her unseen, while another struck the chords of a harp, invisible with him who played on it. Afterwards the sound of a company singing together came to her, but still so that none was present to sight, yet it appeared that a great multitude of singers was there. . . .

One night the bridegroom spoke thus to his beloved, "O Psyche, most pleasant bride! Fortune is grown stern with us, and threatens thee with mortal peril. Thy sisters, troubled at the report of thy death and seeking some trace of thee, will come to the mountain's top. But if by chance their cries reach thee, answer not, neither look forth at all, lest thou bring sorrow upon me and destruction upon thyself." Then Psyche promised that she would do according to his will. But the bridegroom was fled away again with the night. And all that day she spent in tears, repeating that she was now dead indeed, shut up in that golden prison, powerless to console her sisters sorrowing after her, or to see their faces; and so went to rest weeping.

And after a while came the bridegroom again, and embracing her as she wept, complained, "Was this thy promise, my Psyche? What have I to hope from thee? Even in the arms of thy husband thou ceasest not from pain. Do now as thou wilst. In-dulge thine own desire, though it seeks what will

ruin thee. Yet wilt thou remember my warning, repentant too late." Then, protesting that she is like to die, she obtains from him that he suffer her to see her sisters, and present to them moreover what gifts she would of golden ornaments; but therewith he oftentimes advised her never at any time yielding to pernicious counsel, to inquire concerning his bodily form, lest she fall, through un-holy curiosity, from so great a height of fortune, nor feel ever his embrace again. "I would die a hundred times," she said, cheerfully at last, "rather than be deprived of thy most sweet usage. I love thee as my own soul, beyond comparison even with Love himself. Only bid thy servant Zephyrus bring hither my sisters, as he brought me. My honeycomb! My Husband! Thy Psyche's breath of life!" So he promised; and ere the light appeared, vanished from the hands of his bride.

And the sisters, coming to the place where Psyche was abandoned, wept loudly among the rocks, and called upon her by name, so that the sound came down to her, and running out of the palace distraught, she cried, "Wherfore afflict your souls with lamentation? I whom you mourn am here." Then, summoning Zephyrus, she reminded him of her husband's bidding; and he bare them down with a gentle blast. "Enter now," she said, "into my house, and relieve your sorrow in the company of Psyche your sister."

And Psyche displayed to them all the treasures of the golden house, and its great family of ministering voices, nursing in them the malice which was already at their hearts. And at last one of them asks curiously who the lord of that celestial array may be, and what manner of man her husband. And Psyche answered dissemblingly, "A young man, handsome and mannerly, with a goodly beard. For the most part he hunts upon the mountains." And lest the secret should slip from her in the way of further speech, loading her sisters with gold and gems, she commanded Zephyrus to bear them away.

And they returned home, on fire with envy. "See now the injustice of fortune!" cried one. "We, the elder children, are given like servants to be the wives of strangers, while the youngest is possessed of so great riches, who scarcely knows how to use them. You saw, sister! what a hoard of wealth lies in the house; what glittering gowns; what splendor of precious gems, besides all that gold trodden under foot. If she indeed has, as she said, a bridegroom so goodly then no one in all the world is happier. And it may be that this hus-

band, being of divine nature, will make her too a goddess. Nay, so in truth it is. It was even thus she bore herself. Already she looks aloft and breathes divinity, who, though but a woman, has voices for her handmaidens, and can command the winds." "Think," answered the other, "how arrogantly she dealt with us, grudging us these trifling gifts out of all that store, and when our company became a burden, causing us to be hissed and driven away from her through the air! But I am no woman if she keep her hold on this great fortune; and if the insult done us has touched thee too, take we counsel together. Meanwhile let us hold our peace, and know nought of her, alive or dead. For they are not truly happy of whose happiness other folk are unaware."

And the bridegroom, whom still she knows not, warns her thus a second time, as he talks with her by night: "Seest thou what peril besets thee? Those cunning wolves have made ready for thee their snares, of which the sum is that they persuade thee to search into the fashion of my countenance, the seeing of which, as I have told thee often, will be the seeing of it no more forever. But do thou neither listen nor make answer to ought regarding thy husband. Besides, we have sown also the seed of our race. Even now this bosom grows with a child to be born to us, a child, if thou but keep our secret, of divine quality; if thou profane it, subject to death." And Psyche was glad at the tidings, rejoicing in that solace of a divine seed, and in the glory of that pledge of love to be, and the dignity of the name of mother. Anxiously she notes the increase of the days, the waning months. And again, as he tarries briefly beside her, the bridegroom repeats his warning: "Even now the sword is drawn with which thy sisters seek thy life. Have pity on thyself, sweet wife, and upon our child, and see not those evil women again." But the sisters make their way into the palace once more, crying to her in wily tones, "O Psyche! and thou too wilt be a mother! How great will be the joy at home! Happy indeed shall we be to have the nursing of the golden child. Truly if he be answerable to the beauty of his parents, it will be a birth of Cupid himself."

So, little by little, they stole upon the heart of their sister. She, meanwhile, bids the lyre to sound for their delight, and the playing is heard: she bids the pipes to move, the quire to sing, and the music and the singing come invisibly, soothing the mind of the listener with sweetest modulation. Yet not even thereby was their malice put to sleep: once

more they seek to know what manner of husband she has, and whence that seed. And Psyche, simple over-much, forgetful of her first story, answers, "My husband comes from a far country, trading for great sums. He is already of middle age, with whitening locks." And therewith she dismisses them again.

And returning home upon the soft breath of Zephyrus one cried to the other, "What shall be said of so ugly a lie? He who was a young man with goodly beard is now in middle life. It must be that she told a false tale: else is she in very truth ignorant of what manner of man he is. Howsoever it be, let us destroy her quickly. For if she indeed knows not, be sure that her bridegroom is one of the gods: it is a god she bears in her womb. And let that be far from us! If she be called the mother of a god, then will life be more than I can bear."

So, full of rage against her, they returned to Psyche, and said to her craftily, "Thou livest in an ignorant bliss, all incurious of thy real danger. It is a deadly serpent, as we certainly know, that comes to sleep at thy side. Remember the words of the oracle, which declared thee destined to a cruel beast. There are those who have seen it at nightfall, coming back from its feeding. In no long time, they say, it will end its blandishments. It but waits for the babe to be formed in thee, that it may devour thee by so much the richer. If indeed the solitude of this musical place, or it may be the loathsome commerce of a hidden love, delight thee, we at least in sisterly piety have done our part." And at last the unhappy Psyche, simple and frail of soul, carried away by the terror of their words, losing memory of her husband's precepts and her own promise, brought upon herself a great calamity. Trembling and turning pale, she answers them, "And they who tell those things, it may be, speak the truth. For in very deed never have I seen the face of my husband, nor know I at all what manner of man he is. Always he frights me diligently from the sight of him, threatening some great evil should I too curiously look upon his face. Do ye, if ye can help your sister in her great peril, stand by her now."

Her sisters answered her, "The way of safety we have well considered, and will teach thee. Take a sharp knife, and hide it in that part of the couch where thou art wont to lie: take also a lamp filled with oil, and set it privily behind the curtain. And when he shall have drawn up his coils into the accustomed place, and thou hearest him breathe

in sleep, slip then from his side and discover the lamp, and, knife in hand, put forth thy strength, and strike off the serpent's head." And so they departed in haste.

And Psyche left alone (alone but for the furies which beset her) is tossed up and down in her distress, like a wave of the sea; and though her will is firm, yet, in the moment of putting hand to the deed, she falters, and is torn asunder by various apprehensions of the great calamity upon her. She hastens and anon delays, now full of distrust, and now of angry courage: under one bodily form she loathes the monster and loves the bridegroom. But twilight ushers in the night; and at length in haste she makes ready for the terrible deed. Darkness came, and the bridegroom; and he first falls into a deep sleep.

And she, erewhile of no strength, the hard purpose of destiny assisting her, is confirmed in force. With lamp plucked forth, knife in hand, she put by her sex; and lo! as the secrets of the bed became manifest, the sweetest and most gentle of all creatures, Love himself, reclined there, in his own proper loveliness! At sight of him the very flame of the lamp kindled more gladly! But Psyche was afraid of the vision, and, faint of soul, trembled back upon her knees, and would have hidden the steel in her own bosom. But the knife slipped from her hand; and now, undone, yet oftentimes looking upon the beauty of that divine countenance, she lives again. She sees the locks of that golden head, pleasant with the unction of the gods, shed down in graceful entanglement behind and before, about the ruddy cheeks and white throat. The pinions of the winged god, yet fresh with the dew, are spotless upon his shoulders, the delicate plumage wavering over them as they lie at rest. Smooth he was, and touched with light, worthy of Venus his mother. At the foot of the couch lay his bow and arrows, the instruments of his power, propitious to men.

And Psyche, gazing hungrily thereon, draws an arrow from the quiver, and trying the point upon the thumb, tremulous still, drove in the barb, so that a drop of blood came forth. Thus fell she, by her own act, and unaware, into the love of Love. Falling upon the bridegroom, with indrawn breath, in a hurry of kisses from eager and open lips, she shuddered as she thought how brief that sleep might be. And it chanced that a drop of burning oil fell from the lamp upon the god's shoulder. Ah! maladroit minister of love, thus to wound him from whom all fire comes; though

'twas a lover, I trow, first devised thee, to have the fruit of his desire even in the darkness! At the touch of the fire the god started up, and beholding the overthrow of her faith, quietly took flight from her embraces.

And Psyche, as he rose upon the wing, laid hold on him with her two hands, hanging upon him in his passage through the air, till she sinks to the earth through weariness. And as she lay there, the divine lover, tarrying still, lighted upon a cypress tree which grew near, and, from the top of it, spake thus to her, in great emotion. "Foolish one! unmindful of the command of Venus, my mother, who had devoted thee to one of base degree, I fled to thee in his stead. Now know I that this was vainly done. Into mine own flesh pierced mine arrow, and I made thee my wife, only that I might seem a monster beside thee—that thou shouldst seek to wound the head wherein lay the eyes so full of love to thee! Again and again, I thought to put thee on thy guard concerning these things, and warned thee in loving-kindness. Now I would but punish thee by my flight hence." And therewith he winged his way into the deep sky.

Psyche, prostrate upon the earth, and following far as sight might reach the flight of the bridegroom, wept and lamented; and when the breadth of space had parted him wholly from her, cast herself down from the bank of a river which was nigh. But the stream, turning gentle in honor of the god, put her forth again unhurt upon its margin. And as it happened, Pan, the rustic god, was sitting just then by the waterside. Hard by, his flock of goats browsed at will. And the shaggy god called her, wounded and outworn, kindly to him and said, "I am but a rustic herdsman, pretty maiden, yet wise, by favor of my great age and long experience; and if I guess truly by those faltering steps, by thy sorrowful eyes and continual sighing, thou laborest with excess of love. Listen then to me, and seek not death again, in the stream or otherwise. Put aside thy woe, and turn thy prayers to Cupid. He is in truth a delicate youth: win him by the delicacy of thy service."

So the shepherd-god spoke, and Psyche, answering nothing, but with a reverence to this serviceable deity, went on her way. And while she, in her search after Cupid, wandered through many lands, he was lying in the chamber of his mother, heart-sick. And the white bird which floats over the waves plunged in haste into the sea, and approaching Venus, as she bathed, made known to her that her son lies afflicted with some grievous

hurt, doubtful of life. And Venus cried, angrily, "My son, then, has a mistress! And it is Psyche, who witched away my beauty and was the rival of my godhead, whom he loves!"

Therewith she issued from the sea, and returning to her golden chamber, found there the lad, sick, as she had heard, and cried from the doorway, "Well done, truly! to trample thy mother's precepts under foot, to spare my enemy that cross of an unworthy love; nay, unite her to thyself, ¹⁰ child as thou art, that I might have a daughter-in-law who hates me! I will make thee repent of thy sport, and the savor of thy marriage bitter. There is one who shall chasten this body of thine, put out thy torch and unstring thy bow. Not till she has plucked forth that hair, into which so oft these hands have smoothed the golden light, and sheared away thy wings, shall I feel the injury done me avenged." And with this she hastened in anger from the doors.

And Ceres and Juno met her, and sought to know the meaning of her troubled countenance. "Ye come in season," she cried; "I pray you, find for me Psyche. It must needs be that ye have heard the disgrace of my house." And they, ignorant of what was done, would have soothed her anger, saying, "What fault, Mistress, hath thy son committed, that thou wouldest destroy the girl he loves? Knowest thou not that he is now of age? Because he wears his years so lightly must he seem to thee ever but a child? Wilt thou forever thus pry into the pastimes of thy son, always accusing his wantonness, and blaming in him those delicate wiles which are all thine own?" Thus, in secret fear of the boy's bow, did they seek to please him with their gracious patronage. But Venus, angry at their light taking of her wrongs, turned her back upon them, and with hasty steps made her way once more to the sea.

Meanwhile Psyche, tossed in soul, wandering hither and thither, rested not night or day in the pursuit of her husband, desiring, if she might not soothe his anger by the endearments of a wife, at the least to propitiate him with the prayers of a handmaid. And seeing a certain temple on the top of a high mountain, she said, "Who knows whether yonder place be not the abode of my lord?" Thither, therefore, she turned her steps, hastening now the more because desire and hope pressed her on, weary as she was with the labors ⁴⁰ of the way, and so, painfully measuring out the highest ridges of the mountain, drew near to the sacred couches. She sees ears of wheat, in heaps or

twisted into chaplets; ears of barley also, with sickles and all the instruments of harvest, lying there in disorder, thrown at random from the hands of the laborers in the great heat. These she curiously sets apart, one by one, duly ordering them; for she said within herself, "I may not neglect the shrines, nor the holy service, of any god there be, but must rather win by supplication the kindly mercy of them all."

And Ceres found her bending sadly upon her task, and cried aloud, "Alas, Psyche! Venus, in the furiousness of her anger, tracks thy footsteps through the world, seeking for thee to pay her the utmost penalty; and thou, thinking of anything rather than thine own safety, hast taken on thee the care of what belongs to me!" Then Psyche fell down at her feet, and sweeping the floor with her hair, washing the footsteps of the goddess in her tears, besought her mercy, with many prayers: ²⁰ "By the gladdening rites of harvest, by the lighted lamps and mystic marches of the marriage and mysterious invention of thy daughter Proserpine, and by all beside that the holy place of Attica veils in silence, minister, I pray thee, to the sorrowful heart of Psyche! Suffer me to hide myself but for a few days among the heaps of corn, till time have softened the anger of the goddess, and my strength, outworn in my long travail, be recovered by a little rest."

³⁰ But Ceres answered her, "Truly thy tears move me, and I would fain help thee; only I dare not incur the ill-will of my kinswoman. Depart hence as quickly as may be." And Psyche, repelled against hope, afflicted now with twofold sorrow, making her way back again, beheld among the half-lighted woods of the valley below a sanctuary builded with cunning art. And that she might lose no way of hope, howsoever doubtful, she drew near to the sacred doors. She sees there gifts of price, and garments fixed upon the door-posts and to the branches of the trees, wrought with letters of gold which told the name of the goddess to whom they were dedicated, with thanksgiving for that she had done. So, with bent knee and hands laid about the glowing altar, she prayed, saying, "Sister and spouse of Jupiter! be thou to these my desperate fortunes Juno the Auspicious! I know that thou dost willingly help those in travail with child; deliver me from the peril that is upon me." And as she prayed thus, Juno in the majesty of her godhead was straightway present, and answered, "Would that I might incline favorably to thee: but against the will of Venus, whom I have ever loved

as a daughter, I may not, for very shame, grant thy prayer."

And Psyche, dismayed by this new shipwreck of her hope, communed thus with herself, "Whither, from the midst of the snares that beset me, shall I take my way once more? In what dark solitude shall I hide me from the all-seeing eye of Venus? What if I put on at length a man's courage, and yielding myself unto her as my mistress, soften by a humility not yet too late the fierceness of her purpose? Who knows but that I may find him also whom my soul seeketh after, in the abode of his mother?"

And Venus, renouncing all earthly aid in her search, prepared to return to heaven. She ordered the chariot to be made ready, wrought for her by Vulcan as a marriage-gift, with a cunning of hand which had left his work so much the richer by the weight of gold it lost under his tool. From the multitude which housed the bed-chamber of their mistress, white doves came forth, and with joyful motions bent their painted necks beneath the yoke. Behind it, with playful riot, the sparrows sped onward, and other birds sweet of song, making known by their soft notes the approach of the goddess. Eagle and cruel hawk alarmed not the quireful family of Venus. And the clouds broke away, as the uttermost ether opened to receive her, daughter and goddess, with great joy.

And Venus passed straightway to the house of Jupiter to beg from him the service of Mercury, the god of speech. And Jupiter refused not her prayer. And Venus and Mercury descended from heaven together; and as they went, the former said to the latter, "Thou knowest, my brother of Arcady, that never at any time have I done anything without thy help; for how long time, moreover, I have sought a certain maiden in vain. And now nought remains but that by thy heraldry, I proclaim a reward for whomsoever shall find her. Do thou my bidding quickly." And therewith she conveyed to him a little scrip, in the which was written the name of Psyche, with other things; and so returned home.

And Mercury failed not in his office; but departing into all lands, proclaimed that whosoever delivered up to Venus the fugitive girl should receive from herself seven kisses—one thereof full of the inmost honey of her throat. With that the doubt of Psyche was ended. And now, as she came near to the doors of Venus, one of the household, whose name was Use-and-Wont, ran out to her, crying, "Hast thou learned. Wicked Maid! now at

last! that thou hast a mistress?" and seizing her roughly by the hair, drew her into the presence of Venus. And when Venus saw her, she cried out, saying, "Thou hast deigned, then, to make thy salutations to thy mother-in-law. Now will I in turn treat thee as becometh a dutiful daughter-in-law."

And she took barley and millet and poppyseed, every kind of grain and seed, and mixed them together, and laughed, and said to her: "Methinks so plain a maiden can earn lovers only by industrious ministry: now will I also make trial of thy service. Sort me this heap of seed, the one kind from the others, grain by grain; and get thy task done before the evening." And Psyche, stunned by the cruelty of her bidding, was silent, and moved not her hand to the inextricable heap. And there came forth a little ant, which had understanding of the difficulty of her task, and took pity upon the consort of the god of Love; and he ran deftly hither and thither, and called together the whole army of his fellows. "Have pity," he cried, "nimble scholars of the Earth, Mother of all things!—have pity upon the wife of Love, and hasten to help her in her perilous effort." Then, one upon the other, the hosts of the insect people hurried together; and they sorted asunder the whole heap of seed, separating every grain after its kind, and so departed quickly out of sight.

And at nightfall Venus returned, and seeing that task finished with so wonderful diligence, she cried, "The work is not thine, thou naughty maid, but his in whose eyes thou hast found favor." And calling her again in the morning, "See now the grove," she said, "beyond yonder torrent. Certain sheep feed there, whose fleeces shine with gold. Fetch me straightway a lock of that precious stuff, having gotten it as thou mayst."

And Psyche went forth willingly, not to obey the command of Venus, but even to seek a rest from her labor in the depths of the river. But from the river, the green reed, lowly mother of music, spake to her: "O Psyche! pollute not these waters by self-destruction, nor approach that terrible flock; for, as the heat groweth, they wax fierce. Lie down under yon planetree, till the quiet of the river's breath have soothed them. Thereafter thou mayst shake down the fleecy gold from the trees of the grove, for it holdeth by the leaves."

And Psyche, instructed thus by the simple reed, in the humanity of its heart, filled her bosom with the soft golden stuff, and returned to Venus. But the goddess smiled bitterly, and said to her, "Well

know I who was the author of this thing also. I will make further trial of thy discretion, and the boldness of thy heart. Seest thou the utmost peak of yonder steep mountain? The dark stream which flows down thence waters the Stygian fields, and swells the flood of Cocytus. Bring me now, in this little urn, a draught from its innermost source." And therewith she put into her hands a vessel of wrought crystal.

And Psyche set forth in haste on her way to the mountain, looking there at last to find the end of her hapless life. But when she came to the region which borders on the cliff that was shown to her, she understood the deadly nature of her task. From a great rock, steep and slippery, a horrible river of water poured forth, falling straightway by a channel exceeding narrow into the unseen gulf below. And lo! creeping from the rocks on either hand, angry serpents, with their long necks and sleepless eyes. The very waters found a voice and bade her depart, in smothered cries of, "Depart hence!" and, "What doest thou here? Look around thee!" and, "Destruction is upon thee!" And then sense left her, in the immensity of her peril, as one changed to stone.

Yet not even then did the distress of this innocent soul escape the steady eye of a gentle providence. For the bird of Jupiter spread his wings and took flight to her, and asked her, "Didst thou think, simple one, even thou! that thou couldst steal one drop of that relentless stream, the holy river of Styx, terrible even to the gods? But give me thine urn." And the bird took the urn, and filled it at the source, and returned to her quickly from among the teeth of the serpents, bringing with him of the waters, all unwilling—nay! warning him to depart away and not molest them.

And she, receiving the urn with great joy, ran back quickly that she might deliver it to Venus, and yet again satisfied not the angry goddess. "My child!" she said, "in this one thing further must thou serve me. Take now this tiny casket, and get thee down even unto hell, and deliver it to Proserpine. Tell her that Venus would have of her beauty so much at least as may suffice for but one day's use, that beauty she possessed erewhile being forworn and spoiled, through her tendance upon the sick-bed of her son; and be not slow in returning."

And Psyche perceived there the last ebbing of her fortune—that she was now thrust openly upon death, who must go down, of her own motion, to Hades and the Shades. And straightway she

climbed to the top of an exceeding high tower, thinking within herself, "I will cast myself down thence: so shall I descend most quickly into the kingdom of the dead." And the tower again broke forth into speech: "Wretched Maid! Wretched Maid! Wilt thou destroy thyself? If the breath quit thy body, then wilt thou indeed go down into Hades, but by no means return hither. Listen to me. Among the pathless wilds not far from this place lies a certain mountain, and therein one of hell's vent-holes. Through the breach a rough way lies open, following which thou wilt come, by straight course, to the castle of Orcus. And thou must not go empty-handed. Take in each hand a morsel of barley-bread, soaked in hydromel; and in thy mouth two pieces of money. And when thou shalt be now well onward in the way of death, then wilt thou overtake a lame ass laden with wood, and a lame driver, who will pray thee to reach him certain cords to fasten the burden which is falling from the ass; but be thou cautious to pass on in silence. And soon as thou comest to the river of the dead, Charon, in that crazy bark he has, will put thee over upon the further side.

"There is greed even among the dead; and thou shalt deliver to him, for the ferrying, one of those two pieces of money, in such wise that he take it with his hand from between thy lips. And as thou passest over the stream, a dead old man, rising on the water, will put up to thee his moldering hands, and pray thee draw him into the ferry-boat. But beware thou yield not to unlawful pity.

"When thou shalt be come over, and art upon the causeway, certain aged women, spinning, will cry to thee to lend thy hand to their work; and beware again that thou take no part therein; for this also is the snare of Venus, whereby she would cause thee to cast away one at least of those cakes thou bearest in thy hands. And think not that a slight matter; for the loss of either one of them will be to thee the losing of the light of day. For a watch-dog exceeding fierce lies ever before the threshold of that lonely house of Proserpine. Close his mouth with one of thy cakes; so shalt thou pass by him, and enter straightway into the presence of Proserpine herself. Then do thou deliver thy message, and taking what she shall give thee, return back again; offering the watch-dog the other cake, and to the ferryman that other piece of money thou hast in thy mouth. After this manner mayst thou return again beneath the stars. But withal, I charge thee, think not to look into, nor open, the casket thou bearest, with that treasure

of the beauty of the divine countenance hidden therein."

So spake the stones of the tower; and Psyche delayed not, but proceeding diligently after the manner enjoined, entered into the house of Proserpine, at whose feet she sat down humbly, and would have neither the delicate couch nor that divine food the goddess offered her, but did straightway the business of Venus. And Proserpine filled the casket secretly, and shut the lid, and delivered it to Psyche, who fled therewith from Hades with new strength. But coming back into the light of day, even as she hasted now to the ending of her service, she was seized by a rash curiosity. "Lo! now," she said within herself, "my simpleness! who bearing in my hands the divine loveliness, heed not to touch myself with a particle at least therefrom, that I may please the more, by the favor of it, my fair one, my beloved." Even as she spoke, she lifted the lid; and behold! within, neither beauty, nor anything beside, save sleep only, the sleep of the dead, which took hold upon her, filling all her members with its drowsy vapor, so that she lay down in the way and moved not, as in the slumber of death.

And Cupid being healed of his wound, because he would endure no longer the absence of her he loved, gliding through the narrow window of the chamber where he was holden, his pinions being now repaired by a little rest, fled forth swiftly upon them, and coming to the place where Psyche was, shook that sleep away from her, and set him in his prison again, awaking her with the innocent point of his arrow: "Lo! thine old error again," he said, "which had like once more to have destroyed thee! But do thou now what is lacking of the command to my mother: the rest shall be my care."

With these words, the lover rose upon the air; and being consumed inwardly with the greatness of his love, penetrated with vehement wing into the highest place of heaven, to lay his cause before the father of the gods. And the father of the gods took his hand in his, and kissed his face, and said to him, "At no time, my son, hast thou regarded me with due honor. Often hast thou vexed my bosom, wherein lies the disposition of the stars, with those busy darts of thine. Nevertheless, because thou hast grown up between these mine hands, I will accomplish thy desire." And straightway he bade Mercury call the gods together; and, the council-chamber being filled, sitting upon a high throne, "Ye gods," he said, "all ye whose names are in the white book of the Muses, ye know yonder lad. It seems good to me that his youthful heats should by some means be restrained. And that all occasion may be taken from him, I would even confine him in the bonds of marriage. He has chosen and embraced a mortal maiden. Let him have fruit of his love, and possess her forever."

Thereupon he bade Mercury produce Psyche in heaven; and holding out to her his ambrosial cup, "Take it," he said, "and live forever; nor shall Cupid ever depart from thee." And the gods sat down together to the marriage-feast. On the first couch lay the bridegroom, and Psyche in his bosom. His rustic serving-boy bare the wine to Jupiter; and Bacchus to the rest. The Seasons crimsoned all things with their roses. Apollo sang to the lyre, while a little Pan prattled on his reeds, and Venus danced very sweetly to the soft music. Thus—with due rites—did Psyche pass into the power of Cupid; and from them was born the daughter whom men call Voluptas.

GREEK AND LATIN LETTERS

Letter writing becomes an art and a fashion only in a high state of culture. It is an art of communication between the articulate, an exchange of random observations and reflections by means of which experience is recorded informally. What the good letter loses in comprehensiveness it compensates for by intimate information, personal revelation, or suggestiveness. With the familiar essay, it belongs to *belles lettres*, a field of literature written by and for the cultured who understand each other. An artificial elaboration of the epistolary form is the poetic epistle such as Horace and Alexander Pope wrote. The letter has also been used for didactic purposes, notable examples being the religious epistles written by St. Paul and the other apostles. Letter writing, therefore, possesses great diversity, as well as interest.

Essay writing became of special interest as early as the fourth century B.C., the most interesting examples being the *Characters* of Theophrastus (372?-287? B.C.), a philosopher and natural scientist who succeeded Aristotle as director of the Lyceum and made contributions to botany. His distinction lies in his composition of thumbnail sketches of familiar character types that are astute and charming not only as little essays on character, but as intimate observations on manners. Theophrastus was Menander's teacher and may have exerted an influence on this playwright's contribution to New Comedy, which abounds in character types. If that is true, Theophrastus left his imprint on the whole course of European comedy, since comic types abound in the plays of Plautus, Terence, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Molière, Congreve, and Sheridan. But Theophrastus exerted a more direct influence on European literature as the originator of the brief character essay or sketch, known as "the

Character," which was popular in the seventeenth century. It is best described as a short objective account of the qualities of a typical character. We find it in English in Ben Jonson's descriptions of the characters of *Every Man in His Humour*, Joseph Hall's *The Characters of Virtues and Vices*, Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, Owen Feltham's *Resolves*, and John Earle's *Microcosmographie*. Since these writers contributed to the development of the modern novel, the influence of Theophrastus has had considerable importance. The essay also profited from the character sketch; this may be seen in Addison and Steele's *Spectator*.

The most remarkable of the classic letters were written by two Roman gentlemen, the politician and orator Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 B.C.) and Pliny the Younger (A.D. 62?-114?). They are strictly letters rather than essays like the character sketches of Theophrastus.

Cicero's work is a veritable compendium of Roman culture during the last period of the Republic, because he stood at its center as a political and literary leader. After an extensive education and exposure to Greek thought and literature, he became a leading figure in the political world, holding many important offices. As consul he was instrumental in exposing Catiline's conspiracy to overthrow the Republic. Later he supported Pompey against Cæsar during their struggle for pre-eminence in Rome. After the triumph of Cæsar's party, Cicero retired from political life and devoted himself to writing. However, he made the mistake of returning to the political arena after the assassination of Cæsar and became an opponent of Mark Anthony. This resulted in his proscription and murder.

In politics, Cicero was formidable, largely owing

to his ingenuity and his remarkable oratory. Catulus referred to him as the "most eloquent of all the descendants of Romulus." His vigorous and colorful speeches, though open to the charge of unfairness and sophistry, became the model for later oratory. But he was a man of letters in a much wider sense. His philosophical works, written during his retirement, merely restate Greek thought and interpret it for the Romans. But they not only cover a wide range of subjects; they also have literary value; cast largely in dialogue form, they are notable for their grace and interesting characterizations.

The greatest interest, however, pertains to his intimate letters, most of them addressed to his friend Atticus, others to members of his household, still others to such luminaries as Pompey, Brutus, and Julius Cæsar. An ingratiating personality, as well as much information about Roman life, emanates from this correspondence, and the informality of Cicero's style comes as a relief after his more ponderous periods.

Cicero's epistles, moreover, inspired the greater ones written by Pliny the Younger (Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus), nephew and adopted son of the famous Roman naturalist, Pliny the Elder. One of the leading lawyers of Rome and an office-holder under Emperor Trajan, he became governor of Bithynia. Rather pedantic, complacent, and irresolute, he was nevertheless a conscientious observer of important and unimportant matters. Being amiable and gentlemanly, he wrote gracefully and pleasantly. His letters are not only a veritable mine of casual information, but are vividly descriptive.

His account of the eruption of Vesuvius is a masterpiece of reporting. His report to Emperor Trajan on the early Christians is typical of a Roman gentleman's view of the new religion. Pliny tries to be fair and tolerant but evinces no profundity of thought or emotion. He remains in all things the urbane observer, on solid ground when he is describing, superficial when evaluations are in order.

THEOPHRASTUS

The Characters

Letter Dedicatory

I have often marveled, when I have given the matter my attention, and it may be I shall never cease to marvel, why it has come about that, albeit the whole of Greece lies in the same clime and all Greeks have a like upbringing, we have not the same constitution of character. I therefore, Polycles, having observed human nature a long time (for I have lived ninety years and nine and moreover had converse with all sorts of dispositions and compared them with great diligence), have thought it incumbent upon me to write in a book the manners of each several kind of men both good and bad. And you shall have set down sort by sort the behavior proper to them and the fashion of their life; for I am persuaded, Polycles, that our sons will prove the better men if there be left them such memorials as will, if they imitate them, make them choose the friendship and converse of the better sort, in the hope they may be as good as they. But now to my tale; and be it yours to follow with understanding and see if I speak true.

Characters. Translated by J. M. Edmonds. Theophrastus (c. 372-287 a.c.) was born in Lesbos. Besides his *Characters* he wrote works on botany.

First, then, I shall dispense with all preface and with the saying of much that is beside the mark, and treat of those that have pursued the worser way of life, beginning with Dissembling and the definition of it, and without more ado recount the nature of the Dissembler and the ways to which he is come; and thereafter I shall endeavor, as I purposed to do, to make clear the other affections each in its own place.

Newsmaking

Newsmaking is the putting together of fictitious sayings and doings at a man's own caprice; and the Newsmaker is one that no sooner meets a friend than his face softens and he asks him with a smile, "Where do you come from? How do you? and Have you any news of this?" and throwing himself, so to speak, upon him, "Can there be any greater news? nay, and it is good news"; and without suffering him to answer, "What?" cries he, "have you heard nothing? methinks I can give you a rare feast." And it seems he has some sol-

By permission of The Harvard University Press.
He succeeded Aristotle as head of the Lyceum. Besides

dier, or a servant of Asteius the flute-player's, or maybe Lycon the contractor, come straight from the battle-field, who has told him all about it. Thus his authorities are such as no man could lay hands on. Yet he recounts, with them for sponsors, how that Polyperchon and the King have won a battle, and Casander is taken. And if it be asked him, "Do you believe this?" he will reply that it is so indeed, 'tis common talk, and the report gains ground, and everyone says the same; all agree about the battle, and the butchers' bill is very long; he can tell it from the faces of the Government, they are all so changed. Moreover, he has been told in secret that they are keeping in close hiding one that came four days ago out of Macedonia who has seen it all. While this long tale is telling, you cannot think how true to life are his cries of woe: "Poor Casander! unhappy man! do you see how luck turns? Well, he was a strong man once, and now—!" and he ends with saying, "But mind you, this must go no further," albeit he has been running up to all the town to tell them of it.

Superstitiousness

Superstitiousness, I need hardly say, would seem to be a sort of cowardice with respect to the divine; and your Superstitious man such as will not sally forth for the day till he have washed his hands and sprinkled himself at the Nine Springs, and put a bit of bay-leaf from a temple in his mouth. And if a cat cross his path he will not proceed on his way till someone else be gone by, or he have cast three stones across the street. Should he espy a snake in his house, if it be one of the red sort he will call upon Sabazius, if of the sacred,

build a shrine then and there. When he passes one of the smooth stones set up at crossroads he anoints it with oil from his flask, and will not go his ways till he have knelt down and worshiped it. If a mouse gnaw a bag of his meal, he will off to the wizard's and ask what he must do, and if the answer be "send it to the cobbler's to be patched," he neglects the advice and frees himself of the ill by rites of aversion. He is for ever purifying his house on the plea that Hecate has been drawn thither. Should owls hoot when he is abroad, he is much put about, and will not on his way till he have cried, "Athena forfend!" Set foot on a tomb he will not, nor come nigh a dead body nor a woman in childbed; he must keep himself unpolluted. On the fourth and seventh days of every month he has wine mulled for his household, and goes out to buy myrtle-boughs, frankincense, and a holy picture, and then returning spends the live-long day doing sacrifice to the Hermaphrodites and putting garlands about them. He never has a dream but he flies to a diviner, or a soothsayer, or an interpreter of visions, to ask what God or Goddess he should appease; and when he is about to be initiated into the holy orders of Orpheus, he visits the priests every month and his wife with him, or if she have not the time, the nurse and children. He would seem to be one of those who are for ever going to the seaside to besprinkle themselves; and if ever he see one of the figures of Hecate at the crossroads wreathed with garlic, he is off home to wash his head and summon priestesses whom he bids purify him with the carrying around him of a squill or a puppy-dog. If he catch sight of a madman or an epilept, he shudders and spits in his bosom.

CICERO

Letters

To Luceius

Antium, June, 56 B.C.

A certain sense of shame has often halted me when I have been minded to take up with you face to

face the topic which I now will set forth more boldly in your absence; for a letter does not blush. I burn with a longing incredible but yet not reprehensible, as I believe, to have my name honored and celebrated in your writings. Although you

Cicero, *Letters*. Translated by A. P. McKinlay. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co. Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 B.C.), though born at the inland town of Arpinum, was given a thorough education in Rome, where he became a leading orator and led an active and varied political life. In the troubles following the death of Julius Caesar he was assassinated.

have often signified your intention of doing so, yet I would have you pardon my impatience; for although I always had the keenest expectations as to your work in hand, yet what I have already seen has so far surpassed my anticipations that I long to have my consulship written up by you as soon as possible. Not only am I seized with a hope of immortality in the praises of the ages to come, but I long while still alive to enjoy—if it so be—the authoritative expression of your judgment on my exploits, the proof of your kindly feeling toward me, or at least the charm of your native ability. I am, of course, not unaware how presuming I am not only in imposing on you the task of narrating my deeds—for you might make the excuse of being too busy—but also in demanding that you sound my praises. “What,” someone might suggest, “if you should not deem my exploits worthy of commendation?” Still it becomes him who has overstepped the bounds of modesty to be wholly and thoroughly brazen; hence I ask you again and again to embellish that episode more than your opinion might warrant and in the process to put aside the rules of historical composition and grant a little more to your love for me than the truth might allow.

If I should induce you to undertake this task, you will find in it, I feel sure, a topic worthy of your eloquence and your powers; for covering the period from the beginning of the conspiracy to my exile, there can be got together, no doubt, a fair body of material which will allow you to display your well-known knowledge of the civil commotions either in explaining the causes of civic troubles or in setting forth their remedies. All the while, you will find fault with what should be blamed and will approve of what stands the test of reason, and if you should think that you should be as frank as you usually are, you will put the brand of infamy on many for their treachery toward me.

Also in your task my career with its variety of vicissitudes will furnish a certain pleasure which with you as author will intensely interest the reader; for nothing is more likely to please than diversity of events and change of fortune. Although these were not to be desired as matters of experience, they will be pleasing as subjects for reading; for there is pleasure when one in safety recalls past sorrow; and those who have never had any trouble upon beholding the misery of others take some pleasure in pity itself.

Mere chronicles furnish a degree of interest as

do the data of an almanac; but the varying fortunes of a prominent man produce wonder, apprehension, joy, annoyance, expectation, and fear. Moreover, if the whole be summed up in a notable conclusion, the mind takes the greatest delight in the reading.

I do not fear that I may seem to be a flatterer in fishing, as it were, for your favor when I show myself as being very eager to be praised by you; ¹⁰ you are not the one to be ignorant of your own worth nor, on the other hand, am I so foolish as to be willing to risk my reputation to one who would not himself gain honor in praising me. Therefore it will redound to my joy of soul and to the magnifying of my memory if you of all writers will put me into your pages; because I shall have the advantage not only of your intellect, just as Themistocles had of Herodotus', but also of the authoritative judgment of a gentleman most eminent in society, well versed in politics, and thoroughly approved of among his fellows; so that I shall seem to have had the advantage not merely of a trumpeter, as Alexander said was the case of Homer and Achilles, but also of the unimpeachable testimony of a great and famous man. I approve, to be sure, of the sentiment of Hector in a play of Nævius' when he said that he rejoiced not so much at being praised as at being praised by a praiseworthy man.

³⁰ If I should fail to obtain this request of mine, I shall be compelled to do that which is often criticized—namely, write about myself. Although I have, to be sure, the example of many famous men as a warrant for my undertaking, yet the objections to an autobiography cannot escape you. One must write more modestly about one's self if there is anything to be praised, and one must pass by whatever is to be criticized. Furthermore, there is less of authority and credence in autobiographies. ⁴⁰ This awkwardness of situation we desire to avoid, and if you will take up our case, we shall be successful; hence I make this appeal to you.

If you wonder why I urge my request so at length although you have repeatedly assured me of your intention of writing a full and complete history of the critical events of my career, know you that I am fired, as I said in the beginning, with a feeling of impatience that, while I am still alive, I may be known to others through your books and that I myself may have a little pleasure in my own glory. Please let me know, if you are not too busy, what you will do about this matter. If you will undertake the case, I will furnish you

with a compilation of my notes. If you put me off to another time, I shall talk with you face to face. In the meantime you will put the finishing touches on your present task and will keep on loving me.

To M. Marius (at Cumæ)

Rome, Fall, 55 B.C.

If it was ill health that kept you from the games, I congratulate you on your good fortune; but if it was your dislike for such diversions that detained you I rejoice doubly: that you are well and that you are sane enough in mind to scorn the silly admirations of the people. I say this, however, on the supposition that during the days of the games you were putting in your time profitably. You would withdraw, no doubt, to that den of yours, which looks out over the Bay of Naples, and in the seclusion of your charming retreat you would spend the morning hours in cursory reading; whereas we, who left you for the show were going to sleep over the performance; the rest of the day you were passing according to your fancy; whereas we had to put up with what could pass the Board of Censors.

In fact, the offerings were most elaborate but, to judge your taste by mine, not at all to your liking; for first, to do honor to the occasion those actors returned to the stage from which they had retired to do honor to themselves. Why, the voice of your particular favorite, Æsop, failed him in an especially impressive passage.

Why should I say more? Being familiar with such programs, you know what events came next. These did not have the charm even of ordinary shows, for the elaborateness of the spectacle took away all delight. I am sure you missed the display with perfect equanimity. How could one be pleased with six hundred mules in the *Clytemnestra*, or three thousand punch bowls in the *Trojan Horse*, or varied paraphernalia of cavalry and infantry in some battle scene! These spectacles won popular approval, but they would have pleased you not at all. If during the days of the games you had heard your slave Protogenes read anything whatsoever except my orations, you would have had more delight than any one of us.

As to the Greek and the Oscan shows, I am sure you did not miss them; for you can see the Oscans show off any day in your town council, and as for Greeks, you take to them so little that you will not take the Greek highway to your villa. Why should I suppose that you missed the athletic games when I know that you scorn gladiators? In these per-

formances even Pompey acknowledges that he wasted his money and his pains. The final event consisted of hunting shows, two of them, continuing through five days, magnificent, to be sure; but what pleasure can a gentleman take in seeing a puny man torn to pieces by a monstrous beast or a beautiful animal pierced by a spear? The last was the day of the elephant-baiting, which brought the crowd much wonder, but little pleasure. Nay rather the beasts aroused some sense of pity as if there were some community of feeling between them and man (so that the crowd rose up and cursed Pompey).

I have written you a longer letter than usual out of an abundance, not of leisure, but of affection, because in a certain letter, if you but remember, you gave me a half-way invitation to write you something that would console you for having missed the games. If I have attained my object, I rejoice; if not, I comfort myself with the reflection that hereafter you will come to the show and visit me and not stake your hope of enjoyment on a letter from me.

To Atticus (at Rome)

Formlæ, 18 March, 49 B.C.

I seem to have been mad from the beginning, and I am tormented because in every vicissitude I did not, like a common private, follow Pompey as he was slipping, or rather rushing to destruction. January 17 I saw him in a panic. On that day I felt what he would do. Never after that did he please me, never cease making now one mistake, now another. Meanwhile not a line to me, not a thought except flight!

Why then should I go to him? As in the case of lovers traits of inelegance, insipidity, and indecency alienate the affections, so with me the unseemly spectacle of Pompey's flight and sloth estranged my love; for nothing that he did was such as to make me accompany him in his flight. Now my love emerges; now I cannot bear the separation; now my books, my literary pursuits, my learning avail me nought. And so day and night, like the halcyon looking out on the sea, I long to fly away.

Cicero, Jr., to Tiro

Athens, 44 B.C.

I had been looking for a letter when one finally came, forty-six days out. Its arrival brought me the

keenest joy; for in addition to the pleasure I got from the kind words of my father your most delightful letter filled my cup of joy to overflowing. Accordingly, I was not sorry that there had been a break in our correspondence, but rather was I glad; for I profit greatly by your writing after my long silence. Therefore I rejoice exceedingly that you have accepted my excuses.

I don't doubt, my dearest Tiro, that you are deeply gratified over the rumors that are reaching your ears, and I will guarantee and strive that with the passing days this nascent good report may be increased two-fold. You may, therefore, keep your promise of being a trumpeter of my good repute, for the errors of my youth have brought me such pain and sorrow that not only does my soul recoil at the acts themselves but my ear shrinks from the very mention of them. I know full well that you shared in the anxiety and worry of this experience.

Since I then brought you sorrow, I'll warrant that now I will bring you joy in double measure. Let me tell you that I am associated with Cratippus not as a disciple but as a son, for not only do I listen to his lectures with pleasure but also I am greatly privileged to enjoy him in person. I am with him all day and very often a part of the night since by much pleading I often succeed in getting him to dine with me. Now that he has got used to this habit, he often drops in on me at dinner time, and, laying aside the severe demeanor of a college professor, he jokes with me like a human. See to it, therefore, that you embrace the earliest

opportunity of meeting the eminent gentleman, of finding out what he is like, and of becoming acquainted with his merry disposition.

What now shall I say of Professor Bruttius? I keep him with me all the time. He is a regular stoic in his habits of life but a jolly good fellow withal, for he is very much of a wit both in his lectures and in his discussions. I have hired lodgings for him next door, and, as best I may, out of my slender purse I relieve him in his slender circumstances.

Besides, I am studying public speaking in Greek with Cassius. I am planning to do the same with Bruttius in Latin. On Cratippus' recommendation I am on very intimate terms with certain learned gentlemen whom he brought with him from Mytilene. I also spend a good deal of time with Epicrates, the chief Athenian, Dean Leonidas, and other men of that sort. So much for what I am doing. (Of course, I followed your suggestion as to getting rid of Gorgias, though to tell the truth he was a great help in my daily exercises.) Still I laid aside all considerations if only I might obey my father who had sent me unequivocal orders to dismiss him instanter.

I am deeply grateful to you for looking out for my commissions; please send me as soon as possible a secretary, by all means one who knows Greek; he will save me much labor in copying out my notes. Of all things, be sure to take care of yourself that we may be able to pursue our studies together. I commend to you Anterus (the postman).

PLINY THE YOUNGER

Letters

Prefatory

PLINY TO SULPICIUS¹

You have frequently urged me to put together and publish the letters that I have written with especial care. I have done so, not keeping to the strict order of their dates (for I was not arranging a history), but as they came to hand one by one. I hope you may not regret your advice nor I my compliance. For in that case I will be hunting up others that still lie neglected and, if I add any more, will not suppress them. Farewell.

Recommending a Husband for a Young Lady

C. PLINIUS TO JUNIUS MAURICUS

You ask me to look out a husband for your brother's daughter; and it is eminently fitting that you ask this of me. For you know how I looked up to him and loved him; with what advice he watched over my youth; and how by his words of commendation he brought me to the point where I seemed to deserve commendation. You could not make a greater or a more welcome request of me than that I select a young man worthy to be the father of grandchildren of Arulenus Rusticus.

A long search would have to be made were not Minicius Acilianus at hand as if specially reared for this match. He is a few years younger than I am and loves me dearly as youth loves youth; yet

he looks up to me as if I were old. For he is as eager to be guided and shaped by me as I used to be for the guidance of you and your brother.

He comes from Brixia in our section of Italy, which still retains and preserves much of the modesty, the thriftiness, and even the country ways of the older days. His father is Minicius Macrinus, a foremost man of the equestrian² order, only because he has not cared to go higher.

For having been given the standing of an ex-prætor by the deified Vespasian,³ he has continued to prefer this honored quiet of private life to the ambition, shall I call it, or the dignity that we have sought. As grandmother he has Serrana Procula, of the municipality of Padua. You know the character of that town: but even the Paduans look on Serrana as a model of severity. He has the good fortune to have P. Acilius as his uncle, a man hard to match for solid worth, prudence, and conscientiousness. In short, there is nothing in the whole family that will not be as satisfactory to you as is your own.

Acilianus himself has great vigor and industry, and with it great modesty. He has quickly run through the quæstorship, the tribuneship, and the prætorship with excellent reputation. His face looks like that of a gentleman, with a vigorous ruddiness in it: his whole person has the comeliness of the high born, the distinguished look of a senator. For my part, I think these are points not

Pliny the Younger, *Letters*. Selected and translated for this volume by Selatie E. Stout. Caius Plinius Secundus (62-113 A.D.) was nephew of the elder Pliny, whose death he describes. He was born and lived on Lake Como in northern Italy. He held important political positions under the Emperor Trajan.

¹ All of the letters in the books of Pliny's Letters bear this simple style of address in their published form: *C. Plinius to his Sulpicius*. Another word lurks in "his," such as friend, buddy, colleague, wife, aunt, or an adjective, dear, etc. This other word may often have been expressed in the letters as they were originally written and sent. None of the letters is dated in the published form. There are other evidences that they were edited before they were published by their author, but the personal touch has not been removed in the editing. One reads them even now in their published form with a constantly growing sense of the genial, kindly spirit of their author. We feel instinctively that he was a gentleman, one whose friendship would have been prized in any age.

² The three orders in the Roman state were the senatorial class, made up of the families that had been honored by furnishing successful candidates for the higher offices of the state; the class of knights, chiefly the more important business men and financial agents of the government; and the plebeians, from which both the other orders drew recruits as men of character and ability were developed among the common people.

³ When Vespasian was censor in 74 A.D. After this, Macrinus was eligible for election or appointment to the highest offices of the state in spite of the fact that he had never held office. Had he won or accepted such an office, he would have passed from the equestrian to the senatorial order. He was, however, not attracted to a political career by this recognition of his worth and ability by the emperor.

to be overlooked: young ladies have a right to demand them as a sort of reward for their chastity.

I hardly know whether I should mention that his father is quite well off. For when I think of you people for whom we are seeking a son-in-law, I think no mention should be made of money, but when I think of the demands of public life and even of the laws of the state, which make financial rating⁴ the first thing to be examined, it becomes clear that consideration of finances may not be passed over. This is especially true when children, several of them, are desired.

You may think that my affection for him has let me extol him above what the simple facts justify. But I promise on my faith that you will find my statements conservative in every respect. I do love this young man most warmly, but one who loves keeps this also in view, not to praise more highly than can be lived up to. Farewell.¹⁰

A Corinthian Bronze Statue

C. PLINIUS TO ANNIUS SEVERUS

From an inheritance which came my way, I purchased recently a Corinthian bronze, not a large one, but pleasing and with good lines, so far as my taste goes, which is scant enough perhaps in everything, certainly in this. But this statue even I appreciate. It is nude, and neither hides its faults, if there are any, nor fails to display its good points.³⁰

It represents an old man, standing; bones, muscles, tendons, veins, wrinkles look as if it could breathe; hair thin and receding, forehead broad, face weazened, neck thin, biceps flabby, breasts flat, waist receding. From the rear it gives the same impression of age, so far as a rear can. The bronze itself, so far as its untreated color shows, is old and antique. Such details can give pleasure to the novice even as they catch and hold the eyes of artists.

That is what tempted me, though a tiro, to buy it. I bought it, however, not to have at home (for up to now I have no Corinthian bronze at home), but to set it up in some much attended place in our home town, preferably in the temple of Jupiter. For it is worthy of a temple, a gift worthy of a God.

You always do everything I ask you, and I would like you now to have a base made of any marble you like to receive my name and offices, if so you think these should be added. As soon as I find

someone coming to whom it will not be a burden. I will send the statue itself, or, and this would please you more, I will bring it myself; for I am planning to run up there if the demands of my office will permit it. You are happy that I promise to come, but you will frown when I add "for a few days" for the same things that have not yet let me come prevent my being away long. Farewell.

A Busy Man Sighs for the Country

C. PLINIUS TO CANINIUS

Are you studying or fishing or hunting, or doing all of them at the same time? For they can all be done at our Larius.⁵ For there are plenty of fish in the lake and game in the woods around it, and your high retreat is ideal for study. But whether you are doing them all or one of them, I cannot say, "I envy you." Though it does distress me that I have no chance at what I crave as sick people crave wine, baths, fountains. Shall I never break these tight tethers, if I can't unloose them? Never, I suppose. For new jobs pile up on the old ones, and the old ones not yet done. By so many interlacings, linked chains you might better call them, the line of things to be done grows longer day by day. Farewell.

A Good Crop

C. PLINIUS TO JULIUS NASO

My Tuscan farm was struck by hail. There is a good crop in the country across the Po, but the price is said to be very small; only my Laurentine place shows a profit. I have nothing there but a house and garden on the edge of the sands; still it is the only place that shows a profit. For there I write a great deal, and instead of land, which I do not have, I cultivate myself in studies. Just as I can show full cribs elsewhere, here I can show you a full desk.

And so, if you want estates that bear and do not disappoint, get something on this shore. Farewell.

The Guests of a Snob

C. PLINIUS TO AVITUS

It would be a long story, and it does not matter, how it happened that, though only slightly acquainted, I had dinner at the home of a man who

⁴ A property rating of 400,000 sestertoes was required for admission or retention in the senatorial order.

⁵ The lake on which Pliny's ancestral estates were.

thought himself elegant and careful, but who seemed to me sordid and at the same time a spendthrift.

For himself and a few he set out rich servings; for the rest, cheap foods and small portions. The wine also in little flagons he had divided into three sorts, not to give opportunity for choice, but to take away the privilege of declining, one sort for himself and us, one for his lesser friends (for he grades his friends), one for his freedmen and ours.

The guest who was reclining⁶ next to me noticed this and asked me whether I liked the idea. I said, "No." "Well," said he, "what is your custom?" "I serve the same to all; for I invite them to have dinner, not to be graded. Having made them equal at my table and couch, I make them equal in all things." "Freedmen too?" "Yes: I think of them as guests, not as freedmen." Then he said, "It costs you a lot." "Not at all." "How can that be?" "Why, because my freedmen do not drink the same as I, but I drink the same as they do." And really, if you control your palate, it is not burdensome to share with many what you use yourself. Your appetite must be curbed and told where to stand, so to speak, if you are limiting expenses. You will control expenses somewhat better by controlling yourself than by insulting others.

Why all this? You are a young man of excellent fiber, and I do not want some folks' luxury to impose on you by a show of frugality. It is a part of my love for you, when a thing like this happens, to forewarn you by an example of a thing that you should not be caught doing. Have in mind then that nothing is more to be avoided than this new-fangled partnership of luxury and niggardliness. They are vile when they appear separately, more vile when they are combined. Farewell.

Good Heirs

C. PLINIUS TO STATTUS SABINUS

You write me that Sabina, who has made us her heirs, has nowhere ordered Modestus, her slave, to have his freedom, and yet in a codicil she left him a gift in these words: "To Modestus, whom I have ordered to be free." You ask how I feel about it.

I have talked with lawyers; they all agree that he cannot claim his freedom because it was not granted, nor the legacy, because she gave it to her slave. But to me it seems clearly an error, and for

that reason I think we should do as if Sabina had written what she thought she had.

I am confident that you will join me in this view, since it is your custom to guard the wish of the dead so scrupulously. To good heirs, the will of the dead, when understood, is as law. Honesty has no less weight with us than necessity with others. Let him enjoy his liberty, then, with our consent, and let him have the legacy, as if she had used all diligence and precaution. For she did use ample precaution when she picked her heirs. Farewell.

A Country House for a Professor

C. PLINIUS TO BÆBIUS HISPANUS

Tranquillus,⁷ a close friend of mine, wants to buy a patch of ground which your friend is said to have for sale. Please see that he gets it at a fair price. Then he will be happy in his purchase. For a bad purchase constantly irks one, especially because it is always reminding its owner of his poor judgment.

In this little plot of ground, if the price is right, there is much that appeals to the taste of my Tranquillus: its nearness to the city, its access to the highway, the moderate size of the house, the small amount of ground, enough for diversion without making it a burden. Teachers, such as he is, want only enough ground to rest their head, refresh their eyes, saunter along its borders, wearing a single path, know the history of every vine in the little vineyard, and the number of its trees.

I have told you all this to let you know how greatly he will feel indebted to me and I to you if this little farm, which has many attractions for him, is bought so reasonably that it will leave no room for regret. Farewell.

The Eruption of Vesuvius (I)

C. PLINIUS TO TACITUS

You ask me to write you of my uncle's death, that you may give posterity a truer account of it. I thank you; for I see that his death will have undying glory if it be spoken of with praise by you. In spite of the fact that he fell in the midst of the destruction of most beautiful regions and is destined, like these peoples and cities, to live always because of the unforgettable stroke of fortune, and

⁶ Guests at Roman formal dinners reclined on couches at the table.

⁷ C. Suetonius Tranquillus, who later became the author of an important historical work, *The Lives of the Caesars*.

in spite of his having himself composed many enduring works, still the eternity of your writings will add to his perpetuity. I count those happy to whom by the gift of the gods it has been granted either to do things worth being written about or to write things worth reading, most happy those to whom it has been given to do both. My uncle will be among this number both because of his own books and because of yours. So I gladly undertake, even ask for, the task you put upon me.

He was at Misenum, in personal command of the fleet. On August 24th⁸ about one o'clock in the afternoon, my mother called his attention to a cloud of unusual size and appearance that was becoming visible. He had had his sun bath and after that a cold bath, had taken a little food on his couch, and was studying. He called for his sandals and went up to a spot from which that marvel could best be observed. From a mountain (it was uncertain from the distance what one, but was afterwards learned to be Vesuvius)⁹ was rising a cloud whose shape was like that of a tree, more like that of the umbrella pine than any other. For, lifted up on a sort of tall trunk, it spread out into branches. I suppose the material was first carried up by a fresh spurt, and then as that died down, it settled back of its own weight and drifted to the sides, sometimes bright, again dark and blotched, according as earth or ash had been carried up.

To a man of his great learning this seemed a marvelous thing, one deserving examination at closer range. He ordered a light boat to be made ready. He gave me a chance to go with him if I wished. I told him I preferred to study; and, as it happened, he had himself given me a subject to write upon. As he was leaving the house, a note was delivered to him from Rectina, the wife of Tascus. She was terrified at the impending danger. Their villa lay at the foot of the mountain, and there was no escape except by boats. She begged him to rescue her from this critical plight. He changed his plans. A situation that had attracted him first through his curiosity, he now met with greatest courage. He launched larger boats and went aboard, purposing to carry aid not to Rectina alone, but to many, for that pleasant shore was very populous. He hastened toward the place from which others were fleeing. He steered a direct

course toward the point of danger, so free from fear that he gave dictation and noted down all the movements, all the figures of that calamitous phenomenon.

Soon ash was falling on the ships; hotter and thicker the nearer they came; now bits of pumice and stones, black, half-burned, broken by the fire; now a new shoal, and shore lines thrust out into the sea by the debris falling from the mountain.¹⁰

¹⁰ He hesitated a bit, whether he should turn back; but to his pilot, who was urging him to do so, he said: "Fortune is on the side of the brave; make for Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiae, across the middle of the bay; for the sea comes in upon shores that gradually curve around the bay. The danger had not yet reached there, though it was visible, and when it welled up seemed quite near. He had put his baggage on boats, resolved on flight if the strong adverse wind quieted. This wind was with my uncle coming in. He embraced and soothed and encouraged Pomponianus, who was in a panic. To allay his fear by his own nonchalance, he asked to be taken to a bath. After the bath he reclined at the table and had his dinner, jovial, or, an equal achievement, apparently so.

Meantime from Mount Vesuvius in several places broad flames and high-driven fires spread their light, the brightness heightened by the pitchy blackness of the night. To allay their fears he suggested that the farmers in their nervous haste had left their fires and that deserted, isolated farm houses were burning. Then he turned in to sleep, and he did sleep in most genuine slumber. The movement of his breath, which was unusually heavy and sonorous in him owing to the size of his body, was heard by those who were stationed at his door. But the open space which gave access to the chamber was now filling with ash and pumice and had risen so much that a longer stay would shut off exit. He was awakened, rose, and rejoined Pomponianus and the others who had remained awake. They discussed together whether they should remain in the house or move about outside. For the house was rocked by frequent earth tremors of great intensity and seemed to be moved from its foundations, now this way, now that, and then to settle back once more upon them. Outside in the open they feared the falling pumice

⁸ 79 A.D.

⁹ Vesuvius was not so high then as it has since become through materials which it has ejected, and within historical times it had not been active as a volcano.

¹⁰ The new shoal and the change in the shore line were caused rather by a slight rising of the sea floor at this point under volcanic disturbance than by the discharge of materials into the sea from the mountain.

stones, though light and porous. But having compared the dangers, they chose this latter one. With him, the better reason prevailed over the worse; with others, the greater fear outweighed the lesser. As a protection against falling objects, they tied pillows upon their heads with strips of cloth.

Elsewhere it was now day, there darkness blacker and thicker than any night, which they relieved as best they could by numerous torches and various kinds of lights. They decided to go down to the shore and take a near-by look at the sea to determine whether it would permit any venture. It was still rough and running against them. He lay down there on a cast-off sail, and repeatedly called for cold water and drank it. Then flames and the ominous odor of sulphur set the others to flight. They aroused him. Leaning on two slaves, he got up, and immediately collapsed. I suppose the dense moisture obstructed his breath and closed his esophagus, which was weak and constricted in him, and frequently inflamed. When day returned, now the second from the last one he had seen, his body was found, unmutilated, unbruised, covered over, still clad as he had been. His appearance was more like one asleep than dead.

Meanwhile my mother and I at Misenum—but that has nothing to do with history, and you asked only about his death. I will, therefore, bring my account to a close. Let me add one more thing. I have run through all that I knew at first hand and all that I was told immediately after the event, when one is most likely to get the truth. You will take what you want. A letter and history are quite different things, and a matter is written differently for the eyes of a friend and for the general public. Farewell.

The Eruption of Vesuvius (II)

C. PLINIUS TO TACITUS

You say that the letter which I wrote you at your request about the death of my uncle has aroused in you a keen interest to learn of the alarms and the experiences I went through after being left at Misenum. I had started that subject when I broke off my letter.

"Although my heart-strings twitch at the memory"—Here it is!

After my uncle set off, I spent the remaining time at study. It was for that I had remained. Then followed the bath, dinner, sleep, though a restless and brief one. For many days there had been tremors of the earth, not alarming because they

are common in Campania. But on that night they became so violent that everything seemed not to be shaken, but to be on the point of toppling. My mother burst into my room. She found me just getting up to wake her if she was asleep. We sat down in the open space that separates the buildings a little from the sea. I hardly know whether I should call it firmness or lack of prudence (I was then in my eighteenth year), but I called for a book of Titus Livy and read as if nothing were going on, and made notes as I had already begun. In comes a friend of my uncle who had recently arrived from Spain. When he saw my mother and me sitting there, he took her to task for her apathy and me for my unconcern. I kept right on none the less intent on my book.

The first hour of the day finally came, the light still indistinct and sickly, if I may use the term. Buildings in the neighborhood had been shaken down, and although we were in an open space, it was small and the danger from falling walls was great, and, in fact, certain. At last it seemed the best course to get out of the town. A terrified crowd of common folks followed. It preferred another's wisdom to its own, an approach to prudence in time of fear, and crowded and pushed in the long line of those who were leaving. When we had got past the buildings, we halted. We had many curious and alarming experiences there. The wagons which we had ordered brought up danced around this way and that, and even when chocked with stones would not keep to one place. We saw the sea, too, sucked back into itself, repelled as it were by the tremor of the land. At any rate the shore advanced and many sea animals were stranded on the exposed sands. On the other side the ominous black cloud, disrupted by twisting and darting tongues of fire, gaped open into long figures of flames; they were like flashes of lightning, but larger.

Then our friend from Spain got really excited and insistent. "If," says he, "your brother, your uncle is alive, he wants you to be safe; if he has perished, he wished you to survive him. So why do you delay getting away from here?" We told him that we would not think of plans for our own safety so long as we were uncertain about my uncle's. At this he delayed no longer but tore himself away and with all the speed he could command made his way from the danger.

Not much later the cloud of which I have spoken descended upon the land and covered the seas; it had encompassed Caprea and hidden it,

and had taken from our view the part of Misenum on the tip of the cape. Then mother began to beg, urge, order me to make my escape in whatever way I could. She said that I was young and could do it; that her body was heavy with years, and she would do well to die if she kept from being a cause of death to me. I told her that I would not save myself except with her; and then, taking her by the hand, I forced her to come along. She yielded reluctantly, blaming herself because she was delaying me.

Ashes were falling now, infrequent up to then. I looked behind; a thick mist, close behind us, poured down upon the ground and followed us like a torrent. "Let us turn aside," I said, "till we are sure that we shall not be knocked down in the road and trampled in the darkness by the crowd behind us." We had hardly sat down when there was night, not like a cloudy, moonless night, but like enclosed places when the light is put out. You could hear the shrieks of women, the wailing of infants, the shouting of men. Some were seeking parents, some children, some wives or husbands by calling to them, and would make them out by their voices. Here were some lamenting their own misfortune, there others lamenting the lot of their dear ones. Some were driven by the fear of death to pray for it. The hands of many were lifted to the gods; even more concluded that there were no longer gods anywhere and that that final, eternal night was enveloping the universe. And there were not lacking some who increased the real dangers by inventing fictitious ones. Some there were who gave out that a part of Misenum was sunk into the sea, part was in flames. It was false, but found believers. A glimmer of light appeared; this seemed to us not day, but a sign of the approach of fires. The fire stopped at a distance; darkness again; again a copious shower of heavy ashes. Repeatedly we get up and shake them off. If we had not done so we should have been covered up and crushed by the weight. I might boast of the fact that no moan, no unmanly word fell from me, if I had not taken such comfort at thought of death from the fact that I was perishing along with everything else, everything else with me.

Finally the fog thinned out, as if into smoke or a cloud, and left us. Soon real daylight again, but sallow, as it is during an eclipse. Covered with a deep layer of ash as with snow, everything seemed strange as it met our still confused eyes. We went back to Misenum, cared for our bodies the best we

could, and spent a night of suspense, wavering between hope and fear. Fear predominated, for the trembling of the earth kept up, and many, distraught at terrifying predictions, were raving about their own hard lot and that of others. In spite of it all, however, though we had been through dangers and looked for more, we did not even then think of leaving until there was news of my uncle.

Do not read these details, unworthy of history, with the thought of writing them; and blame yourself, since you asked for them, if they do not measure up even to the proper dignity of a letter. Farewell.

The Early Christians

C. PLINIUS TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN

It is my fixed policy, my lord, to refer every matter to you on which I have doubts. For who is better able to guide my uncertainty or to instruct my ignorance?

I have never been present at official investigations of the Christians. For that reason I do not know exactly what is sought to be determined nor the limitations upon the investigations or punishments directed against them. I have felt no little uncertainty as to whether any distinction should be made on the ground of age or whether those ever so young stand in no different case from those who are older; whether penitence should bring pardon or whether one who has been a Christian does not improve his situation by having ceased to be one; whether just the name with no proof of disgraceful conduct, or disgraceful acts connected with being a Christian should be punished.

Meanwhile I have proceeded as follows in the case of those who were brought before me on the charge of being Christians. I have asked them pointedly whether they were Christians. If they said they were I have put the question to them a second¹¹ and a third time threatening punishment. If they persisted, I have ordered them to be taken to execution; for I felt no doubt that their unyielding obstinacy at any rate deserved punishment, no matter what the nature of the thing they were confessing. There have been others of the same demented attitude whom I have ordered sent to Rome for trial because they were Roman citizens.

Lately, as generally happens when such a matter is being dealt with, the charge is spreading, and several new phases have arisen.

An unsigned document was brought before me

containing many names. When any stated that they were not Christians and had not been, and repeated after me a formula calling upon the gods and made supplication with incense and wine to your image, which I had for this purpose ordered to be brought with the statues of the gods, and when in addition they reviled Christ, I have thought that they should be dismissed. It is said that those who really are Christians can not be forced to do any one of these things. Others, after being named by a witness, stated that they were Christians, and later denied that they were; saying that they had been, but had ceased to be so, some of them three years, some a longer time before, and occasionally one even twenty years before. All of them worshiped your image and the statues of the gods, and reviled Christ.

They affirm moreover that the whole of their crime—or error—was this, that they had been accustomed to gather before daylight on a fixed day and each in turn in the presence of the others to say a formula of words to Christ as to a god and to bind themselves with an oath, not that they would do some crime, but that they would commit no theft or robbery or adultery, that they would not break a promise, nor deny having received a deposit when called upon to return it; that after doing these things it was their custom to separate, and again to come together to take food, but of an ordinary and innocent sort,¹² and that they had ceased doing even this after my edict forbidding clubs, which I issued in accordance with your instructions. In view of this, I believed it necessary, even by the use of torments, to find out what the truth was from two slave-women that they styled “deaconesses.” I have found nothing but a superstition, though a perverse and extravagant one.

I have, therefore, deferred further investigation on this charge and hasten to seek your advice concerning it; for this matter has seemed one on which your counsel should be sought, especially because of the number of those who stand in peril of it. For many of every age, of every rank, of both sexes too, are being brought and will be brought into danger. The contagion of this superstition has pervaded not only the towns, but the villages, too, and the countryside. But it seems to have received a check and to be able to be corrected. At any rate it is common observation that temples which had almost become deserted have begun to be thronged, that regular rites are being renewed after a long intermission, and that food for sacrificial victims is again being sold, for which until now only a rare purchaser was found. From this it is easy to conjecture what a great number of persons can be cured of their folly if only there is a chance for ²⁰repentance.

TRAJAN TO PLINY

You have done as you should, my Secundus, in investigating the charges against those who had been brought before you as Christians. No principle applicable to all cases can be set up to be followed as a fixed procedure.

They are not to be hunted out. If any are brought in and proved guilty, they must be punished; with this reservation, however, that if one denies that he is a Christian and makes this evident by his acts, that is, by making prayer to our gods, he shall win mercy by his change of heart regardless of suspicions as to his past.

Anonymous informations deserve no attention on any charge. It is exceedingly bad precedent and does not belong to our day.

¹² Reports had been spread that Christians at their love-feast drank the blood of a murdered child.

CLASSICAL SATIRISTS

There are good reasons why Greece and Rome should have given birth to the art of satire. Although mockery, in some form or other, may be found in primitive societies and affords some release from the tensions of primitive social organization, urbane social criticism is a rather late development. A high state of civilization is the most favorable condition for the rise of satirical writing, which requires a critical faculty and thrives on artificial manners. First Greece, then Rome developed such a civilization.

In Greece, early mock heroic epics like *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, burlesque satyr plays, and other rudimentary farces were succeeded by dramatic satire in fifth-century Athens. As we have seen, Aristophanic comedy was essentially satirical in content and style. The New Comedy that appeared in the fourth century was mainly romantic, but a degree of satire was never entirely absent in its picture of manners or its portraits of social types; and undoubtedly the staging of these comedies, especially the exaggerated comic masks worn by the actors, furthered the satiric intent. Dramatic satire was indeed the special province of the Greeks, and it lived on in Rome only while Plautus and Terence continued the tradition of Greek New Comedy with adaptations and imitations. It is significant that the very last examples of Greek satire, in the work of Lucian, are cast in the form of dialogues. That they are not plays is undoubtedly explained by the fact that by the second century A.D. the Greek theater was defunct.

Non-dramatic satire, however, is virtually a Roman product. Roman writers had a strong inclination toward criticism and decadent Roman society provided them with many provocations. Since the theater in Rome declined rapidly and was soon supplanted by gladiatorial shows and spectacles, satiric poetry and fiction became the only possible outlets for social criticism.

Satirical poetry was introduced into Rome by the early popular mockery of the so-called Fescennine verses, which influenced Roman comedy, and by Lucilius, a poet of the second century B.C. But it was in the last decades of the Republic and during the reigns of Augustus and his decadent successors that Roman satire became memorable. There are traces of its animus in the sophisticated verses of Catullus, and it attained the perfection of urbanity in the work of Horace. In his *Epodes*, Horace addressed himself to such characters as the parvenu who draws attention to himself by his extravagant dress, the jealous *littérateur* who libels his fellow-scribes, and the money-lender who dreams of country pleasures but cannot resist "the love of pelf." In his less vituperative *Satires* and *Epistles*, this witty poet made charm and subtlety his instrument. A poem like *The Bore* is apt and brilliant; its suavity does not assuage the sting.

However, Horace's example brought little fruit among the later poets of the Empire. Persius (A.D. 34-62), who ^{is to Juvenal} emulated his delicacy, was a mild satirist and Phædrus (1st century A.D.) generalized his satire by casting it in the form of fables, as he himself explained:

"What from the founder Aesop fell,
In neat familiar verse I tell."

Irritable "The irascible Juvenal (A.D. 60?-140?), on the other hand, possessed vigor but lacked grace. He delivered himself of telling assaults on decadent ways, using a bludgeon instead of a rapier. Abounding in his satires are toga-clad clients besieging the doors of wealthy patrons at the crack of dawn, flatterers, legacy hunters, revelers, adulterers, and criminals. His caustic forthrightness made him indeed a potent model for writers during and after the Renaissance. Still, his diatribes become wearisome owing to their sultry rhetoric. Martial (A.D. 40-102?) alone among the versifiers

retains his salt for moderns owing to his ready and neat wit. Patronized by the rich, he set down their life, and the behavior of their protégés and parasites. Notable, too, are his cynical thoughts on the foibles of the age, which he reflects in his own sophistication and cynicism, as well as in occasional grossness. The medium he perfected is the short poem or epigram. He exploited the possibilities of this limited field so successfully that his name has become identified with epigrammatic poetry, and his translators and imitators have been numerous. The epigram saved him from fulsome ness, and encouraged clever writing, though it also limited his importance.

When classic satire achieved true eminence after Horace, it was in prose and in semi-dramatic or dialogue form, the one written by a Roman, the other by a latter-day Greek.

The *Satyricon* (or *Satiræ*), which is technically a miscellany,¹ is our first example of a novel of manners. In its early form this was also known as the picaresque novel (after the Spanish word *pícaro*, which denotes a rogue), because the story recounts the adventures of one or more roguish characters who are necessarily in contact with the unworthy aspects of society. (Famous English picaresque novels are Defoe's *Moll Flanders* and Fielding's *Tom Jones*; famous continental examples are the Spanish novel, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and Le Sage's *Gil Blas*.)

The extant manuscript of the *Satyricon*, found in Dalmatia in 1663, is a fragment, consisting of a series of episodes connected by the fact that they relate the adventures of three young men: Encolpius, who tells the story, his friend Ascyltus, and their servant Gito. Penurious scholars, who live from hand to mouth and are not above stealing when hospitality fails them, they wander from place to place, get into various scrapes, and see the worst side of Roman life. The account of their wanderings becomes an objective record of social corruption, pretense, and fatuity, all the more satirical because presented without didactic commentary. The most vivid episode concerns a visit to the home of a Roman millionaire, the wealthy freedman and parvenu Trimalchio.² His fantastic display of luxury is the epitome of vulgarity. The descriptions of his behavior, his home, his guests, and his banquet comprise a satire on

the grossness of an age in which men's heads were turned by sudden riches.

This novel, into which several poems are inserted, is attributed to Nero's arbiter of manners, Petronius. A more suitable author could not be found for this masterpiece of ironic realism. A contemporary description of the man, from the pen of the historian Tacitus, suggests a remarkable person who was both of his time and above it.

"His days he passed in sleep, his nights in the business and pleasures of life. Indolence had raised him to fame, as energy raises others, and he was reckoned not a debauchee and spendthrift, like most of those who squander their substance, but a man of refined luxury. And indeed his talk and his doings, the freer they were and the more show of carelessness they exhibited, were the better liked, for their look of a natural simplicity. Yet as pro-consul of Bithynia and soon afterwards as consul, he showed himself a man of vigor, and equal to business. Then falling back into vice or affecting vice, he was chosen by Nero to be one of his few intimate associates, as a critic in matters of taste, while the emperor thought nothing charming or elegant in luxury unless Petronius had expressed to him his approval of it. Hence jealousy on the part of Tigellinus, who looked on him as a rival, and even his superior in the science of pleasure. And so he worked on the prince's cruelty, which dominated every other passion, charging Petronius with having been the friend of Scaevinus, bribing a slave to become informer, robbing him of the means of defence, and hurrying into prison the greater part of his domestics. . . .

"Yet he did not fling away life with precipitate haste, but having made an incision in his veins and then, according to his humor, bound them up, he again opened them, while he conversed with his friends, not in a serious strain or on topics that might win for him the glory of courage. And he listened to them as they repeated, not thoughts on the immortality of the soul or on the theories of philosophers, but light poetry and playful verses. To some of his slaves he gave liberal presents, a flogging to others. He dined, indulged himself in sleep, that death, though forced on him, might have a natural appearance. Even in his will he did not, as did many others in their last moments, flatter Nero or Tigellinus or any other of the men

¹ The title *Satyricon* (*Miscellany*) does not, strictly speaking, mean "satire," but this latter meaning may well have suggested itself to the author as a kind of play on words.

² The word is apparently compounded of Latin and Semitic words and may mean Thrice-Blessed.

in power. On the contrary, he described fully the prince's shameful excesses, with the names of his male and female companions, and their novelties in debauchery, and sent the account under seal to Nero."

The last master of classic satire, Lucian, was born about A.D. 125 near Antioch in Syria. He became a Greek by adoption and assumed the profession of a Sophist or teacher of rhetoric. After lecturing in Syria, Greece, Italy, and Romanized Gaul (France), he settled in Athens for a time. Here he tasted poverty, and became a humble law clerk out of necessity. He died in Egypt about A.D. 200. A large portion of the classic world was therefore known to this man, and what came to his knowledge was conducive to the skepticism that marks his work. Lucian had the best of training for a professional satirist.

His detestation of quackery and conceit sharpened his pen. He noted the "price of everything and the value of nothing" in his age, holding no fixed belief and ridiculing alike the polytheism of Greece and the rising faith of Christianity. He was no respecter of false reputations and fashionable doctrines and remained unawed by the purveyors of philosophy. At the heart of everything he detected vanity and self-interest. No doubt he identified himself with the subject of one of his most trenchant works *Timon of Athens*. Timon, whose generosity to all had been repaid with base ingratitude when he lost his wealth, is instantly surrounded by sycophants after he discovers gold in the desert to which he repaired in an access of misanthropy; he unmasks them one by one, and drives them away with blows.

Nevertheless, the bulk of Lucian's work is not weighted with invective, but possesses fantasization, humor, and wit. The spirit of Aristophanes lives on in this satirist's *Dialogues of the Dead*, which are replete with observations on humanity, and in his *Dialogues of the Gods*, which travesty Greek mythology. His gay and inventive ridicule reveals the Greek genius for blithe creativeness, by comparison with which the efforts of the Romans seem, for the most part, laborious. With Lucian we can take our departure from the classic world with an assurance that there was something undying in that civilization even while it was passing away.

The Greek view could not pre-empt the whole culture of the world, it could not exhaust the resources of the human mind and soul, and it could hardly cope with man's travail on the face of the earth, for there are limits to the potency of the worldly spirit and the amoral intellect. Classic philosophy came to realize this, and therefore ended in mysticism and was finally absorbed in the stream of Christian thought. Classic satire, as a whole, also highlights the impasse of the Greco-Roman world, revealing it in the process of disintegration. But Lucian's swan-song echoes, even in diminished measures, the imperishable part of this civilization. With Lucian we can almost take our departure from a great civilization. We cannot, however, do so without first considering the manner in which classic culture attempted to cope with the meaning of life, without discovering the questions it asked concerning man and the universe and the answers it found.

HORACE

The Bore

It chanced that I, the other day,
 Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
 And musing, as my habit is,
 Some trivial random fantasies,
 That for the time absorbed me quite,
 When there comes running up a wight,
 Whom only by his name I knew;
 "Ha, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
 Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
 As times go, pretty well," said I;
 "And you, I trust, can say the same."
 But after me as still he came,
 "Sir, is there anything," I cried,
 "You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
 "I'm just the man you ought to know;—
 A scholar, author!" "Is it so?
 For this I'll like you all the more!"
 Then, writhing to evade the bore,
 I quicken now my pace, now stop,
 And in my servant's ear let drop
 Some words, and all the while I feel
 Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
 "Oh for a touch," I moaned in pain,
 "Bolanus, of thy slapdash vein,
 To put this incubus to rout!"
 As he went chattering on about
 Whatever he descries or meets,
 The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
 The city's growth, its splendor, size.
 "You're dying to be off," he cries;
 For all the while I'd been struck dumb.
 "I've noticed it some time. But come,
 Let's clearly understand each other;
 It's no use making all this pother.
 My mind's made up to stick by you;
 So where you go, there I go too."
 "Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
 So very far out of your way.
 I'm on the road to see a friend,
 Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
 Away beyond the Tiber far,
 Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."
 "I've nothing in the world to do,
 And what's a paltry mile or two?
 I like it, so I'll follow you!"

- 50
- Down dropped my ears on hearing this
 Just like a vicious jackass's
 That's loaded heavier than he likes;
 But off anew my torment strikes,
 5 "If well I know myself, you'll end
 With making of me more a friend
 Than Viscus, aye, or Varius; for
 Of verses who can run off more,
 Or run them off at such a pace?
- 10 Who dance with such distinguished grace?
 And as for singing, zounds!" said he,
 "Hermogenes might envy me!"
 Here was an opening to break in.
 "Have you a mother, father, kin,
 15 To whom your life is precious?" None;—
 Oh happy they, I only groan.
 Now I am left, and I alone.
 Quick, quick, despatch me where I stand!
 Now is the direful doom at hand
 20 Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
 Shaking her magic urn, foretold
 In days when I was yet a boy:—
 "Him shall no poisons fell destroy,
 Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
 25 Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
 In fullness of the time his thread
 Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
 So let him, when he's twenty-one,
 If he be wise, all babblers shun."
- 30 Now we were close to Vesta's fane.
 'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
 Was bound to answer to his bail,
 Or lose his cause, if he should fail.
 "Do, if you love me, step aside
 35 One moment with me here," he cried.
 "Upon my life, indeed, I can't;
 Of law I'm wholly ignorant;
 And you know where I'm hurrying to."
 "I'm fairly puzzled what to do.
 40 Give you up, or my cause?" "Oh, me,
 Me, by all means!" "I won't," quoth he;
 And stalks on, holding by me tight.
 As with your conqueror to fight
 Is hard, I follow. "How," anon
 45 He rambles off—"how get you on,
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- 85
- 90

You and Mæcenas? To so few
He keeps himself. So clever, too!
No man more dexterous to seize
And use his opportunities.
Just introduce me, and you'll see,
We'll pull together famously;
And hang me, then, if with my backing,
You don't send all your rivals packing!"

"Things in that quarter, sir, proceed
In very different style indeed.
No house more free from all that's base,
In none cabals more out of place.
It hurts me not, if there I see
Men richer, better read than me.
Each has his place!" "Amazing tact!
Scarce credible!" "But 'tis the fact."
"You quicken my desire to get
An introduction to his set."

"With merit such as yours, you need
But wish it, and you must succeed.
He's to be won, and that is why
Of strangers he's so very shy."

"I'll spare no pains, no arts, no shifts!
His servants I'll corrupt with gifts.
Today though driven from his gate,
What matter? I will lie in wait,
To catch some lucky chance; I'll meet,
Or overtake him in the street;
I'll haunt him like his shadow! Nought
In life without much toil is bought."

Just at this moment who but my
Dear friend Aristius should come by?
My rattle-brain right well he knew.
We stop. "Whence, friends, and whither to?"

95 He asks and answers. Whilst we ran
The usual courtesies, I began
To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
His arms, that feel but will not flinch,
By nods and winks most plain to see
Imploring him to rescue me:
He, wickedly obtuse the while,
Meets all my signals with a smile.
100 I, choked with rage, said, "Was there not
Some business, I've forgotten what,
You mentioned, that you wished with me
To talk about, and privately?"
"Oh, I remember! Never mind.
105 Some more convenient time I'll find.
The Thirtieth Sabbath this! Would you
Offend the circumcised Jew?"
"Religious scruples I have none."
"Ah! But I have. I am but one
110 Of the canaille—a feeble brother.
Your pardon! Some fine day or other
I'll tell you what it was." Oh, day
Of woeful doom to me! Away
115 The rascal bolted like an arrow,
And left me underneath the harrow;
When by the rarest luck, we ran
At the next turn against the man
Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
120 "Ha, knave!" he cried with loud uproar,
"Where are you off to? Will you here
Stand witness?" I present my ear.
To court he hustles him along;
High words are bandied, high and strong,
125 A mob collects, the fray to see;
So did Apollo rescue me.

MARTIAL

Post-Obits and the Poets

He unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living,
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—

Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

Martial (40?-102?). Translations: "Post-Obits and the Poets," Lord Byron; "A Hinted Wish," Samuel Johnson; "To Cloc," Thomas Moore; "Procrastination," Abraham Cowley; "Bought Locks," Sir John Harrington.

A Hinted Wish

You told me, Maro, whilst you live
You'd not a single penny give,
But that, whene'er you chanct to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy:
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess!

To Cloe

I could resign that eye of blue
 Howe'er its splendor used to thrill me;
 And even that cheek of roseate hue,—
 To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
 However much I've raved about it;
 And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
 I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learned to fast,
 That, sooth my love, I know not whether 10
 I might not bring myself at last,
 To—do without you altogether.

5

Procrastination

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
 'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
 To-day itself's too late: the wise lived yesterday.

Bought Locks

The golden hair that Gulla wears
 Is hers: who would have thought it?
 She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
 For I know where she bought it.

PETRONIUS

Trimalchio's Dinner

Boy slaves from Alexandria poured iced water over our hands. Others knelt down at our feet and began, with remarkable skill, to pare our hang-nails. Even this unpleasant operation did not silence them, but they sang during their work. I desired to learn whether the whole household was able to sing, so I asked for a drink. A slave repeated my request in a shrill chant. They did all things to the accompaniment of a tune. It was more like a comic opera than a gentleman's dining room.

But some rich and tasty *hors d'œuvres* were brought on in due course. Every one had now been seated except Trimalchio, who, being quite modern, had the first place reserved for him. A donkey of Corinthian bronze, on the sideboard, was laden with panniers holding olives, white in one tray, black in the other. Two dishes, engraved with Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver, also encumbered the donkey. There were also dormice steeped in honey and poppy seed, on iron frames that looked like little bridges. Then, on a silver grill, there were hot sausages, and beneath it were plums and sliced pomegranates.

While we were relishing these delicacies, Trimalchio was borne into the hall to the sound of

music, propped on tiny cushions. A laugh escaped the surprised guests. His shaven head popped out of a scarlet cloak, and over his well-wrapped neck he had put a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes dangling all around. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a huge gilt ring, and on the last joint of the next finger was a smaller ring which appeared to me to be solid gold, but was really set with star-shaped bits of steel. And to show that this display of wealth was but part of his possession, he bared his right arm, encircled by a golden bracelet and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of gleaming metal.

Then picking his teeth with a silver quill, he said, "It is inconvenient for me to appear at dinner so soon, my friends, but I did not like to stay away any longer and keep you from your enjoyment. But you will allow me to finish my game?"

A boy followed him, carrying a table of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, and I noticed a curious thing. Instead of black and white counters he used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept swearing as he played, and we were still occupied with the *hors d'œuvres*, when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a wooden

hen with outspread wings as if in the act of laying an egg. While the music grew loud, two slaves came up to the tray and began to search in the straw. They pulled out peahen's eggs and distributed them to the guests. Trimalchio observed this procedure and said, "I have ordered, my friends, to put peahen's eggs under this hen. And upon my word I hope they are not yet hatched. But let us try them and see whether they are still fresh." We took our spoons, weighing at least half a pound, and beat the eggs, which were made of a fine paste. I was on the point of throwing away my share, believing that a chick had already formed. But hearing an experienced diner exclaim, "What dainty have we here?" I broke the shell and found a fat warbler smothered in yolk spiced with pepper.

Trimalchio had now finished his game, and began to partake of all the same dishes. In a loud voice he invited any of us who might so desire, to drink a second glass of mead. Suddenly the music crashed forth, and the appetizers were swept away by a host of chanting waiters. A dish happened to fall in the confusion, and a boy gathered it up from the floor. Trimalchio saw him, and had his ear boxed, and directed him to throw down the dish again. A litter man appeared and swept out the silver with the other wasted contents. Then entered two long-haired Ethiopians with small wine-skins, just like those used for scattering sand in an amphitheater, and poured wine on our hands, for no one thought of offering us common water.

We complimented our host on his excellent taste. "Mars loves fair play," said he, "and therefore I ordered that every one should have a separate table. This will give us room and these filthy slaves will not make us uncomfortable by pressing upon us."

While he was speaking, some glass jars carefully sealed were brought on, the necks of which were labeled

"FALERNIAN,
OPIMIUS'S VINTAGE,
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD."

As we were poring over the inscriptions, Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me, wine lives longer than miserable man. So let us be merry, for wine is life. I treat you to real wine of Opimius's year. I provided some inferior stuff yesterday, although there was a more distinguished set of people to dinner." As we drank and appreciated with gusto each luxury, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, so constructed that its limbs and

spine could be moved at will. He put it down several times on the table so that the flexible joints flopped into various attitudes, and Trimalchio mused appropriately: "Alas for us poor mortals, our life is pretty mean and poor. So shall we be, after the world below takes us away. Let us then enjoy ourselves while we may."

After we had applauded this sentiment, another course was brought in, not quite as sumptuous as we expected; but its novelty attracted every eye. This was a round plate with the signs of the Zodiac circling the edge, and on each one the chef had placed some food in keeping with the symbol; over the Ram, ram's-head peas, a piece of beef on the Bull, kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a crown, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow's udder over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a tart on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius a bull's eye, over Capricornus a lobster, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the center lay a honeycomb on a bit of grassy turf. An Egyptian boy offered us bread kept hot in a silver chafing dish. Nor did he fail to amuse us with a song, excruciatingly rendered.

Such a poor course depressed our spirits. "Now," said Trimalchio, "let us begin. This is merely the beginning of the dinner." As he spoke, four slaves ran up keeping time with the music and removed the top part of the tray, revealing in its hollow fat fowls and sows' bellies, and in the middle a hare prepared with wings to resemble Pegasus. We also perceived figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish, from which a spiced sauce ran over the fish, swimming about in a kind of canal. We all took up the applause which the slaves started and heartily assailed these viands. Trimalchio was delighted with this cunning dish, and said, "Now, Carver." Whereupon the man approached at once, and flourishing his instruments in time with the music, carved the dainty in pieces, like a gladiator in a chariot, fighting to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ. As Trimalchio kept repeating softly, "Oh, Carver, Carver," I pondered on the meaning of this word, believing it to be a jest, and I made bold to ask the man who sat on my left what it meant. (He had seen such performances before.) "Do you see the fellow carving the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the words, he calls him by name, and gives him his orders."

When I had eaten my fill, I turned to my neighbor to get as much gossip as possible. I inquired

who the woman was who kept running about the hall. "She is Trimalchio's wife Fortunata," he said, "and she counts her money by the bushel." "And what was she before?" I asked. "You will pardon me if I say that you would not have taken a piece of bread from her hand. Now, who knows why or wherefore, she is queen of heaven, and Trimalchio's all in all. Fact is, if she tells him that it is dark at midday, he will believe her. He is so enormously wealthy that he himself does not know ¹⁰ all he possesses; but his lynx-eyed wife has a plan for everything, even where you least suspect it. She is temperate, sober, and thrifty, but she has a shrewish tongue, and henpecks him in his own home. Whom she likes, she likes; whom she dislikes, she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates greater than a kite can fly over in a day, and has uncounted millions. There is more plate in his steward's cupboard than other people have in the whole world. And his legion of slaves! My word! I really ²⁰ don't believe that one in ten knows his master by sight! Why, he can knock any of these young wretches into a cocked hat.

"You must not suppose that he buys anything. Everything is produced by him; wool, citrons, pepper; even pigeon's milk. Just to show you, his sheep were growing a poor quality of wool, so he bought rams from Tarentum to improve his flocks. He had bees consigned from Athens to give him Attic honey on the spot; the Roman bees incidentally will be improved by breeding with the Greeks. A few days ago he sent to India for a cargo of mushroom spawn. And every mule he has is the child of a wild ass. Note these cushions: every one has purple or scarlet stuffing. He is nothing if not extravagant.

"But do not be contemptuous of his fellow freedmen. They are saturated with money. Do you see that one lying at the bottom of the end sofa? Well, he has his eight hundred thousand. He was quite a nobody. He started by carrying loads of wood on his back. People do say—I can't vouch for it, but I have heard—that he pulled off a goblin's cap and found a hidden treasure. I am jealous of nobody receiving favors of Providence. He still shows the marks of his master's fingers, but he has an exalted opinion of himself. So he has just put up a sign on his door:

"THIS ATTIC,

THE PROPERTY OF GAIUS POMPEIUS DIOGENES,
TO LET FROM THE 1ST OF JULY,
THE OWNER HAVING PURCHASED A MANSION."

"As for that person sprawling with such a satisfied air in the freedman's place, he had money at one time. I do not blame him, poor fellow. He had his million in his hands, but he has had a bad shaking. I believe he cannot call his hair his own, and that through no fault of his. Here is a fine chap, but these damned freedmen pocketed everything he had. You know how it is: when the pot stops boiling, or business takes a bad turn your friends desert you. Now you see him in this reduced state. He was an undertaker. He used to dine like a prince; boars cooked in a cloth, wonderful pastry, game; chefs innumerable and confectioners! There used to be more wine spilt in his house than many a man has in his cellars. He was a fairy prince, not a mortal. When his business was falling to pieces, and he feared his creditors might suspect that he was going bankrupt, he advertised an auction:

"GAIUS JULIUS PROCULUS
WILL OFFER FOR SALE SOME SURPLUS STOCK."

Trimalchio interrupted this delightful chat, for the meat had now been removed, and the cheerful guests began to turn their attention to the wine and general conversation. He reclined on his couch and remarked: "Now you must sparkle as much as this wine. A fish must naturally swim. But say, did you ³⁰ suppose I would be content with the dinner you saw in the hollow of that dish—'Is this the old Ulysses whom ye knew—?' well, well, one must exhibit one's culture even at dinner. My patron, may God rest his soul, wanted me to be an equal among men. There is little one can teach me, as that last dish demonstrated. The sky where the twelve gods inhabit is divided into as many symbols. Let us take the Ram. Any one who is born under that sign has many flocks and abundance of ⁴⁰ wool; a hard head and brazen forehead and a fine brain. Many professors and young rams are born under this sign."

We applauded the cleverness of his astrological utterance, while he went on: "Men who kick with their heels, and oxherds and people who have to scout their own food, are born under the Bull. Under the Twins two-wheeled chariots are born, and oxen, and debauchees, and those who serve many masters. I was born under the Crab. Therefore I have many feet to stand on, and immense estates by sea and land; for either of these elements suits your crab. And that was why I put nothing on top of the Crab, for fear of weighing

down my good star. Under the Lion gluttons and masterful men are born; under Virgo women, and runaway slaves, and criminals; under Libra butchers, and perfumers, and various tradesmen; poisoners and assassins under Scorpio; under Sagittarius cross-eyed men, who take the bacon while they look at the cabbage; under Capricornus the poor toilers whose troubles cause horns to sprout on them; under Aquarius, innkeepers and men with water on the brain; under Pisces chefs and orators. So the world turns round like a mill, and always brings evil in one form or another, causing the birth of men or their death. And you saw the green turf in the middle surmounted by the honeycomb? Even that has significance. Mother Earth lies in the world's midst rounded like an egg, within which all blessings are contained as in a honeycomb."

"Excellent!" we all cried, vowing with our hands uplifted that even Hipparchus and Aratus were inferior to him. Just then servants appeared and spread over the couches coverlets embroidered with scenes of nets and hunters lying in wait with spears, and all the instruments of the chase. We were still wondering what next to expect when a deafening shout arose outside the dining room and in rushed some Spartan hounds, leaping round the tables. A tray was brought in after them with a wild boar of huge proportions upon it, wearing a cap of freedom; two little baskets woven of palm twigs were hanging from its tusks, one full of dry dates and the other of fresh. Round it lay sucking pigs made of pastry, . . . thereby showing that we had a sow before us. These sucking pigs were for the guests to take away. Carver, who had dealt with the fowls, did not carve the boar, but a tall bearded man with

leggings round his legs, and a spangled silken hunting cape, who drew a hunting knife and plunged it hard into the boar's side. Whereupon a number of thrushes flew out and were immediately caught by fowlers standing with limed twigs. Trimalchio ordered each guest to be given one, and added: "Now you see what fine acorns our boar has been eating." Then boys came and took the baskets which hung from its tusks and distributed fresh and dry dates to the guests.

Meantime I had got a quiet corner to myself and had begun to ponder—why the pig had come in decorated with a cap of freedom. After speculating on the problem without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, I ventured to put the question which was troubling me to my old informant. "Your humble servant can explain that too," he said. "There is no mystery, the thing is as clear as daylight. Yesterday when this animal was served as *pièce de résistance* at dinner, the guests turned him down; and so today he comes back to dinner as a freedman." I cursed my stupidity and determined to ask no more questions, for fear of showing that I had never dined among decent people.

As we were speaking, a lovely boy crowned with vine leaves and ivy impersonating Bacchus in ecstasy, Bacchus full of wine, Bacchus dreaming, brought round grapes in a little basket, and rendered one of Trimalchio's verses in a piercing voice. Trimalchio turned at the noise and said, "Dionysus, rise and be free." The boy clutched the cap of freedom off the boar and put it on his own head. Then Trimalchio continued: "I am sure you will agree that the god of liberation is my father." We applauded Trimalchio's phrase and kissed the boy heartily as he passed round.

LUCIAN

Dialogues of the Dead

X

CHARON
HERMES

Various Shades

CH. I'll tell you how things stand. Our craft, as you see, is small, and leaky, and three-parts rot-

ten; a single lurch, and she will capsize without more ado. And here are all you passengers, each with his luggage. If you come on board like that, I am afraid you may have cause to repent it; especially those who have not learnt to swim.

HER. Then how are we to make a trip of it?

Lucian, *Dialogues of the Dead*. Translated by F. G. Fowler. Used by permission of The Oxford University Press. Lucian was a Greek who lived from about 120 to 180 A.D. Little is known of his life aside from the works which have survived.

CH. I'll tell you. They must leave all this nonsense behind them on shore, and come aboard in their skins. As it is, there will be no room to spare. And in future, Hermes, mind you admit no one till he has cleared himself of encumbrances, as I say. Stand by the gangway, and keep an eye on them, and make them strip before you let them pass.

HER. Very good. Well, Number One, who are you?

MEN. Menippus. Here are my wallet and staff; overboard with them. I had the sense not to bring my cloak.

HER. Pass on, Menippus; you're a good fellow; you shall have the seat of honor, up by the pilot, where you can see everyone.—Here is a handsome person; who is he?

CHAR. Charmoleos of Megara; the irresistible, whose kiss was worth a thousand pounds.

HER. That beauty must come off,—lips, kisses, and all; the flowing locks, the blushing cheeks, the skin entire. That's right. Now we're in better trim;—you may pass on.—And who is the stunning gentleman in the purple and the diadem?

LAM. I am Lampichus, tyrant of Gela.

HER. And what is all this splendor doing here, Lampichus?

LAM. How! would you have a tyrant come hither stripped?

HER. A tyrant! That would be too much to expect. But with a *shade* we must insist. Off with these things.

LAM. There, then: away goes my wealth.

HER. Pomp must go too, and pride; we shall be overfreighted else.

LAM. At least let me keep my diadem and robes.

HER. No, no; off they come!

LAM. Well? That is all, as you see for yourself.

HER. There is something more yet: cruelty, folly, insolence, hatred.

LAM. There then: I am bare.

HER. Pass on.—And who may you be, my bulky friend?

DAM. Damasias the athlete.

HER. To be sure; many is the time I have seen you in the gymnasium.

DAM. You have. Well, I have peeled; let me pass.

HER. Peeled! my dear sir, what, with all this fleshy encumbrance? Come, off with it; we should go to the bottom if you put one foot aboard. And those crowns, those victories, remove them.

DAM. There; no mistake about it this time; I am as light as any shade among them.

HER. That's more the kind of thing. On with you.—Crato, you can take off that wealth and luxury and effeminacy; and we can't have that funeral pomp here, nor those ancestral glories either; down with your rank and reputation, and any votes of thanks or inscriptions you have about you; and you need not tell us what size your tomb ^{so} was; remarks of that kind come heavy.

CRA. Well, if I must, I must; there's no help for it.

HER. Hullo! in full armor? What does this mean? and why this trophy?

A GENERAL. I am a great conqueror; a valiant warrior; my country's pride.

HER. The trophy may stop behind; we are at peace; there is no demand for arms.—Whom have we here? Whose is this knitted brow, this flowing beard? 'Tis some reverend sage, if outside goes for anything; he mutters; he is wrapped in meditation.

MEN. That's a philosopher, Hermes; and an impudent quack into the bargain. Have him out of that cloak; you will find something to amuse you underneath it.

HER. Off with your clothes first; and then we will see to the rest. My goodness, what a bundle: quackery, ignorance, quarrelsomeness, vainglory; idle questionings, prickly arguments, intricate conceptions; humbug and gammon and wishy-washy hair-splittings without end; and hullo! why, here's avarice, and self-indulgence, and impudence! luxury, effeminacy and peevishness!—Yes, I see them all; you need not try to hide them. Away with falsehood and swagger and superciliousness; why, the three-decker is not built that would hold you with all this luggage.

A PHILOSOPHER. I resign them all, since such is your bidding.

MEN. Have his beard off too, Hermes; only look what a ponderous bush of a thing! There's a good five pounds' weight there.

HER. Yes; the beard must go.

PHIL. And who shall shave me?

HER. Menippus here shall take it off with the carpenter's ax; the gangway will serve for a block.

MEN. Oh, can't I have a saw, Hermes? It would be much better fun.

HER. The ax must serve.—Shrewdly chopped!—why, you look more like a man and less like a goat already.

MEN. A little off the eyebrows?

HER. Why, certainly; he has trained them up all over his forehead, for reasons best known to himself.—Worm! what, sniveling? afraid of death? Oh, get on board with you.

MEN. He has still got the biggest thumper of all under his arm.

HER. What's that?

MEN. Flattery; many is the good turn that has done him.

PHIL. Oh, all right, Menippus; suppose you leave your independence behind you, and your plain-speaking, and your indifference, and your high spirit, and your jests!—No one else here has a jest about him.

HER. Don't you, Menippus! you stick to them; useful commodities, these, on shipboard; light and handy.—You rhetorician there, with your verbosities and your barbarisms, your antitheses and balances and periods, off with the whole pack of them.

RHET. Away they go.

HER. All's ready. Loose the cable, and pull in the gangway; haul up the anchor; spread all sail; and, pilot, look to your helm. Good luck to our voyage!—What are you all whining about, you fools? You philosopher, late of the beard,—you're as bad as any of them.

PHIL. Ah, Hermes: I had thought that the soul was immortal.

MEN. He lies: that is not the cause of his distress.

HER. What is it, then?

MEN. He knows that he will never have a good dinner again; never sneak about at night with his cloak over his head, going the round of the brothels; never spend his mornings in fooling boys out of their money, under the pretext of teaching them wisdom.

PHIL. And pray are *you* content to be dead?

MEN. It may be presumed so, as I sought death of my own accord.—By the way, I surely heard a noise, as if people were shouting on the earth?

HER. You did; and from more than one quarter.—There are people running in a body to the Town-hall, exulting over the death of Lampichus; the women have got hold of his wife; his infant children fare no better,—the boys are giving them a handsome pelting. Then again you hear the applause that greets the orator Diophantus, as he pronounces the funeral oration of our friend Crato. Ah yes, and that's Damasias's mother, with her women, striking up a dirge. No one has a tear for

you, Menippus; your remains are left in peace. Privileged person!

MEN. Wait a bit: before long you will hear the mournful howl of dogs, and the beating of crows' wings, as they gather to perform my funeral rites.

HER. I like your spirit.—However, here we are in port. Away with you all to the judgment-seat; it is straight ahead. The ferryman and I must go back for a fresh load.

MEN. Good voyage to you, Hermes.—Let us be getting on; what are you all waiting for? We have got to face the judge, sooner or later; and by all accounts his sentences are no joke; wheels, rocks, vultures are mentioned. Every detail of our lives will now come to light!

XII

ALEXANDER
HANNIBAL

MINOS
SCIPIO

ALEX. Libyan, I claim precedence of you. I am the better man.

HAN. Pardon me.

ALEX. Then let Minos decide.

MI. Who are you both?

ALEX. This is Hannibal, the Carthaginian: I am Alexander, the son of Philip.

MI. Bless me, a distinguished pair! And what is the quarrel about?

ALEX. It is a question of precedence. He says he is the better general: and I maintain that neither Hannibal nor (I might almost add) any of my predecessors was my equal in strategy: all the world knows that.

MI. Well, you shall each have your say in turn: the Libyan first.

HAN. Fortunately for me, Minos, I have mastered Greek since I have been here; so that my adversary will not have even that advantage of me. Now I hold that the highest praise is due to those who have won their way to greatness from obscurity; who have clothed themselves in power, and shown themselves fit for dominion. I myself entered Spain with a handful of men, took service under my brother, and was found worthy of the supreme command. I conquered the Celtiberians, subdued Western Gaul, crossed the Alps, overran the valley of the Po, sacked town after town, made myself master of the plains, approached the bulwarks of the capital, and in one day slew such a host, that their finger-rings were measured by bushels, and the rivers were bridged by their bodies. And this I did, though I had never been called

a son of Ammon; I never pretended to be a god, never related visions of my mother; I made no secret of the fact that I was mere flesh and blood. My rivals were the ablest generals in the world, commanding the best soldiers in the world; I warred not with Medes or Assyrians, who fly before they are pursued, and yield the victory to him that dares take it.

Alexander, on the other hand, in increasing and extending as he did the dominion which he had inherited from his father, was but following the impetus given to him by Fortune. And this conqueror had no sooner crushed his puny adversary by the victories of Issus and Arbela, than he forsook the traditions of his country, and lived the life of a Persian; accepting the prostrations of his subjects, assassinating his friends at his own table, or handing them over to the executioner. I in my command respected the freedom of my country, delayed not to obey her summons, when the enemy with their huge armament invaded Libya, laid aside the privileges of my office, and submitted to my sentence without a murmur. Yet I was a barbarian all unskilled in Greek culture; I could not recite Homer, nor had I enjoyed the advantages of Aristotle's instruction; I had to make a shift with such qualities as were mine by nature.—It is on these grounds that I claim the pre-eminence. My rival has indeed all the luster that attaches to the wearing of a diadem, and—I know not—for Macedonians such things may have charm; but I cannot think that this circumstance constitutes a higher claim than the courage and genius of one who owed nothing to Fortune, and everything to his own resolution.

Mr. Not bad, for a Libyan.—Well, Alexander, what do you say to that?

ALEX. Silence, Minos, would be the best answer to such confident self-assertion. The tongue of Fame will suffice of itself to convince you that I was a great prince, and my opponent a petty adventurer. But I would have you consider the distance between us. Called to the throne while I was yet a boy, I quelled the disorders of my kingdom, and avenged my father's murder. By the destruction of Thebes, I inspired the Greeks with such awe, that they appointed me their commander-in-chief; and from that moment, scorning to confine myself to the kingdom that I inherited from my father, I extended my gaze over the entire face of the earth, and thought it shame if I should govern less than the whole. With a small force I invaded Asia, gained a great victory on the Granicus, took

Lydia, Ionia, Phrygia,—in short, subdued all that was within my reach, before I commenced my march for Issus, where Darius was waiting for me at the head of his myriads. You know the sequel: yourselves can best say what was the number of the dead whom on one day I dispatched hither. The ferryman tells me that his boat would not hold them; most of them had to come across on rafts of their own construction. In these enterprises, I was ever at the head of my troops, ever courted danger. To say nothing of Tyre and Arbela, I penetrated into India, and carried my empire to the shores of Ocean; I captured elephants; I conquered Porus; I crossed the Tanais, and worsted the Scythians—no mean enemies—in a tremendous cavalry engagement. I heaped benefits upon my friends: I made my enemies taste my resentment. If men took me for a god, I cannot blame them; the vastness of my undertakings might excuse such a belief. But to conclude. I died a king: Hannibal, a fugitive at the court of the Bithynian Prusias—fitting end for villainy and cruelty. Of his Italian victories I say nothing; they were the fruit not of honest legitimate warfare, but of treachery, craft, and dissimulation. He taunts me with self-indulgence: my illustrious friend has surely forgotten the pleasant time he spent in Capua among the ladies, while the precious moments fleeted by. Had I not scorned the Western world, and turned my attention to the East, what would it have cost me to make the bloodless conquest of Italy, and Libya, and all, as far West as Gades? But nations that already cowered beneath a master were unworthy of my sword.—I have finished, Minos, and await your decision; of the many arguments I might have used, these shall suffice.

Sci. First, Minos, let me speak.

Mr. And who are you, friend? and where do you come from?

Sci. I am Scipio, the Roman general, who destroyed Carthage, and gained great victories over the Libyans.

Mr. Well, and what have you to say?

Sci. That Alexander is my superior, and I am Hannibal's, having defeated him, and driven him to ignominious flight. What impudence is this, to contend with Alexander, to whom I, your conqueror, would not presume to compare myself!

Mr. Honestly spoken, Scipio, on my word! Very well, then: Alexander comes first, and you next; and I think we must say Hannibal third. And a very creditable third, too.

Dialogues of the Gods

XX. The Judgment of Paris¹

ZEUS	ATHENE
HERMES	APHRODITE
HERA	PARIS

ZEUS. Hermes, take this apple, and go with it to Phrygia; on the Gargaran peak of Ida you will find Priam's son, the herdsman. Give him this message: "Paris, because you are handsome, and wise in the things of love, Zeus commands you to judge between the Goddesses, and say which is the most beautiful. And the prize shall be this apple."—Now, you three, there is no time to be lost: away with you to your judge. I will have nothing to do with the matter: I love you all exactly alike, and I only wish you could all three win. If I were to give the prize to one of you, the other two would hate me, of course. In these circumstances, I am ill qualified to be your judge. But this young Phrygian to whom you are going is of the royal blood—a relation of Ganymede's,—and at the same time a simple countryman; so that we need have no hesitation in trusting his eyes.

APH. As far as I am concerned, Zeus, Momus himself might be our judge; I should not be afraid to show myself. What fault could he find with *me*? But the others must agree too.

HERA. Oh, we are under no alarm, thank you,—though your admirer Ares should be appointed. But Paris will do; whoever Paris is.

ZEUS. And my little Athene; have we her approval? Nay, never blush, nor hide your face. Well, well, maidens will be coy; 'tis a delicate subject. But there, she nods consent. Now, off with you; and mind, the beaten ones must not be cross with the judge; I will not have the poor lad harmed. The prize of beauty can be but one.

HERM. Now for Phrygia. I will show the way; keep close behind me, ladies, and don't be nervous. I know Paris well: he is a charming young man; a great gallant, and an admirable judge of beauty. Depend on it, he will make a good award.

APH. I am glad to hear that; I ask for nothing better than a just judge.—Has he a wife, Hermes, or is he a bachelor?

HERM. Not exactly a bachelor.

APH. What do you mean?

HERM. I believe there is wife, as it were; a good enough sort of girl—a native of those parts—but sadly countrified! I fancy he does not care very much about her.—Why do you ask?

APH. I just wanted to know.

ATH. Now, Hermes, that is not fair. No whispering with Aphrodite.

HERM. It was nothing, Athene; nothing about you. She only asked me whether Paris was a bachelor.

ATH. What business is that of hers?

HERM. None that I know of. She meant nothing by the question; she just wanted to know.

ATH. Well, and is he?

HERM. Why, no.

ATH. And does he care for military glory? has he ambition? or is he a *mere* neatherd?

HERM. I couldn't say for certain. But he is a young man, so it is to be presumed that distinction on the field of battle is among his desires.

APH. There, you see; I don't complain; I say nothing when you whisper with *her*. Aphrodite is not so particular as some people.

HERM. Athene asked me almost exactly the same as you did; so don't be cross. It will do you no harm, my answering a plain question.—Meanwhile, we have left the stars far behind us, and are almost over Phrygia. There is Ida: I can make out the peak of Gargarum quite plainly; and if I am not mistaken, there is Paris himself.

HERA. Where is he? I don't see him.

HERM. Look over there to the left, Hera: not on the top, but down the side, by that cave where you see the herd.

HERA. But I *don't* see the herd.

HERM. What, don't you see them coming out from between the rocks,—where I am pointing, look—and the man running down from the crag, and keeping them together with his staff?

HERA. I see him now; if he it is.

HERM. Oh, that is Paris. But we are getting near; it is time to alight and walk. He might be frightened, if we were to descend upon him so suddenly.

HERA. Yes; very well. And now that we are on

Lucian, *Dialogues of the Gods*. Translated by F. G. Fowler. By permission of The Oxford University Press.

¹ See the serious account of this scene in "Myths of the Trojan War," p. 40 above.

the earth, you might go on ahead, Aphrodite, and show us the way. You know the country, of course, having been here so often to see Anchises; or so I have heard.

APH. Your sneers are thrown away on me, Hera.

HERM. Come; I'll lead the way myself. I spent some time on Ida, while Zeus was courting Ganymede. Many is the time that I have been sent here to keep watch over the boy; and when at last the eagle came, I flew by his side, and helped him with his lovely burden. This is the very rock, if I remember; yes, Ganymede was piping to his sheep, when down swooped the eagle behind him, and tenderly, on, so tenderly, caught him up in those talons, and with the turban in his beak bore him off, the frightened boy straining his neck the while to see his captor. I picked up his pipes—he had dropped them in his fright—and—ah! here is our umpire, close at hand. Let us ^{so} accost him.—Good-morrow, herdsman!

PAR. Good-morrow, youngster. And who may you be, who come thus far afield? And these dames? They are over comely, to be wandering on the mountain-side.

HERM. "These dames," good Paris, are Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite; and I am Hermes, with a message from Zeus. Why so pale and tremulous? Compose yourself: there is nothing the matter. Zeus appoints you the judge of their beauty. "Because you are handsome, and wise in the things of love" (so runs the message), "I leave the decision to you; and for the prize,—read the inscription on the apple."

PAR. Let me see what it is about. *For the Fair*, it says. But, my lord Hermes, how shall a mortal and a rustic like myself be judge of such unparalleled beauty? This is no sight for a herdsman's eyes; let the fine city folk decide on such matters. As for me, I can tell you which of two goats is the fairer beast; or I can judge betwixt heifer and heifer;—'tis my trade. But here, where all are beautiful alike, I know not how a man may leave looking at one, to look upon another. Where my eyes fall, there they fasten,—for there is beauty: I move them, and what do I find? more loveliness! I am fixed again, yet distracted by neighboring charms. I bathe in beauty: I am enthralled: ah, why am I not *all* eyes like Argus? Methinks it were a fair award, to give the apple to all three. Then again: one is the wife and sister of Zeus; the others are his daughters. Take it where you will, 'tis a hard matter to judge.

HERM. So it is, Paris. At the same time—Zeus's orders. There is no way out of it.

PAR. Well, please point out to them, Hermes, that the losers must not be angry with me; the fault will be in my eyes only.

HERM. That is quite understood. And now to work.

PAR. I must do what I can; there is no help for it. But first let me ask,—am I just to look at them ^{so} as they are, or must I go into the matter thoroughly?

HERM. That is for you to decide, in virtue of your office. You have only to give your orders; it is as you think best.

PAR. As I think best? Then I will be thorough.

HERM. Get ready, ladies. Now, Mr. Umpire.—I will look the other way.

HERA. I approve your decision, Paris. I will be the first to submit myself to your inspection. You shall see that I have more to boast of than white arms and large eyes: nought of me but is beautiful.

PAR. Aphrodite, will you also prepare?

ATH. Oh, Paris,—make her take off that girdle, first; there is magic in it; she will bewitch you. For that matter, she has no right to come thus tricked out and painted,—just like a courtesan! She ought to show herself unadorned.

PAR. They are right about the girdle, madam; it must go.

APH. Oh, very well, Athene: then take off that helmet, and show your head bare, instead of trying to intimidate the judge with that waving plume. I suppose you are afraid the color of your eyes may be noticed, without their formidable surroundings.

ATH. Oh, here is my helmet.

APH. And here is my girdle.

HERA. Now then.

PAR. God of wonders! What loveliness is here! Oh, rapture! How exquisite these maiden charms! How dazzling the majesty of Heaven's true queen! And oh, how sweet, how entralling is Aphrodite's smile! 'Tis too much, too much of happiness.—But perhaps it would be well for me to view each in detail; for as yet I doubt, and know not where to look; my eyes are drawn all ways at once.

APH. Yes, that will be best.

PAR. Withdraw then, you and Athene; and let Hera remain.

HERA. So be it; and when you have finished your scrutiny, you have next to consider, how you would like the present which I offer you. Paris.

give me the prize of beauty, and you shall be lord of all Asia.

PAR. I will take no presents. Withdraw. I shall judge as I think right. Approach, Athene.

ATH. Behold. And, Paris, if you will say that I am the fairest, I will make you a great warrior and conqueror, and you shall always win, in every one of your battles.

PAR. But I have nothing to do with fighting, Athene. As you see, there is peace throughout all Lydia and Phrygia, and my father's dominion is uncontested. But never mind: I am not going to take your present, but you shall have fair play. You can robe again and put on your helmet; I have seen. And now for Aphrodite.

APH. Here I am; take your time, and examine carefully; let nothing escape your vigilance. And I have something else to say to you, handsome Paris. Yes, you handsome boy, I have long had an eye on you; I think you must be the handsomest young fellow in all Phrygia. But it is such a pity that you don't leave these rocks and crags, and live in a town: you will lose all your beauty in this desert. What have you to do with mountains? What satisfaction can your beauty give to a lot of cows? You ought to have been married long ago; not to any of these dowdy women hereabouts, but to some Greek girl; an Argive, perhaps, or a Corinthian, or a Spartan; Helen, now, is a Spartan, and such a pretty girl—quite as pretty as I am—and so susceptible! Why, if she once caught sight of *you*, she would give up everything, I am sure, to go with you, and a most devoted wife she would be. But you have heard of Helen, of course?

PAR. No, ma'am; but I should like to hear all about her now.

APH. Well, she is the daughter of Leda, the beautiful woman, you know, whom Zeus visited in the disguise of a swan.

PAR. And what is she like?

APH. She is fair, as might be expected from the swan, soft as down (she was hatched from an egg, you know), and such a lithe, graceful figure; and only think, she is so much admired, that there was a war because Theseus ran away with her; and she was a mere child then. And when she grew up, the very first men in Greece were suitors for her

hand, and she was given to Menelaus, who is descended from Pelops.—Now, if you like, she shall be your wife.

PAR. What, when she is married already?

APH. Tut, child, you are a simpleton: *I* understand these things.

PAR. I should like to understand them too.

APH. You will set out for Greece on a tour of inspection: and when you get to Sparta, Helen will see you; and for the rest—her falling in love, and going back with you—that will be my affair.

PAR. But that is what I cannot believe,—that she will forsake her husband to cross the seas with a stranger, a barbarian.

APH. Trust me for that. I have two beautiful children, Love and Desire. They shall be your guides. Love will assail her in all his might, and compel her to love you: Desire will encompass you about, and make you desirable and lovely as himself; and I will be there to help. I can get the Graces to come too, and between us we shall prevail.

PAR. How this will end, I know not. All I do know is, that I am in love with Helen already. I see her before me—I sail for Greece—I am in Sparta—I am on my homeward journey, with her at my side! Ah, why is none of it true?

APH. Wait. Do not fall in love yet. You have first to secure my interest with the bride, by your award. The union must be graced with my victorious presence: your marriage-feast shall be my feast of victory. Love, beauty, wedlock; all these you may purchase at the price of yonder apple.

PAR. But perhaps after the award you will forget all about *me*?

APH. Shall I swear?

PAR. No; but promise once more.

APH. I promise that you shall have Helen to wife; that she shall follow you, and make Troy her home; and I will be present with you, and help you in all.

PAR. And bring Love, and Desire, and the Graces?

APH. Assuredly; and Passion and Hymen as well.

PAR. Take the apple: it is yours.

GREEK AND LATIN PHILOSOPHY

One of the most remarkable achievements of the Greeks from the sixth century B.C. onwards was the development of philosophy. All Hellas shared this development and contributed to it; some philosophers came from the Italian colonies, some from Sicily, some from Thrace, before Athens became the intellectual center of Greece. Nowadays we are so used to the presence of speculative thinking among us that it is difficult to realize how late is its appearance among men and how extremely hard it is for such activity to flourish.

Although among savages and the early peoples of antiquity there were priests and sages who uttered the practical and proverbial wisdom of the tribe or race, these men made no attempt to reason things out systematically. The age-long beliefs which had come from the past compelled the early thinker to move within very narrow limits. He could not cast doubt on the gods or the other religious beliefs of his people and he must respect their superstitions. It was also very difficult for thought to be free so long as the thinkers were under the control of masters whom they ran the risk of offending.

The Greeks were the first who were able to shake off these shackles from their minds and to look clearly at the world about them and ask questions concerning it. Of course, they did not ask all questions at once, but began with one which is today as insistent as it was at first: Is there some fundamental substance out of which the whole universe is made? That the early answers (water, air, fire, and the like) seem foolish today shows only that the scientific technique of these Greeks was faulty. They were trying to solve a fundamental philosophical question.

Before beginning the consideration of the philosophers of Greece and Rome it may be well to remind ourselves of some of the main branches of philosophical inquiry, and to see some of the questions which have presented themselves to thinkers. In this way we may be able better to understand just what field a particular author is considering and what are some of the ways in which it has been treated by other philosophers.

THREE MAIN CONCERNs OF PHILOSOPHY: THE REAL, THE GOOD, THE BEAUTIFUL

Philosophy sets as its goal the attainment of truth about the nature of things. There are three principal divisions, directed toward the understanding of (a) the real (*metaphysics*), (b) the good (*ethics*), (c) the beautiful (*aesthetics*).

A few of the problems of metaphysics are these:

What is the nature of reality? Does the universe have an objective existence or is its existence dependent in some way on the mind that perceives it? How do we know things, anyway? Are there any truths about which one can be sure? These are some of the problems of *epistemology* (the science of understanding). The methods of arriving at truth are the concern of *logic*.

Is there a fundamental essence in the universe? —or a group of essences? The early Greeks' failure to find an answer was followed by a theory of atoms, which anticipated crudely the efforts of modern physics and chemistry to solve this problem.

How did the universe begin? In attempting to answer this, we come to the central problem of *theology*: is there a ruler of the universe? Various

answers have been given: (1) *polytheism* (existence of many gods), (2) *pantheism* (god manifested in every part of the universe), (3) *monotheism* (one god controlling everything), (4) *atheism* (no god). Monotheists are either *theists* (God originated the universe and is still in active control and association with men), or *deists* (God established for the universe perfect laws with which he does not interfere). At this point should be mentioned *agnosticism*, which holds that such ultimate questions as those of God and Immortality constitute unsolvable problems about which there exists no reliable information.

What is the nature of personality? Are the traditional divisions—physical, mental, spiritual—valid? Is there a soul? If so, just what is it? Does the personality continue after death? Is there immortality of the soul? If so, what kind? Did the soul exist before birth (*pre-existence*)? May the soul return in other forms or other persons (*metapsychosis* or *transmigration*)? Does the soul (or personality) have rewards and punishments after death?

These are but a few of the questions the philosopher asks himself about the reality of things. Let us now see what are some of the fundamental questions of the student of *ethics*.

Ethics is primarily a study of conduct and is concerned with discovering what acts are good. The three most usual answers to the problem have been that the good is what one owes (a) to God, (b) to one's neighbor, or (c) to oneself.

The answer of religion has usually been that the good consists in acquitting oneself of one's duty to God. This introduces the question of how one is to know what is owed to God, which leads to the problem of how trustworthy are the words of books, priests, or sages professing to proclaim this duty.

Another answer to the problem of good is that an act is ethical when it is helpful to mankind as a whole. This principle is sometimes formulated as the pursuit of "the greatest good for the greatest number." Much of modern *humanitarianism* is based on this assumption.

A third attitude toward ethics is the *individualistic* approach. A good deed is whatever is best for oneself, so that the effect of an act on oneself is the principal consideration in ordering one's conduct. Among the ancients the two great philosophies of this type were the *Epicurean* and the *Stoic*. These were best exemplified in the classic world in the works of Lucretius, the Epicurean,

and Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic. For the Epicurean the greatest good is pleasure, the greatest evil pain. One should order one's life so as to derive from it all the pleasures possible. At its best, this philosophy promotes a fine and well-balanced life. A pleasurable old age; for example, can come only from a well-spent youth; and that it is more pleasant to be loved than hated suggests making ourselves congenial to others. But Epicureanism has nearly always led to abuse by those who made it a pretext for indulgence in all kinds of sensual gratifications. The modern world knows it largely from the description by one of its enemies: let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

Stoicism glorified the serene spirit above everything. Though all in the world may be wrong and though the heavens fall, the stoic preserves the integrity of his best self. The English poet Henley gave us pure Stoicism when he wrote:

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

The practical measure of what is good most frequently ascribed to the Greeks was set down by Aristotle in his *Ethics* when he developed the principle of "the golden mean." Nothing should be done in the extreme—"nothing too much."

The last main division of speculative thinking is *aesthetics*, the theory of the beautiful. Its problem concerns everything connected with artistic expression and enjoyment. A few of the questions of aesthetics are:

What is the urge toward artistic expression? Why, for example, does a painter paint? Some of the answers suggested are: (a) enjoyment of the art itself, and satisfaction in the successful expression of an idea, (b) enjoyment of appreciation by others because of (1) the enhancement of one's own personality through having one's work noticed, (2) the pleasure in being applauded, (3) practical rewards. There also enters here the special pleasure of communal art—that is, of artistic expression which is carried on with others at the same time. Is there more pleasure in dancing in a group than by oneself? If so, why? The joy in work songs and marching songs illustrates this kind of artistic urge.

A second question of aesthetics is why art is liked. Why do people listen to music, look at pictures, read poems? Some answers have been these:

(a) Art brings a relief from a tedious existence—a release from boredom. (b) Art acts as a handmaiden for religion and stirs men to devotion. (c) Art is useful in teaching lessons of life and conduct (that is, it is *didactic*). (d) Art gives joy to all who appreciate artistic form and pattern and color and sound—a joy quite separate from any practical use (*art for art's sake*). (e) Art brings about a great increase in the pleasure of life by permitting us to share the observations, emotions, or thoughts of the artist—a peculiarly gifted person.

The hardest problem of aesthetics is the distinction between good and bad art. Is the beautiful good art and the ugly bad? The Greeks early discarded any such idea, if they ever entertained it. Is it necessarily good art if an artist has been able to carry out his aims? Are all aims equally valid for the artist?—These problems seem as far from final solution as ever. Only a careful study of the whole product of literature and the arts will help us approach a satisfactory answer.

Philosophy is not strictly confined to such problems as have been outlined here—but perhaps enough has been suggested to show the extensiveness of the field speculative thinkers have been cultivating for the past twenty-five centuries.

GREEK PHILOSOPHY BEFORE SOCRATES

As has been already mentioned, the earliest problems attacked by the Greeks concerned the essential nature of the universe. Was it all originally water—which can become solid, liquid, or gas? Or was it made up of four elements—earth, fire, water, and air? From such speculation they proceeded to consider the origins of the universe, and the nature of time and space. They put forward some of the fundamental problems of thought.

Many of the early Greek philosophers are little more than names to us, for we now possess but fragmentary accounts of what they believed. The activities of Thales began in the seventh century before Christ with speculations about the constitution of the universe. For two centuries before Socrates and Plato, with whom most of us begin our knowledge of philosophy, there were continual attempts to state and to solve basic problems. One of Thales' disciples thought that living creatures came from the moist element (water) as it was evaporated by the sun and that man at first was like a fish. A generation later Pythagoras (582-507? B.C.) interested himself in speculations about the transmigration of the soul and in the significance of relationship between numbers. With

Xenophanes, who lived at the same time, the Greeks began to reason about the existence of God. In this philosopher's ideas we also find a God who neither toils nor moves but rules everything by his thought. In the next century Anaxagoras (500-428 B.C.) considered *Nous* (the Greek for "mind") as the arranger of the infinite number of seeds that make up the universe. From his time on, the idea of a Divine Will as creator continued to appear as an important problem in all philosophical thinking.

The two principal thinkers who were living around 500 B.C., Heraclitus and Parmenides, were concerned with the question of permanence or change. They came to opposite conclusions. Parmenides regarded all change as merely apparent and reality as changeless. Heraclitus, however, with his analogy of the river which is never the same from one time to the next, maintained that "all things flow." The world to him represented a strife of opposite and unresting forces.

The doctrines of Empedocles (500?-430? B.C.), in which the world seems to consist of four elements played upon by the forces of Love and Strife, do not seem nearly so important to the modern student as the teachings of the atomists who succeeded him. These men, Leucippus and Democritus (460-362 B.C.), advanced the theory that the universe is made up of atoms, objects so small that they cannot be divided. The atoms are of every shape, are separated by narrow fissures of space, and are in ceaseless motion.

SOCRATES (469-399 B.C.)

By the time Socrates appeared, a number of the great problems had already been stated. For his own work the speculations of Democritus on the mind were perhaps more important than those on physics, because Socrates' main interest was in logical processes. We shall see him in his *Apology* describing the way in which he strives to make logical analyses by means of persistent questioning. How to get beyond mere easy answers to conclusions that would bear the severest scrutiny and criticism: this was Socrates' problem. His greatest contribution to his age was perhaps not any one principle he discovered, but rather the passion for the pursuit of truth. This passion made him misunderstood, so that many men confused him with the Sophists and their easy-going contention that man is the measure of truth and that a search for anything more satisfactory than each man's idea of the truth is futile.

All who read the *Apology* and the *Crito* will wonder how such an admirable character as Socrates should have been put to death. It must, of course, be remembered that this death sentence took place at a time when Athens had just been defeated and when a new and tyrannical government had taken hold. Moreover, the conservatives were honestly alarmed. The hold he had over all the brilliant young men of his day, his disconcerting way of questioning all that these substantial citizens had implicitly trusted—these were enough to make many men, Aristophanes, for example, looked on Socrates and all speculative thinkers as nuisances who would some day bring them all to ruin. At the same time, moreover, Socrates was regarded with distrust by the democratic faction, for his connection with the oligarchs who oppressed the Athenians after their final defeat by Sparta.

Among the aristocratic young men who followed Socrates was one who was not willing that the teachings of his master should perish. Plato has so injected his own thinking into dialogues in which Socrates is speaking that it is now extremely hard to tell whether we are listening to the ideas of the master or the pupil.

PLATO (427-347 B.C.)

Of all philosophers perhaps Plato is the most pleasing writer. He has in him the talents of many men. His dramatic power is so great that we feel ourselves members of the group of rare souls he gathers together to discuss the weighty problems of life and death. In such a work as the *Crito* the philosophical problem of obedience to law is raised from mere colorless speculation into an absorbing interest. We see a man's philosophy being actually lived. And in the *Phædo* where Plato brings all his reasoning to bear on the question of the soul and the after life, the interest is heightened by that incomparable scene in which Socrates spends his last hour on earth talking of these matters with the young men he is so soon to leave behind. What a rare combination of emotional intensity and lucid thinking!

Of all Plato's works *The Republic* probably brings greatest reward to the inexperienced reader of philosophy. The delightful picture of the group gathering together and falling naturally into a discussion of some of the profoundest of questions

immediately engages the interest of the reader. As he progresses, he sees a whole world of thought unrolling before him, yet he is not conscious that he is doing more than merely hearing simple ideas. And if his attention begins anywhere to lag, Plato is always ready with some interesting myth that he has invented to illustrate his point. *The Republic* is not short, and of course cannot be included in a collection like this, but a leisurely reading, in which for some hours or days we converse with Socrates and his friends, may well be one of the most memorable experiences of life.

Plato, moreover, was no mere echo of Socrates, whom indeed we see largely through Plato's eyes, and to whom he ascribed his own ideas, making of him a dramatic convenience and a mouthpiece. In Plato, we find the culmination of one of the main trends of Greek philosophical thought. He ignored and lowered the prestige of the scientific, materialistic school that brought Greece to the threshold of modern science. He also turned against the individualism, the enlightened skepticism, and relativism of the most progressive Sophists, although, like his master Socrates, he employed their dialectical method of argumentation. But he brought to perfection all the tentative speculations of the idealistic school that began with Pythagoras.

In metaphysics Plato rejected the senses as the criterion of truth, because these can only lead to disorder and confusion. Knowledge is possible only through what Plato called Ideas—classifications or concepts to which he appears to have attributed independent existence; indeed, he regarded them as the only reality, for they are "generalized images and forms that mold the chaos of sensation into the order of thought." "These Ideas are not objective to the senses but they are real to thought, for they remain, and are unchanged, even when all the sense objects to which they correspond are destroyed. Men are born to die, but man survives. Every individual triangle is only imperfectly a triangle, soon or later passes away, and therefore is relatively unreal; but triangle—the form and law of all triangles—is perfect and everlasting."¹ This is also true of goodness, beauty, and other abstractions; the highest of the Ideas is the Good. Philosophy deals with Ideas and not with particulars, and the philosopher's chief aim is the discovery of the Good. God orders the universe according to perfect and changeless ideas. The soul is not mate-

¹ *The Life of Greece* by Will Durant, pp. 515-16. The fable of the Cave in the *Republic* is an attempt to describe the common man's ignorance and the philosopher's knowledge of "Ideas" poetically.

ARISTOTLE (384-322 B.C.)

rial, but the ordering or self-moving force in man; it cannot therefore die like the body. It existed before the body, it will exist after it in other incarnations. The Soul brings with it memories from preceding incarnations, and knowledge is merely a recovery of these memories by means of education. Truth, in short, is innate, and truth is order or harmony. To seek it in private and social behavior is the aim of ethics; that is the subject of *The Republic*, in which the nature of justice is subjected to investigation until Plato demonstrates that justice is harmony in the individual, even as it is harmony in the state. The soul has three levels—desire, will, and reason or thought; and the three must collaborate harmoniously under the rule of reason in any individual. In Plato's utopian state, the Republic, we find the same three levels, represented by the three classes of workers, soldiers, and rulers or philosopher-kings. Love, too, in Plato's *Symposium*, progresses through three stages—love of the body, love of the soul, and love of the truth—that is, philosophy; the last is "Platonic Love," a term that has been carelessly employed to denote sexually unconsummated love.

In all these matters, Plato's influence was far-reaching. His dream of a harmonious state ruled by reason is the first of the utopias or imaginary states (literal meaning, "nowhere") envisioned by idealists like Sir Thomas More, Campanella and William Morris, throughout the ages. His philosophy of Ideas became the basis of all later philosophical *idealism*. His philosophy of love found its way into Renaissance and Elizabethan poetry, from Petrarch's Sonnets to Laura to the sonnet sequences of Spencer, Sidney, and Shakespeare.

Not content with speculation, Plato tried to put his aristocratic political theories into practice in Sicily by influencing the ruler of Syracuse. But after some success, his efforts only got him sold into slavery, from which he had to be ransomed by his friends. His admirers then bought him a suburban place where he established his school, the Academy, named after the local god "Acedemus." His real triumphs remained in the speculative field, and these he owed not only to the greatness of his thought but to the superiority of his artistry. As a youth who won distinction in practically every physical and mental activity, he hesitated between poetry and philosophy. He did not cease to be a poet when he became a philosopher.

Both Socrates and Plato were fortunate in having great disciples to carry philosophy on to a new generation. Aristotle was perhaps of all the ancients the most nearly universal in his interests. He discussed all the fundamental problems of philosophy. He worked out the principles of logic. He wrote on physics and astronomy (though he was fundamentally mistaken). He discussed the soul of man and its methods of apprehension. He classified living organisms and began work in comparative anatomy and embryology. His *Ethics* and his *Politics* show his interest in the practical life, and his *Rhetoric* and *Politics* in literature and art.

In another part of this volume we have already examined Aristotle's discussion of Tragedy. It had a profound influence on the writing of drama during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in some respects it is still affecting our practice and judgments. Any clear understanding of the principles of the Greek drama depends on a knowledge of this treatise although it is not easy reading. (Perhaps we have only Aristotle's lecture notes or a bare outline that he hoped at some time to work over into something more pleasing.)

Aristotle, a native of Thrace, absorbed everything he could from Plato and upon the latter's death removed to Atarneus in Asia Minor, to the court of a fellow-student, Hermeias, who had become the dictator of that city. Aristotle even married Hermeias' sister. But his patron was soon assassinated, and the philosopher found it expedient to flee to the island of Lesbos, where he devoted himself to the study of natural history. In 343 B.C. he was invited by Philip of Macedonia to educate his thirteen-year-old son Alexander. Philip also commissioned him to direct the re-establishment of a war-destroyed city and to draw up its laws. Aristotle returned to Athens nine years later, and in rivalry to the Academy of the deceased Plato opened a school in an Athenian gymnasium, the Lyceum, dedicated to Apollo Lyceus. There, characteristically, he turned his students into research workers, making them compile and organize all existing knowledge. For Aristotle was the most scientific of Greek philosophers.

Even in his metaphysics, derived from Plato, he reflected this inclination. Although agreeing with his master that true knowledge must deal with universals or concepts—that is, "Ideas"—Aristotle

maintained that they have no separate existence. They are merely generalizations "formed from many perceptions of like objects"²—that is, they are concepts arrived at by discovering something common to various phenomena, like the "laws" of modern science. In all things, it is true, "there is a design, but it is less a guidance from without than an inner drive by which each thing is drawn to its natural fulfilment"—just as there is something dynamic or directive (some "final cause") in the acorn that makes it grow into an oak tree. In the universe, it is God who is the "final cause," the purposive, motive force. "God is not the creator of the material world, but its energizing form; he moves it not from behind, but as an inner direction or goal, as something beloved moves the lover. Finally, says Aristotle, God is pure thought, rational soul, contemplating itself in the eternal forms that constitute at once the essence of the world, and God."³ This could and did lead to mysticism and non-rationalistic theology. But Aristotle himself remained a pure Greek rationalist. And this quality of cool, balanced thinking also appeared in his ethics. The good life, in his opinion, is the happy life, which is achieved by moderation after certain external conditions—like wealth, social position, health, good looks, and luck—are present. The best life, however, is the contemplative life, for thought or intelligence is the special excellence of humanity. In his sentence "the proper work of man is a working of the soul in accordance with reason," he also summed up the special excellence of Greek civilization.

Aristotle summed up the various philosophical trends of the pre-Socratic and Socratic schools of thought. That he should have left an imprint on both science and philosophy for more than two thousand years of European and Arabian civilization was inevitable. For what animated him was the accumulation of three centuries of intellectual speculation and observation in the cradle of Western civilization, the Greek world.

This is not the place to trace the decline of Greek philosophy. As time went on, the interest of philosophers turned more and more to ethics. In a world where it was growing ever more difficult for the individual to control his surroundings, the dreams of Plato's *Republic* faded away. The great question became how to live the satisfactory life. Two men in the generation after Aristotle

stated the principles of the two ethical systems that were to prevail in the Greco-Roman world for five hundred years.

EPICURUS AND LUCRETIUS

Epicurus (342-270 B.C.) was the beginner of Epicureanism, which found the greatest good in pleasure. But as we have stated above, he did not interpret pleasure in a narrow sense. Virtue, for example, is desirable because pleasant, and so are friendship and kindness. The other ethical philosophy was Stoicism, founded by Zeno (336?-264? B.C.). Based on a belief in the power of reason, Stoicism held that all conduct could be directed by the rationally controlled will. The Stoic would suppress all his emotions and pay no attention to sensations of pleasure or pain. Neither of these ethical systems was much concerned with duty either to God or to one's neighbor, but because of the identification of reason with God as the personification of law, the Stoic was much more receptive to an active belief in God.

The greatest literary product of Epicureanism is the majestic and forceful Latin poem of Lucretius, *Of the Nature of Things*. Yet it is not really the Epicurean ethics which interests us in this poem. It is rather the materialistic scientific background of the philosophy that is vital for us. Here we have the clear statement of the best that the thinkers of ancient times could do to explain the world about them. Many of the guesses—for they were hardly more than that—are extremely shrewd. And the observation, without modern instruments, is sometimes remarkable.

Besides, so great is the literary value of this work that it can be read as poetry as well as philosophy. A consuming passion for freedom from superstition pervades the poem. It is for this reason that Lucretius turns to a picture of a world determined by natural law rather than by the will of the gods, that he identifies soul with perishable matter and rejects a definition of spirit that would ensure a life after death and would give the priesthood power over people. He denounces pagan religion as the fabrication of priests and as a cult of barbarism. One of his greatest passages is his description of the sacrifice of Iphigenia by Agamemnon at the behest of the priest Calchas, which he presents as a horrible example of the effects of super-

² *Op. cit.*, p. 527. This makes Aristotle a "Nominalist," as opposed to a Platonic "Idealist"—that is, the "idea" is just a name for something held in common by like objects, instead of being a thing in itself.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 532.

stition. A materialistic, atomic interpretation of the universe is necessary, in Lucretius' opinion, if man is to achieve freedom and happiness, as well as human dignity. He writes like a man possessed of a great and noble purpose. His hexameters may be a trifle stiff, for Titus Lucretius Carus (about 96-55 B.C.) lived before the Latin epic had attained the flexibility of Virgil's poetry. But the poem is enriched by magnificent descriptive passages and superb rhapsodies. *Of the Nature of Things* is, in the last analysis, a paean to the life of reason. Its author was heartily disliked by the early Christians; and this may explain St. Jerome's report in his *Chronicle* that Lucretius became insane after drinking a love potion and wrote his works during some lucid intervals. But he was a singularly pure-minded thinker and poet.

MARCUS AURELIUS (A.D. 121-180)

Of the three principal Stoic writers, Nero's tutor Seneca (4 B.C.-65 A.D.), the sublime Phrygian slave Epictetus (60-120 A.D.), and Marcus Aurelius, the last effectively represents his predecessors. The reader will surely wish at some time to read the works of Epictetus, in which so many men have found guidance in the conduct of life. But it is in the *Meditations* of the great Roman Emperor that Stoicism seems most glowing and persuasive.

Marcus Aurelius was a philosopher only by avocation. He lived in the midst of the greatest responsibilities and the most unfortunate personal difficulties. He was Emperor of the Roman Empire when it was at the apex of its glory, so that Gibbon begins his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* with this reign. But on all sides the empire was pressed by the forces of barbarism and the peace-loving philosophical Emperor was compelled to spend his days at war. This would be enough to make demands on all his stoical calm, even if he had not been compelled to suffer from a dissolute wife and a disgraceful son. Through all these troubles the Emperor retained his serene spirit and insisted that life's greatest battles are not fought with barbarians but within one's own soul.

A broad philosophical outlook underlay stoicism. Although it held that everything was material (that is, consists of matter), it maintained that God is, at once, the creator of the universe and its Soul; he diffuses himself through the universe; or God and the world are the same reality. This is the doctrine of *pantheism* that one encounters in later European thought, as in the philosophy

of Spinoza, who inspired Goethe and other great writers. However, the Stoics looked upon philosophy as a matter of practical application, and developed their view of the universe only in order to find a basis for ethical principles. Time and again, Marcus Aurelius considers diametrically opposed metaphysical theories only to conclude that his code of conduct is valid regardless of which theory one adopts. If he favors pantheism it is basically because it enables him to exalt the law of necessity, the acceptance of whatever befalls a man, which is the core of stoic ethics. The soul within us is a part of the universal soul; therefore we cannot escape the necessity which divine law imposes on all things. Our merit and reward come from perfect acquiescence in the rule of divine destiny, from letting reason tell us that this is best. This alone can spare us suffering, for suffering is a mental state, and what we do not consider painful, regardless of what happens to us, cannot cause us anguish. Stoicism, then, is ultimately an austere defense against pain.

With Marcus Aurelius the ethical systems of the ancient world came to a close. The day was ready for something warmer and more vital than his rather tired moral precepts. New forces of thought had been at work for two centuries and more, and now were to affect men's thinking for all time to come.

These forces were all from the East, and their effect was to diminish the rational and increase the irrational in men's thought. To consider the play and interplay of these philosophies is always to come to the conclusion that men had abandoned the attempt to reason things out. They wanted to go beyond reason. If they often ended with mere emotional solutions for intellectual problems, they nevertheless thought that they were making an advance. Known as neo-Platonists, they adopted the irrational part of Plato's philosophy—his picture of an ideal otherworld, and they changed his philosophy so radically that he would never have recognized it. Investigation of the facts of the world ceased. Demons and spirits and incantations—all that would establish contact with this otherworld—became the chief end of man.

In short, the ancient world, tired of a pursuit of reason, was ready for a philosophy that depended not on reason but on revelation. It was tired also of a code of conduct having individual satisfaction as its goal, and responded increasingly, generation after generation, to the new preaching of the Kingdom of Heaven. As the old culture

with all that it had of good or bad, gradually failed and the old world passed, something new took its place. The new world was uncouth, barbaric, unappreciative of the great civilization it overran. But the new religion of Christ, an out-growth of Hebraism, came to the people and stirred their minds and hearts. From the beginning of the fourth century onwards the barbarians were in real control of the world. During all the dark and discouraging centuries that were to come, how-

ever, there were some of these men who thought long thoughts and tried to reason clearly about life and the world. No longer in the old free manner of the Greeks were they to think. For in their new religion they had gained peace and certainty of mind and direction of effort, but they had lost their freedom of philosophical speculation. For a thousand years and more, men of western Europe were to direct their thoughts in patterns prescribed by the Christian Church.

PLATO

The Apology of Socrates

How you have felt, O men of Athens, at hearing the speeches of my accusers, I cannot tell; but I know that their persuasive words almost made me forget who I was, such was the effect of them; and yet they have hardly spoken a word of truth. But many as their falsehoods were, there was one of them which quite amazed me: I mean when they told you to be upon your guard, and not to let yourself be deceived by the force of my eloquence. They ought to have been ashamed of saying this, because they were sure to be detected as soon as I opened my lips and displayed my deficiency; they certainly did appear to be most shameless in saying this, unless by the force of eloquence they mean the force of truth: for then I do indeed admit that I am eloquent. But in how different a way from theirs! Well, as I was saying, they have hardly uttered a word, or not more than a word, of truth; but you shall hear from me the whole truth: not, however, delivered after their manner, in a set oration duly ornamented with words and phrases. No, indeed! but I shall use the words and arguments which occur to me at the moment; for I am certain that this is right, and that at my time of life I ought not to be appearing before you, O men of Athens, in the character of a juvenile orator: let no

one expect this of me. And I must beg of you to grant me one favor, which is this—if you hear me using the same words in my defense which I have been in the habit of using, and which most of you may have heard in the *agora*, and at the tables of the money-changers, or anywhere else, I would ask you not to be surprised at this, and not to interrupt me. For I am more than seventy years of age, and this is the first time that I have ever appeared in a court of law, and I am quite a stranger to the ways of the place; and therefore I would have you regard me as if I were really a stranger, whom you would excuse if he spoke in his native tongue, and after the fashion of his country: that I think is not an unfair request. Never mind the manner, which may or may not be good; but think only of the justice of my cause, and give heed to that: let the judge decide justly and the speaker speak truly.

And first, I have to reply to the older charges and to my first accusers, and then I will go to the later ones. For I have had many accusers, who accused me of old, and their false charges have continued during many years; and I am more afraid of them than of Anytus and his associates, who are dangerous, too, in their own way. But far more dangerous are these, who began when you were

Plato, *The Apology of Socrates*. Translated by Benjamin Jowett. Plato (c. 427-347 B.C.) was one of the aristocratic young men of Athens who fell under the spell of Socrates. Later he gave us the best account of his master and expounded a remarkable philosophical system of his own, which he first taught for forty years at his school, The Academy.

children, and took possession of your minds with their falsehoods, telling of one Socrates, a wise man, who speculated about the heaven above, and searched into the earth beneath, and made the worse appear the better cause. These are the accusers whom I dread; for they are the circulators of this rumor, and their hearers are too apt to fancy that speculators of this sort do not believe in the gods. And they are many, and their charges against me are of ancient date, and they made them in days when you were impressible—in childhood, or perhaps in youth—and the cause when heard went by default, for there was none to answer. And, hardest of all, their names I do not know and cannot tell; unless in the chance of a comic poet. But the main body of these slanderers who from envy and malice have wrought upon you—and there are some of them who are convinced themselves, and impart their convictions to others—all these, I say, are most difficult to deal with; for I cannot have them up here, and examine them, and therefore I must simply fight with shadows in my own defense, and examine when there is no one who answers. I will ask you then to assume with me, as I was saying, that my opponents are of two kinds—one recent, the other ancient; and I hope that you will see the propriety of my answering the latter first, for these accusations you heard long before the others, and much oftener.

Well, then, I will make my defense, and I will endeavor in the short time which is allowed to do away with this evil opinion of me which you have held for such a long time; and I hope I may succeed, if this be well for you and me, and that my words may find favor with you. But I know that to accomplish this is not easy—I quite see the nature of the task. Let the event be as God wills: in obedience to the law I make my defense.

I will begin at the beginning, and ask what the accusation is which has given rise to this slander of me, and which has encouraged Meletus to proceed against me. What do the slanderers say? They shall be my prosecutors, and I will sum up their words in an affidavit: "Socrates is an evil-doer, and a curious person, who searches into things under the earth and in heaven, and he makes the worse appear the better cause; and he teaches the aforesaid doctrines to others." That is the nature of the accusation, and that is what you have seen yourselves in the comedy of Aristophanes; who has introduced a man whom he calls Socrates, going about and saying that he can walk in the air, and talking a deal of nonsense concerning matters of which I

do not pretend to know either much or little—not that I mean to say anything disparaging of anyone who is a student of natural philosophy. I should be very sorry if Meletus could lay that to my charge. But the simple truth is, O Athenians, that I have nothing to do with these studies. Very many of those here present are witnesses to the truth of this, and to them I appeal. Speak then, you who have heard me, and tell your neighbors whether any of you have ever known me hold forth in few words or in many upon matters of this sort. . . . You hear their answer. And from what they say of this you will be able to judge of the truth of the rest.

As little foundation is there for the report that I am a teacher, and take money; that is no more true than the other. Although, if a man is able to teach, I honor him for being paid. There is Gorgias of Leontium, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis, who go the round of the cities, and are able to persuade the young men to leave their own citizens, by whom they might be taught for nothing, and come to them, whom they not only pay, but are thankful if they may be allowed to pay them. There is actually a Parian philosopher residing in Athens, of whom I have heard; and I came to hear of him in this way: I met a man who has spent a world of money on the Sophists, Callias the son of Hipponicus, and knowing that he had sons, I asked him: "Callias," I said, "if your two sons were foals or calves, there would be no difficulty in finding someone to put over them; we should hire a trainer of horses or a farmer probably who would improve and perfect them in their own proper virtue and excellence; but as they are human beings, whom are you thinking of placing over them? Is there anyone who understands human and political virtue? You must have thought about this as you have sons; is there anyone?" "There is," he said. "Who is he?" said I, "and of what country? and what does he charge?" "Evenus the Parian," he replied; "he is the man, and his charge is five minæ." Happy is Evenus, I said to myself, if he really has this wisdom, and teaches at such a modest charge. Had I the same, I should have been very proud and conceited; but the truth is that I have no knowledge of the kind, O Athenians.

I dare say that someone will ask the question, "Why is this, Socrates, and what is the origin of these accusations of you: for there must have been something strange which you have been doing? All this great fame and talk about you would

never have arisen if you had been like other men: tell us, then, why this is, as we should be sorry to judge hastily of you." Now I regard this as a fair challenge, and I will endeavor to explain to you the origin of this name of "wise," and of this evil fame. Please to attend them. And although some of you may think I am joking, I declare that I will tell you the entire truth. Men of Athens, this reputation of mine has come of a certain sort of wisdom which I possess. If you ask me what kind of wisdom, I reply, such wisdom as is attainable by man, for to that extent I am inclined to believe that I am wise; whereas the persons of whom I was speaking have a superhuman wisdom, which I may fail to describe, because I have it not myself; and he who says that I have, speaks falsely, and is taking away my character. And here, O men of Athens, I must beg you not to interrupt me, even if I seem to say something extravagant. For the word which I will speak is not mine. I will refer you to a witness who is worthy of credit, and will tell you about my wisdom—whether I have any, and of what sort—and that witness shall be the god of Delphi. You must have known Chærephon; he was early a friend of mine, and also a friend of yours, for he shared in the exile of the people, and returned with you. Well, Chærephon, as you know, was very impetuous in all his doings, and he went to Delphi and boldly asked the oracle to tell him whether—as I was saying, I must beg you not to interrupt—he asked the oracle to tell him whether there was anyone wiser than I was, and the Pythian prophetess answered that there was no man wiser. Chærephon is dead himself, but his brother, who is in court, will confirm the truth of this story.

Why do I mention this? Because I am going to explain to you why I have such an evil name. When I heard the answer, I said to myself, What can the god mean? and what is the interpretation of this riddle? for I know that I have no wisdom, small or great. What can he mean when he says that I am the wisest of men? And yet he is a god and cannot lie; that would be against his nature. After a long consideration, I at last thought of a method of trying the question. I reflected that if I could only find a man wiser than myself, then I might go to the god with a refutation in my hand. I should say to him, "Here is a man who is wiser than I am; but you said that I was the wisest." Accordingly I went to one who had the reputation of wisdom, and observed to him—his name I need not mention; he was a politician whom I selected for examination—and the result was as follows:

When I began to talk with him, I could not help thinking that he was not really wise, although he was thought wise by many, and wiser still by himself; and I went and tried to explain to him that he thought himself wise, but was not really wise; and the consequence was that he hated me, and his enmity was shared by several who were present and heard me. So I left him, saying to myself, as I went away: Well, although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything really beautiful and good, I am better off than he is—for he knows nothing, and thinks that he knows. I neither know nor think that I know. In this latter particular, then, I seem to have slightly the advantage of him. Then I went to another, who had still higher philosophical pretensions, and my conclusion was exactly the same. I made another enemy of him, and of many others besides him.

After this I went to one man after another, being 20 not unconscious of the enmity which I provoked, and I lamented and feared this: but necessity was laid upon me—the word of God, I thought, ought to be considered first. And I said to myself, Go I must to all who appear to know, and find out the meaning of the oracle. And I swear to you, Athenians, by the dog I swear!—for I must tell you the truth—the result of my mission was just this: I found that the men most in repute were all but the most foolish; and that some inferior men were 30 really wiser and better. I will tell you the tale of my wanderings and of the "Herculean" labors, as I may call them, which I endured only to find at last the oracle irrefutable. When I left the politicians, I went to the poets; tragic, dithyrambic, and all sorts. And there, I said to myself, you will be detected; now you will find out that you are more ignorant than they are. Accordingly, I took them some of the most elaborate passages in their own writings, and asked what was the meaning of 40 them—thinking that they would teach me something. Will you believe me? I am almost ashamed to speak of this, but still I must say that there is hardly a person present who would not have talked better about their poetry than they did themselves. That showed me in an instant that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration; they are like diviners or soothsayers who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them. And the poets appeared to me to be much in the same case; and I further observed that upon the strength of their poetry they believed themselves to be the wisest of men in other things in which they were not wise

So I departed, conceiving myself to be superior to them for the same reason that I was superior to the politicians.

At last I went to the artisans, for I was conscious that I knew nothing at all, as I may say, and I was sure that they knew many fine things; and in this I was not mistaken, for they did know many things of which I was ignorant, and in this they certainly were wiser than I was. But I observed that even the good artisans fell into the same error as the poets; because they were good workmen they thought that they also knew all sorts of high matters, and this defect in them overshadowed their wisdom—therefore I asked myself on behalf of the oracle, whether I would like to be as I was, neither having their knowledge nor their ignorance, or like them in both; and I made answer to myself and the oracle that I was better off as I was.

This investigation has led to my having many enemies of the worst and most dangerous kind, and has given occasion also to many calumnies, and I am called wise, for my hearers always imagine that I myself possess the wisdom which I find wanting in others: but the truth is, O men of Athens, that God only is wise; and in this oracle he means to say that the wisdom of men is little or nothing; he is not speaking of Socrates, he is only using my name as an illustration, as if he said, He, O men, is the wisest, who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing. And so I go my way, obedient to the god, and make inquisition into the wisdom of anyone, whether citizen or stranger, who appears to be wise; and if he is not wise, then in vindication of the oracle I show him that he is not wise; and this occupation quite absorbs me, and I have no time to give either to any public matter of interest or to any concern of my own, but I am in utter poverty by reason of my devotion to the god.

There is another thing:—young men of the richer classes, who have not much to do, come about me of their own accord; they like to hear the pretenders examined, and they often imitate me, and examine others themselves; there are plenty of persons, as they soon enough discover, who think that they know something, but really know little or nothing: and then those who are examined by them instead of being angry with themselves are angry with me: This confounded Socrates, they say; this villainous misleader of youth!—and then if somebody asks them, Why, what evil does he practice or teach? they do not know, and cannot tell: but in order that they may not appear to be

at a loss, they repeat the ready-made charges which are used against all philosophers about teaching things up in the clouds and under the earth, and having no gods, and making the worse appear the better cause; for they do not like to confess that their pretense of knowledge has been detected—which is the truth: and as they are numerous and ambitious and energetic, and are all in battle array and have persuasive tongues, they have filled you ears with their loud and inveterate calumnies. And this is the reason why my three accusers, Meletus and Anytus and Lycon, have set upon me: Meletus, who has a quarrel with me on behalf of the poets; Anytus, on behalf of the craftsmen; Lycon, on behalf of the rhetoricians; and as I said at the beginning, I cannot expect to get rid of this mass of calumny all in a moment. And this, O men of Athens, is the truth and the whole truth; I have concealed nothing, I have dissembled nothing. And yet I know that this plainness of speech makes them hate me, and what is their hatred but a proof that I am speaking the truth?—this is the occasion and reason of their slander of me, as you will find out either in this or in any future inquiry.

I have said enough in my defense against the first class of my accusers; I turn to the second class, who are headed by Meletus, that good and patriotic man, as he calls himself. And now I will try to defend myself against them: these new accusers must also have their affidavit read. What do they say? Something of this sort: That Socrates is a doer of evil, and corrupter of the youth, and he does not believe in the gods of the State, and has other new divinities of his own. That is the sort of charge; and now let us examine the particular counts. He says that I am a doer of evil, who corrupts the youth; but I say, O men of Athens, that Meletus is a doer of evil, and the evil is that he makes a joke of a serious matter, and is too ready at bringing other men to trial from a pretended zeal and interest about matters in which he really never had the smallest interest. And the truth of this I will endeavor to prove.

Come hither, Meletus, and let me ask a question of you. You think a great deal about the improvement of youth?

Yes, I do.

Tell the judges, then, who is their improver; for you must know, as you have taken the pains to discover their corrupter, and are citing and accusing me before them. Speak, then, and tell the judges who their improver is. Observe, Meletus, that you are silent, and have nothing to say. But

is not this rather disgraceful, and a very considerable proof of what I was saying, that you have no interest in the matter? Speak up, friend, and tell us who their improver is.

The laws.

But that, my good sir, is not my meaning. I want to know who the person is, who, in the first place, knows the laws.

The judges, Socrates, who are present in court.

What do you mean to say, Meletus, that they are able to instruct and improve youth?

Certainly they are.

What, all of them, or some only and not others?

All of them.

By the goddess Here, that is good news! There are plenty of improvers, then. And what do you say of the audience—do they improve them?

Yes, they do.

And the Senators?

Yes, the Senators improve them.

But perhaps the ecclesiasts corrupt them?—or do they too improve them?

They improve them.

Then every Athenian improves and elevates them; all with the exception of myself; and I alone am their corrupter? Is that what you affirm?

That is what I stoutly affirm.

I am very unfortunate if that is true. But suppose I ask you a question: Would you say that this also holds true in the case of horses? Does one man do them harm and all the world good? Is not the exact opposite of this true? One man is able to do them good, or at least not many; the trainer of horses, that is to say, does them good, and others who have to do with them rather injure them? Is not that true, Meletus, of horses, or any other animals? Yes, certainly. Whether you and Anytus say yes or no, that is no matter. Happy indeed would be the condition of youth if they had one corrupter only, and all the rest of the world were their improvers. And you, Meletus, have sufficiently shown that you never had a thought about the young: your carelessness is seen in your not caring about matters spoken of in this very indictment.

And now, Meletus, I must ask you another question: Which is better, to live among bad citizens, or among good ones? Answer, friend, I say; for that is a question which may be easily answered. Do not the good do their neighbors good, and the bad do them evil?

Certainly.

And is there anyone who would rather be injured than benefited by those who live with him?

Answer, my good friend; the law requires you to answer—does anyone like to be injured?

Certainly not.

And when you accuse me of corrupting and deteriorating the youth, do you allege that I corrupt them intentionally or unintentionally?

Intentionally, I say.

But you have just admitted that the good do their neighbors good, and the evil do them evil. Now is that a truth which your superior wisdom has recognized thus early in life, and am I, at my age, in such darkness and ignorance as not to know that if a man with whom I have to live is corrupted by me, I am very likely to be harmed by him, and yet I corrupt him, and intentionally, too? that is what you are saying, and of that you will never persuade me or any other human being. But either I do not corrupt them, or I corrupt them unintentionally, so that on either view of the case you lie. If my offense is unintentional, the law has no cognizance of unintentional offenses: you ought to have taken me privately, and warned and admonished me; for if I had been better advised, I should have left off doing what I only did unintentionally—no doubt I should; whereas you hated to converse with me or teach me, but you indicted me in this court, which is a place not of instruction, but of punishment.

I have shown, Athenians, as I was saying, that Meletus has no care at all, great or small, about the matter. But still I should like to know, Meletus, in what I am affirmed to corrupt the young. I suppose you mean, as I infer from your indictment, that I teach them not to acknowledge the gods which the State acknowledges, but some other new divinities or spiritual agencies in their stead. These are the lessons which corrupt the youth, as you say.

Yes, that I say emphatically.

Then, by the gods, Meletus, of whom we are speaking, tell me and the court, in somewhat plainer terms, what you mean! for I do not as yet understand whether you affirm that I teach others to acknowledge some gods, and therefore do believe in gods and am not an entire atheist—this you do not lay to my charge; but only that they are not the same gods which the city recognizes—the charge is that they are different gods. Or, do you mean to say that I am an atheist simply, and a teacher of atheism?

I mean the latter—that you are a complete atheist.

That is an extraordinary statement, Meletus. Why do you say that? Do you mean that I do not

believe in the god-head of the sun or moon, which is the common creed of all men?

I assure you, judges, that he does not believe in them; for he says that the sun is stone, and the moon earth.

Friend Meletus, you think that you are accusing Anaxagoras; and you have but a bad opinion of the judges, if you fancy them ignorant to such a degree as not to know that these doctrines are found in the books of Anaxagoras the Clazomenian, who is full of them. And these are the doctrines which the youth are said to learn of Socrates, when there are not unfrequently exhibitions of them at the theater (price of admission one drachma at the most); and they might cheaply purchase them, and laugh at Socrates if he pretends to father such eccentricities. And so, Meletus, you really think that I do not believe in any god?

I swear by Zeus that you believe absolutely in none at all.

You are a liar, Meletus, not believed even by yourself. For I cannot help thinking, O men of Athens, that Meletus is reckless and impudent, and that he has written this indictment in a spirit of mere wantonness and youthful bravado. Has he not compounded a riddle, thinking to try me? He said to himself: I shall see whether this wise Socrates will discover my ingenious contradiction, or whether I shall be able to deceive him and the rest of them. For he certainly does appear to me to contradict himself in the indictment as much as if he said that Socrates is guilty of not believing in the gods, and yet of believing in them—but this surely is a piece of fun.

I should like you, O men of Athens, to join me in examining what I conceive to be his inconsistency; and do you, Meletus, answer. And I must remind you that you are not to interrupt me if I speak in my accustomed manner.

Did ever man, Meletus, believe in the existence of human things, and not of human beings? . . . I wish, men of Athens, that he would answer, and not be always trying to get up an interruption. Did ever any man believe in horsemanship, and not in horses? or in flute-playing and not in flute-players? No, my friend; I will answer to you and to the court, as you refuse to answer for yourself. There is no man who ever did. But now please to answer the next question: Can a man believe in spiritual and divine agencies, and not in spirits or demigods?

He cannot.

I am glad that I have extracted that answer, by the assistance of the court; nevertheless you swear in the indictment that I teach and believe in divine or spiritual agencies (new or old, no matter for that); at any rate, I believe in spiritual agencies, as you say and swear in the affidavit; but if I believe in divine beings, I must believe in spirits or demigods; is not that true? Yes, that is true, for I may assume that your silence gives assent to that. Now what are spirits or demigods? are they not either gods or the sons of gods? Is that true?

Yes, that is true.

But this is just the ingenious riddle of which I was speaking: the demigods or spirits are gods, and you say first that I don't believe in gods, and then again that I do believe in gods; that is, if I believe in demigods. For if the demigods are the illegitimate sons of gods, whether by the Nymphs or by any other mothers, as is thought, that, as all men will allow, necessarily implies the existence of their parents. You might as well affirm the existence of mules, and deny that of horses and asses. Such nonsense, Meletus, could only have been intended by you as a trial of me. You have put this into the indictment because you had nothing real of which to accuse me. But no one who has a particle of understanding will ever be convinced by you that the same man can believe in divine and super-human things, and yet not believe that there are gods and demigods and heroes.

I have said enough in answer to the charge of Meletus: any elaborate defense is unnecessary; but as I was saying before, I certainly have many enemies, and this is what will be my destruction if I am destroyed; of that I am certain; not Meletus, nor yet Anytus, but the envy and detraction of the world, which has been the death of many good men, and will probably be the death of many more; there is no danger of my being the last of them.

Someone will say: And are you not ashamed, Socrates, of a course of life which is likely to bring you to an untimely end? To him I may fairly answer: There you are mistaken: a man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or of a bad. Whereas, according to your view, the heroes who fell at Troy were not good for much, and the son of Thetis above all, who altogether despised danger in comparison with disgrace; and when his goddess mother said to him, in his eagerness to slay Hector,

that if he avenged his companion Patroclus, and slew Hector, he would die himself—"Fate," as she said, "waits upon you next after Hector"; he, hearing this, utterly despised danger and death, and instead of fearing them, feared rather to live in dis-honor, and not to avenge his friend. "Let me die next," he replies, "and be avenged of my enemy, rather than abide here by the beaked ships, a scorn and a burden of the earth." Had Achilles any thought of death and danger? For wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything, but of disgrace. And this, O men of Athens, is a true saying.

Strange, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, if I who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidæa and Amphipolis and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other man, facing death—if, I say, now, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfill the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would indeed be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods, if I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death: then I should be fancying that I was wise when I was not wise. For this fear of death is indeed the pretense of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being the appearance of knowing the unknown; since no one knows whether death, which they in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is there not here conceit of knowledge, which is a disgraceful sort of ignorance? And this is the point in which, as I think, I am superior to men in general, and in which I might perhaps fancy myself wiser than other men—that whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know: but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonorable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil. And therefore if you let me go now, and reject the counsels of Anytus, who said that if I were not put to death I ought not to have been prosecuted, and that if I escape now, your sons will all be utterly ruined by listening to my words—if you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are

caught doing this again you shall die—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting anyone whom I meet after my manner, and convincing him, saying: O my friend, why do you who are a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, care so much about laying up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all? Are you not ashamed of this? And if the person with whom I am arguing says: Yes, but I do care; I do not depart or let him go at once; I interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and if I think that he has no virtue, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and overvaluing the less. And this I should say to everyone whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For this is the command of God, as I would have you know; and I believe that to this day no greater good has ever happened in the State than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons and your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue come money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, my influence is ruinous indeed. But if anyone says that this is not my teaching, he is speaking an un-truth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whatever you do, know that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times.

Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me; there was an agreement between us that you should hear me out. And I think that what I am going to say will do you good: for I have something more to say, at which you may be inclined to cry out; but I beg that you will not do this. I would have you know that, if you kill such a one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Meletus and Anytus will not injure me: they cannot; for it is not in the nature of things that a bad man should injure a better than himself. I do not deny that he may, perhaps, kill

him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights; and he may imagine, and others may imagine, that he is doing him a great injury: but in that I do not agree with him; for the evil of doing as Anytus is doing—of unjustly taking away another man's life—is greater far. And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God, or lightly reject his boon by condemning me. For if you kill me you will not easily find another like me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the State by the God; and the State is like a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has given the State and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. And as you will not easily find another like me, I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel irritated at being suddenly awakened when you are caught napping; and you may think that if you were to strike me dead, as Anytus advises, which you easily might, then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you gives you another gadfly. And that I am given to you by God is proved by this: that if I had been like other men, I should not have neglected all my own concerns, or patiently seen the neglect of them during all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually, like a father or elder brother, exhorting you to regard virtue; this, I say, would not be like human nature. And had I gained anything, or if my exhortations had been paid, there would have been some sense in that: but now, as you will perceive, not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of anyone; they have no witness of that. And I have a witness of the truth of what I say; my poverty is a sufficient witness.

Someone may wonder why I go about in private, giving advice and busying myself with the concerns of others, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the State. I will tell you the reason of this. You have often heard me speak of an oracle or sign which comes to me, and is the divinity which Meletus ridicules in the indictment. This sign I have had ever since I was a child. The sign is a voice which comes to me and always forbids me to do something which I am going to do, but never commands me to do anything, and this is what stands in the way of my being a politician.

And rightly, as I think. For I am certain, O men of Athens, that if I had engaged in politics, I should have perished long ago and done no good either to you or to myself. And don't be offended at my telling you the truth: for the truth is that no man who goes to war with you or any other multitude, honestly struggling against the commission of unrighteousness and wrong in the State, will save his life; he who will really fight for the right, if he would live even for a little while, must have a private station and not a public one.

I can give you as proofs of this, not words only, but deeds, which you value more than words. Let me tell you a passage of my own life, which will prove to you that I should never have yielded to injustice from any fear of death, and that if I had not yielded I should have died at once. I will tell you a story—tasteless, perhaps, and commonplace, but nevertheless true. The only office of State which I ever held, O men of Athens, was that of Senator; the tribe of Antiochis, which is my tribe, had the presidency at the trial of the generals who had not taken up the bodies of the slain after the battle of Arginusæ; and you proposed to try them all together, which was illegal, as you all thought afterwards; but at the time I was the only one of the Prytanes who was opposed to the illegality, and I gave my vote against you; and when the orators threatened to impeach and arrest me, and have me taken away, and you called and shouted, I made up my mind that I would run the risk, having law and justice with me, rather than take part in your injustice because I feared imprisonment and death. This happened in the days of the democracy. But when the oligarchy of the Thirty was in power, they sent for me and four others into the rotunda, and bade us bring Leon the Salaminian from Salamis, as they wanted to execute him. This was a specimen of the sort of commands which they were always giving with the view of implicating as many as possible in their crimes; and then I showed, not in words only, but in deed, that, if I may be allowed to use such an expression, I cared not a straw for death, and that my only fear was the fear of doing an unrighteous or unholy thing. For the strong arm of that oppressive power did not frighten me into doing wrong; and when we came out of the rotunda the other four went to Salamis and fetched Leon, but I went quietly home. For which I might have lost my life, had not the power of the Thirty shortly afterwards come to an end. And to this many will witness.

Now do you really imagine that I could have

survived all these years, if I had led a public life, supposing that like a good man I had always supported the right and had made justice, as I ought, the first thing? No, indeed, men of Athens, neither I nor any other. But if I have been always the same in all my actions, public as well as private, and never have I yielded any base compliance to those who are slanderously termed my disciples or to any other. For the truth is that I have no regular disciples: but if anyone likes to come and hear me while I am pursuing my mission, whether he be young or old, he may freely come. Nor do I converse with those who pay only, and not with those who do not pay; but anyone, whether he be rich or poor, may ask and answer me and listen to my words; and whether he turns out to be a bad man or a good one; that cannot be justly laid to my charge, as I never taught him anything. And if anyone says that he has ever learned or heard anything from me in private which all the world has not heard, I should like you to know that he is speaking an untruth.

But I shall be asked, Why do people delight in continually conversing with you? I have told you already, Athenians, the whole truth about this: they like to hear the cross examination of the pretenders to wisdom; there is amusement in this. And this is a duty which the God has imposed upon me, as I am assured by oracles, visions, and in every sort of way in which the will of divine power was ever signified to anyone. This is true, O Athenians; or, if not true, would be soon refuted. For if I am really corrupting the youth, and have corrupted some of them already, those of them who have grown up and have become sensible that I gave them bad advice in the days of their youth should come forward as accusers and take their revenge; and if they do not like to come themselves, some of their relatives, fathers, brothers, or other kinsmen, should say what evil their families suffered at my hands. Now is their time. Many of them I see in the court. There is Crito, who is of the same age and of the same *deme* with myself; and there is Critobulus his son, whom I also see. Then again there is Lysanias of Sphettus, who is the father of *Æschines*—he is present; and also there is Antiphon of Cephisus, who is the father of Epignes; and there are the brothers of several who have associated with me. There is Nicostratus the son of Theosdotides, and the brother of Theodotus (now Theodotus himself is dead, and therefore he, at any rate, will not seek to stop him); and there is Paralus the son of Demodocus, who had a

brother Theages; and Adeimantus the son of Ariston, whose brother Plato is present; and *Æ*antedorus, who is the brother of Apollodorus, whom I also see. I might mention a great many others, any of whom Meletus should have produced as witnesses in the course of his speech; and let him still produce them, if he has forgotten; I will make way for him. And let him say, if he has any testimony of the sort which he can produce. Nay, Athenians, the very opposite is the truth. For all these are ready to witness on behalf of the corrupter, of the destroyer of their kindred, as Meletus and Anytus call me; not the corrupted youth only—there might have been a motive for that—but their uncorrupted elder relatives. Why should they too support me with their testimony? Why, indeed, except for the sake of truth and justice, and because they know that I am speaking the truth, and that Meletus is lying.

Well, Athenians, this and the like of this is nearly all the defense which I have to offer. Yet a word more. Perhaps there may be someone who is offended at me, when he calls to mind how he himself, on a similar or even a less serious occasion, had recourse to prayers and supplications with many tears, and how he produced his children in court, which was a moving spectacle, together with a posse of his relations and friends; whereas I, who am probably in danger of my life, will do none of these things. Perhaps this may come into his mind, and he may be set against me, and vote in anger because he is displeased at this. Now if there be such a person among you, which I am far from affirming, I may fairly reply to him: My friend, I am a man, and like other men, a creature of flesh and blood, and not of wood or stone, as Homer says; and I have a family, yes, and sons, O Athenians, three in number, one of whom is growing up, and the two others are still young; and yet I will not bring any of them hither in order to petition you for an acquittal. And why not? Not from any self-will or disregard of you. Whether I am or am not afraid of death is another question, of which I will not now speak. But my reason simply is that I feel such conduct to be discreditable to myself, and you, and the whole State. One who has reached my years, and who has a name for wisdom, whether deserved or not, ought not to debase himself. At any rate, the world has decided that Socrates is in some way superior to other men. And if those among you who are said to be superior in wisdom and courage, and any other virtue, demean themselves in

this way, how shameful is their conduct! I have seen men of reputation, when they have been condemned, behaving in the strangest manner: they seemed to fancy that they were going to suffer something dreadful if they died, and that they could be immortal if you only allowed them to live; and I think that they were a dishonor to the State, and that any stranger coming in would say of them that the most eminent men of Athens, to whom the Athenians themselves give honor and command, are no better than women. And I say that these things ought not to be done by those of us who are of reputation; and if they are done, you ought not to permit them; you ought rather to show that you are more inclined to condemn, not the man who is quiet, but the man who gets up a doleful scene, and makes the city ridiculous.

But, setting aside the question of dishonor, there seems to be something wrong in petitioning a judge, and thus procuring an acquittal instead of informing and convincing him. For his duty is, not to make a present of justice, but to give judgment; and he has sworn that he will judge according to the laws, and not according to his own good pleasure; and neither he nor we should get into the habit of perjuring ourselves—there can be no piety in that. Do not then require me to do what I consider dishonorable and impious and wrong, especially now, when I am being tried for impiety on the indictment of Meletus. For if, O men of Athens, by force of persuasion and entreaty, I could overpower your oaths, then I should be teaching you to believe that there are no gods, and convict myself, in my own defense, of not believing in them. But that is not the case; for I do believe that there are gods, and in a far higher sense than that in which any of my accusers believe in them. And to you and to God I commit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and me.

There are many reasons why I am not grieved, O men of Athens, at the vote of condemnation. I expected this, and am only surprised that the votes are so nearly equal; for I had thought that the majority against me would have been far larger; but now, had thirty votes gone over to the other side, I should have been acquitted. And I may say that I have escaped Meletus. And I may say more; for without the assistance of Anytus and Lycon, he would not have had a fifth part of the votes, as the law requires, in which case he would have incurred a fine of a thousand drachmæ, as is evident.

And so he proposes death as the penalty. And what shall I propose on my part, O men of Athens? Clearly that which is my due. And what is that which I ought to pay or to receive? What shall be done to the man who has never had the wit to be idle during his whole life; but has been careless of what the many care about—wealth and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties. Reflecting that I was really too honest a man to follow in this way and live, I did not go where I could do no good to you or to myself; but where I could do the greatest good privately to every one of you, thither I went, and sought to persuade every man among you that he must look to himself, and seek virtue and wisdom before he looks to his private interests, and look to the State before he looks to the interests of the State; and that this should be the order which he observes in all his actions. What shall be done to such a one? Doubtless some good thing, O men of Athens, if he has his reward; and the good should be of a kind suitable to him. What would be a reward suitable to a poor man who is your benefactor, who desires leisure that he may instruct you? There can be no more fitting reward than maintenance in the Prytaneum, O men of Athens, a reward which he deserves far more than the citizen who has won the prize at Olympia in the horse or chariot race, whether the chariots were drawn by two horses or by many. For I am in want, and he has enough; and he only gives you the appearance of happiness, and I give you the reality. And if I am to estimate the penalty justly, I say that maintenance in the Prytaneum is the just return.

Perhaps you may think that I am braving you in saying this, as in what I said before about the tears and prayers. But that is not the case. I speak rather because I am convinced that I never intentionally wronged anyone, although I cannot convince you of that—for we have had a short conversation only; but if there were a law at Athens, such as there is in other cities, that a capital cause should not be decided in one day, then I believe that I should have convinced you; but now the time is too short. I cannot in a moment refute great slanders; and, as I am convinced that I never wronged another, I will assuredly not wrong myself. I will not say of myself that I deserve any evil, or propose any penalty. Why should I? Because I am afraid of the penalty of death which Meletus proposes? When I do not know whether death is a good or an evil, why should I propose a penalty

which would certainly be an evil? Shall I say imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, and be the slave of the magistrates of the year—of the Eleven? Or shall the penalty be a fine, and imprisonment until the fine is paid? There is the same objection. I should have to lie in prison, for money I have none, and I cannot pay. And if I say exile (and this may possibly be the penalty which you will affix), I must indeed be blinded by the love of life if I were to consider that when you, who are my own citizens, cannot endure my discourses and words, and have found them so grievous and odious that you would fain have done with them, others are likely to endure me. No, indeed, men of Athens, that is not very likely. And what a life should I lead, at my age, wandering from city to city, living in ever-changing exile, and always being driven out! For I am quite sure that into whatever place I go, as here so also there, the young men will come to me; and if I drive them away, their elders will drive me out at their desire: and if I let them come, their fathers and friends will drive me out for their sakes.

Someone will say: Yes, Socrates, but cannot you hold your tongue, and then you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you? Now I have great difficulty in making you understand my answer to this. For if I tell you that this would be a disobedience to a divine command, and therefore that I cannot hold my tongue, you will not believe that I am serious; and if I say again that the greatest good of man is daily to converse about virtue, and all that concerning which you hear me examining myself and others, and that the life which is unexamined is not worth living—that you are still less likely to believe. And yet what I say is true, although a thing of which it is hard for me to persuade you. Moreover, I am not accustomed to think that I deserve any punishment. Had I money I might have proposed to give you what I had, and have been none the worse. But you see that I have none, and can only ask you to proportion the fine to my means. However, I think that I could afford a mina, and therefore, I propose that penalty: Plato, Crito, Critobulus, and Apollo-dorus, my friends here, bid me say thirty minæ, and they will be the sureties. Well then, say thirty minæ, let that be the penalty; for that they will be ample security to you.

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me

wise even although I am not wise when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive and not far from death. I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convinced through deficiency of words—I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words—certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger: nor do I now repent of the manner of my defense, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they, too, go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award—let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated—and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are

now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure, to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then awhile, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech; but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and

nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king, will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die, is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason also, I am not angry with my accusers, or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my

sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which

they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows.

Phædo

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

PHÆDO, who is the narrator of the Dialogue to Echec- rates of Phlius	APOLLODORUS
SOCRATES	SIMMIAS
Attendant of the Prison	CEBES
	CRITO

SCENE:—*The Prison of Socrates*

PLACE OF THE NARRATION:—*Phlius*

ECH. Were you yourself, Phædo, in the prison with Socrates on the day when he drank the poison?

PHÆD. Yes, Echecrates, I was.

ECH. I should so like to hear about his death. What did he say in his last hours? We were informed that he died by taking poison, but no one knew anything more; for no Phliasian ever goes to Athens now, and it is a long time since any stranger from Athens has found his way hither; so that we had no clear account.

PHÆD. Did you not hear of the proceedings at the trial?

ECH. Yes; someone told us about the trial, and we could not understand why, having been condemned, he should have been put to death, not at the time, but long afterwards. What was the reason of this?

PHÆD. An accident, Echecrates: the stern of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos happened to have been crowned on the day before he was tried.

ECH. What is this ship?

PHÆD. It is the ship in which, according to Athenian tradition, Theseus went to Crete when

he took with him the fourteen youths, and was the savior of them and of himself. And they are said to have vowed to Apollo at the time, that if they were saved they would send a yearly mission to Delos. Now this custom still continues, and the whole period of the voyage to and from Delos, beginning when the priest of Apollo crowns the stern of the ship, is a holy season, during which the city is not allowed to be polluted by public executions; and when the vessel is detained by contrary winds, the time spent in going and returning is very considerable. As I was saying, the ship was crowned on the day before the trial, and this was the reason why Socrates lay in prison and was not put to death until long after he was condemned.

ECH. What was the manner of his death, Phædo? What was said or done? And which of his friends were with him? Or did the authorities forbid them to be present—so that he had no friends near him when he died?

PHÆD. No; there were several of them with him.

ECH. If you have nothing to do, I wish that you would tell me what passed, as exactly as you can.

PHÆD. I have nothing at all to do, and will try to gratify your wish. To be reminded of Socrates is always the greatest delight to me, whether I speak myself or hear another speak of him.

ECH. You will have listeners who are of the same mind with you, and I hope that you will be as exact as you can.

PHÆD. I had a singular feeling at being in his company. For I could hardly believe that I was present at the death of a friend, and therefore I did not pity him, Echecrates; he died so fearlessly, and his words and bearing were so noble and gra-

cious, that to me he appeared blessed. I thought that in going to the other world he could not be without a divine call, and that he would be happy, if any man ever was, when he arrived there; and therefore I did not pity him as might have seemed natural at such an hour. But I had not the pleasure which I usually feel in philosophical discourse (for philosophy was the theme of which we spoke). I was pleased, but in the pleasure there was also a strange admixture of pain; for I reflected that he was soon to die, and this double feeling was shared by us all; we were laughing and weeping by turns, especially the excitable Apollodorus—you know the sort of man?

ECH. Yes.

PHÆD. He was quite beside himself; and I and all of us were greatly moved.

ECH. Who were present?

PHÆD. Of native Athenians there were, besides Apollodorus, Critobulus and his father Crito, Hermogenes, Epigenes, Æschines, Antisthenes; likewise Ctesippus of the deme of Pæania, Menexenus, and some others; Plato, if I am not mistaken, was ill.

ECH. Were there any strangers?

PHÆD. Yes, there were; Simmias the Theban, and Cebes, and Phædron; Euclid and Terpsion, who came from Megara.

ECH. And was Aristippus there, and Cleombrotus?

PHÆD. No, they were said to be in Ægina.

ECH. Anyone else?

PHÆD. I think that these were nearly all.

ECH. Well, and what did you talk about?

PHÆD. I will begin at the beginning, and endeavor to repeat the entire conversation. On the previous days we had been in the habit of assembling early in the morning at the court in which the trial took place, and which is not far from the prison. There we used to wait talking with one another until the opening of the doors (for they were not opened very early); then we went in and generally passed the day with Socrates. On the last morning we assembled sooner than usual, having heard on the day before when we quitted the prison in the evening that the sacred ship had come from Delos; and so we arranged to meet very early at the accustomed place. On our arrival the jailer who answered the door, instead of admitting us, came out and told us to stay until he called us. "For the Eleven," he said, "are now with Socrates; they are taking off his chains, and giving orders that he is to die today." He soon returned and said

that we might come in. On entering we found Socrates just released from chains, and Xanthippè, whom you know, sitting by him, and holding his child in her arms. When she saw us she uttered a cry and said, as women will: "O Socrates, this is the last time that either you will converse with your friends, or they with you." Socrates turned to Crito and said: "Crito, let someone take her home." Some of Crito's people accordingly led her away, crying out and beating herself. And when she was gone, Socrates, sitting up on the couch, bent and rubbed his leg, saying, as he was rubbing: How singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which might be thought to be the opposite of it; for they are never present to a man at the same instant, and yet he who pursues either is generally compelled to take the other; their bodies are two, but they are joined by a single head. And I cannot help thinking that if Æsop had remembered them, he would have made a fable about God trying to reconcile their strife, and how, when he could not, he fastened their heads together; and this is the reason why when one comes the other follows: as I know by my own experience now, when after the pain in my leg which was caused by the chain pleasure appears to succeed.

Upon this Cebes said: I am glad, Socrates, that you have mentioned the name of Æsop. For it reminds me of a question which has been asked by many, and was asked of me only the day before yesterday by Evenus the poet—he will be sure to ask it again, and therefore if you would like me to have an answer ready for him, you may as well tell me what I should say to him—he wanted to know why you, who never before wrote a line of poetry, now that you are in prison are turning Æsop's fables into verse, and also composing that hymn in honor of Apollo.

Tell him, Cebes, he replied, what is the truth—that I had no idea of rivaling him or his poems; to do so, as I knew, would be no easy task. But I wanted to see whether I could purge away a scruple which I felt about the meaning of certain dreams. In the course of my life I have often had intimations in dreams "that I should compose music." The same dream came to me sometimes in one form, and sometimes in another, but always saying the same or nearly the same words: "Cultivate and make music," said the dream. And hitherto I had imagined that this was only intended to exhort and encourage me in the study of philosophy, which has been the pursuit of my life, and

is the noblest and best of music. The dream was bidding me do what I was already doing, in the same way that the competitor in a race is bidden by the spectators to run when he is already running. But I was not certain of this; for the dream might have meant music in the popular sense of the word, and being under sentence of death, and the festival giving me a respite, I thought that it would be safer for me to satisfy the scruple, and, in obedience to the dream, to compose a few verses ¹⁰ before I departed. And first I made a hymn in honor of the god of the festival, and then considering that a poet, if he is really to be a poet, should not only put together words, but should invent stories, and that I have no invention, I took some fables of *Æsop*, which I had ready at hand and which I knew—they were the first I came upon—and turned them into verse. Tell this to Evenus, Cebes, and bid him be of good cheer; say that I would have him come after me if he be a wise man, and not tarry; and that today I am likely to be going, for the Athenians say that I must.

Simmias said: What a message for such a man! having been a frequent companion of his I should say that, as far as I know him, he will never take your advice unless he is obliged.

Why, said Socrates,—is not Evenus a philosopher?

I think that he is, said Simmias.

Then he, or any man who has the spirit of ³⁰ philosophy, will be willing to die; but he will not take his own life, for that is held to be unlawful.

Here he changed his position, and put his legs off the couch on to the ground, and during the rest of the conversation he remained sitting.

Why do you say, enquired Cebes, that a man ought not to take his own life, but that the philosopher will be ready to follow the dying?

Socrates replied: And have you, Cebes and Simmias, who are the disciples of Philolaus, never ⁴⁰ heard him speak of this?

Yes, but his language was obscure, Socrates.

My words, too, are only an echo; but there is no reason why I should not repeat what I have heard: and indeed, as I am going to another place, it is very meet for me to be thinking and talking of the nature of the pilgrimage which I am about to make. What can I do better in the interval between this and the setting of the sun?

Then tell me, Socrates, why is suicide held to be ⁵⁰ unlawful? as I have certainly heard Philolaus, about whom you were just now asking, affirm when he was staying with us at Thebes; and there

are others who say the same, although I have never understood what was meant by any of them.

Do not lose heart, replied Socrates, and the day may come when you will understand. I suppose that you wonder why, when other things which are evil may be good at certain times and to certain persons, death is to be the only exception, and why, when a man is better dead, he is not permitted to be his own benefactor, but must wait for the hand of another.

Very true, said Cebes, laughing gently and speaking in his native Bœotian.

I admit the appearance of inconsistency in what I am saying; but there may not be any real inconsistency after all. There is a doctrine whispered in secret that man is a prisoner who has no right to open the door and run away; this is a great mystery which I do not quite understand. Yet I too believe that the gods are our guardians, and that ²⁰ we men are a possession of theirs. Do you not agree?

Yes, I quite agree, said Cebes.

And if one of your own possessions, an ox or an ass, for example, took the liberty of putting himself out of the way when you had given no intimation of your wish that he should die, would you not be angry with him, and would you not punish him if you could?

Certainly, replied Cebes.

Then, if we look at the matter thus, there may be reason in saying that a man should wait, and not take his own life until God summons him, as he is now summoning me.

Yes, Socrates, said Cebes, there seems to be truth in what you say. And yet how can you reconcile this seemingly true belief that God is our guardian and we his possessions, with the willingness to die which you were just now attributing to the philosopher? That the wisest of men should be willing ¹⁰ to leave a service in which they are ruled by the gods who are the best of rulers, is not reasonable; for surely no wise man thinks that when set at liberty he can take better care of himself than the gods take of him. A fool may perhaps think so—he may argue that he had better run away from his master, not considering that his duty is to remain to the end, and not to run away from the good, and that there would be no sense in his running away. The wise man will want to be ever with him who is better than himself. Now this, Socrates, is the reverse of what was just now said; for upon this view the wise man should sorrow and the fool rejoice at passing out of life.

The earnestness of Cebes seemed to please Socrates. Here, said he, turning to us, is a man who is always enquiring, and is not so easily convinced by the first thing which he hears.

And certainly, added Simmias, the objection which he is now making does appear to me to have some force. For what can be the meaning of a truly wise man wanting to fly away and lightly leave a master who is better than himself? And I rather imagine that Cebes is referring to you; he ¹⁰ thinks that you are too ready to leave us, and too ready to leave the gods whom you acknowledge to be our good masters.

Yes, replied Socrates; there is reason in what you say. And so you think that I ought to answer your indictment as if I were in a court?

We should like you to do so, said Simmias.

Then I must try to make a more successful defense before you than I did before the judges. For I am quite ready to admit, Simmias and Cebes, that I ought to be grieved at death, if I were not persuaded in the first place that I am going to other gods who are wise and good (of which I am as certain as I can be of any such matters), and secondly (though I am not so sure of this last) to men departed, better than those whom I leave behind; and therefore I do not grieve as I might have done, for I have good hope that there is yet something remaining for the dead, and as has been said of old, some far better thing for the good ²⁰ than for the evil.

But do you mean to take away your thoughts with you, Socrates? said Simmias. Will you not impart them to us?—for they are a benefit in which we too are entitled to share. Moreover, if you succeed in convincing us, that will be an answer to the charge against yourself.

I will do my best, replied Socrates. But you must first let me hear what Crito wants; he has long been wishing to say something to me.

Only this, Socrates, replied Crito:—the attendant who is to give you the poison has been telling me, and he wants me to tell you, that you are not to talk much; talking, he says, increases heat, and this is apt to interfere with the action of the poison; persons who excite themselves are sometimes obliged to take a second or even a third dose.

Then, said Socrates, let him mind his business and be prepared to give the poison twice or even ⁵⁰ thrice if necessary; that is all.

I knew quite well what you would say, replied Crito; but I was obliged to satisfy him.

Never mind him, he said.

And now, O my judges, I desire to prove to you that the real philosopher has reason to be of good cheer when he is about to die, and that after death he may hope to obtain the greatest good in the other world. And how this may be, Simmias and Cebes, I will endeavor to explain. For I deem that the true votary of philosophy is likely to be misunderstood by other men; they do not perceive that he is always pursuing death and dying; and if this be so, and he has had the desire of death all his life long, why when his time comes should he repine at that which he has been always pursuing and desiring?

Simmias said laughingly: Though not in a laughing humor, you have made me laugh, Socrates; for I cannot help thinking that the many when they hear your words will say how truly you have described philosophers, and our people at ²⁰ home will likewise say that the life which philosophers desire is in reality death, and that they have found them out to be deserving of the death which they desire.

And they are right, Simmias, in thinking so, with the exception of the words “they have found them out”; for they have not found out either what is the nature of that death which the true philosopher deserves, or how he deserves or desires death. But enough of them:—let us discuss the matter among ourselves. Do we believe that there is such a thing as death?

To be sure, replied Simmias.

Is it not the separation of soul and body? And to be dead is the completion of this; when the soul exists in herself, and is released from the body and the body is released from the soul, what is this but death?

Just so, he replied.

There is another question, which will probably ⁴⁰ throw light on our present enquiry if you and I can agree about it:—Ought the philosopher to care about the pleasures—if they are to be called pleasures—of eating and drinking?

Certainly not, answered Simmias.

And what about the pleasures of love—should he care for them?

By no means.

And will he think much of the other ways of indulging the body, for example, the acquisition of costly raiment, or sandals, or other adornments of the body? Instead of caring about them, does he not rather despise anything more than nature needs? What do you say?

I should say that the true philosopher would despise them.

Would you not say that he is entirely concerned with the soul and not with the body? He would like, as far as he can, to get away from the body and to turn to the soul.

Quite true.

In matters of this sort philosophers, above all other men, may be observed in every sort of way to disserve the soul from the communion of the body.¹⁰

Very true.

Whereas, Simmias, the rest of the world are of opinion that to him who has no sense of pleasure and no part in bodily pleasure, life is not worth having; and that he who is indifferent about them is as good as dead.

That is also true.

What again shall we say of the actual acquirement of knowledge?—is the body, if invited to share in the enquiry, a hinderer or a helper? I mean to say, have sight and hearing any truth in them? Are they not, as the poets are always telling us, inaccurate witnesses? and yet, if even they are inaccurate and indistinct, what is to be said of the other senses?—for you will allow that they are the best of them?

Certainly, he replied.

Then when does the soul attain truth?—for in attempting to consider anything in company with the body she is obviously deceived.

True.

Then must not true existence be revealed to her in thought, if at all?

Yes.

And thought is best when the mind is gathered into herself and none of these things trouble her—neither sounds nor sights nor pain nor any pleasure,—when she takes leave of the body, and has as little as possible to do with it, when she has no bodily sense or desire, but is aspiring after true being.⁴⁰

Certainly.

And in this the philosopher dishonors the body; his soul runs away from his body and desires to be alone and by herself?

That is true.

Well, but there is another thing, Simmias: Is there or is there not an absolute justice?

Assuredly there is.

And an absolute beauty and absolute good?

Of course.

But did you ever behold any of them with your eyes?

Certainly not.

Or did you ever reach them with any other bodily sense?—and I speak not of these alone, but of absolute greatness, and health, and strength, and of the essence or true nature of everything. Has the reality of them ever been perceived by you through the bodily organs? or rather, is not the nearest approach to the knowledge of their several natures made by him who so orders his intellectual vision as to have the most exact conception of the essence of each thing which he considers?

Certainly.

And he attains to the purest knowledge of them who goes to each with the mind alone, not introducing or intruding in the act of thought sight or any other sense together with reason, but with the very light of the mind in her own clearness searches into the very truth of each; he who has got rid, as far as he can, of eyes and ears and, so to speak, of the whole body, these being in his opinion distracting elements which when they infect the soul hinder her from acquiring truth and knowledge—who, if not he, is likely to attain to the knowledge of true being?

What you say has a wonderful truth in it, Socrates, replied Simmias.

And when real philosophers consider all these things, will they not be led to make a reflection³⁰ which they will express in words something like the following? “Have we not found,” they will say, “a path of thought which seems to bring us and our argument to the conclusion, that while we are in the body, and while the soul is infected with the evils of the body, our desire will not be satisfied? and our desire is of the truth. For the body is a source of endless trouble to us by reason of the mere requirement of food; and is liable also to diseases which overtake and impede us in the search after true being: it fills us full of loves, and lusts, and fears, and fancies of all kinds, and endless folly, and in fact, as men say, takes away from us the power of thinking at all. Whence come wars, and fightings, and factions? whence but from the body and the lusts of the body? Wars are occasioned by the love of money, and money has to be acquired for the sake and in the service of the body; and by reason of all these impediments we have no time to give to philosophy;⁴⁰ and, last and worst of all, even if we are at leisure and betake ourselves to some speculation, the body is always breaking in upon us, causing turmoil and confusion in our enquiries, and so amazing us

that we are prevented from seeing the truth. It has been proved to us by experience that if we would have pure knowledge of anything we must be quit of the body—the soul in herself must behold things in themselves: and then we shall attain the wisdom which we desire, and of which we say that we are lovers; not while we live, but after death; for if while in company with the body, the soul cannot have pure knowledge, one of two things follows—either knowledge is not to be attained at all, or, if at all, after death. For then, and not till then, the soul will be parted from the body and exist in herself alone. In this present life, I reckon that we make the nearest approach to knowledge when we have the least possible intercourse or communion with the body, and are not surfeited with the bodily nature, but keep ourselves pure until the hour when God himself is pleased to release us. And thus having got rid of the foolishness of the body we shall be pure and hold converse with the pure, and know of ourselves the clear light everywhere, which is no other than the light of truth." For the impure are not permitted to approach the pure. These are the sort of words, Simmias, which the true lovers of knowledge cannot help saying to one another, and thinking. You would agree; would you not?

Undoubtedly, Socrates.

But, O my friend, if this be true, there is great reason to hope that, going whither I go, when I have come to the end of my journey, I shall attain that which has been the pursuit of my life. And therefore I go on my way rejoicing, and not I only, but every other man who believes that his mind has been made ready and that he is in a manner purified.

Certainly, replied Simmias.

And what is purification but the separation of the soul from the body, as I was saying before; the habit of the soul gathering and collecting herself into herself from all sides out of the body; the dwelling in her own place alone, as in another life, so also in this, as far as she can;—the release of the soul from the chains of the body?

Very true, he said.

And this separation and release of the soul from the body is termed death?

To be sure, he said.

And the true philosophers, and they only, are ever seeking to release the soul. Is not the separation and release of the soul from the body their especial study?

That is true.

And, as I was saying at first, there would be a ridiculous contradiction in men studying to live as nearly as they can in a state of death, and yet repining when it comes upon them.

Clearly.

And the true philosophers, Simmias, are always occupied in the practice of dying, wherefore also to them least of all men is death terrible. Look at the matter thus:—if they have been in every way to the enemies of the body, and are wanting to be alone with the soul, when this desire of theirs is granted, how inconsistent would they be if they trembled and repined, instead of rejoicing at their departure to that place where, when they arrive, they hope to gain that which in life they desired—and this was wisdom—and at the same time to be rid of the company of their enemy. Many a man has been willing to go to the world below animated by the hope of seeing there an earthly love, or wife, or son, and conversing with them. And will he who is a true lover of wisdom, and is strongly persuaded in like manner that only in the world below he can worthily enjoy her, still repine at death? Will he not depart with joy? Surely he will, O my friend, if he be a true philosopher. For he will have a firm conviction that there, and there only, he can find wisdom in her purity. And if this be true, he would be very absurd, as I was saying, if he were afraid of death.

He would indeed, replied Simmias.

And when you see a man who is repining at the approach of death, is not his reluctance a sufficient proof that he is not a lover of wisdom, but a lover of the body, and probably at the same time a lover of either money or power, or both?

Quite so, he replied.

And is not courage, Simmias, a quality which is specially characteristic of the philosopher?

Certainly.

There is temperance again, which even by the vulgar is supposed to consist in the control and regulation of the passions, and in the sense of superiority to them—is not temperance a virtue belonging to those only who despise the body, and who pass their lives in philosophy?

Most assuredly.

For the courage and temperance of other men, if you will consider them, are really a contradiction.

How so?

Well, he said, you are aware that death is regarded by men in general as a great evil.

Very true, he said.

And do not courageous men face death because they are afraid of yet greater evils?

That is quite true.

Then all but the philosophers are courageous only from fear, and because they are afraid; and yet that a man should be courageous from fear, and because he is a coward, is surely a strange thing.

Very true.

And are not the temperate exactly in the same case? They are temperate because they are intemperate—which might seem to be a contradiction, but is nevertheless the sort of thing which happens with this foolish temperance. For there are pleasures which they are afraid of losing; and in their desire to keep them, they abstain from some pleasures, because they are overcome by others; and although to be conquered by pleasure is called by men intemperance, to them the conquest of pleasure consists in being conquered by pleasure. And that is what I mean by saying that, in a sense, they are made temperate through intemperance.

Such appears to be the case.

Yet the exchange of one fear or pleasure or pain for another fear or pleasure or pain, and of the greater for the less, as if they were coins, is not the exchange of virtue. O my blessed Simmias, is there not one true coin for which all things ought to be exchanged?—and that is wisdom; and only in exchange for this, and in company with this, is anything truly bought or sold, whether courage or temperance or justice. And is not all true virtue the companion of wisdom, no matter what fears or pleasures or other similar goods or evils may or may not attend her? But the virtue which is made up of these goods, when they are severed from wisdom and exchanged with one another, is a shadow of virtue only, nor is there any freedom or health or truth in her; but in the true exchange there is a purging away of all these things, and temperance, and justice, and courage, and wisdom herself are the purgation of them. The founders of the mysteries would appear to have had a real meaning, and were not talking nonsense when they intimated in a figure long ago that he who passes unsanctified and uninitiated into the world below will lie in a slough, but that he who arrives there after initiation and purification will dwell with the gods. For “many,” as they say in the mysteries, “are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics,”—meaning, as I interpret the words, “the true philosophers.” In the number of whom, during my whole life, I have been seeking, according

to my ability, to find a place;—whether I have sought in a right way or not, and whether I have succeeded or not, I shall truly know in a little while, if God will, when I myself arrive in the other world—such is my belief. And therefore I maintain that I am right, Simmias and Cebes, in not grieving or repining at parting from you and my masters in this world, for I believe that I shall equally find good masters and friends in another world. But most men do not believe this saying; if then I succeed in convincing you by my defense better than I did the Athenian judges, it will be well.

Cebes answered: I agree, Socrates, in the greater part of what you say. But in what concerns the soul, men are apt to be incredulous; they fear that when she has left the body her place may be nowhere, and that on the very day of death she may perish and come to an end—immediately on her release from the body, issuing forth dispersed like smoke or air and in her flight vanishing away into nothingness. If she could only be collected into herself after she has obtained release from the evils of which you were speaking, there would be good reason to hope, Socrates, that what you say is true. But surely it requires a great deal of argument and many proofs to show that when the man is dead his soul yet exists, and has any force or intelligence.

True, Cebes, said Socrates; and shall I suggest that we converse a little of the probabilities of these things?

I am sure, said Cebes, that I should greatly like to know your opinion about them.

I reckon, said Socrates, that no one who heard me now, not even if he were one of my old enemies, the Comic poets, could accuse me of idle talking about matters in which I have no concern:—If you please, then, we will proceed with the enquiry.

Suppose we consider the question whether the souls of men after death are or are not in the world below. There comes into my mind an ancient doctrine which affirms that they go from hence into the other world, and returning hither, are born again from the dead. Now if it be true that the living come from the dead, then our souls must exist in the other world, for if not, how could they have been born again? And this would be conclusive, if there were any real evidence that the living are only born from the dead; but if this is not so, then other arguments will have to be adduced.

Very true, replied Cebes.

Then let us consider the whole question, not in relation to man only, but in relation to animals generally, and to plants, and to everything of which there is generation, and the proof will be easier. Are not all things which have opposites generated out of their opposites? I mean such things as good and evil, just and unjust—and there are innumerable other opposites which are generated out of opposites. And I want to show that in all opposites there is of necessity a similar alternation; I mean to say, for example, that anything which becomes greater must become greater after being less.

True.

And that which becomes less must have been once greater and then have become less.

Yes.

And the weaker is generated from the stronger, and the swifter from the slower.

Very true.

And the worse is from the better, and the more just is from the more unjust.

Of course.

And is this true of all opposites? and are we convinced that all of them are generated out of opposites?

Yes.

And in this universal opposition of all things, are there not also two intermediate processes which are ever going on, from one to the other opposite, and back again; where there is a greater and a less there is also an intermediate process of increase and diminution, and that which grows is said to wax, and that which decays to wane?

Yes, he said.

And there are many other processes, such as division and composition, cooling and heating, which equally involve a passage into and out of one another. And this necessarily holds of all opposites, even though not always expressed in words—they are really generated out of one another, and there is a passing or process from one to the other of them?

Very true, he replied.

Well, and is there not an opposite of life, as sleep is the opposite of waking?

True, he said.

And what is it?

Death, he answered.

And these, if they are opposites, are generated ^{so} from the one from the other, and have their two intermediate processes also?

Of course.

Now, said Socrates, I will analyze one of the two pairs of opposites which I have mentioned to you, and also its intermediate processes, and you shall analyze the other to me. One of them I term sleep, the other waking. The state of sleep is opposed to the state of waking, and out of sleeping waking is generated, and out of waking, sleeping; and the process of generation is in the one case falling asleep, and in the other waking up. Do you agree?

I entirely agree.

Then, suppose that you analyze life and death to me in the same manner. Is not death opposed to life?

Yes.

And they are generated one from the other?

Yes.

What is generated from the living?

The dead.

²⁰ And what from the dead?

I can only say in answer—the living.

Then the living, whether things or persons, Cebes, are generated from the dead?

That is clear, he replied.

Then the inference is that our souls exist in the world below?

That is true.

And one of the two processes or generations is visible—for surely the act of dying is visible?

Surely, he said.

What then is to be the result? Shall we exclude the opposite process? and shall we suppose nature to walk on one leg only? Must we not rather assign to death some corresponding process of generation?

Certainly, he replied.

And what is that process?

Return to life.

And return to life, if there be such a thing, is the ⁴⁰ birth of the dead into the world of the living?

Quite true.

Then here is a new way by which we arrive at the conclusion that the living come from the dead, just as the dead come from the living; and this, if true, affords a most certain proof that the souls of the dead exist in some place out of which they come again.

Yes, Socrates, he said; the conclusion seems to flow necessarily out of our previous admissions.

And that these admissions were not unfair, Cebes, he said, may be shown, I think, as follows: If generation were in a straight line only, and there were no compensation or circle in nature, no turn

or return of elements into their opposites, then you know that all things would at last have the same form and pass into the same state, and there would be no more generation of them.

What do you mean? he said.

A simple thing enough, which I will illustrate by the case of sleep, he replied. You know that if there were no alternation of sleeping and waking, the tale of the sleeping Endymion would in the end have no meaning, because all other things would be asleep too, and he would not be distinguishable from the rest. Or if there were composition only, and no division of substances, then the chaos of Anaxagoras would come again. And in like manner, my dear Cebes, if all things which partook of life were to die, and after they were dead remained in the form of death, and did not come to life again, all would at last die, and nothing would be alive—what other result could there be? For if the living spring from any other things, and they too die, must not all things at last be swallowed up in death?

There is no escape, Socrates, said Cebes; and to me your argument seems to be absolutely true.

Yes, he said, Cebes, it is and must be so, in my opinion; and we have not been deluded in making these admissions; but I am confident that there truly is such a thing as living again, and that the living spring from the dead, and that the souls of the dead are in existence, and that the good souls have a better portion than the evil.

Cebes added: Your favorite doctrine, Socrates, that knowledge is simply recollection, if true, also necessarily implies a previous time in which we have learned that which we now recollect. But this would be impossible unless our soul had been in some place before existing in the form of man; here then is another proof of the soul's immortality.

But tell me, Cebes, said Simmias, interposing, what arguments are urged in favor of this doctrine of recollection. I am not very sure at the moment that I remember them.

One excellent proof, said Cebes, is afforded by questions. If you put a question to a person in a right way, he will give a true answer of himself, but how could he do this unless there were knowledge and right reason already in him? And this is most clearly shown when he is taken to a diagram or to anything of that sort.

But if, said Socrates, you are still incredulous, Simmias, I would ask you whether you may not agree with me when you look at the matter in an-

other way;—I mean, if you are still incredulous as to whether knowledge is recollection?

Incredulous I am not, said Simmias; but I want to have this doctrine of recollection brought to my own recollection, and, from what Cebes has said, I am beginning to recollect and be convinced: but I should still like to hear what you were going to say.

This is what I would say, he replied:—We should agree, if I am not mistaken, that what a man recollects he must have known at some previous time.

Very true.

And what is the nature of this knowledge or recollection? I mean to ask, Whether a person who, having seen or heard or in any way perceived anything, knows not only that, but has a conception of something else which is the subject, not of the same but of some other kind of knowledge, may not be fairly said to recollect that of which he has the conception?

What do you mean?

I mean what I may illustrate by the following instance:—The knowledge of a lyre is not the same as the knowledge of a man?

True.

And yet what is the feeling of lovers when they recognize a lyre, or a garment, or anything else which the beloved has been in the habit of using? Do not they, from knowing the lyre, form in the mind's eye an image of the youth to whom the lyre belongs? And this is recollection. In like manner anyone who sees Simmias may remember Cebes; and there are endless examples of the same thing.

Endless, indeed, replied Simmias.

And recollection is most commonly a process of recovering that which has been already forgotten through time and inattention.

Very true, he said.

Well; and may you not also from seeing the picture of a house or a lyre remember a man? and from the picture of Simmias, you may be led to remember Cebes?

True.

Or you may also be led to the recollection of Simmias himself?

Quite so.

And in all these cases, the recollection may be derived from things either like or unlike?

It may be.

And when the recollection is derived from like things, then another consideration is sure to arise,

which is—whether the likeness in any degree falls short or not of that which is recollected?

Very true, he said.

And shall we proceed a step further, and affirm that there is such a thing as equality, not of one piece of wood or stone with another, but that, over and above this, there is absolute equality? Shall we say so?

Say so, yes, replied Simmias, and swear to it, with all the confidence in life.

And do we know the nature of this absolute essence?

To be sure, he said.

And whence did we obtain our knowledge? Did we not see equalities of material things, such as pieces of wood and stones, and gather from them the idea of an equality which is different from them? For you will acknowledge that there is a difference. Or look at the matter in another way:—Do not the same pieces of wood or stone appear at one time equal, and at another time unequal?

That is certain.

But are real equals ever equal? or is the idea of equality the same as of inequality?

Impossible, Socrates.

Then these (so-called) equals are not the same with the idea of equality?

I should say, clearly not, Socrates.

And yet from these equals, although differing from the idea of equality, you conceived and attained that idea?

Very true, he said.

Which might be like, or might be unlike them?

Yes.

But that makes no difference: whenever from seeing one thing you conceived another, whether like or unlike, there must surely have been an act of recollection?

Very true.

But what would you say of equal portions of wood and stone, or other material equals? and what is the impression produced by them? Are they equals in the same sense in which absolute equality is equal? or do they fall short of this perfect equality in a measure?

Yes, he said, in a very great measure too.

And must we not allow, that when I or anyone, looking at any object, observes that the thing which he sees aims at being some other thing, but falls short of, and cannot be, that other thing, but is inferior, he who makes this observation must have had a previous knowledge of that to which the other, although similar, was inferior.

Certainly.

And has not this been our own case in the matter of equals and of absolute equality?

Precisely.

Then we must have known equality previously to the time when we first saw the material equals, and reflected that all these apparent equals strive to attain absolute equality, but fall short of it?

Very true.

And we recognize also that this absolute equality has only been known, and can only be known, through the medium of sight or touch, or of some other of the senses, which are all alike in this respect?

Yes, Socrates, as far as the argument is concerned, one of them is the same as the other.

From the senses then is derived the knowledge that all sensible things aim at an absolute equality of which they fall short?

Yes.

Then before we began to see or hear or perceive in any way, we must have had a knowledge of absolute equality, or we could not have referred to that standard the equals which are derived from the senses?—for to that they all aspire, and of that they fall short.

No other inference can be drawn from the previous statements.

And did we not see and hear and have the use of our other senses as soon as we were born?

Certainly.

Then we must have acquired the knowledge of equality at some previous time?

Yes.

That is to say, before we were born, I suppose?

True.

And if we acquired this knowledge before we were born, and were born having the use of it, then we also knew before we were born and at the instant of birth not only the equal or the greater or the less, but all other ideas; for we are not speaking only of equality, but of beauty, goodness, justice, holiness, and of all which we stamp with the name of essence in the dialectical process, both when we ask and when we answer questions. Of all this we may certainly affirm that we acquired the knowledge before birth?

We may.

But if, after having acquired, we have not forgotten what in each case we acquired, then we must always have come into life having knowledge, and shall always continue to know as long as life lasts—for knowing is the acquiring and re-

taining knowledge and not forgetting. Is not forgetting, Simmias, just the losing of knowledge?

Quite true, Socrates.

But if the knowledge which we acquired before birth was lost by us at birth, and if afterwards by the use of the senses we recovered what we previously knew, will not the process which we call learning be a recovering of the knowledge which is natural to us, and may not this be rightly termed recollection?

Very true.

So much is clear—that when we perceive something, either by the help of sight, or hearing, or some other sense, from that perception we are able to obtain a notion of some other thing like or unlike which is associated with it but has been forgotten. Whence, as I was saying, one of two alternatives follows:—either we had this knowledge at birth, and continued to know through life; or, after birth, those who are said to learn only remember, and learning is simply recollection.

Yes, that is quite true, Socrates.

And which alternative, Simmias, do you prefer? Had we the knowledge at our birth, or did we recollect the things which we knew previously to our birth?

I cannot decide at the moment.

At any rate you can decide whether he who has knowledge will or will not be able to render an account of his knowledge? What do you say?

Certainly, he will.

But do you think that every man is able to give an account of these very matters about which we are speaking?

Would that they could, Socrates, but I rather fear that tomorrow, at this time, there will no longer be anyone alive who is able to give an account of them such as ought to be given.

Then you are not of opinion, Simmias, that all men know these things?

Certainly not.

They are in process of recollecting that which they learned before?

Certainly.

But when did our souls acquire this knowledge?—not since we were born as men?

Certainly not.

And therefore, previously?

Yes.

Then, Simmias, our souls must also have existed without bodies before they were in the form of man, and must have had intelligence.

Unless indeed you suppose, Socrates, that these

notions are given us at the very moment of birth; for this is the only time which remains.

Yes, my friend, but if so, when do we lose them? for they are not in us when we are born—that is admitted. Do we lose them at the moment of receiving them, or if not at what other time?

No, Socrates, I perceive that I was unconsciously talking nonsense.

Then may we not say, Simmias, that if, as we are always repeating, there is an absolute beauty, and goodness, and an absolute essence of all things; and if to this, which is now discovered to have existed in our former state, we refer all our sensations, and with this compare them, finding these ideas to be pre-existent and our inborn possession—then our souls must have had a prior existence, but if not, there would be no force in the argument? There is the same proof that these ideas must have existed before we were born, as that our souls existed before we were born; and if not the ideas, then not the souls.

Yes, Socrates; I am convinced that there is precisely the same necessity for the one as for the other; and the argument retreats successfully to the position that the existence of the soul before birth cannot be separated from the existence of the essence of which you speak. For there is nothing which to my mind is so patent as that beauty, goodness, and the other notions of which you were just now speaking, have a most real and absolute existence; and I am satisfied with the proof.

Well, but is Cebes equally satisfied? for I must convince him too.

I think, said Simmias, that Cebes is satisfied: although he is the most incredulous of mortals, yet I believe that he is sufficiently convinced of the existence of the soul before birth. But that after death the soul will continue to exist is not yet proven even to my own satisfaction. I cannot get rid of the feeling of the many to which Cebes was referring—the feeling that when the man dies the soul will be dispersed, and that this may be the extinction of her. For admitting that she may have been born elsewhere, and framed out of other elements, and was in existence before entering the human body, why after having entered in and gone out again may she not herself be destroyed and come to an end?

Very true, Simmias, said Cebes; about half of what was required has been proven; to wit, that our souls existed before we were born:—that the soul will exist after death as well as before birth is the other half of which the proof is still wanting,

and has to be supplied; when that is given the demonstration will be complete.

But that proof, Simmias and Cebes, has been already given, said Socrates, if you put the two arguments together—I mean this and the former one, in which we admitted that everything living is born of the dead. For if the soul exists before birth, and in coming to life and being born can be born only from death and dying, must she not after death continue to exist, since she has to be born again?—Surely the proof which you desire has been already furnished. Still I suspect that you and Simmias would be glad to probe the argument further. Like children, you are haunted with a fear that when the soul leaves the body, the wind may really blow her away and scatter her; especially if a man should happen to die in a great storm and not when the sky is calm.

Cebes answered with a smile: Then, Socrates, you must argue us out of our fears—and yet, strictly speaking, they are not our fears, but there is a child within us to whom death is a sort of hobgoblin: him too we must persuade not to be afraid when he is alone in the dark.

Socrates said: Let the voice of the charmer be applied daily until you have charmed away the fear.

And where shall we find a good charmer of our fears, Socrates, when you are gone?

Hellas, he replied, is a large place, Cebes, and has many good men, and there are barbarous races not a few: seek for him among them all, far and wide, sparing neither pains nor money; for there is no better way of spending your money. And you must seek among yourselves too; for you will not find others better able to make the search.

The search, replied Cebes, shall certainly be made. And now, if you please, let us return to the point of the argument at which we digressed.

By all means, replied Socrates; what else should I please?

Very good.

Must we not, said Socrates, ask ourselves what that is which, as we imagine, is liable to be scattered, and about which we fear? and what again is that about which we have no fear? And then we may proceed further to enquire whether that which suffers dispersion is or is not of the nature of soul—our hopes and fears as to our own souls will turn upon the answers to these questions.

Very true, he said.

Now the compound or composite may be supposed to be naturally capable, as of being com-

pounded, so also of being dissolved; but that which is uncompounded, and that only, must be, if anything is, indissoluble.

Yes; I should imagine so, said Cebes.

And the uncompounded may be assumed to be the same and unchanging, whereas the compound is always changing and never the same.

I agree, he said.

Then now let us return to the previous discussion. Is that idea or essence, which in the dialectical process we define as essence or true existence—whether essence of equality, beauty, or anything else—are these essences, I say, liable at times to some degree of change? or are they each of them always what they are, having the same simple self-existent and unchanging forms, not admitting of variation at all, or in any way, or at any time?

They must be always the same, Socrates, replied Cebes.

And what would you say of the many beautiful—whether men or horses or garments or any other things which are named by the same names and may be called equal or beautiful,—are they all unchanging and the same always, or quite the reverse? May they not rather be described as almost always changing and hardly ever the same, either with themselves or with one another?

The latter, replied Cebes; they are always in a state of change.

And these you can touch and see and perceive with the senses, but the unchanging things you can only perceive with the mind—they are invisible and are not seen?

That is very true, he said.

Well then, added Socrates, let us suppose that there are two sorts of existences—one seen, the other unseen.

Let us suppose them.

The seen is the changing, and the unseen is the unchanging?

That may be also supposed.

And, further, is not one part of us body, another part soul?

To be sure.

And to which class is the body more alike and akin?

Clearly to the seen—no one can doubt that.

And is the soul seen or not seen?

Not by man, Socrates.

And what we mean by “seen” and “not seen” is that which is or is not visible to the eye of man?

Yes, to the eye of man.

And is the soul seen or not seen?

Not seen.

Unseen then?

Yes.

Then the soul is more like to the unseen, and the body to the seen?

That follows necessarily, Socrates.

And were we not saying long ago that the soul when using the body as an instrument of perception, that is to say, when using the sense of sight or hearing or some other sense (for the meaning ¹⁰ of perceiving through the body is perceiving through the senses)—were we not saying that the soul too is then dragged by the body into the region of the changeable, and wanders and is confused; the world spins round her, and she is like a drunkard, when she touches change?

Very true.

But when returning into herself she reflects, then she passes into the other world, the region of purity, and eternity, and immortality, and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives, when she is by herself and is not let or hindered; then she ceases from her erring ways, and being in communion with the unchanging is unchanging. And this state of the soul is called wisdom?

That is well and truly said, Socrates, he replied.

And to which class is the soul more nearly alike and akin, as far as may be inferred from this argument, as well as from the preceding one?

I think, Socrates, that, in the opinion of everyone who follows the argument, the soul will be infinitely more like the unchangeable—even the most stupid person will not deny that.

And the body is more like the changing?

Yes.

Yet once more consider the matter in another light: When the soul and the body are united, then nature orders the soul to rule and govern, and the body to obey and serve. Now which of these two functions is akin to the divine? and which to the mortal? Does not the divine appear to you to be that which naturally orders and rules, and the mortal to be that which is subject and servant?

True.

And which does the soul resemble?

The soul resembles the divine, and the body the mortal—there can be no doubt of that, Socrates.

Then reflect, Cebes: of all which has been said ²⁰ is not this the conclusion?—that the soul is in the very likeness of the divine, and immortal, and intellectual, and uniform, and indissoluble, and un-

changeable; and that the body is in the very likeness of the human, and mortal, and unintellectual, and multiform, and dissoluble, and changeable. Can this, my dear Cebes, be denied?

It cannot.

But if it be true, then is not the body liable to speedy dissolution? and is not the soul almost or altogether indissoluble?

Certainly.

And do you further observe, that after a man is dead, the body, or visible part of him, which is lying in the visible world, and is called a corpse, and would naturally be dissolved and decomposed and dissipated, is not dissolved or decomposed at once, but may remain for some time, nay even for a long time, if the constitution be sound at the time of death, and the season of the year favorable? For the body when shrunk and embalmed, as the manner is in Egypt, may remain almost entire through infinite ages; and even in decay, there are still some portions, such as the bones and ligaments, which are practically indestructible:—Do you agree?

Yes.

And is it likely that the soul, which is invisible, in passing to the place of the true Hades, which like her is invisible, and pure, and noble, and on her way to the good and wise God, whither, if God will, my soul is also soon to go,—that the soul, I repeat, if this be her nature and origin, will be blown away and destroyed immediately on quitting the body, as the many say? That can never be, my dear Simmias and Cebes. The truth rather is, that the soul which is pure at departing and draws after her no bodily taint, having never voluntarily during life had connection with the body, which she is ever avoiding, herself gathered into herself;—and making such abstraction her perpetual study—which means that she has been a true disciple of philosophy; and therefore has in fact been always engaged in the practice of dying? For is not philosophy the study of death?—

Certainly—

That soul, I say, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world—to the divine and immortal and rational; thither arriving, she is secure of bliss and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions and all other human ills, and for ever dwells, as they say of the initiated, in company with the gods. Is not this true, Cebes?

Yes, said Cebes, beyond a doubt.

But the soul which has been polluted, and is impure at the time of her departure, and is the com-

panion and servant of the body always, and is in love with and fascinated by the body and by the desires and pleasures of the body, until she is led to believe that the truth only exists in a bodily form, which a man may touch and see and taste, and use for the purposes of his lusts,—the soul, I mean, accustomed to hate and fear and avoid the intellectual principle, which to the bodily eye is dark and invisible, and can be attained only by philosophy;—do you suppose that such a soul will depart pure and unalloyed?

Impossible, he replied.

She is held fast by the corporeal, which the continual association and constant care of the body have wrought into her nature.

Very true.

And this corporeal element, my friend, is heavy and weighty and earthy, and is that element of sight by which a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below—prowling about tombs and sepulchers, near which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure, but are cloyed with sight and therefore visible.

That is very likely, Socrates.

Yes, that is very likely, Cebes; and these must be the souls, not of the good, but of the evil, which are compelled to wander about such places in payment of the penalty of their former evil way of life; and they continue to wander until through the craving after the corporeal which never leaves them, they are imprisoned finally in another body. And they may be supposed to find their prisons in the same natures which they have had in their former lives.

What natures do you mean, Socrates?

What I mean is that men who have followed after gluttony, and wantonness, and drunkenness, and have had no thought of avoiding them, would pass into asses and animals of that sort. What do you think?

I think such an opinion to be exceedingly probable.

And those who have chosen the portion of injustice, and tyranny, and violence, will pass into wolves, or into hawks and kites;—whither else can we suppose them to go?

Yes, said Cebes; with such natures, beyond question.

And there is no difficulty, he said, in assigning to all of them places answering to their several natures and propensities?

There is not, he said.

Some are happier than others; and the happiest both in themselves and in the place to which they go are those who have practiced the civil and social virtues which are called temperance and justice, and are acquired by habit and attention without philosophy and mind.

Why are they the happiest?

Because they may be expected to pass into some gentle and social kind which is like their own, such as bees or wasps or ants, or back again into the form of man, and just and moderate men may be supposed to spring from them.

Very likely.

No one who has not studied philosophy and who is not entirely pure at the time of his departure is allowed to enter the company of the Gods, but the lover of knowledge only. And this is the reason, Simmias and Cebes, why the true votaries of philosophy abstain from all fleshly lusts, and hold out against them and refuse to give themselves up to them,—not because they fear poverty or the ruin of their families, like the lovers of money, and the world in general; nor like the lovers of power and honor, because they dread the dishonor or disgrace of evil deeds.

No, Socrates, that would not become them, said Cebes.

No indeed, he replied; and therefore they who have any care of their own souls, and do not merely live molding and fashioning the body, say farewell to all this; they will not walk in the ways of the blind: and when philosophy offers them purification and release from evil, they feel that they ought not to resist her influence, and whither she leads they turn and follow.

What do you mean, Socrates?

I will tell you, he said. The lovers of knowledge are conscious that the soul was simply fastened and glued to the body—until philosophy received her, she could only view real existence through the bars of a prison, not in and through herself; she was wallowing in the mire of every sort of ignorance, and by reason of lust had become the principal accomplice in her own captivity. This was her original state; and then, as I was saying, and as the lovers of knowledge are well aware, philosophy, seeing how terrible was her confinement, of which she was to herself the cause, received and gently comforted her and sought to release her, pointing out that the eye and the ear and the other senses are full of deception, and persuading her to retire from them, and abstain from all but the

necessary use of them, and be gathered up and collected into herself, bidding her trust in herself and her own pure apprehension of pure existence, and to mistrust whatever comes to her through other channels and is subject to variation; for such things are visible and tangible, but what she sees in her own nature is intelligible and invisible. And the soul of the true philosopher thinks that she ought not to resist this deliverance, and therefore abstains from pleasures and desires and pains and fears, as far as she is able; reflecting that when a man has great joys or sorrows or fears or desires, he suffers from them, not merely the sort of evil which might be anticipated—as for example, the loss of his health or property which he has sacrificed to his lusts—but an evil greater far, which is the greatest and worst of all evils, and one of which he never thinks.

What is it, Socrates? said Cebes.

The evil is that when the feeling of pleasure or pain is most intense, every soul of man imagines the objects of this intense feeling to be then plainest and truest: but this is not so, they are really the things of sight.

Very true.

And is not this the state in which the soul is most enthralled by the body?

How so?

Why, because each pleasure and pain is a sort of nail which nails and rivets the soul to the body, until she becomes like the body, and believes that to be true which the body affirms to be true; and from agreeing with the body and having the same delights she is obliged to have the same habits and haunts, and is not likely ever to be pure at her departure to the world below, but is always infected by the body; and so she sinks into another body and there germinates and grows, and has therefore no part in the communion of the divine and pure and simple.

Most true, Socrates, answered Cebes.

And this, Cebes, is the reason why the true lovers of knowledge are temperate and brave; and not for the reason which the world gives.

Certainly not.

Certainly not! The soul of a philosopher will reason in quite another way; she will not ask philosophy to release her in order that when released she may deliver herself up again to the thraldom of pleasures and pains, doing a work only to be undone again, weaving instead of unweaving her Penelope's web. But she will calm passion, and follow reason, and dwell in the contemplation of her,

beholding the true and divine (which is not matter of opinion), and thence deriving nourishment. Thus she seeks to live while she lives, and after death she hopes to go to her own kindred and to that which is like her, and to be freed from human 10 ills. Never fear, Simmias and Cebes, that a soul which has been thus nurtured and has had these pursuits, will at her departure from the body be scattered and blown away by the winds and be nowhere and nothing.

When Socrates had done speaking, for a considerable time there was silence; he himself appeared to be meditating, as most of us were, on what had been said; only Cebes and Simmias spoke a few words to one another. And Socrates observing them asked what they thought of the argument, and whether there was anything wanting? For, said he, there are many points still open to suspicion and attack, if anyone were disposed to sift the 20 matter thoroughly. Should you be considering some other matter I say no more, but if you are still in doubt do not hesitate to say exactly what you think, and let us have anything better which you can suggest; and if you think that I can be of any use, allow me to help you.

A man of sense ought not to say, nor will I be very confident, that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who having cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him and working harm rather than good, has sought after the 40 pleasures of knowledge; and has arrayed the soul, not in some foreign attire, but in her own proper jewels, temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these adorned she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her hour comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as a tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates—any-

thing to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

Nothing particular, Crito, he replied: only, as I have always told you, take care of yourselves; that is a service which you may be ever rendering to me and mine and to all of us, whether you promise to do so or not. But if you have no thought for yourselves, and care not to walk according to the rule which I have prescribed for you, not now for the first time, however much you may profess or promise at the moment, it will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito: And in what way shall we bury you?

In any way that you like; but you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not run away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile:—I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I was comforting you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me to him now, as at the trial he was surety to the judges for me: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was surety for me to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual, and what you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into a chamber to bathe; Crito followed him and told us to wait. So we remained behind, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few

directions in the presence of Crito; then he dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying:—To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be—you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hurry—there is time enough.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in so acting, for they think that they will be gainers by the delay; but I am right in not following their example, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be ridiculous in my own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already forfeit. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the

cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—even so—and so be it according to my prayer. Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might

not misbehave in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said—they were his last words—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

The Republic

Book VII

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened:—Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one an-

other, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive someone saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence, he has a clearer vision,—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them,—will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look straight at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be in reality clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast until he is forced into the presence of the sun himself, is he not likely to be pained and irritated? When he approaches the light his eyes will be dazzled, and he will not be able to see anything at all of what are now called realities.

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; then he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars and the spangled heaven; and

he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun or the light of the sun by day?

Certainly.

Last of all he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate him as he is.

Certainly.

He will then proceed to argue that this is he who gives the season and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would first see the sun and then reason about him.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly, he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows and to remark which of them went before, and which followed after, and which were together; and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer,

Better to be the poor servant of a poor master and to endure anything, rather than think as they do and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than entertain these false notions and live in this miserable manner.

Imagine once more, I said, such an one coming suddenly out of the sun to be replaced in his old situation; would he not be certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

To be sure, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who had never moved out of the den, while his sight was still weak, and before his eyes had become steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he came without his eyes; and that it was better not even to think of ascending; and if anyone tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let

them only catch the offender, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This entire allegory, I said, you may now append, dear Glaucon, to the previous argument; the prison-house is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, and you will not misapprehend me if you interpret the journey upwards to be the ascent of the soul into the intellectual world according to my poor belief, which, at your desire, I have expressed—whether rightly or wrongly God knows. But, whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual; and that this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

Moreover, I said, you must not wonder that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; for their souls are ever hastening into the upper world where they desire to dwell; which desire of theirs is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Yes, very natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to the evil state of man, misbehaving himself in a ridiculous manner; if, while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the surrounding darkness, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other places, about the images or the shadows of images of justice, and is endeavoring to meet

the conceptions of those who have never yet seen absolute justice?

Anything but surprising, he replied.

Anyone who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye; and he who remembers this when he sees anyone whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul of man has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or, if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets him who returns from above out of the light into the den.

That, he said, is a very just distinction.

But then, if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes.

They undoubtedly say this, he replied.

Whereas, our argument shows that the power and capacity of learning exists in the soul already; and that just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and learn by degrees to endure the sight of being, and of the brightest and best of being, or in other words, of the good.

Very true.

ARISTOTLE

The Nicomachean Ethics

Book II

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Well: human Excellence is of two kinds, Intellectual and Moral: now the Intellectual springs originally, and is increased subsequently, from teaching

(for the most part that is), and needs therefore experience and time; whereas the Moral comes from custom, and so the Greek term denoting it is but a slight deflection from the term denoting custom in that language.

From this fact it is plain that not one of the

Moral Virtues comes to be in us merely by nature: because of such things as exist by nature, none can be changed by custom: a stone, for instance, by nature gravitating downwards, could never by custom be brought to ascend, not even if one were to try and accustom it by throwing it up ten thousand times; nor could fire again be brought to descend, nor in fact could anything whose nature is in one way be brought by custom to be in another. The Virtues then come to be in us neither by nature, nor in despite of nature, but we are furnished by nature with a capacity for receiving them, and are perfected in them through custom.

Again, in whatever cases we get things by nature, we get the faculties first and perform the acts of working afterwards; an illustration of which is afforded by the case of our bodily senses, for it was not from having often seen or heard that we got these senses, but just the reverse: we had them and so exercised them, but did not have them because we had exercised them. But the Virtues we get by first performing single acts of working, which, again, is the case of other things, as the arts for instance; for what we have to make when we have learned how, these we learn how to make by making: men come to be builders, for instance, by building; harp-players, by playing on the harp: exactly so, by doing just actions we come to be just; by doing the actions of self-mastery we come to be perfected in self-mastery; and by doing brave actions brave.

And to the truth of this testimony is borne by what takes place in communities: because the law-givers make the individual members good men by habituation, and this is the intention certainly of every law-giver, and all who do not effect it well fail of their intent; and herein consists the difference between a good Constitution and a bad.

Again, every Virtue is either produced or destroyed from and by the very same circumstances: art too in like manner; I mean it is by playing the harp that both the good and the bad harp-players are formed: and similarly builders and all the rest; by building well men will become good builders; by doing it badly bad ones: in fact, if this had not been so, there would have been no need of instructors, but all men would have been at once good or bad in their several arts without them.

So too then is it with the Virtues: for by acting in the various relations in which we are thrown with our fellow men, we come to be, some just, some unjust: and by acting in dangerous positions

and being habituated to feel fear or confidence, we come to be, some brave, others cowards.

Similarly is it also with respect to the occasions of lust and anger: for some men come to be perfected in self-mastery and mild, others destitute of all self-control and passionate; the one class by behaving in one way under them, the other by behaving in another. Or, in one word, the habits are produced from the acts of working like to them: and so what we have to do is to give a certain character to these particular acts, because the habits formed correspond to the differences of these.

So then, whether we are accustomed this way or that straight from childhood, makes not a small but an important difference, or rather I would say it makes all the difference.

Since then the object of the present treatise is not mere speculation, as it is of some others (for we are inquiring not merely that we may know what virtue is but that we may become virtuous, else it would have been useless), we must consider as to the particular actions how we are to do them, because, as we have just said, the quality of the habits that shall be formed depends on these.

Now, that we are to act in accordance with Right Reason is a general maxim, and may for the present be taken for granted: we will speak of it hereafter, and say both what Right Reason is, and what are its relations to the other virtues.

But let this point be first thoroughly understood between us, that all which can be said on moral action must be said in outline, as it were, and not exactly: for as we remarked at the commencement, such reasoning only must be required as the nature of the subject-matter admits of, and matters of moral action and expediency have no fixedness any more than matters of health. And if the subject in its general maxims is such, still less in its application to particular cases is exactness attainable: because these fall not under any art or system of rules, but it must be left in each instance to the individual agents to look to the exigencies of the particular case, as it is in the art of healing, or that of navigating a ship. Still, though the present subject is confessedly such, we must try and do what we can for it.

First then this must be noted, that it is the nature of such things to be spoiled by defect and excess; as we see in the case of health and strength (since for the illustration of things which cannot be seen we must use those that can), for excessive training impairs the strength as well as deficient: meat and drink, in like manner, in too great or

too small quantities, impair the health: while in due proportion they cause, increase, and preserve it.

Thus it is therefore with the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage and the rest of the Virtues: for the man who flies from and fears all things, and never stands up against anything, comes to be a coward; and he who fears nothing, but goes at everything, comes to be rash. In like manner too, he that tastes of every pleasure and abstains from none comes to lose all self-control; while he who avoids all, as do the dull and clownish, comes as it were to lose his faculties of perception: that is to say, the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage are spoiled by the excess and defect, but by the mean state are preserved.

Furthermore, not only do the origination, growth, and marring of the habits come from and by the same circumstances, but also the acts of working after the habits are formed will be exercised on the same: for so it is also with those other things which are more directly matters of sight, strength for instance: for this comes by taking plenty of food and doing plenty of work, and the man who has attained strength is best able to do these: and so it is with the Virtues, for not only do we by abstaining from pleasures come to be perfected in Self-Mastery, but when we have come to be so we can best abstain from them: similarly too with Courage: for it is by accustoming ourselves to despise objects of fear and stand up against them that we come to be brave; and after we have come to be so we shall be best able to stand up against such objects.

And for a test of the formation or the habits we must take the pleasure or pain which succeeds the acts; for he is perfected in Self-Mastery who not only abstains from the bodily pleasures but is glad to do so; whereas he who abstains but is sorry to do it has not Self-Mastery: he again is brave who stands up against danger, either with positive pleasure or at least without any pain; whereas he who does it with pain is not brave.

For Moral Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, because by reason of pleasure we do what is bad, and by reason of pain decline doing what is right (for which cause, as Plato observes, men should have been trained straight from their childhood to receive pleasure and pain from proper objects, for this is the right education). Again: since Virtues have to do with actions and feelings, and on every feeling and every action pleasure and pain follow, here again is another

proof that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasure and pain. The same is shown also by the fact that punishments are effected through the instrumentality of these; because they are of the nature of remedies, and it is the nature of remedies to be the contraries of the ills they cure. Again, to quote what we said before: every habit of the Soul by its very nature has relation to, and exerts itself upon, things of the same kind as those by which it is naturally deteriorated or improved: now such habits do come to be vicious by reason of pleasures and pains, that is, by men pursuing or avoiding respectively, either such as they ought not, or at wrong times, or in wrong manner, and so forth (for which reason, by the way, some people define the Virtues as certain states of impassibility and utter quietude, but they are wrong because they speak without modification, instead of adding, "as they ought," "as they ought not," and "when," and so on). Virtue then is assumed to be that habit which is such, in relation to pleasures and pains, as to effect the best results, and Vice the contrary.

The following considerations may also serve to set this in a clear light. There are principally three things moving us to choice and three to avoidance, the honorable, the expedient, the pleasant; and their three contraries, the dishonorable, the hurtful, and the painful: now the good man is apt to go right, and the bad man wrong, with respect to all these of course, but most specially with respect to pleasure: because not only is this common to him with all animals but also it is a concomitant of all those things which move to choice, since both the honorable and the expedient give an impression of pleasure.

Again, it grows up with us all from infancy, and so it is a hard matter to remove from ourselves this feeling, engrained as it is into our very life.

Again, we adopt pleasure and pain (some of us more, and some less) as the measure even of actions: for this cause then our whole business must be with them, since to receive right or wrong impressions of pleasure and pain is a thing of no little importance in respect of the actions. Once more; it is harder, as Heraclitus says, to fight against pleasure than against anger: now it is about that which is more than commonly difficult that art comes into being, and virtue too, because in that which is difficult the good is of a higher order: and so for this reason too both virtue and moral philosophy generally must wholly busy themselves respecting pleasures and pains, because he that uses

these well will be good, he that does so ill will be bad.

Let us then be understood to have stated, that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, and that it is either increased or marred by the same circumstances (differently used) by which it is originally generated, and that it exerts itself on the same circumstances out of which it was generated.

Now I can conceive a person perplexed as to the meaning of our statement, that men must do just actions to become just, and those of self-mastery to acquire the habit of self-mastery; "for," he would say, "if men are doing the actions they have the respective virtues already, just as men are grammarians or musicians when they do the actions of either art." May we not reply by saying that it is not so even in the case of the arts referred to: because a man may produce something grammatical either by chance or the suggestion of another; but then only will he be a grammarian when he not only produces something grammatical but does so grammarian-wise, i.e., in virtue of the grammatical knowledge he himself possesses.

Again, the cases of the arts and the virtues are not parallel: because those things which are produced by the arts have their excellence in themselves, and it is sufficient therefore that these when produced should be in a certain state: but those which are produced in the way of the virtues, are, strictly speaking, actions of a certain kind (say of Justice or perfected Self-Mastery), not merely if in themselves they are in a certain state but if also he who does them does them being himself in a certain state, first if knowing what he is doing, next if with deliberate preference, and with such preference for the things' own sake; and thirdly if being himself stable and unapt to change. Now to constitute possession of the arts these requisites are not reckoned in, excepting the one point of knowledge: whereas for possession of the virtues knowledge avails little or nothing, but the other requisites avail not a little, but, in fact, are all in all, and these requisites as a matter of fact do come from oftentimes doing the actions of Justice and perfected Self-Mastery.

The facts, it is true, are called by the names of these habits when they are such as the just or perfectly self-mastering man would do; but he is not in possession of the virtues who merely does these facts, but he who also so does them as the just and self-mastering do them.

We are right then in saying, that these virtues

are formed in a man by his doing the actions; but no one, if he should leave them undone, would be even in the way to become a good man. Yet people in general do not perform these actions, but taking refuge in talk they flatter themselves they are philosophizing, and that they will so be good men: acting in truth very like those sick people who listen to the doctor with great attention but do nothing that he tells them: just as these then cannot be well bodily under such a course of treatment, so neither can those be mentally by such philosophizing.

Next, we must examine what Virtue is. Well, since the things which come to be in the mind are, in all, of three kinds, Feelings, Capacities, States, Virtue of course must belong to one of the three classes.

By Feelings, I mean such as lust, anger, fear, confidence, envy, joy, friendship, hatred, longing, emulation, compassion, in short all such as are followed by pleasure or pain: by Capacities, those in right of which we are said to be capable of these feelings; as by virtue of which we are able to have been made angry, or grieved, or to have compensated; by States, those in right of which we are in a certain relation good or bad to the aforementioned feelings; to having been made angry, for instance, we are in a wrong relation if in our anger we were too violent or too slack, but if we were in the happy medium we are in a right relation to the feeling. And so on of the rest.

Now Feelings neither the virtues nor vices are, because in right of the Feelings we are not denominated either good or bad, but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, in right of the Feelings we are neither praised nor blamed (for a man is not commended for being afraid or being angry, nor blamed for being angry merely but for being so in a particular way), but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, both anger and fear we feel without moral choice, whereas the virtues are acts of moral choice, or at least certainly not independent of it.

Moreover, in right of the Feelings we are said to be moved, but in right of the virtues and vices not to be moved, but disposed, in a certain way.

And for these same reasons they are not Capacities, for we are not called good or bad merely because we are able to feel, nor are we praised or blamed.

And again, Capacities we have by nature, but

we do not come to be good or bad by nature, as we have said before.

Since then the virtues are neither Feelings nor Capacities, it remains that they must be States.

Now what the genus of Virtue is has been said; but we must not merely speak of it thus, that it is a state but say also what kind of a state it is.

We must observe then that all excellence makes that whereof it is the excellence both to be itself in a good state and to perform its work well. The excellence of the eye, for instance, makes both the eye good and its work also: for by the excellence of the eye we see well. So too the excellence of the horse makes a horse good, and good in speed, and in carrying his rider, and standing up against the enemy. If then this is universally the case, the excellence of Man, i.e., Virtue, must be a state whereby Man comes to be good and whereby he will perform well his proper work. Now how this shall be it is true we have said already, but still perhaps it may throw light on the subject to see what is its characteristic nature.

In all quantity then, whether continuous or discrete, one may take the greater part, the less, or the exactly equal, and these either with reference to the thing itself, or relatively to us: and the exactly equal is a mean between excess and defect. Now by the mean of the thing, i.e., absolute mean, I denote that which is equidistant from either extreme (which of course is one and the same to all), and by the mean relatively to ourselves, that which is neither too much nor too little for the particular individual. This of course is not one nor the same to all: for instance, suppose ten is too much and two too little, people take six for the absolute mean; because it exceeds the smaller sum by exactly as much as it is itself exceeded by the larger, and this mean is according to arithmetical proportion.

But the mean relatively to ourselves must not be so found; for it does not follow, supposing ten minæ is too large a quantity to eat and two too small, that the trainer will order his man six; because for the person who is to take it this also may be too much or too little: for Milo it would be too little, for a man just commencing his athletic exercises too much: similarly too of the exercises themselves, as running or wrestling.

So then it seems everyone possessed of skill avoids excess and defect, but seeks for and chooses the mean, not the absolute but the relative.

Now if all the skill thus accomplishes well its

work by keeping an eye on the mean, and bringing the works to this point (whence it is common enough to say of such works as are in a good state, "one cannot add to or take ought from them," under the notion of excess or defect destroying goodness but the mean state preserving it), and good artisans, as we say, work with their eye on this, and excellence, like nature, is more exact and better than any art in the world, it must have an aptitude to aim at the mean.

It is moral excellence, i.e., Virtue, of course which I mean, because this it is which is concerned with feelings and actions, and in these there can be excess and defect and the mean: it is possible, for instance, to feel the emotions of fear, confidence, lust, anger, compassion, and pleasure and pain generally, too much or too little, and in either case wrongly; but to feel them when we ought, on what occasions, towards whom, why, and as, we should do, is the mean, or in other words the best state, and this is the property of Virtue.

In like manner too with respect to the actions, there may be excess and defect and the mean. Now Virtue is concerned with feelings and actions, in which the excess is wrong and the defect is blamed but the mean is praised and goes right; and both these circumstances belong to Virtue. Virtue then is in a sense a mean state, since it certainly has an aptitude for aiming at the mean.

Again, one may go wrong in many different ways (because, as the Pythagoreans expressed it, evil is of the class of the infinite, good of the finite), but right only in one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark, but hard to hit it: and for these reasons, therefore, both the excess and defect belong to Vice, and the mean state to Virtue; for, as the poet has it.

Men may be bad in many ways,
But good in one alone.

⁴⁰ Virtue then is "a state apt to exercise deliberate choice, being in the relative mean, determined by reason, and as the man of practical wisdom would determine."

It is a middle state between too faulty ones, in the way of excess on one side and of defect on the other: and it is so moreover, because the faulty states on one side fall short of, and those on the other exceed, what is right, both in the case of the feelings and the actions; but Virtue finds, and when found adopts, the mean.

And so, viewing it in respect of its essence and definition, Virtue is a mean state; but in reference

to the chief good and to excellence it is the highest state possible.

But it must not be supposed that every action or every feeling is capable of subsisting in this mean state, because some there are which are so named as immediately to convey the notion of badness, as malevolence, shamelessness, envy; or, to instance in actions, adultery, theft, homicide; for all these and suchlike are blamed because they are in themselves bad, not the having too much or too little of them.

In these then you never can go right, but must always be wrong: nor in such does the right or wrong depend on the selection of a proper person, time, or manner (take adultery for instance), but simply doing any one soever of those things is being wrong.

You might as well require that there should be determined a mean state, an excess and a defect in respect of acting unjustly, being cowardly, or giving up all control of the passions: for at this rate there will be of excess and defect a mean state; of excess, excess; and of defect, defect.

But just as of perfected self-mastery and courage there is no excess and defect, because the mean is in one point of view the highest possible state, so in neither of those faulty states can you have a mean state, excess, or defect, but howsoever done they are wrong: you cannot, in short, have of excess and defect a mean state, nor of a mean state excess and defect.

It is not enough, however, to state this in general terms, we must also apply it to particular instances, because in treatises on moral conduct general statements have an air of vagueness, but those which go into detail one of greater reality: for the actions after all must be in detail, and the general statements, to be worth anything, must hold good here.

We must take these details then from the Table.

I. In respect of fears and confidence or boldness:

The mean state is Courage: men may exceed, of course, either in absence of fear or in positive confidence: the former has no name (which is a common case), the latter is called rash: again, the man who has too much fear and too little confidence is called a coward.

II. In respect of pleasures and pains (but not all, and perhaps fewer pains than pleasures):

The mean state here is perfected Self-Mastery, the defect total absence of Self-control. As for defect in respect of pleasure, there are really no people who are chargeable with it, so, of course,

there is really no name for such characters, but, as they are conceivable, we will give them one and call them insensible.

III. In respect of giving and taking wealth (a):

The mean state is Liberality, the excess Prodigality, the defect Stinginess: here each of the extremes involves really an excess and defect contrary to each other: I mean, the prodigal gives out too much and takes in too little, while the stingy man takes in too much and gives out too little. (It must be understood that we are now giving merely an outline and summary, intentionally: and we will, in a later part of the treatise, draw out the distinctions with greater exactness.)

IV. In respect of wealth (b):

There are other dispositions besides these just mentioned; a mean state called Munificence (for the munificent man differs from the liberal, the former having necessarily to do with great wealth, the latter with but small); the excess called by the names either of Want of taste or Vulgar Profusion, and the defect Paltriness (these also differ from the extremes connected with liberality, and the manner of their difference shall also be spoken of later).

V. In respect of honor and dishonor (a):

The mean state Greatness of Soul, the excess which may be called braggadocio, and the defect Littleness of Soul.

VI. In respect of honor and dishonor (b):

Now there is a state bearing the same relation to Greatness of Soul as we said just now Liberality does to Munificence, with the difference that is of being about a small amount of the same thing: this state having reference to small honor, as Greatness of Soul to great honor; a man may, of course, grasp at honor either more than he should or less; now he that exceeds in his grasping at it is called ambitious, he that falls short unambitious, he that is just as he should be has no proper name: nor in fact have the states, except that the disposition of the ambitious man is called ambition. For this reason those who are in either extreme lay claim to the mean, as a debatable land, and we call the virtuous character sometimes by the name ambitious, sometimes by that of unambitious, and we commend sometimes the one and sometimes the other. Why we do it shall be said in the subsequent part of the treatise; but now we will go on with the rest of the virtues after the plan we have laid down.

VII. In respect of anger:

Here too there is excess, defect, and a mean

state; but since they may be said to have really no proper names, as we call the virtuous character Meek, we will call the mean state Meekness, and of the extremes, let the man who is excessive be denominated Passionate, and the faulty state Passionateness, and him who is deficient Angerless, and the defect Angerlessness.

There are also three other mean states, having some mutual resemblance, but still with differences: they are alike in that they all have for their object-matter intercourse of words and deeds, and they differ in that one has respect to truth herein, the other two to what is pleasant; and this in two ways, the one in relaxation and amusement, the other in all things which occur in daily life. We must say a word or two about these also, that we may the better see that in all matters the mean is praiseworthy, while the extremes are neither right nor worthy of praise but of blame.

Now of these, it is true, the majority have really no proper names, but still we must try, as in the other cases, to coin some for them for the sake of clearness and intelligibleness.

I. In respect of truth:

The man who is in the mean state we will call Truthful, and his state Truthfulness, and as to the disguise of truth, if it be on the side of exaggeration, Braggadocio, and him that has it a Braggadocio; if on that of diminution, Reserve and Reserved shall be the terms.

II. In respect of what is pleasant in the way of relaxation or amusement:

The mean state shall be called Easy-pleasantry, and the character accordingly a man of Easy-pleasantry; the excess Buffoonery, and the man a Buffoon; the man deficient herein a Clown, and his state Clownishness.

III. In respect of what is pleasant in daily life:

He that is as he should be may be called Friendly, and his mean state Friendliness: he that exceeds, if it be without any interested motive, somewhat too Complaisant, if with such motive, a Flatterer: he that is deficient and in all instances unpleasant, Quarrelsome and Cross.

There are mean states likewise in feelings and matters concerning them. Shamefacedness, for instance, is no virtue, still a man is praised for being shamefaced: for in these too the one is denominated the man in the mean state, the other in the excess; the Dumbfounded, for instance, who is overwhelmed with shame on all and any occasion: the man who is in the defect, i.e., who has no

shame at all in his composition, is called Shameless: but the right character Shamefaced.

Indignation against successful vice, again, is a state in the mean between Envy and Malevolence: they all three have respect to pleasure and pain produced by what happens to one's neighbor: for the man who has this right feeling is annoyed at undeserved success of others, while the envious man goes beyond him and is annoyed at all success of others, and the malevolent falls so far short of feeling annoyance that he even rejoices [at misfortune of others].

But for the discussion of these also there will be another opportunity, as of Justice too, because the term is used in more senses than one. So after this we will go accurately into each and say how they are mean states: and in like manner also with respect to the Intellectual Excellences.

Now as there are three states in each case, two faulty either in the way of excess or defect, and one right, which is the mean state, of course all are in a way opposed to one another; the extremes, for instance, not only to the mean but also to one another, and the mean to the extremes: for just as the half is greater if compared with the less portion, and less if compared with the greater, so the mean states, compared with the defects, exceed, whether in feelings or actions, and *vice versa*. The brave man, for instance, shows as rash when compared with the coward, and cowardly when compared with the rash; similarly too the man of perfected self-mastery, viewed in comparison with the man destitute of all perception, shows like a man of no self-control, but in comparison with the man who really has no self-control, he looks like one destitute of all perception: and the liberal man compared with the stingy seems prodigal, and by the side of the prodigal, stingy.

And so the extreme characters push away, so to speak, towards each other the man in the mean state; the brave man is called a rash man by the coward, and a coward by the rash man, and in the other cases accordingly. And there being this mutual opposition, the contrariety between the extremes is greater than between either and the mean, because they are further from one another than from the mean, just as the greater or less portion differ more from each other than either from the exact half.

Again, in some cases an extreme will bear a resemblance to the mean; rashness, for instance, to courage, and prodigality to liberality; but between the extremes there is the greatest dissimilarity.

Now things which are furthest from one another are defined to be contrary, and so the further off the more contrary will they be.

Further: of the extremes in some cases the excess, and in others the defect, is most opposed to the mean: to courage, for instance, not rashness which is the excess, but cowardice which is the defect; whereas to perfected self-mastery not insensibility which is the defect but absence of all self-control which is the excess.

And for this there are two reasons to be given; one from the nature of the thing itself, because from the one extreme being nearer and more like the mean, we do not put this against it, but the other; as, for instance, since rashness is thought to be nearer to courage than cowardice is, and to resemble it more, we put cowardice against courage rather than rashness, because those things which are further from the mean are thought to be more contrary to it. This then is one reason arising from the thing itself; there is another arising from our own constitution and make: for in each man's own case those things give the impression of being more contrary to the mean to which we individually have a natural bias. Thus we have a natural bias towards pleasures, for which reason we are much more inclined to the rejection of all self-control, than to self-discipline.

These things then to which the bias is, we call more contrary, and so total want of self-control (the excess) is more contrary than the defect is to perfected self-mastery.

Now that Moral Virtue is a mean state, and how it is so, and that it lies between two faulty states, one in the way of excess and another in the way of defect, and that it is so because it has an aptitude to aim at the mean both in feelings and actions, all this has been set forth fully and sufficiently.

And so it is hard to be good: for surely hard it is in each instance to find the mean, just as to find the mean point or center of a circle is not what any man can do, but only he who knows how: just so to be angry, to give money, and be expansive, is what any man can do, and easy: but to do these to the right person, in due proportion, at the right time, with a right object, and in the right manner, this is not as before what any man can do, nor is it easy; and for this cause goodness is rare, and praiseworthy, and noble.

Therefore he who aims at the mean should make it his first care to keep away from that extreme which is more contrary than the other to the

mean; just as Calypso in Homer advises Ulysses,

Clear of this smoke and surge thy barque direct;

because of the two extremes the one is always more, and the other less, erroneous; and, therefore, since to hit exactly on the mean is difficult, one must take the least of the evils as the safest plan; and this a man will be doing, if he follows this method.

We ought also to take into consideration our own natural bias; which varies in each man's case, and will be ascertained from the pleasure and pain arising in us. Furthermore, we should force ourselves off in the contrary direction, because we shall find ourselves in the mean after we have removed ourselves far from the wrong side, exactly as men do in straightening bent timber.

But in all cases we must guard most carefully against what is pleasant, and pleasure itself, because we are not impartial judges of it.

We ought to feel in fact towards pleasure as did the old counselors towards Helen, and in all cases pronounce a similar sentence; for so by sending it away from us, we shall err the less.

Well, to speak very briefly, these are the precautions by adopting which we shall be best able to attain the mean.

Still, perhaps, after all it is a matter of difficulty, and specially in the particular instances: it is not easy, for instance, to determine exactly in what manner, with what persons, for what causes, and for what length of time, one ought to feel anger: for we ourselves sometimes praise those who are defective in this feeling, and we call them meek; at another, we term the hot-tempered manly and spirited.

Then, again, he who makes a small deflection from what is right, be it on the side of too much or too little, is not blamed, only he who makes a considerable one; for he cannot escape observation. But to what point or degree a man must err in order to incur blame, it is not easy to determine exactly in words: nor in fact any of those points which are matters of perception by the Moral Sense: such questions are matters of detail, and the decision of them rests with the Moral Sense.

At all events thus much is plain, that the mean state is in all things praiseworthy, and that practically we must deflect sometimes towards excess, sometimes towards defect, because this will be the easiest method of hitting on the mean, that is, on what is right.

LUCRETIUS

*Of the Nature of Things**Origins of Vegetable and Animal Life*

And now to what remains!—Since I've resolved
By what arrangements all things come to pass
Through the blue regions of the mighty world,—
How we can know what energy and cause
Started the various courses of the sun 5
And the moon's goings, and by what far means
They can succumb, the while with thwarted light,
And veil with shade the unsuspecting lands,
When, as it were, they blink, and then again
With open eye survey all regions wide, 10
Resplendent with white radiance—I do now
Return unto the world's primeval age
And tell what first the soft young fields of earth
With earliest parturition had decreed
To raise in air unto the shores of light 15
And to entrust unto the wayward winds.

In the beginning, earth gave forth, around
The hills and over all the length of plains,
The race of grasses and the shining green;
The flowery meadows sparkled all aglow
With greening color, and thereafter, lo, 20
Unto the divers kinds of trees was given
An emulous impulse mightily to shoot,
With a free rein, aloft into the air.
As feathers and hairs and bristles are begot
The first on members of the four-foot breeds 25
And on the bodies of the strong-y-winged,
Thus then the new Earth first of all put forth
Grasses and shrubs, and afterward begat
The mortal generations, there upsprung—
Innumerable in modes innumerable 30
After, diverging fashions. For from sky
These breathing-creatures never can have dropped,
Nor the land-dwellers ever have come up
Out of sea-pools of salt. How true remains, 35
How merited is that adopted name
Of earth—"The Mother!"—since from out the
earth
Are all begotten. And even now arise
From out the loams how many living things—
Concreted by the rains and heat of the sun. 40
Wherefore 'tis less a marvel, if they sprang

In Long Ago more many, and more big,
Matured of those days in the fresh young years
Of earth and ether. First of all, the race
Of the wingèd ones and parti-colored birds, 45
Hatched out in spring-time, left their eggs behind;
As now-a-days in summer tree-crickets
Do leave their shiny husks of own accord,
Seeking their food and living. Then it was
This earth of thine first gave unto the day 50
The mortal generations; for prevailed
Among the fields abounding hot and wet.
And hence, where any fitting spot was given,
There 'gan to grow womb-cavities, by roots
Affixed to earth. And when in ripened time 55
The age of the young within (that sought the air
And fled earth's damps) had burst these wombs, O
then

Would Nature thither turn the pores of earth
And make her spurt from open veins a juice
Like unto milk; even as a woman now 60
Is filled, at child-bearing, with the sweet milk,
Because all that swift stream of aliment
Is thither turned unto the mother-breasts.
There earth would furnish to the children food;
Warmth was their swaddling cloth, the grass their
bed 65

Abounding in soft down. Earth's newness then
Would rouse no dour spells of the bitter cold,
Nor extreme heats nor winds of mighty powers—
For all things grow and gather strength through
time

In like proportions; and then earth was young. 70
Wherefore, again, again, how merited
Is that adopted name of Earth—the Mother!—
Since she herself begat the human race,
And at one well-nigh fixed time brought forth
Each beast that ranges raving round about 75
Upon the mighty mountains and all birds
Aerial with many a varied shape.
But, lo, because her bearing years must end,
She ceased, like to a woman worn by eld.
For lapsing æons change the nature of 80

Lucretius, *Of the Nature of Things* (Book V, lines 769-1455). Translated by William Ellery Leonard
and published by E. P. Dutton and Co. in Everyman's Library. Used by permission. Titus Lucretius Carus
(c. 96-55 B.C.) lived in Rome. His long poem expounds the Epicurean philosophy.

The whole wide world, and all things needs must take
 One status after other, nor aught persists
 Forever like itself. All things depart;
 Nature she changeth all, compelleth all
 To transformation. Lo, *this* molders down,
 A-slack with weary eld, and *that*, again,
 Prospers in glory, issuing from contempt.
 In suchwise, then, the lapsing æons change
 The nature of the whole wide world, and earth
 Taketh one status after other. And what
 She bore of old, she now can bear no longer,
 And what she never bore, she can today.
 In those days also the telluric world
 Strove to beget the monsters that upsprung
 With their astounding visages and limbs—
 The Man-woman—a thing betwixt the twain,
 Yet neither, and from either sex remote—
 Some gruesome Boggles orphaned of the feet,
 Some widowed of the hands, dumb Horrors too
 Without a mouth, or blind Ones of no eye,
 Or Bulks all shackled by their legs and arms
 Cleaving unto the body fore and aft,
 Thuswise, that never could they do or go,
 Nor shun disaster, nor take the good they would.
 And other prodigies and monsters earth
 Was then begetting of this sort—in vain,
 Since Nature banned with horror their increase,
 And powerless were they to reach unto
 The coveted flower of fair maturity,
 Or to find aliment, or to intertwine
 In works of Venus. For we see there must
 Concur in life conditions manifold,
 If life is ever by begetting life
 To forge the generations one by one:
 First, foods must be; and, next, a path whereby
 The seeds of impregnation in the frame
 May ooze, released from the members all;
 Last, the possession of those instruments
 Whereby the male with female can unite,
 The one with other in mutual ravishments.
 And in the ages after monsters died,
 Perforce there perished many a stock, unable
 By propagation to forge a progeny.
 For whatsoever creatures thou beholdest
 Breathing the breath of life, the same have been
 Even from their earliest age preserved alive
 By cunning, or by valor, or at least
 By speed of foot or wing. And many a stock
 Remaineth yet, because of use to man,
 And so committed to man's guardianship.
 Valor hath saved alive fierce lion-breeds
 And many another terrorizing race,

85 90 95 100 105 110 115 120 125 130

Cunning the foxes, flight the antlered stags.
 Light-sleeping dogs with faithful heart in breasts.
 However, and every kind begot from seed
 Of beasts of draft, as, too, the woolly flocks
 And hornèd cattle, all, my Memmius,
 Have been committed to guardianship of men.
 For anxiously they fled the savage beasts,
 And peace they sought and their abundant foods,
 Obtained with never labors of their own,
 Which we secure to them as fit rewards
 For their good service. But those beasts to whom
 Nature has granted naught of these same things—
 Beasts quite unfit by own free will to thrive
 And vain for any service unto us
 In thanks for which we should permit their kind
 To feed and be in our protection safe—
 Those, of a truth, were wont to be exposed,
 Enshackled in the gruesome bonds of doom,
 As prey and booty for the rest, until
 Nature reduced that stock to utter death.

But Centaurs ne'er have been, nor can there be
 Creatures of twofold stock and double frame,
 Compact of members alien in kind,
 Yet formed with equal function, equal force
 In every bodily part—a fact thou mayst,
 However dull thy wits, well learn from this:
 The horse, when his three years have rolled away,
 Flowers in his prime of vigor; but the boy
 Not so, for oft even then he gropes in sleep
 After the milky nipples of the breasts,
 An infant still. And later, when at last
 The lusty powers of horses and stout limbs,
 Now weak through lapsing life, do fail with age,
 Lo, only then doth youth with flowering years
 Begin for boys, and clothe their ruddy cheeks
 With the soft down. So never deem, percase,
 That from a man and from the seed of horse,
 The beast of draft, can Centaurs be composed
 Or e'er exist alive, nor Scyllas be—
 The half-fish bodies girdled with mad dogs—
 Nor others of this sort, in whom we mark
 Members discordant each with each; for ne'er
 At one same time they reach their flower of age
 Or gain and lose full vigor of their frame,
 And never burn with one same lust of love,
 And never in their habits they agree—
 Nor find the same foods equally delightsome—
 Sooth, as one oft may see the bearded goats
 Batten upon the hemlock which to man
 Is violent poison. Once again, since flame
 Is wont to scorch and burn the tawny bulks
 Of the great lions as much as other kinds
 Of flesh and blood existing in the lands.

135 140 145 150 155 160 165 170 174 180 185

How could it be that she, Chimæra lone,
With triple body,—fore, a lion she;
And aft, a dragon; and betwixt, a goat—
Might at the mouth from out the body belch 189
Infuriate flame? Wherefore, the man who feigns
Such beings could have been engendered
When earth was new and the young sky was fresh
(Basing his empty argument on *new*)
May babble with like reason many whims
Into our ears: he'll say, perhaps, that then 195
Rivers of gold through every landscape flowed,
That trees were wont with precious stones to
flower,
Or that in those far æons man was born
With such gigantic length and lift of limbs
As to be able, based upon his feet, 200
Deep oceans to bestride; or with his hands
To whirl the firmament around his head.
For though in earth were many seeds of things
In the old time when this telluric world
First poured the breeds of animals abroad, 205
Still that is nothing of a sign that then
Such hybrid creatures could have been begot
And limbs of all beasts heterogeneous
Have been together knit; because, indeed,
The divers kinds of grasses and the grains 210
And the delightsome trees—which even now
Spring up abounding from within the earth—
Can still ne'er be begotten with their stems
Begrafted into one; but each sole thing
Proceeds according to its proper wont 215
And all conserve their own distinctions based
In nature's fixed decree.

Origins and Savage Period of Mankind

But mortal man
Was then far hardier in the old champaign,
As well he should be, since a hardier earth
Had him begotten; builded too was he 220
Of bigger and more solid bones within,
And knit with stalwart sinews through the flesh,
Nor easily seized by either heat or cold,
Or alien food or any ail or irk.
And whilst so many lustrums of the sun 225
Rolled on across the sky, men led a life
After the roving habit of wild beasts.
Not then were sturdy guiders of curved plows,
And none knew then to work the fields with iron,
Or plant young shoots in holes of delvèd loam, 230
Or lop with hookèd knives from off high trees
The boughs of yester-year. What sun and rains
To them had given, what earth of own accord

Created then, was boon enough to glad
Their simple hearts. Mid acorn-laden oaks 235
Would they refresh their bodies for the nonce;
And the wild berries of the arbute-tree,
Which now thou seest to ripen purple-red
In winter time, the old telluric soil
Would bear then more abundant and more big.
And many coarse foods, too, in long ago 241
The blooming freshness of the rank young world
Produced, enough for those poor wretches there.
And rivers and springs would summon them of
old
To slake the thirst, as now from the great hills
The water's down-rush calls aloud and far 246
The thirsty generations of the wild.
So, too, they sought the grottos of the Nymphs—
The woodland haunts discovered as they ranged—
From forth of which knew that gliding
rills 250
With gush and splash abounding laved the rocks,
The dripping rocks, and trickled from above
Over the verdant moss; and here and there
Welled up and burst across the open flats.
As yet they knew not to enkindle fire 255
Against the cold, nor hairy pelts to use
And clothe their bodies with the spoils of beasts;
But huddled in groves, and mountain-caves, and
woods,
And 'mongst the thickets hid their squalid backs,
When driven to flee the lashings of the winds 260
And the big rains. Nor could they then regard
The general good, nor did they know to use
In common any customs, any laws:
Whatever of booty fortune unto each
Had proffered, each alone would bear away, 265
By instinct trained for self to thrive and live.
And Venus in the forests then would link
The lovers' bodies; for the woman yielded
Either from mutual flame, or from the man's
Impetuous fury and insatiate lust, 270
Or from a bribe—as acorn-nuts, choice pears,
Or the wild berries of the arbute-tree.
And trusting wondrous strength of hands and legs,
They'd chase the forest-wanderers, the beasts; 274
And many they'd conquer, but some few they fled,
A-skulk into their hiding-places . . .

With the flung stones and with the ponderous heft
Of gnarled branch. And by the time of night
O'er taken, they would throw, like bristly boars,
Their wildman's limbs naked upon the earth, 280
Rolling themselves in leaves and fronded boughs.

Nor would they call with lamentations loud
 Around the fields for daylight and the sun,
 Quaking and wand'ring in shadows of the night;
 But, silent and buried in a sleep, they'd wait 285
 Until the sun with rosy flambeau brought
 The glory to the sky. From childhood wont
 Ever to see the dark and day begot
 In times alternate, never might they be 290
 Wildered by wild misgiving, lest a night
 Eternal should possess the lands, with light
 Of sun withdrawn forever. But their care
 Was rather that the clans of savage beasts
 Would often make their sleep-time horrible
 For those poor wretches; and, from home y-driven,
 They'd flee their rocky shelters at approach 295
 Of boar, the spumy-lipped, or lion strong,
 And in the midnight yield with terror up
 To those fierce guests their beds of out-spread
 leaves.

And yet in those days not much more than now
 Would generations of mortality 301
 Leave the sweet light of fading life behind.
 Indeed, in those days here and there a man,
 More oftener snatched upon, and gulped by fangs,
 Afforded the beasts a food that roared alive, 305
 Echoing through groves and hills and forest-trees,
 Even as he viewed his living flesh entombed
 Within a living grave; whilst those whom flight
 Had saved, with bone and body bitten, shrieked,
 Pressing their quivering palms to loathsome sores,
 With horrible voices for eternal death— 311
 Until, forlorn of help, and witless what
 Might medicine their wounds, the writhing pangs
 Took them from life. But not in those far times
 Would one lone day give over unto doom 315
 A soldiery in thousands marching on
 Beneath the battle-banners, nor would then
 The ramping breakers of the main seas dash
 Whole argosies and crews upon the rocks.
 But ocean uprisen would often rave in vain 320
 Without all end or outcome, and give up
 Its empty menacings as lightly too;
 Nor soft seductions of a sérène sea
 Could lure by laughing billows any man
 Out to disaster: for the science bold 325
 Of ship-sailing lay dark in those far times.
 Again, 'twas *then* that lack of food gave o'er
 Men's fainting limbs to dissolution: now
 'Tis plenty overwhelms. Unwary, they
 Oft for themselves themselves would then outpour
 The poison; now, with nicer art, themselves 331
 They give the drafts to others.

Beginnings of Civilization

Afterwards,
 When huts they had procured and pelts and fire,
 And when the woman, joined unto the man,
 Withdrawn with him into one dwelling place, 335

Were known; and when they saw an offspring
 born
 From out themselves, then first the human race
 Began to soften. For 'twas now that fire
 Rendered their shivering frames less staunch to
 bear,
 Under the canopy of the sky, the cold; 340
 And Love reduced their shaggy hardness;
 And children, with the prattle and the kiss,
 Soon broke the parents' haughty temper down.
 Then, too, did neighbors 'gin to league as friends,
 Eager to wrong no more or suffer wrong, 345
 And urged for children and the womankind
 Mercy, of fathers, whilst with cries and gestures
 They stammered hints how meet it was that all
 Should have compassion on the weak. And still,
 Though concord not in every wise could then 350
 Begotten be, a good, a goodly part
 Kept faith inviolate—or else mankind
 Long since had been unutterably cut off,
 And propagation never could have brought
 The species down the ages.

Lest, perchance, 355
 Concerning these affairs thou ponderest
 In silent meditation, let me say
 'Twas lightning brought primevally to earth
 The fire for mortals, and from thence hath spread
 O'er all the lands the flames of heat. For thus 360
 Even now we see so many objects, touched
 By the celestial flames, to flash aglow,
 When thunderbolt has dowered them with heat.
 Yet also when a many-branched tree,
 Beaten by winds, writhes swaying to and fro, 365
 Pressing 'gainst branches of a neighbor tree,
 There by the power of mighty rub and rub
 Is fire engendered; and at times out-flares
 The scorching heat of flame, when boughs do chafe
 Against the trunks. And of these causes, either
 May well have given to mortal men the fire. 371
 Next, food to cook and soften in the flame
 The sun instructed, since so oft they saw
 How objects mellowed, when subdued by warmth
 And by the raining blows of fiery beams, 375
 Through all the fields.

And more and more each day

Would men more strong in sense, more wise in heart,
 Teach them to change their earlier mode and life
 By fire and new devices. Kings began
 Cities to found and citadels to set, 380
 As strongholds and asylums for themselves,
 And flocks and fields to portion for each man
 After the beauty, strength, and sense of each—
 For beauty then imported much, and strength 384
 Had its own rights supreme. Thereafter, wealth
 Discovered was, and gold was brought to light,
 Which soon of honor stripped both strong and fair;
 For men, however beautiful in form
 Or valorous, will follow in the main
 The rich man's party. Yet were man to steer 390
 His life by sounder reasoning, he'd own
 Abounding riches, if with mind content
 He lived by thrift; for never, as I guess,
 Is there a lack of little in the world. 394
 But men wished glory for themselves and power
 Even that their fortunes on foundations firm
 Might rest forever, and that they themselves,
 The opulent, might pass a quiet life—
 In vain, in vain; since, in the strife to climb
 On to the heights of honor, men do make 400
 Their pathway terrible; and even when once
 They reach them, envy like the thunderbolt
 At times will smite, O hurling headlong down
 To murkiest Tartarus, in scorn; for, lo,
 All summits, all regions loftier than the rest, 405
 Smoke, blasted as by envy's thunderbolts;
 So better far in quiet to obey,
 Than to desire chief mastery of affairs
 And ownership of empires. Be it so;
 And let the weary sweat their life-blood out 410
 All to no end, battling in hate along
 The narrow path of man's ambition;
 Since all their wisdom is from others' lips,
 And all they seek is known from what they've
 heard
 And less from what they've thought. Nor is this
 folly 415
 Greater today, nor greater soon to be,
 Than 'twas of old.

And therefore kings were slain,
 And pristine majesty of golden thrones
 And haughty scepters lay o'erturned in dust;
 And crowns, so splendid on the sovereign heads,
 Soon bloody under the proletarian feet, 421
 Groaned for their glories gone—for erst o'er-much
 Dreaded, thereafter with more greedy zest
 Trampled beneath the rabble heel. Thus things

Down to the vilest lees of brawling mobs 425
 Succumbed, whilst each man sought unto himself
 Dominion and supremacy. So next
 Some wiser heads instructed men to found
 The magisterial office, and did frame
 Codes that they might consent to follow laws. 430
 For humankind, o'erwearied with a life
 Fostered by force, was ailing from its feuds;
 And so the sooner of its own free will
 Yielded to laws and strictest codes. For since
 Each hand made ready in its wrath to take 435
 A vengeance fiercer than by man's fair laws
 Is now conceded, men on this account
 Loathed the old life fostered by force. 'Tis thence
 That fear of punishments defiles each prize
 Of wicked days; for force and fraud ensnare 440
 Each man around, and in the main recoil
 On him from whence they sprung. Not easy 'tis
 For one who violates by ugly deeds
 The bonds of common peace to pass a life
 Composed and tranquil. For albeit he 'scape 445
 The race of gods and men, he yet must dread
 'Twill not be hid forever—since, indeed,
 So many, oft babbling on amid their dreams
 Or raving in sickness, have betrayed themselves
 (As stories tell) and published at last 450
 Old secrets and the sins.

But nature 'twas

Urged men to utter various sounds of tongue
 And need and use did mold the names of things,
 About in same wise as the lack-speech years
 Compel young children unto gesturings, 455
 Making them point with finger here and there
 At what's before them. For each creature feels
 By instinct to what use to put his powers.
 Ere yet the bull-calf's scarce begotten horns
 Project above his brows, with them he 'gins 460
 Enraged to butt and savagely to thrust.
 But whelps of panthers and the lion's cubs
 With claws and paws and bites are at the fray
 Already, when their teeth and claws be scarce
 As yet engendered. So again, we see 465
 All breeds of wingèd creatures trust to wings
 And from their fledgling pinions seek to get
 A fluttering assistance. Thus, to think
 That in those days some man apportioned round
 To things their names, and that from him men
 learned 470
 Their first nomenclature, is foolery.
 For why could *he* mark everything by words
 And utter the various sounds of tongue, what time
 The rest may be supposed powerless
 To do the same? And, if the rest had not 475

Already one with other used words,
 Whence was implanted in the teacher, then,
 Fore-knowledge of their use, and whence was
 given
 To him alone primordial faculty
 To know and see in mind what 'twas he willed?
 Besides, one only man could scarce subdue 481
 An overmastered multitude to choose
 To get by heart *his* names of things. A task
 Not easy 'tis in any wise to teach
 And to persuade the deaf concerning what 485
 'Tis needful for to do. For ne'er would they
 Allow, nor ne'er in anywise endure
 Perpetual vain dingdong in their ears
 Of spoken sounds unheard before. And what,
 At last, in this affair so wondrous is, 490
 That human race (in whom a voice and tongue
 Were now in vigor) should by divers words
 Denote its objects, as each divers sense
 Might prompt?—since even the speechless herds,
 aye, since
 The very generations of wild beasts 495
 Are wont dissimilar and divers sounds
 To rouse from in them, when there's fear or pain,
 And when they burst with joys. And this, forsooth,
 'Tis thine to know from plainest facts: when first
 Huge flabby jowls of mad Molossian hounds, 500
 Baring their hard white teeth, begin to snarl,
 They threaten, with infuriate lips peeled back,
 In sounds far other than with which they bark
 And fill with voices all the regions round.
 And when with fondling tongue they start to
 lick 505
 Their puppies, or do toss them round with paws,
 Feigning with gentle bites to gape and snap,
 They fawn with yelps of voice far other than
 Than when, alone within the house, they bay,
 Or whimpering slink with cringing sides from
 blows. 510
 Again the neighing of the horse, is that
 Not seen to differ likewise, when the stud
 In buoyant flower of his young years raves,
 Goaded by wingèd Love, amongst the mares,
 And when with widening nostrils out he snorts
 The call to battle, and when haply he 516
 Whinnies at times with terror-quaking limbs?
 Lastly, the flying race, the dappled birds,
 Hawks, ospreys, sea-gulls, searching food and life
 Amid the ocean billows in the brine, 520
 Utter at other times far other cries
 Than when they fight for food, or with their prey
 Struggle and strain. And birds there are which
 change

With changing weather their own raucous songs—
 As long-lived generations of the crows 525
 Or flocks of rooks, when they be said to cry
 For rain and water and to call at times
 For winds and gales. Ergo, if divers moods
 Compel the brutes, though speechless evermore,
 To send forth divers sounds, O truly then 530
 How much more likely 'twere that mortal men
 In those days could with many a different sound
 Denote each separate thing.
 And now what cause
 Hath spread divinities of gods abroad
 Through mighty nations, and filled the cities full
 Of the high altars, and led to practices 536
 Of solemn rites in season—rites which still
 Flourish in midst of great affairs of state
 And midst great centers of man's civic life,
 The rites whence still in poor mortality 540
 Is grafted that quaking awe which rears aloft
 Still the new temples of gods from land to land
 And drives mankind to visit them in throngs
 On holy days—'tis not so hard to give
 Reason thereof in speech. Because, in sooth, 545
 Even in those days would the race of man
 Be seeing excelling visages of gods
 With mind awake; and in his sleeps, yet more,—
 Bodies of wondrous growth. And, thus, to these 549
 Would men attribute sense, because they seemed
 To move their limbs and speak pronouncements
 high,
 Befitting glorious visage and vast powers.
 And men would give them an eternal life,
 Because their visages forevermore
 Were there before them, and their shapes re- 555
 mained,
 And chiefly, however, because men would not
 think
 Beings augmented with such mighty powers
 Could well by any force o'ermastered be.
 And men would think them in their happiness
 Excelling far, because the fear of death 560
 Vexèd no one of them at all, and since
 At same time in men's sleeps men saw them do
 So many wonders, and yet feel therefrom
 Themselves no weariness. Besides, men marked
 How in a fixèd order rolled around
 The systems of the sky, and changèd times
 Of annual seasons, nor were able then
 To know thereof the causes. Therefore 'twas
 Men would take refuge in consigning all
 Unto divinities, and in feigning all
 Was guided by their nod. And in the sky
 They set the seats and vaults of gods, because 565
 570

- Across, the sky night and the moon are seen
 To roll along—moon, day, and night, and night's
 Old awesome constellations evermore, 575
 And the night-wandering fireballs of the sky,
 And flying flames, clouds, and the sun, the rains,
 Snow and the winds, the lightnings, and the hail,
 And the swift rumblings, and the hollow roar
 Of mighty menacings forevermore. 580
- O humankind unhappy!—when it ascribed
 Unto divinities such awesome deeds,
 And coupled thereto rigors of fierce wrath!
 What groans did men on that sad day beget
 Even for themselves, and O what wounds for
 us, 585
 What tears for our children's children! Nor, O
 man,
 Is thy true piety in this: with head
 Under the veil, still to be seen to turn
 Fronting a stone, and ever to approach
 Unto all altars; nor so prone on earth
 Forward to fall, to spread upturnèd palms
 Before the shrines of gods, nor yet to dew
 Altars with profuse blood of four-foot beasts,
 Nor vows with vows to link. But rather this:
 To look on all things with a master eye 595
 And mind at peace. For when we gaze aloft
 Upon the skiey vaults of yon great world
 And ether, fixed high o'er twinkling stars,
 And into our thought there come the journeyings
 Of sun and moon, O then into our breasts, 600
 O'erburdened already with their other ills,
 Begins forthwith to rear its sudden head
 One more misgiving: lest o'er us, percase,
 It be the gods' immeasurable power
 That rolls, with varied motion, round and round
 The far white constellations. For the lack 605
 Of aught of reasons tries the puzzled mind:
 Whether was ever a birth-time of the world,
 And whether, likewise, any end shall be
 How far the ramparts of the world can still 610
 Outstand this strain of ever-rousèd motion,
 Or whether, divinely with eternal weal
 Endowed, they can through endless tracts of age
 Glide on, defying the o'er-mighty powers
 Of the immeasurable ages. Lo, 615
 What man is there whose mind with dread of gods
 Cringes not close, whose limbs with terror-spell
 Crouch not together, when the parchèd earth
 Quakes with the horrible thunderbolt amain,
 And across the mighty sky the rumblings run? 620
 Do not the peoples and the nations shake,
 And haughty kings do they not hug their limbs,
 Struck through with fear of the divinities
- Lest for aught foully done or madly said
 The heavy time be now at hand to pay? 625
 When, too, fierce force of fury-winds at sea
 Sweepeth a navy's admiral down the main
 With his stout legions and his elephants,
 Doth he not seek the peace of gods with vows,
 And beg in prayer, a-tremble, lullèd winds 630
 And friendly gales?—in vain, since, often up-
 caught
- In fury-cyclones, is he borne along,
 For all his mouthings, to the shoals of doom.
 Ah, so irrevocably some hidden power
 Betramples forevermore affairs of men, 635
 And visibly grindeth with its heel in mire
 The lictors' glorious rods and axes dire,
 Having them in derision! Again, when earth
 From end to end is rocking under foot,
 And shaken cities ruin down, or threaten 640
 Upon the verge, what wonder is it then
 That mortal generations abase themselves,
 And unto gods in all affairs of earth
 Assign as last resort almighty powers
 And wondrous energies to govern all? 645
- Now for the rest: copper and gold and iron
 Discovered were, and with them silver's weight
 And power of lead, when with prodigious heat
 The conflagrations burned the forest trees 650
 Among the mighty mountains, by a bolt
 Of lightning from the sky, or else because
 Men, warring in the woodlands, on their foes
 Had hurlèd fire to frighten and dismay,
 Or yet because, by goodness of the soil 655
 Invited, men desired to clear rich fields
 And turn the countryside to pasture-lands,
 Or slay the wild and thrive upon the spoils.
 (For hunting by pit-fall and by fire arose
 Before the art of hedging the covert round 660
 With net or stirring it with dogs of chase.)
 Howso the fact, and from what cause soever
 The flamèd heat with awful crack and roar
 Had there devoured to their deepest roots
 The forest trees and baked the earth with fire, 665
 Then from the boiling veins began to ooze
 O rivulets of silver and of gold,
 Of lead and copper too, collecting soon
 Into the hollow places of the ground.
- And when men saw the coolèd lumps anon 669
 To shine with splendor-sheen upon the ground,
 Much taken with that lustrous smooth delight,
 They 'gan to pry them out, and saw how each
 Had got a shape like to its earthy mold.
 Then would it enter their heads how these same 675
 lumps

If melted by heat, could into any form
Or figure of things be run, and how, again,
If hammered out, they could be nicely drawn
To sharpest point or finest edge, and thus
Yield to the forgers tools and give them power
To chop the forest down, to hew the logs, 680
To shave the beams and planks, besides to bore
And punch and drill. And men began such work
At first as much with tools of silver and gold
As with the impetuous strength of the stout
copper;

But vainly—since their over-mastered power
Would soon give way, unable to endure,
Like copper, such hard labor. In those days
Copper it was that was the thing of price;
And gold lay useless, blunted with dull edge.
Now lies the copper low, and gold hath come 690
Unto the loftiest honors. Thus it is
That rolling ages change the times of things:
What erst was of a price, becomes at last
A discard of no honor; whilst another
Succeeds to glory, issuing from contempt, 695
And day by day is sought for more and more,
And, when 'tis found, doth flower in men's praise,
Object of wondrous honor.

Now, Memmius,
How nature of iron discovered was, thou mayst
Of thine own self divine. Man's ancient arms 700
Were hands, and nails and teeth, stones too and
boughs—

Breakage of forest trees—and flame and fire,
As soon as known. Thereafter force of iron
And copper discovered was; and copper's use
Was known ere iron's, since more tractable 705
Its nature is and its abundance more.
With copper men to work the soil began,
With copper to rouse the hurly waves of war,
To straw the monstrous wounds, and seize away
Another's flocks and fields. For unto them, 710
Thus armèd, all things naked of defense
Readily yielded. Then by slow degrees
The sword of iron succeeded, and the shape
Of brazen sickle into scorn was turned:
With iron to cleave the soil of earth they 'gan, 715
And the contentions of uncertain war
Were rendered equal.

And, lo, man was wont

Armèd to mount upon the ribs of horse
And guide him with the rein, and play about
With right hand free, of times before he tried 720
Perils of war in yokèd chariot;
And yokèd pairs abreast came earlier
Than yokes of four, or scythèd chariots

675 Whereinto climb the men-at-arms. And next
The Punic folk did train the elephants— 725
Those curst Lucanian oxen, hideous,
The serpent-handed, with turrets on their bulks—
To dure the wounds of war and panic-strike
The mighty troops of Mars. Thus Discord sad
Begat the one Thing after other, to be 730
The terror of the nations under arms,
And day by day to horrors of old war
She added an increase.

Bulls, too, they tried
In war's grim business; and essayed to send 735
Outrageous boars against the foes. And some
Sent on before their ranks puissant lions
With armed trainers and with masters fierce
To guide and hold in chains—and yet in vain,
Since fleshed with pell-mell slaughter, fierce they 739
flew,

And blindly through the squadrons havoc wrought,
Shaking the frightful crests upon their heads,
Now here, now there. Nor could the horsemen
calm

Their horses, panic-breasted at the roar,
And rein them round to front the foe. With spring
The infuriate she-lions would up-leap 745
Now here, now there; and whoso came apace
Against them, these they'd rend across the face;
And others unwitting from behind they'd tear
Down from their mounts, and twinging round
them, bring

Tumbling to earth, o'ermastered by the wound, 750
And with those powerful fangs and hookèd claws
Fasten upon them. Bulls would toss their friends,
And trample under foot, and from beneath
Rip flanks and bellies of horses with their horns,
And with a threat'ning forehead jam the sod; 755
And boars would gore with stout tusks their allies,
Splashing in fury their own blood on spears
Splintered in their own bodies, and would fell
In rout and ruin infantry and horse.

For there the beasts-of-saddle tried to scape 760
The savage thrusts of tusk by shying off,
Or rearing up with hoofs a-paw in air.

In vain—since there thou mightest see them sink,
Their sinews severed, and with heavy fall
Bestrew the ground. And such of these as men
Supposed well-trainèd long ago at home, 766
Were in the thick of action seen to foam
In fury, from the wounds, the shrieks, the flight,
The panic, and the tumult; nor could men
Aught of their numbers rally. For each breed 770
And various of the wild beasts fled apart
Hither or thither, as often in wars today

Flee those Lucanian oxen, by the steel
 Grievously mangled, after they have wrought
 Upon their friends so many a dreadful doom. 775
 (If 'twas, indeed, that thus they did at all:
 But scarcely I'll believe that men could not
 With mind foreknow and see, as sure to come,
 Such foul and general disaster.—This
 We, then, may hold as true in the great All, 780
 In divers worlds on divers plan create,—
 Somewhere afar more likely than upon
 One certain earth.) But men chose this to do
 Less in the hope of conquering than to give
 Their enemies a goodly cause of woe, 785
 Even though thereby they perishèd themselves,
 Since weak in numbers and since wanting arms.

Now, clothes of roughly inter-plaited strands
 Were earlier than loom-wove coverings;
 The loom-wove later than man's iron is, 790
 Since iron is needful in the weaving art,
 Nor by no other means can there be wrought
 Such polished tools—the treadles, spindles, shuttles,
 And sounding yarn-beams. And nature forced the
 men,
 Before the woman kind, to work the wool: 795
 For all the male kind far excels in skill,
 And cleverer is by much—until at last
 The rugged farmer folk jeered at such tasks,
 And so were eager soon to give them o'er
 To women's hands, and in more hardy toil 800
 To harden arms and hands.

But nature herself,
 Mother of things, was the first seed-sower
 And primal grafter; since the berries and acorns,
 Dropping from off the trees, would there beneath
 Put forth in season swarms of little shoots; 805
 Hence too men's fondness for ingrafting slips
 Upon the boughs and setting out in holes
 The young shrubs o'er the fields. Then would they
 try

Ever new modes of tilling their loved crofts,
 And mark they would how earth improved the
 taste 810

Of the wild fruits by fond and fostering care.
 And day by day they'd force the woods to move
 Still higher up the mountain, and to yield
 The place below for tilth, that there they might,
 On plains and uplands, have their meadow- 815
 plats,

Cisterns and runnels, crops of standing grain,
 And happy vineyards, and that all along
 O'er hillocks, intervals, and plains might run
 The silvery-green belt of olive-trees,
 Marking the plotted landscape; even as now 820

Thou seest so marked with varied loveliness
 All the terrain which men adorn and plant
 With rows of goodly fruit-trees and hedge round
 With thriving shrubberies sown.

But by the mouth
 To imitate the liquid notes of the birds 825
 Was earlier far 'mongst men than power to make,
 By measured song, melodious verse and give
 Delight to ears. And whistlings of the wind
 Athrough the hollows of the reeds first taught
 The peasantry to blow into the stalks 830
 Of hollow hemlock-herb. Then bit by bit
 They learned sweet plainings, such as pipe out-
 pours,
 Beaten by finger-tips of singing men,
 When heard through unpathed groves and forest
 deeps

And woodsy meadows, through the untrod haunts
 Of shepherd folk and spots divinely still. 836
 Thus time draws forward each and everything
 Little by little unto the midst of men,
 And reason uplifts it to the shores of light.
 These tunes would soothe and glad the minds of
 mortals 840

When sated with food,—for songs are welcome
 then.
 And often, lounging with friends in the soft grass
 Beside a river of water, underneath
 A big tree's branches, merrily they'd refresh
 Their frames, with no vast outlay—most of all 845
 If the weather were smiling and the times of the
 year
 Were painting the green of the grass around with
 flowers.

Then jokes, then talk, then peals of jollity
 Would circle round; for then the rustic muse
 Was in her glory; then would antic Mirth 850
 Prompt them to garland head and shoulders about
 With chaplets of intertwined flowers and leaves,
 And to dance onward, out of tune, with limbs
 Clownishly swaying, and with clownish foot
 To beat our mother earth—from whence arose 855
 Laughter and peals of jollity, for, lo,
 Such frolic acts were in their glory then,
 Being more new and strange. And wakeful men
 Found solaces for their unsleeping hours
 In drawing forth variety of notes, 860
 In modulating melodies, in running
 With puckered lips along the tuned reeds,
 Whence, even in our day do the watchmen guard
 These old traditions, and have learned well
 To keep true measure. And yet they no whit 865

Do get a larger fruit of gladsomeness
 Than got the woodland aborigines
 In olden times. For *what* we have at hand—
 If theretofore naught sweeter we have known—
 That chiefly pleases and seems best of all; 870
 But then some later, likely better, find
 Destroys its worth and changes our desires
 Regarding good of yesterday.

And thus

Began the loathing of the acorn; thus
 Abandoned were those beds with grasses strewn
 And with the leaves beladen. Thus, again, 876
 Fell into new contempt the pelts of beasts—
 Erstwhile a robe of honor, which, I guess,
 Aroused in those days envy so malign
 That the first wearer went to woeful death 880
 By ambuscades,—and yet that hairy prize,
 Rent into rags by greedy foemen there
 And splashed by blood, was ruined utterly
 Beyond all use or vantage. Thus of old
 'Twas pelts, and of today 'tis purple and gold 885
 That cark men's lives with cares and weary with
 war.

Wherefore, methinks, resides the greater blame
 With us vain men today: for cold would rack,
 Without their pelts, the naked sons of earth;
 But us it nothing hurts to do without 890
 The purple vestment, broiderèd with gold
 And with imposing figures, if we still
 Make shift with some mean garment of the Plebs.
 So man in vain futilities toils on
 Forever and wastes in idle cares his years— 895
 Because, of very truth, he hath not learnt
 What the true end of getting is, nor yet
 At all how far true pleasure may increase.

And 'tis desire for better and for more
 Hath carried by degrees mortality 900
 Out onward to the deep, and rousèd up
 From the far bottom mighty waves of war.

But sun and moon, those watchmen of the
 world,
 With their own lanterns traversing around
 The mighty, the revolving vault, have taught 905
 Unto mankind that seasons of the years
 Return again, and that the Thing takes place
 After a fixèd plan and order fixed.

Already would they pass their life, hedged round
 By the strong towers; and cultivate an earth 910
 All portioned out and boundaried; already
 Would the sea flower with sail-wingèd ships;
 Already men had, under treaty pacts,
 Confederates and allies, when poets began
 To hand heroic actions down in verse; 915
 Nor long ere this had letters been devised—
 Hence is our age unable to look back
 On what has gone before, except where reason
 Shows us a footprint.

Sailings on the seas,
 Tillings of fields, walls, laws, and arms, and roads,
 Dress and the like, all prizes, all delights 921
 Of finer life, poems, pictures, chiseled shapes
 Of polished sculptures—all these arts were learned
 By practice and the mind's experience,
 As men walked forward step by eager step. 925
 Thus time draws forward each and everything
 Little by little into the midst of men,
 And reason uplifts it to the shores of light.
 For one thing after other did men see
 Grow clear by intellect, till with their arts 930
 They've now achieved the suprême pinnacle.

MARCUS AURELIUS

Meditations

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall
 meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant,
 deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen
 to them by reason of their ignorance of what is
 good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of

the good that it is beautiful and of the bad that it
 is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong,
 that it is akin to me, not [only] of the same blood
 or seed, but that it participates in [the same]
 intelligence and [the same] portion of the divinity,

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*. Translated by George Long. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121-180 A.D.) was an adopted son of his grandfather and succeeded his uncle Antoninus Pius as emperor. He is recognized as one of the world's greatest rulers.

I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. For we are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away.

Whatever this is that I am, it is a little flesh and breath, and the ruling part. Throw away thy books; no longer distract thyself: it is not allowed; but as if thou wast now dying, despise the flesh, it is blood and bones and a network, a contexture of nerves, veins and arteries. See the breath also, what kind of a thing it is; air, and not always the same, but every moment sent out and again sucked in. The third then is the ruling part: consider thus: Thou art an old man; no longer let this be a slave, no longer be pulled by the strings like a puppet to unsocial movements, no longer be either dissatisfied with thy present lot, or shrink from the future.

All that is from the gods is full of providence. That which is from fortune is not separated from nature or without an interweaving and involution with the things which are ordered by Providence. From thence all things flow; and there is besides necessity, and that which is for the advantage of the whole universe, of which thou art a part. But that is good for every part of nature which the nature of the whole brings, and what serves to maintain this nature. Now the universe is preserved, as by the changes of the elements so by the changes of things compounded of the elements. Let these principles be enough for thee; let them always be fixed opinions. But cast away the thirst after books, that thou mayest not die murmuring, but cheerfully, truly, and from thy heart thankful to the gods.

Remember how long thou hast been putting off these things, and how often thou hast received an opportunity from the gods, and yet dost not use it. Thou must now at last perceive of what universe thou art a part, and of what administrator of the universe thy existence is an efflux, and that a limit of time is fixed for thee, which if thou dost not use for clearing away the clouds from thy mind, it will go and thou wilt go, and it will never return.

Every moment think steadily as a Roman and a man to do what thou hast in hand with perfect and simple dignity, and feeling of affection, and freedom, and justice; and to give thyself relief from all ^{anx} thoughts. And thou wilt give thyself relief, ^{sic} i.e. dost every act of thy life as if it were the

last, laying aside all carelessness and passionate aversion from the commands of reason, and all hypocrisy, and self-love, and discontent with the portion which has been given to thee. Thou seest how few the things are, the which if a man lays hold of, he is able to live a life which flows in quiet, and is like the existence of the gods; for the gods on their part will require nothing more from him who observes these things.

Do wrong to thyself, do wrong to thyself, my soul; but thou wilt no longer have the opportunity of honoring thyself. Every man's life is sufficient. But thine is nearly finished, though thy soul reverences not itself, but places thy felicity in the souls of others.

Do the things external which fall upon thee distract thee? Give thyself time to learn something new and good, and cease to be whirled around. But then thou must also avoid being carried about the other way. For those too are triflers who have wearied themselves in life by their activity, and yet have no object to which to direct every movement, and, in a word, all their thoughts.

Through not observing what is in the mind of another a man has seldom been seen to be unhappy; but those who do not observe the movements of their own minds must of necessity be unhappy.

This thou must always bear in mind, what is the nature of the whole, and what is my nature, and how this is related to that, and what kind of a part it is of what kind of a whole; and that there is no one who hinders thee from always doing and saying the things which are according to the nature of which thou art a part.

Theophrastus, in his comparison of bad acts—such a comparison as one would make in accordance with the common notions of mankind—says, like a true philosopher, that the offenses which are committed through desire are more blamable than those which are committed through anger. For he who is excited by anger seems to turn away from reason with a certain pain and unconscious contraction; but he who offends through desire, being overpowered by pleasure, seems to be in a manner more intemperate and more womanish in his offenses. Rightly then, and in a way worthy of philosophy, he said that the offense which is committed with pleasure is more blamable than that which is committed with pain; and on the whole the one is more like a person who has been first wronged and through pain is compelled to be angry; but the other is moved by his own impulse to do

wrong, being carried toward doing something by desire.

Since it is possible that thou mayest depart from life this very moment, regulate every act and thought accordingly. But to go away from among men, if there are gods, is not a thing to be afraid of, for the gods will not involve thee in evil; but if indeed they do not exist, or if they have no concern about human affairs, what is it to me to live in a universe devoid of gods or devoid of providence? But in truth they do exist, and they do care for human things, and they have put all the means in man's power to enable him not to fall into real evils. And as to the rest, if there was anything evil, they would have provided for this also, that it should be altogether in a man's power not to fall into it. Now, that which does not make a man worse, how can it make a man's life worse? But neither through ignorance, nor having the knowledge, but not the power to guard against or correct these things, is it possible that the nature of the universe has overlooked them; nor is it possible that it has made so great a mistake, either through want of power or want of skill, that good and evil should happen indiscriminately to the good and the bad. But death certainly, and life, honor and dishonor, pain and pleasure, all these things equally happen to good men and bad, being things which make us neither better nor worse. Therefore they are neither good nor evil.

How quickly all these things disappear, in the universe the bodies themselves, but in time the remembrance of them; what is the nature of all sensible things, and particularly whose which attract with the bait of pleasure or terrify by pain, or are noised about by vapory fame; how worthless, and contemptible, and sordid and perishable, and dead they are—all this it is the part of the intellectual faculty to observe. To observe too who these are whose opinions and voices give reputation; what death is, and the fact that, if a man looks at it in itself, and by the abstractive power of reflection resolves into their parts all the things which present themselves to the imagination in it, he will then consider it to be nothing else than an operation of nature; and if anyone is afraid of an operation of nature he is a child. This, however, is not only an operation of nature, but it is also a thing which conduces to the purposes of nature. To observe, too, how man comes near to the Deity, and by what part of him, and when this part of man is so disposed.

Nothing is more wretched than a man who

traverses everything in a round, and pries into things beneath the earth, as the poet says, and seeks by conjecture what is in the minds of his neighbors, without perceiving that it is sufficient to attend to the *dæmon* within him, and to reverence it sincerely. And reverence of the *dæmon* consists in keeping it pure from passion and thoughtlessness, and dissatisfaction with what comes from gods and men. For the things from the gods merit veneration for their excellence; and the things from men should be dear to us by reason of kinship; and sometimes even, in a manner, they move our pity by reason of men's ignorance of good and bad; this defect being not less than that which deprives us of the power of distinguishing things that are white and black.

Though thou shouldest be going to live three thousand years, and as many times ten thousand years, still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and shortest are thus brought to the same. For the present is the same to all, though that which perishes is not the same; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the past or the future: for what a man has not, how can anyone take this from him? These two things then thou must bear in mind: the one, that all things from eternity are of like forms and come round in a circle, and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years or two hundred, or an infinite time; and the second, that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same. For the present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived, if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he has it not.

Remember that all is opinion. For what was said by the Cynic Monimus is manifest: and manifest too is the use of what was said, if a man receives what may be got out of it as far as it is true.

The soul of man does violence to itself, first of all when it becomes an abscess and, as it were, a tumor on the universe, so far as it can. For to be vexed at anything which happens is a separation of ourselves from nature, in some part of which the natures of all other things are contained. In the next place, the soul does violence to itself when it turns away from any man, or even moves toward him with the intention of injuring, such as are the souls of those who are angry. In the third place, the soul does violence to itself when it

overpowered by pleasure or by pain. Fourthly, when it plays a part, and does or says anything insincerely and untruly. Fifthly, when it allows any act of its own and any movement to be without an aim, and does anything thoughtlessly and without considering what it is, it being right that even the smallest things be done with reference to an end; and the end of rational animals is to follow the reason and the law of the most ancient city and polity.

Of the human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul of a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing devoid of judgment. And, to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapor, and life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion. What, then, is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing, and only one—philosophy. But this consists in keeping the *dæmon* within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, not feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything; and besides, accepting all that happens, and all that is allotted, as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came; and, finally, waiting for death with a cheerful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every living being is compounded. But if there is no harm to the elements themselves in each continually changing into another, why should a man have any apprehension about the change and dissolution of all the elements? For it is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature.

We ought to consider not only that our life is daily wasting away and a smaller part of it is left, but another thing also must be taken into the account, that if a man should live longer it is quite uncertain whether the understanding will still continue sufficient for the comprehension of things, and retain the power of contemplation which strives to acquire the knowledge of the divine and the human. For if he shall begin to fall into dotage, perspiration and nutrition and imagination and appetite, and whatever else there is of the kind, will not fail; but the power of making use of ourselves, and filling up the measure of our duty, and clearly separating all appearances, and considering whether a man should now depart from

life, and whatever else of the kind absolutely requires a disciplined reason, all this is already extinguished. We must make haste then, not only because we are daily nearer to death, but also because the conception of things and the understanding of them cease first.

We ought to observe also that even the things which follow after the things which are produced according to nature contain something pleasing and attractive. For instance, when bread is baked some parts are split at the surface, and these parts which thus open, and have a certain fashion contrary to the purpose of the baker's art, are beautiful in a manner, and in a peculiar way excite a desire for eating. And again, figs, when they are quite ripe, gape open, and in the ripe olives the very circumstance of their being near to rottenness adds a peculiar beauty to the fruit. And the ears of corn bending down, and the lion's eyebrows, and the foam which flows from the mouth of wild boars, and many other things—though they are far from being beautiful, if a man should examine them severally—still, because they are consequent upon the things which are formed by nature, help to adorn them, and they please the mind; so that if a man should have a feeling and deeper insight with respect to the things which are produced in the universe, there is hardly one of those which follow by way of consequence which will not seem to him to be in a manner disposed so as to give pleasure. And so he will see even the real gaping jaws of wild beasts with no less pleasure than those which painters and sculptors show by imitation; and in an old woman and an old man he will be able to see a certain maturity and comeliness; and the attractive loveliness of young persons he will be able to look on with chaste eyes; and many such things will present themselves, not pleasing to every man, but to him only who has become truly familiar with nature and her works.

Hippocrates after curing many diseases himself fell sick and died. The Chaldæi foretold the deaths of many, and then fate caught them too. Alexander, and Pompeius, and Caius Cæsar, after so often completely destroying whole cities, and in battle cutting to pieces many ten thousands of cavalry and infantry, themselves too at last departed from life. Heraclitus, after so many speculations on the conflagration of the universe, was filled with water internally and died smeared all over with mud. And lice destroyed Democritus; and other lice killed Socrates. What means all this? Thou hast

embarked, thou hast made the voyage, thou art come to shore; get out. If indeed to another life, there is no want of gods, not even there. But if to a state without sensation, thou wilt cease to be held by pains and pleasures, and to be a slave to the vessel, which is as much inferior as that which serves it is superior; for the one is intelligence and deity; the other is earth and corruption.

Do not waste the remainder of thy life in thoughts about others, when thou dost not refer thy thoughts to some object of common utility. For thou losest the opportunity of doing something else when thou hast such thoughts as these, What is such a person doing, and why, and what is he saying, and what is he thinking of, and what is he contriving, and whatever else of the kind makes us wander away from the observation of our own ruling power. We ought then to check in the series of our thoughts everything that is without a purpose and useless, but most of all the overcurious feeling and the malignant; and a man should use himself to think of those things only about which if one should suddenly ask, What hast thou now in thy thoughts? with perfect openness thou mightest immediately answer, This or That; so that from thy words it should be plain that everything in thee is simple and benevolent, and such as befits a social animal, one that cares not for thoughts about pleasure or sensual enjoyments at all, nor has any rivalry or envy and suspicion, or anything else for which thou wouldest blush if thou shouldest say that thou hadst it in thy mind. For the man who is such and no longer delays being among the number of the best, is like a priest and minister of the gods, using too the [deity] which is planted within him, which makes the man uncontaminated by pleasure, unharmed by any pain, untouched by any insult, feeling no wrong, a fighter in the noblest fight, one who cannot be overpowered by any passion, dyed deep with justice, accepting with all his soul everything which happens and is assigned to him as his portion; and not often, nor yet without great necessity and for the general interest, imagining what another says, or does, or thinks. For it is only what belongs to himself that he makes the matter for his activity; and he constantly thinks of that which is allotted to himself out of the sum total of things, and he makes his own acts fair, and he is persuaded that his own portion is good. For the lot which is assigned to each man is carried along with him and carries him along with it. And he remembers also that every rational animal is his

kinsman, and that to care for all men is according to man's nature; and a man should hold on to the opinion not of all but of those only who confessedly live according to nature. But as to those who live not so, he always bears in mind what kind of men they are both at home and from home, both by night and by day, and what they are, and with what men they live an impure life. Accordingly, he does not value at all the praise which comes from such men, since they are not even satisfied with themselves.

Labor not unwillingly, nor without regard to the common interest, nor without due consideration, nor with distraction; nor let studied ornament set off thy thoughts, and be not either a man of many words, or busy about too many things. And further, let the deity which is in thee be the guardian of a living being, manly and of ripe age, and engaged in matter political, and a Roman, and a ruler, who has taken his post like a man waiting for the signal which summons him from life, and ready to go, having need neither of oath nor of any man's testimony. Be cheerful also, and seek not external help nor the tranquillity which others give. A man then must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and, in a word, anything better than thy own mind's self-satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason, and in the condition that is assigned to thee without thy own choice; if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best. But if nothing appears to be better than the deity which is planted in thee, which has subjected to itself all thy appetites, and carefully examines all the impressions, and as Socrates said, has detached itself from the persuasions of sense, and has submitted itself to the gods, and cares for mankind; if thou findest everything else smaller and of less value than this, give place to nothing else, for if thou dost once diverge and incline to it, thou wilt no longer without distraction be able to give the preference to that good thing which is thy proper possession and thy own; for it is not right that anything of any other kind, such as praise from the many, or power, or enjoyment of pleasure, should come into competition with that which is rationally and politically [or, practically] good. All these things, even though they may seem to adapt themselves [to the better things] in a small degree, obtain the superiority

all at once, and carry us away. But do thou, I say, simply and freely choose the better, and hold to it.—But that which is useful is the better.—Well then, if it is only useful to thee as a rational being, keep to it; but if it is only useful to thee as an animal, say so, and maintain thy judgment without arrogance; only take care that thou makest the inquiry by a sure method.

Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains: for he who has preferred to everything else his own intelligence and dæmon and the worship of its excellence, acts no tragic part, does not groan, will not need either solitude or much company; and, what is chief of all, he will live without either pursuing or flying from [death]; but whether for a longer or a shorter time he shall have the soul inclosed in the body, he cares not at all; for even if he must depart immediately, he will go as readily as if he were going to do anything else which can be done with decency and order; taking care of this only all through life, that his thoughts turn not away from anything which belongs to an intelligent animal and a member of a civil community.

In the mind of one who is chastened and purified thou wilt find no corrupt matter, nor impurity, nor any sore skinned over. Nor is his life incomplete when fate overtakes him, as one may say of an actor who leaves the stage before ending and finishing the play. Besides, there is in him nothing servile, nor affected, nor too closely bound [to other things], nor yet detached [from other things], nothing worthy of blame, nothing which seeks a hiding-place.

Reverence the faculty which produces opinion. On this faculty it entirely depends whether there shall exist in thy ruling part any opinion inconsistent with nature and the constitution of the rational animal. And this faculty promises freedom from hasty judgment, and friendship towards men, and obedience to the gods.

Throwing away, then, all things, hold to these only which are few; and besides bear in mind that every man lives only this present time, which is an indivisible point, and that all the rest of his life is either past or it is uncertain. Short then is the time which every man lives, and small the nook of the earth where he lives; and short too the longest posthumous fame, and even this only continued by a succession of poor human beings, who

will very soon die, and who know not even themselves, much less him who died long ago.

To the aids which have been mentioned let this one still be added:—Make for thyself a definition or description of the thing which is presented to thee, so as to see distinctly what kind of a thing it is in its substance, in its nudity, in its complete entirety, and tell thyself its proper name, and the names of the things of which it has been compounded, and into which it will be resolved. For nothing is so productive of elevation of mind as to be able to examine methodically and truly every object which is presented to thee in life, and always to look at things so as to see at the same time what kind of universe this is, and what kind of use everything performs in it, and what value everything has with reference to the whole, and what with reference to man, who is a citizen of the highest city, of which all other cities are like families; what each thing is, and of what it is composed, and how long it is the nature of this thing to endure which now makes an impression on me, and what virtue I have need of with respect to it, such as gentleness, manliness, truth, fidelity, simplicity, contentment, and the rest. Wherefore, on every occasion a man should say: This comes from God; and this is according to the apportionment and spinning of the thread of destiny, and such-like coincidence and chance; and this is from one of the same stock and a kinsman and partner, one who knows not however what is according to his nature. But I know; for this reason I behave towards him according to the natural law of fellowship with benevolence and justice. At the same time however in things indifferent I attempt to ascertain the value of each.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.

As physicians have always their instruments and knives ready for cases which suddenly require their skill, so do thou have principles ready for the understanding of things divine and human, and doing everything, even the smallest, with a recollection of the bond which unites the divine

and human to one another. For neither wilt thou do anything well which pertains to man without at the same time having a reference to things divine; nor the contrary.

No longer wander at hazard; for neither wilt thou read thy own memoirs, nor the acts of the ancient Romans and Hellenes, and the selections from books which thou wast reserving for thy old age. Hasten then to the end which thou hast before thee, and, throwing away idle hopes, come to thy own aid, if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.

They know not how many things are signified by the words stealing, sowing, buying, keeping quiet, seeing what ought to be done; for this is not effected by the eyes, but by another kind of vision.

Body, soul, intelligence: to the body belong sensations, to the soul appetites, to the intelligence principles. To receive the impressions of forms by means of appearances belongs even to animals; to be pulled by the strings of desire belongs both to

wild beasts and to men who have made themselves into women, and to a Phalaris and a Nero: and to have the intelligence that guides to the things which appear suitable belongs also to those who do not believe in the gods, and who betray their country, and do their impure deeds when they have shut the doors. If then everything else is common to all that I have mentioned, there remains that which is peculiar to the good man, to be pleased and content with what happens, and with the thread which is spun for him; and not to defile the divinity which is planted in his breast, nor disturb it by a crowd of images, but to preserve it tranquil, following it obediently as a god, neither saying anything contrary to the truth, nor doing anything contrary to justice. And if all men refuse to believe that he lives a simple, modest, and contented life, he is neither angry with any of them, nor does he deviate from the way which leads to the end of life, to which a man ought to come pure, tranquil, ready to depart, and without any compulsion perfectly reconciled to his lot.

THE BIBLE

“Vicisti Galilæ.”—Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!—These words, uttered by Julian the Apostate, the ill-fated emperor who failed to restore paganism in the Greek world, sum up the most momentous event in European history. Julian and his world were conquered by the ideals of a tiny nation occupying a strip of land in Syria about one hundred and fifty miles long and only half as broad at its widest point. Geographically, Palestine lay midway between the capitals of the two mightiest centers of Near Eastern civilization, situated respectively in the valley of the Nile and in Mesopotamia between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Geographically, then, it lay between two of the most ancient oriental worlds, the two that faced Europe most directly.

Its culture belonged to both these civilizations, and yet only in part. In everything that ultimately mattered, Judea became something apart from them, and something above them, too. Politically the pawn of two powerful empires, Palestine's people underwent the travail of centuries of insecurity and struggle, of conquest and captivity. Out of their sufferings arose longings, visions, and ideals that were destined to change the face of the world. They lost their own land, but their spirit took over nations larger than any dreamt of by their conquerors. They created for themselves and for others a “portable country” in the form of an imperishable book, the Bible. Its supreme prose and poetry determine in a large measure the pattern in which Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans have expressed their views of God, man's destiny, and man's duties.

The Hebrew peoples came of the Semitic stock and were closely related to the Arabs and the ancient Assyrians. Early in their history they settled in Palestine, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. The Bible tells of this settlement under Abraham, who came from Chaldea. After several

generations they probably went to Egypt, where they remained for many years. After a tedious and painful return, they lived for a long time under judges, who were their religious leaders but were also active in conducting war against their many enemies. They were not very successful in these wars, and finally established kings over themselves. The most famous of these were David (about 990 B.C.), known for his music and sacred songs, and his son Solomon (about 960 B.C.), who became proverbially famous for his wisdom. Though the exploits of these two kings were exaggerated by succeeding ages, there is no doubt that their reigns were the highest point of political importance reached by the old Hebrew people.

After the days of Solomon the kingdom split in two—Israel in the north, and Judah around Jerusalem in the south. For several centuries the people fought a losing battle with all their neighbors. In 721 B.C. the population of Israel was carried off into captivity and was in time entirely lost to history. The southern kingdom survived for more than a century longer, but at last in 586 B.C. most of its inhabitants were taken as captives to Babylon.

The seventy years which the Jews spent in Babylon were by no means an unmixed calamity. In many ways it was a liberal education to them. For two generations they were in close contact with a highly civilized people, from whom they absorbed much culture and learning. The captivity served to make them strongly conscious of their identity as a separate people and desirous of making records of their history and religious life. On their return to Jerusalem they restored their temple and brought together much of the older Scriptures.

For the student of literature the most important fact about the Hebrews during the last centuries before the Christian era is the presence of the prophets. These men felt themselves called by God

to lead the people into the proper paths. Their influence was both political and religious. Ezekiel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Amos, and a group of lesser men, by their preaching not only helped to clarify for the Jews their idea of God and of the peculiar destiny of the people, but also put forward the promise of an eventual Messiah who should come to succor them and establish his kingdom.

Along with the rest of the eastern Mediterranean World the Jews came under the influence of Greek culture, so that by the time of Christ the language of a great number of the most cultivated of them was Greek. Politically also they shared the fortunes of their neighbors, and when the New Testament story opens at the time of the birth of Jesus, Judea is a part of a Roman province. Greek culture, therefore, and Roman rule must be understood as the background for the life of Christ.

The gulf between the East and the West was thus bridged. The little Hebrew sect of the Nazarenes began to affect the Greco-Roman world at a time when the latter civilization began to crumble under the weight of its social contradictions, when its people needed a solace and guidance which paganism could not provide, when the oppressed lower classes and degenerate upper classes were ready for a new dispensation. After resolute missionary work and martyrdom, the followers of Christ conquered the Roman Empire with their ideals. Christianity became the official religion of the eastern and western parts of the Empire, absorbed its culture, and took over its languages—Greek in the eastern Empire, and Latin in the west. When the western Roman Empire fell under the assault of the Teutonic tribes who infiltrated and invaded it, only the Church remained intact. Then the Church militant turned its attention to the barbarian conquerors, converted and tamed them, and imposed divine law and conscience upon them. Under its leadership, Europe began slowly to emerge from its age of darkness. It began laboriously to build a new post-classic civilization whose achievements have been the most remarkable in human history.

The Old Testament reveals Hebraism in the process of development. In a variety of literary works, cast in various molds and written at different times in response to different phases of national development and conflict, we see a people emerging from a primitive outlook and painfully

ascending the heights of religious, ethical, and social vision.

This ascent, as traced in the Bible, constitutes an epic of such richness of event and meaning that it easily overshadows the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Read in the light of modern knowledge, moreover, it traces an illuminating history, the most significant aspect of which is the evolution of the idea of God. At first the nomadic Hebrews entertained many superstitions and, like other primitive peoples, worshiped serpents as phallic symbols, cattle, rocks, and the spirits of hills and caves. They were polytheists—one of the names for God was *Elohim*, a noun in the plural number. Polytheism, in fact, never quite vanished in Palestine and was a constant cause of irritation and conflict in the community. In time, the Jews arrived at the concept of a national god, Yahweh,¹ who was regarded as not the only god but merely the most powerful one, who was jealous of his rivals and ordered his people to destroy their images. He was not omniscient; he made mistakes and regretted them; he was petulant, vengeful, and bloodthirsty; above all, he was war-like, literally a "Lord of Hosts" and a "man of war." His worship at first merely brought the Hebrews closer to monotheism than were the surrounding nations, but this god of a conquering race was then transformed in the course of centuries of war, military disaster, captivity, and moral and intellectual development. He became the champion of the poor and oppressed, the guarantor of social justice, and the relentless judge of evil. His wrath overtook all transgressors and caused all private and national calamities, for Israel, so conscious of sin, had not yet developed a consciousness of another life. (Both the good and the wicked were consigned after death to *Sheol*, the pit underground, the "land of darkness." The belief in an after-life and resurrection was adopted, probably from Persia and Egypt, only after Yahweh's flock lost hope in triumphant vindication in this world; it became established only with the advent of Christianity in Judea.) Finally, He became the God of mercy and Messianic promise.

The spiritualization of God is the work of the Prophets, religious radicals who brought social criticism and pity into Hebrew religion and politics. Beginning as more or less primitive diviners and frenzied dervishes, the Prophets became socially conscious spiritual leaders, whose concept of

¹ Probably the name was taken from the Canaanite god Yahu, a god of thunder, whose image was excavated in 1931.

God grew increasingly refined. One of the earliest of them, the shepherd Amos, came to the city of Beth-El, discovered its corruption, and started the tradition of social criticism.

The siege of Jerusalem in 733 B.C., which resulted in the withdrawal of the plague-stricken Assyrian hosts under Sennacherib, brought to the fore Isaiah, who became King Hezekiah's counselor. Assyria he considered the whip of God, who used that great power for his punitive purposes but would ultimately destroy it along with other oppressive worldly powers. The Hebrews must merely look to their conduct and ensure justice, which alone would satisfy Yahweh and make his people find favor in his eyes. Isaiah's words were charged with such denunciations as "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor," and with injunctions to put away evil and relieve the oppressed. And his great dream is that of the coming of a Redeemer filled with the spirit of the Lord, who shall ensure social justice, bring "equity for the meek of the earth," and international peace. In *Isaiah*, God becomes completely the guarantor of a good society, and his social gospel strikes a new note in the religions of the ancient world.

Under the impact of prophetic thought, the priests "discovered" a new covenant, probably the one that is set forth in *Deuteronomy*, and inaugurated a series of religious reforms. New disasters ensued, Jerusalem was conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, large numbers of Jews were carried into slavery, and a revolt by the remnant resulted in the complete destruction of the city and the dispersion of its people into Babylon. This was the cue for the bitterest of the prophets, the pacifistic Jeremiah, whose denunciations of the evil ways of his people and whose prophecies of appropriate punishment reaffirmed the new doctrine that disaster is God's punishment of wickedness. The same thought appears in the *Lamentations*, a series of fiercely poetic dirges, attributed to him. Like his predecessors, Jeremiah demanded an active religion, a religion of ethical behavior rather than of ritualistic observance dear to the priesthood.

In Babylon, Ezekiel continued the denunciation

of evil but added a new thought to prophetic idealism—the comforting doctrine of individual responsibility, the idea that the sons would no longer suffer for the sins of their fathers. An anonymous prophet, restating the Book of *Isaiah*, nowadays called the Second Isaiah or the Unknown Prophet,² refined the first Isaiah's Yahweh and brought good tidings of healing to the broken-hearted and the promise of liberty to the captives. Yahweh is no longer vengeful but is merciful; he is the kind Father who was to be proclaimed centuries later by Christ. God will send his "Servant," the Messiah, who will expiate the sins of mankind through his own sufferings, "a man of sorrows" upon whom will be laid "the iniquity of us all." And, as if in answer to this prophecy of forgiveness, Cyrus conquered Babylon and enabled the Jews to return to their homeland and rebuild their city. It was probably at this time, too, that the Pentateuch was compiled by the priesthood out of existent material and with priestly additions.³ The later history of Hebrew prophecy blends in time with the gospel of Christ, which is too well known to require any description at this point. This, in brief, is the history of the evolution of Hebraism in the Bible.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE

This remarkable book, however, is not devoted to a single species of writing; it is best described as an anthology comprising nearly every form of literature. Reviewing it as a compilation of great histories, poems, stories, law books, rhapsodies, and visions fills one with wonder.

Historical Writings

Large portions of the Bible comprise a fairly continuous national history, though it is also a kind of universal history, in the sense that its authors view events as the unfolding of a purpose in the whole world.

The first subdivision of this history consists of six books—from *Genesis* to *Joshua*—and covers events from the creation of the world to the conquest of Canaan by the Hebrews. It was welded out of ninth- and eighth-century materials in the fourth century B.C.⁴ The first eleven chapters of

² According to modern scholarship, he is the author of chapters XL-LV of the Book of *Isaiah*.

³ According to modern scholarship the Pentateuch represents a fourth-century B.C. amalgamation of several texts. The oldest are the portions of *Genesis* marked "J" and "E" because they refer to God as Jehovah or Yahweh and Elohim, respectively. A third text, called "D," contains the more advanced code of *Deuteronomy*. Other sections, "P," are those inserted by the later priests.

⁴ The names by which we know the first five of these books (the Pentateuch) were given to them by the Alexandrian Jews who translated the Bible into Greek: *Genesis* (Beginning), *Exodus* (Going Out), *Leviticus* (the Book of Levites), *Numbers* (the Census), *Deuteronomy* (The Second Giving of the Law).

Genesis (the stories of the Creation, the Garden of Eden, and the Tower of Babel) constitute a mythology whose spiritual meaning contains deeper truths than mere historical documentation. They exemplify divine purpose, the appearance of human evil and travail, and the beginning of nations and their conflicts. The rest of *Genesis* includes three cycles of superbly humanized legends, those revolving around Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph, respectively. *Exodus* is closer to historical fact. It is a dramatic epic of national liberation, revolving around the personality of the spiritual hero Moses. *Leviticus* is a priestly product. It presents a legal system and a stabilization of regulations and ritual. Passionately peremptory, it orders men to avoid oppression and exploitation and to be generous to the poor and the stranger. *Numbers* opens with a census of the people that is of no literary interest, but its narratives are enlivened with miracles and fables. This book is notable for its dramatic recital of the wanderings of the Jews, climaxed by conflicts between a naïve polytheistic people only recently emancipated and their leader Moses, who struggles manfully to lead them in the ways of God. *Deuteronomy* is the best example of a body of statutes that is also great literature. The thought is simple but passionately and majestically wrought, and despite its simplicity the basic idea is a stupendous revelation. A nation, in this book, "is not a collection of independent individuals, but a moral person, having a conscience, a will, a unity of spirit which joins together the generations. A nation has a soul . . ."⁵

Joshua is a military epic, a story of the conquest of Canaan touched with fancy, as in the staying of the sun in the Vale of Ajalon. *Judges* recounts the dark ages of early Jewish history, a critical period of struggles against the Canaanite tribes. It is one of the oldest works of literature; some of its stories and the Song of Deborah, a ringing military ballad, belong to the twelfth century B.C. It also contains the primitive tale of Samson. Written in a vigorous and vivid style, *Judges* is really saga literature which has been colored by later religious idealism. The two books of *Samuel*, for the most part also very ancient, recount the rise of a monarchy among the Jews under Saul, the revolt of

David against him, and the court history of David's reign. It is history composed of three remarkable biographies, whose subjects are the puritanical Samuel, the tragically disordered Saul, and the talented and impassioned David. The two books of *Kings* support the thesis that the proper worship of God promotes national success and that apostasy produces political disaster. The facts are warped from time to time, but the result is an exciting chronicle of the Jews from 970 to 586 B.C., beginning with the reign of Solomon and ending with the Babylonian captivity. After *Kings*, Hebrew historical writing falls under the spell of the priesthood, and *Chronicles* is a feeble book. But the short personal memoirs of Nehemiah and Ezra achieve literary effectiveness, and the Alexandrian Jews who developed the *Apocrypha* continued to enrich the art of historical narrative in the books of *Esdras* and *Maccabees*. The latter closes biblical history with an account of the successful second-century B.C. rebellion of Simon and Judas Maccabeus against Antiochus Epiphanes, the Greek ruler of Palestine after Alexander the Great's conquest.

Prophetic Writings

Biblical history is supplemented by biblical prophecy. The historical works are a composite product, written, as it were, by the race. The books of prophecy are the utterances of distinct individuals whose passion and visions led them to create poetry of the highest rank, as well as magnificent prose. Their work has already been reviewed in relation to the evolution of Hebraism. As poets they availed themselves of many devices—prophecy, exhortation, rhapsody, and dramatic symbolism. Like all Hebrew poetry, this verse consists of glowing parallelisms of phrase instead of uniformity of meter. Related to the prophetic books are also many works like the prudential *Book of Proverbs*, the *Lamentations*, a series of dirges on the fall of Jerusalem,⁶ and such a work of didactic fiction as the *Book of Jonah*, whose hero is a prophet and whose moral is internationalism. (Even the inhabitants of Nineveh are God's children, and the nationally vindictive prophet is punished for refusing to try to save them.) In a sense, even the lovely idyll *Ruth* is related to the

⁵ Charles Allen Dinsmore, *The English Bible as Literature*, p. 159.

⁶ The *Lamentations* is an artificial literary product, written in couplets and triplets. It constitutes an acrostic, each line beginning with a different letter of the alphabet. The King James translation gives slight indication of the literary elaborateness of this work.

prophetic writings; it is a protest in story form against the prohibition of mixed marriages between Jews and the neighboring races.

Related, also, are the two late products of skepticism, *The Book of Job* and *Ecclesiastes*, that question the principles promulgated by the prophets, although the challenge was toned down and sometimes cancelled by the scribes who gave them a place among the canonical scriptures. Stripped of apparently interpolated pious phrases, the second century B.C. *Ecclesiastes* is seen to be a pessimistic answer to the God-intoxicated prophets. Success or disaster has no relation to virtue or evil but both are the product of "time and chance." The past was no better than the present, and the future holds no millennial promises. Everything is vanity; for man is subject to the same final fate as the beasts—"all go unto one place; all are of the dust, and turn to dust." However, the religious adjurations, possibly interpolated, draw this series of essays back into the circle of religious literature; only the love of God is not vanity.

Dramatic Writings

The philosophical drama or dramatic symposium, *The Book of Job*, one of the world's supreme works of art, aims its questions more forcefully and suggests an answer so grand that it dazzles the understanding. Job's great question, uttered with fiery passionateness when he is afflicted by disaster to his family and himself, is Why do the innocent suffer? Job's friends provide the conventional explanation when they maintain that suffering is punishment for sin, and they bid him confess that he has transgressed. Job scornfully rejects their insinuations and their commonplace consolations. Instead, he presents his case directly to God, and it is the Lord who answers him out of the whirlwind, in a torrent of poetry whose majesty and inspiration are unequalled in any language. God rebukes Job's friends for their moralistic platitudes. His answer is simply that divine benevolence is not to be sought in the particular but in the general; and that man, who is not the whole of creation, must not exaggerate his personal problems. Jehovah describes himself pantheistically as the generative and living force in nature. It is in the contemplation of the universe as a whole, with its wonders and multiplicity of forms, that Job loses his sense of personal suffering and injustice. Man, faced by unmerited suffering, is not pacified by an easy answer. He is simply shown God

through his wondrous manifestations in the natural world, whereupon all personal complaints seem insignificant to the enraptured, god-intoxicated man. The epilogue, a pious interpolation in which Job recovers his health and possessions, is a bromide by comparison with the great answer, Job's fierce questionings and deep pathos, and the exciting argumentation so aptly assigned to different speakers. Thus out of an old folktale of the patient man Job, retained in the prose prologue and epilogue, the latter-day Hebrews of the fourth century B.C. created a masterpiece both of skepticism with respect to established beliefs and of ineffable faith. Above all, *The Book of Job* is great dramatic poetry, regardless of anyone's interpretation of its meaning.

Lyric Poetry

The Bible also contains some of the world's greatest lyric verse, in two of the most divergent collections possible—the fervid religious lyrics known as the *Psalms* and the sensuous love poems that comprise the *Song of Songs*. The fourth-century *Song of Songs* may be regarded as a collection of wedding songs fused into a consecutive narrative with dramatic possibilities. It suggests an idyll arranged for a wedding celebration, in which the bride and groom appear as king and queen; and it may have been acted out with music, dances, choral song, and dialogue. Its ecstatic realization of earthly love, its idyllic imagery, and its opulent language provide a rare poetic experience. Its spiritual counterpart, *The Psalms*, is an even more remarkable compilation of poetry, of religious lyrics written over a period of more than a thousand years. Some of the *Psalms* are so vindictive in spirit that they reflect a fairly primitive world; others are so enlightened and spiritual that they clearly reveal the influence of the noblest prophets. They were intended to be sung by the priesthood on religious occasions and are therefore pure lyrics. Many of them are liturgical and are antiphonal in character.

Prose Fiction and Biography

Some notable examples of prose fiction are found in the Bible: the *Book of Ruth*, the *Book of Esther*, a vivid historical romance, *Daniel*, and the *Book of Jonah*. As the ancient Hebrews had a remarkable talent for narrative writing, their literature must have included many other tales; and indeed

the *Apocrypha* supplies a number of them: the patriotic story of *Judith*, the delightful fairy-tale *Tobit*, and the superb satirical short story *Susanna and the Elders*.⁷

The New Testament added to the Bible four biographies. These are the four gospels of Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John, written in that order.⁸ Accounts of Christ's life and ministry are presented as the most effective announcement of a new faith. The same basic story is told through the temperament and outlook of four different narrators, who compile a variety of reminiscences and opinions in them. Mark stresses the miraculous deeds of Christ; Matthew, the fulfillment of Hebraic prophecy in Christ's mission; Luke, his humanitarianism; and John, his mystic and universal significance. They are simple, often crude, compositions rather than the products of literary genius. But their reverence has fervor, and their pathos is genuine; there is much unconscious art in their narratives. They are illuminated by the great sayings of the Master, which comprise a beautiful form of literature by themselves, and they present a composite portrait of Christ that is indelible. The *Book of Acts* is propagandist history, tracing the advance of Christianity

from Jerusalem to Rome, and resembles the historical writings of the Old Testament. It lacks great sentences, but it is a graphic account. Then, too, St. Paul's propagandizing letters to various Christian congregations, though often written with sharpness or in haste, have passionate power. They may lack charm and sometimes even cohesion, but they reveal a gift for condensing ideas in such memorable sentences as "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life," and "Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Their figures of speech reveal imagination of a high order, and they burst into lyric flame, now and then, as in his Gospel of Love in *First Corinthians*. "In all Paul's greatest passages intellect, heart, and imagination work in unison."⁹ A man with his endowment was a poet, as well as thinker, though poetry was furthest from his intention.

Finally, from the periods of persecution under Nero and Domitian (about A.D. 93), the early Christians drew the intoxicating vision of *The Book of Revelation*. It belongs to the genre of apocalyptic writings cultivated by the Hebrews, an example of which is the *Book of Daniel*.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE

The Garden of Eden

Genesis 2:4-3:24

These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden;

and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.

And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

And the Lord God said, it is not good that the

⁷ The *Apocrypha* has a variety of writings, including the wisdom literature of *Ecclesiasticus* and *The Wisdom of Solomon*, not admitted into the Palestinian canon but highly regarded by the Alexandrian Jews who included them in their Greek translation of the Bible known as the *Septuagint*. The Roman Catholic Church admitted the *Apocrypha* into its canon at the Council of Trent, the Anglican Church gave it a subordinate place, the Protestant Bibles omit it.

⁸ Authorities disagree as to the dates: A.D. 70-100 and A.D. 40-70 have been suggested.

⁹ Dinsmore, *op. cit.*, p. 28.

man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him.

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?

And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.

And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?

And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked and I hid myself.

And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?

And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: and I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living. Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them.

And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

Noah and the Flood

Genesis 6: 5-8: 22

And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of

the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. . . .

And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female: and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth.

And Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him. And Noah was six hundred years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth. And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood. Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth, there went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God had commanded Noah:

And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. In the selfsame day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; they, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein is

the breath of life. And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him: and the Lord shut him in.

And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the water prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.

And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged; the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; and the waters returned from off the earth continually: and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the waters were abated. And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: and he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew

that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more. And Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry.

And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Abraham and Isaac

Genesis 22: 1-22: 13

And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham.

And he said, Behold, here I am.

And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt-offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?

And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.

So they went both of them together. And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on

the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.

And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.

Joseph and His Brethren

Genesis 37: 3-37: 36; 39: 1-46: 30

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf.

And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?

And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying. And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem.

And Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them. And he said to him, Here am I. And he said to him, Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the

flocks; and bring me word again. So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem.

And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks. And the man said, They are departed hence; for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan.

And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams.

And Reuben heard it, and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, Let us not kill him. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content. Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go? And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath

devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sack-cloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmeelites, which had brought him down thither. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not ought he had, save the bread which he did eat. And Joseph was a goodly person, and well favored.

And it came to pass after these things, that his master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph; and she said, Lie with me. But he refused, and said unto his master's wife, Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and he hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in this house than I; neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife: how then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? And it came to pass, as she spake to Joseph day by day, that he hearkened not unto her, to lie by her, or to be with her.

And it came to pass about this time, that Joseph went into the house to do his business; and there was none of the men of the house there within. And she caught him by his garment, saying, Lie with me: and he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out. And it came to pass, when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled forth, That she called unto the men of her house, and spake unto them, saying, See, he hath brought in an Hebrew unto us to mock us; he came in unto me to lie with me, and I cried

with a loud voice: and it came to pass, when he heard that I lifted up my voice and cried, that he left his garment with me, and fled, and got him out.

And she laid up his garment by her, until his lord came home. And she spake unto him according to these words, saying, The Hebrew servant, which thou hast brought unto us, came in unto me to mock me: and it came to pass, as I lifted up my voice and cried, that he left his garment with me, and fled out. And it came to pass, when his master heard the words of his wife, which she spake unto him, saying, After this manner did thy servant to me; that his wrath was kindled. And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound: and he was there in the prison. But the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper.

And it came to pass after these things, that the butler of the king of Egypt and his baker had offended their lord the king of Egypt. And Pharaoh was wroth against two of his officers, against the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers. And he put them in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, into the prison, the place where Joseph was bound. And the captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he served them: and they continued a season in ward. And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night, each man according to the interpretation of his dream, the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt, which were bound in the prison.

And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold, they were sad. And he asked Pharaoh's officers that were with him in the ward of his lord's house, saying, Wherefore look ye so sadly today? And they said unto him, We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it. And Joseph said unto them, Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them, I pray you.

And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him, In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches:

and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes: and Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand. And Joseph said unto him, This is the interpretation of it: The three branches are three days: yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place: and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler. But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house: for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon.

When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Joseph, I also was in my dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head: and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head. And Joseph answered and said, This is the interpretation thereof: The three baskets are three days: yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee. And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants: and he lifted up the head of the chief butler and of the chief baker among his servants. And he restored the chief butler unto his butlership again; and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand: but he hanged the chief baker: as Joseph had interpreted to them. Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him.

And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed: and, behold, he stood by the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well favored kine and fatfleshed; and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill favored and leanfleshed; and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill favored and leanfleshed kine did eat up the seven well favored and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke. And he slept and dreamed the second time: and, behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream-

And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof: and Pharaoh told them his dream; but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh. Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying, I do remember my faults this day: Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker: and we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he; we dreamed each man according to the interpretation of his dream. And there was there with us a young man, an Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams; to each man according to his dream he did interpret. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon: and he shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it. And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river: and, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well favored; and they fed in a meadow: and, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness: and the lean and the ill favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine: and when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke. And I saw in my dream, and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good: and, behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them: and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears: and I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me.

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath shewed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years: the dream is one. And the seven thin and ill favored kine that came up after them are seven years; and seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall

be seven years of famine. This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: What God is about to do he sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not through the famine.

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, see I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt.

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in

the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

And the seven years of plenteousness, that was in the land of Egypt, were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do. And the famine was over all the face of the earth: And Joseph opened all the store-houses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, Why do ye look one upon another? And he said, Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die. And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, Lest peradventure mischief befall him. And the sons of Israel came to buy corn among those that come: for the famine was in the land of Canaan.

And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, Whence come ye? And they said, From the land of Canaan to buy food. And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said unto him, Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies. And he said unto them, Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said, Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not.

And Joseph said unto them, That is it that I spake unto you, saying, Ye are spies: hereby ye

shall be proved: By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you: or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies. And he put them all together into ward three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day, This do, and live; for I fear God: if ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison: go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses: but bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die. And they did so.

And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us. And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required. And they knew not that Joseph understood them, for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for, behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, My money is restored; and, lo, it is even in my sack: and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, What is this that God hath done unto us?

And they came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that befell unto them; saying, The man, who is the lord of the land, spake roughly to us, and took us for spies of the country. And we said unto him, We are true men; we are no spies: We be twelve brethren, sons of our father; one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan. And the man, the lord of the country, said unto us, Hereby shall I know that ye are true men; leave one of your brethren here with me, and take food for the famine of your households, and be gone: and bring your youngest brother unto me: then shall I know that ye are no spies, but that

ye are true men: so will I deliver you your brother, and ye shall traffick in the land.

And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks, that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack: and when both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid. And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me. And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again. And he said, My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you. If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food: But if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down: for the man said unto us, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you. And Israel said, Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?

And they said, The man asked us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother, and we told him according to the tenor of these words: could we certainly know that he would say, Bring your brother down? And Judah said unto Israel his father, Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever: for except we had lingered, surely now we had returned this second time.

And their father Israel said unto them, If it must be so now, do this; take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an over-

sight: take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man: and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved. And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph.

And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon. And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And the men were afraid, because they were brought into Joseph's house; and they said, Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in; that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bondmen, and our asses. And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, and they communed with him at the door of the house, and said, O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food: and it came to pass, when we came to the inn, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight: and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food: we cannot tell who put our money in our sacks. And he said, Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money. And he brought Simeon out unto them.

And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there. And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And

he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, Set on bread. And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did not eat with him, by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money. And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? ye have done evil in so doing.

And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing: Behold, the money, which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen. And he said, Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless. Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack.

Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city. And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house; for he was yet there: and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, What deed is this that ye have done? wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine? And Judah said, What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath

found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is found. And he said, God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father. Then Judah came near unto him, and said, Oh my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother? And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him. And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more. And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, Go again, and buy us a little food. And we said, We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us. And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since: and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life; it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever. Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians

and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earring nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast: and there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them: and after that his brethren talked with him.

And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house, saying, Joseph's brethren are come: and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Say unto thy brethren, This do ye; lade your beasts, and go, get you unto the land of Canaan; and take your father and your households, and come unto me: and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land. Now thou art commanded, this do ye; take you wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. Also regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours.

And the children of Israel did so: and Joseph gave them wagons, according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provision for the way.

To all of them he gave each man changes of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver, and five changes of raiment. And to his father he sent after this manner: ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she asses laden with corn and bread and meat for his father by the way. So he sent his brethren away, and they departed: and he said unto them, See that ye fall not out by the way. And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt. And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived: and Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.

And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beer-sheba, and offered sacrifices unto the God of his father Isaac. And God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said, Jacob, Jacob. And he said, Here am I. And he said, I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation: I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again: and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes. And Jacob rose up from Beer-sheba: and the sons of Israel carried Jacob their father, and their little ones, and their wives, in the wagons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him. And they took their cattle, and their goods, which they had gotten in the land of Canaan, and came into Egypt, Jacob, and all his seed with him.

And he sent Judah before him unto Joseph, to direct his face unto Goshen; and they came into the land of Goshen. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.

The Child Moses

Exodus 1:7-2:15

And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which

knew not Joseph. And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor: and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigor.

And Pharaoh charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive. And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months.

And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him.

And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrew's children. Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren.

And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. And when he went out the second day, behold, two men of the Hebrews strove together: and he said to him that did the wrong, Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow? And he said, Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely this thing is known. Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well.

Jephthah's Daughter

Judges 11:30-11:40

And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt-offering.

So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands. And he smote them from Aroer, even till thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter. Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel.

And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances: and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.

And she said unto him, My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon. And she said unto her father, Let this thing be done for me: let me alone two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains, and bewail my virginity, I and my fellows. And he said, Go. And he sent her away for two months: and she went with her companions, and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains. And it came to

pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed: and she knew no man. And it was a custom in Israel, that the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite four days in a year.

David and Bathsheba

II Samuel 11:2-12:18

And it came to pass in an eveningtide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. And David sent and enquired after the woman. And one said, Is not this Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite? And David sent messengers, and took her; and she came in unto him, and he lay with her; for she was purified from her uncleanliness: and she returned unto her house.

And the woman conceived, and sent and told David, and said, I am with child. And David sent to Joab, saying, Send me Uriah the Hittite. And Joab sent Uriah to David. And when Uriah was come unto him, David demanded of him how Joab did, and how the people did, and how the war prospered. And David said to Uriah, Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet. And Uriah departed out of the king's house, and there followed him a mess of meat from the king. But Uriah slept at the door of the king's house with all the servants of his lord, and went not down to his house.

And when they had told David, saying, Uriah went not down unto his house, David said unto Uriah, Camest thou not from thy journey? why then didst thou not go down unto thine house? And Uriah said unto David, The ark, and Israel, and Judah, abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields; shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? as thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.

And David said to Uriah, tarry here today also, and tomorrow I will let thee depart. So Uriah abode in Jerusalem that day, and the morrow. And when David had called him, he did eat and drink before him; and he made him drunk: and at even he went out to lie on his bed with the servants of his lord, but went not down to his house.

And it came to pass in the morning, that David

wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die. And it came to pass, when Joab observed the city, that he assigned Uriah unto a place where he knew valiant men were. And the men of the city went out, and fought with Joab: and there fell some of the people of the servants of David; and ¹⁰ Uriah the Hittite died also.

And when the wife of Uriah heard that Uriah her husband was dead, she mourned for her husband. And when the mourning was past, David sent and fetched her to his house, and she became his wife, and bare him a son. But the thing that David had done displeased the Lord.

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveler unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him.

And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die: and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I anointed thee ⁴⁰ king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul; And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah; and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things. Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in his sight? thou has killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword ⁵⁰ of the children of Ammon. Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife.

And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned

against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die. Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die. And Nathan departed unto his house.

And the Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife

bare unto David, and it was very sick. David therefore besought God for the child; and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth. And the elders of his house arose, and went to him, to raise him up from the earth: but he would not, neither did he eat bread with them. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that the child died.

Hymns of Praise

PSALM 8

O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou
ordained strength because of thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the
avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy
fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the
angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion
Over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the
seas.
O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM 15

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteous-
ness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his neighbor,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.
In whose eyes a vile person is contemned;
But he honoreth them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth
not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury,
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

PSALM 19

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his
chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the
soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise
the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the
heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlighten-
ing the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous
altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold,
Yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous
sins;
Let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent
from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of
my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength,
and my redeemer.

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM 24

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor
sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the
King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in
battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the
King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts,
he is the King of glory.

PSALM 95

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our sal-
vation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
The strength of the hills is his also.
The sea is his, and he made it:
And his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down:
Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.
For he is our God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the
sheep of his hand.
Today if ye will hear his voice,
Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,
And as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:
When your fathers tempted me,
Proved me, and saw my work.
Forty years long was I grieved with this genera-
tion,
And said, It is a people that do err in their heart,
And they have not known my ways:
Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should
not enter into my rest.

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy
coming in from this time forth,
And even for evermore.

Youth and Age

Ecclesiastes 11: 1-12: 7.

Cast thy bread upon the waters:
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Give a portion to seven, and also to eight;
 For thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.
 If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth:
 And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north,
 In the place where the tree falleth,
 There it shall be.
 He that observeth the wind shall not sow;
 And he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.
 As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit,
 Nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child:
 Even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.
 In the morning sow thy seed,
 And in the evening withhold not thine hand:
 For thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that,
 Or whether they both shall be alike good.
 Truly the light is sweet,
 And a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun:
 But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all;
 Yet let him remember the days of darkness;
 For they shall be many.
 All that cometh is vanity.
 Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth;
 And let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth,
 And walk in the ways of thine heart,
 And in the sight of thine eyes:
 But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.
 Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart,
 And put away evil from thy flesh:
 For childhood and youth are vanity.
 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
 While the evil days come not,
 Nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened,
 Nor the clouds return after the rain:
 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
 And the strong men shall bow themselves,
 And the grinders cease because they are few,

And those that look out of the windows be darkened,
 And the doors shall be shut in the streets,
 When the sound of the grinding is low,
 And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird,
 And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;
 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,
 And fears shall be in the way,
 And the almond tree shall flourish,
 And the grasshopper shall be a burden,
 And desire shall fail:
 Because man goeth to his long home,
 And the mourners go about the streets:
 Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
 Or the golden bowl be broken,
 Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
 Or the wheel broken at the cistern.
 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:
 And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Love Lyrics

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:8-2:14.

The voice of my beloved!
 Behold, he cometh
 Leaping upon the mountains,
 Skipping upon the hills.
 My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
 Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
 He looketh forth at the windows,
 Shewing himself through the lattice.
 My beloved spake, and said unto me,
 Rise up, my love,
 My fair one, and come away.
 For, lo, the winter is past,
 The rain is over and gone;
 The flowers appear on the earth;
 The time of the singing of birds is come,
 And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
 The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
 And the vines with the tender grape
 Give a good smell. Arise, my love,
 My fair one, and come away.
 O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock,
 In the secret places of the stairs,
 Let me see thy countenance,
 Let me hear thy voice;
 For sweet is thy voice,
 And thy countenance is comely.

The Story of Ruth

Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled that there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Bethlehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons. And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chilion, Ephrathites of Bethlehem-judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there. And Elimelech Naomi's husband died; and she was left, and her two sons. And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth: and they dwelled there about ten years. And Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

Then she arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept. And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people. And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? are there yet any more sons in my womb, that they may be your husbands? And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clavé unto her.

And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law.

And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

When she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

So they two went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi? And she said unto them, call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me? So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz. And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter. And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

And, behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee. Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, Whose damsel is this? And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab: and she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house.

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens: let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn.

Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

And Boaz answered and said unto her, It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy

mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust. Then she said, Let me find favor in thy sight, my lord; for that thou hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken friendly unto thine handmaid, though I be not like unto one of thine handmaids. And Boaz said unto her, At mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. And she sat beside the reapers: and he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left.

And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley.

And she took it up, and went into the city: and her mother-in-law saw what she had gleaned: and she brought forth, and gave to her that she had reserved after she had sufficed. And her mother-in-law said unto her, Where hast thou gleaned today? and where wroughtest thou? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee. And she shewed her mother-in-law with whom she had wrought, and said, The man's name with whom I wrought today is Boaz.

And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. And Naomi said unto her, the man is near kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen. And Ruth the Moabitess said, he said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest. And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter in law, It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field. So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother-in-law.

Then Naomi her mother-in-law said unto her, My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee? And now is not Boaz of our kindred, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold, he winnoweth barley tonight in the threshingfloor. Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down

to the floor: but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking. And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he shall lie, and thou shalt go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou shalt do. And she said unto her, All that thou sayest unto me I will do.

And she went down unto the floor, and did according to all that her mother-in-law bade her. And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, and his heart was merry, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn: and she came softly, and uncovered his feet, and laid her down. And it came to pass at midnight, that the man was afraid, and turned himself: and, behold, a woman lay at his feet. And he said, Who art thou? And she answered, I am Ruth thine handmaid: spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman. And he said, Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter: for thou hast shewed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich. And now, my daughter, fear not; I will do to thee all that thou requirest: for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. And now it is true that I am thy near kinsman: howbeit there is a kinsman nearer than I. Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning, that if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; let him do the kinsman's part: but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, as the Lord liveth: lie down until the morning.

And she lay at his feet until the morning: and she rose up before one could know another. And he said, Let it not be known that a woman came into the floor. Also he said, Bring the vail that thou hast upon thee, and hold it. And when she held it, he measured six measures of barley, and laid it on her: and she went into the city. And when she came to her mother-in-law, she said, Who art thou, my daughter? And she told her all that the man had done to her. And she said, These six measures of barley gave he me; for he said to me, Go not empty unto thy mother-in-law. Then said she, Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day.

Then went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and, behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here. And he

turned aside, and sat down. And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, Sit ye down here. And they sat down.

And he said unto the kinsman, Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's: and I thought to advertise thee, saying, Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it: but if thou wilt not redeem it, then tell me, that I may know: for there is none to redeem it beside thee; and I am after thee. And he said, I will redeem it. Then said Boaz, What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance.

And the kinsman said, I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance: redeem thou my right to thyself; for I cannot redeem it. Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe.

And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi. Moreover Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place ye are witnesses this day. So Boaz took Ruth, and she was his wife.

Susanna and the Elders

There dwelt a man in Babylon, called Joacim: and he took a wife, whose name was Susanna, the daughter of Chelcias, a very fair woman, and one that feared the Lord. Her parents also were righteous, and taught their daughter according to the law of Moses.

Now Joacim was a great rich man, and had a fair garden joining unto his house: and to him resorted the Jews; because he was more honorable than all others.

The same year were appointed two of the an-

cients of the people to be judges, such as the Lord spoke of, that wickedness came from Babylon from ancient judges, who seemed to govern the people. These kept much at Joacim's house: and all that had any suits in law came unto them.

Now when the people departed away at noon Susanna went into her husband's garden to walk. And the two elders saw her going in every day and walking; so that their lust was inflamed to ward her. And they perverted their own mind and turned away their eyes, that they might no look unto heaven, nor remember just judgments.

And albeit they both were wounded with he love, yet durst not one show another his grief. For they were ashamed to declare their lust, tha they desired to have to do with her. Yet the watched diligently from day to day to see her. And the one said to the other, "Let us now g home: for it is dinner time."

So when they were gone out, they parted the one from the other, and turning back again they came to the same place; and after that they had asked one another the cause, they acknowledged their lust: then appointed they a time both together, when they might find her alone.

And it fell out, as they watched a fit time she went in as before with two maids only, and she was desirous to wash herself in the garden: fo it was hot. And there was nobody there save the two elders, that had hid themselves, and watched her.

Then she said to her maids, "Bring me oil and washing balls, and shut the garden doors, that may wash me."

And they did as she bade them, and shut the garden doors, and went out themselves at privy doors to fetch the things that she had commanded them: but they saw not the elders, because they were hid.

Now when the maids were gone forth, the two elders rose up, and ran unto her, saying, "Behold the garden doors are shut, that no man can see us, and we are in love with thee; therefore consent unto us, and lie with us. If thou wilt not, we wil bear witness against thee, that a young man wa with thee: and therefore thou didst send away thy maids from thee."

Then Susanna sighed, and said, "I am straitened on every side: for if I do this thing, it is death unto me: and if I do it not, I cannot escape your hands. It is better for me to fall into your hands and not do it, than to sin in the sight of the Lord."

With that Susanna cried with a loud voice: and the two elders cried out against her,

Then ran the one, and opened the garden door. So when the servants of the house heard the cry in the garden, they rushed in at a privy door, to see what was done unto her. But when the elders had declared their matter, the servants were greatly ashamed: for there was never such a report made of Susanna.

And it came to pass the next day, when the people were assembled to her husband Joacim, the two elders came also full of mischievous imagination against Susanna to put her to death; and said before the people, "Send for Susanna, the daughter of Chelcias, Joacim's wife."

And so they sent. So she came with her father and mother, her children, and all her kindred. Now Susanna was a very delicate woman, and beauteous to behold. And these wicked men commanded to uncover her face (for she was covered), that they might be filled with her beauty. Therefore her friends and all that saw her wept.

Then the two elders stood up in the midst of the people, and laid their hands upon her head. And she weeping looked up toward heaven: for her heart trusted in the Lord. And the elders said, "As we walked in the garden alone, this woman came in with two maids, and shut the garden doors, and sent the maids away. Then a young man, who there was hid, came unto her, and lay with her. Then we that stood in a corner of the garden, seeing this wickedness, ran unto them. And when we saw them together, the man we could not hold: for he was stronger than we, and opened the door, and leaped out. But having taken this woman, we asked who the young man was, but she would not tell us: these things do we testify."

Then the assembly believed them, as those that were the elders and judges of the people: so they condemned her to death.

Then Susanna cried out with a loud voice, and said, "O everlasting God, that knowest the secrets, and knowest all things before they be: thou knowest that they have borne false witness against me, and, behold, I must die; whereas I never did such things as these men have maliciously invented against me."

And the Lord heard her voice.

Therefore when she was led to be put to death, the Lord raised up the holy spirit of a young youth, whose name was Daniel: who cried with a loud voice, "I am clear from the blood of this woman."

Then all the people turned them toward him, and said, "What mean these words that thou hast spoken?"

So he standing in the midst of them said, "Are

ye such fools, ye sons of Israel, that without examination or knowledge of the truth ye have condemned a daughter of Israel? Return again to the place of judgment: for they have borne false witness against her."

Wherefore all the people turned again in haste, and the elders said unto him, "Come, sit down among us, and show it us, seeing God hath given thee the honor of an elder."

Then said Daniel unto them, "Put these two aside one far from another, and I will examine them."

So when they were put asunder one from another, he called one of them, and said unto him, "O thou that art waxed old in wickedness, now thy sins which thou hast committed aforetime are come to light: for thou hast pronounced false judgment, and hast condemned the innocent, and hast let the guilty go free; albeit the Lord saith, 'The innocent and righteous shalt thou not slay.' Now then, if thou hast seen her, tell me under what tree sawest thou them companying together?"

Who answered, "Under the mastic tree."

And Daniel said, "Very well; thou hast lied against thine own head; for even now the angel of God hath received the sentence of God to cut thee in two."

So he put him aside, and commanded to bring the other, and said unto him, "O thou seed of Chanaan, and not of Juda, beauty hath deceived thee, and lust hath perverted thine heart. Thus have ye dealt with the daughters of Israel, and they for fear companied with you: but the daughter of Juda would not abide your wickedness. Now therefore tell me under what tree didst thou take them companying together?"

Who answered, "Under a holm tree."

Then said Daniel unto him, "Well; thou hast also lied against thine own head: for the angel of God waiteth with the sword to cut thee in two, that he may destroy you."

With that all the assembly cried out with a loud voice, and praised God, who saveth them that trust in him. And they arose against the two elders, for Daniel had convicted them of false witness by their own mouth: and according to the law of Moses they did unto them in such sort as they maliciously intended to do to their neighbor: and they put them to death. Thus the innocent blood was saved the same day.

Therefore Chelcias and his wife praised God for their daughter Susanna, with Joacim her husband, and all the kindred, because there was no dishonesty found in her.

The Rod of Jesse

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,
 And a Branch shall grow out of his roots.
 And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
 The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
 The spirit of counsel and might, 5
 The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the
 Lord;
 And shall make him of quick understanding in the
 fear of the Lord:
 And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,
 Neither reprove after the hearing of his ears;
 But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, 10
 And reprove with equity for the meek of the earth;
 And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his
 mouth,
 And with the breath of his lips shall he slay the
 wicked.
 And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,
 And faithfulness the girdle of his reins. 15
 The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
 And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
 And the calf and the young lion and the fatling
 together;
 And a little child shall lead them.
 And the cow and the bear shall feed; 20
 Their young ones shall lie down together:
 And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
 And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the
 asp,
 And the weaned child shall put his hand on the
 cockatrice's den.
 They shall not hurt nor destroy 25
 In all my holy mountain:
 For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the
 Lord,
 As the waters cover the sea.
 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him;
 He hath put him to grief: 30
 When thou shalt make his soul an offering for
 sin,
 The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.
 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be
 satisfied:
 By his knowledge shall my righteous servant jus-
 tify many;
 For he shall bear their iniquities. 35
 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the
 great,
 And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;
 Because he hath poured out his soul unto death:

And he was numbered with the transgressors;
 And he bore the sin of many,
 And made intercession for the transgressors. 40

Behold, My Servant

Behold, my servant shall deal prudently,
 He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.
 As many were astonished at thee;
 His visage was so marred more than any man,
 And his form more like the sons of men: 5
 So shall he sprinkle many nations;
 The kings shall shut their mouths at him:
 For that which had not been told them shall they
 see;
 And that which they had not heard shall they con-
 sider.
 Who hath believed our report? 10
 And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?
 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant,
 And as a root out of a dry ground:
 He hath no form nor comeliness;
 And when we shall see him, there is no beauty that
 we should desire him. 15
 He is despised and rejected of men;
 A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:
 And we hid as it were our faces from him;
 He was despised, and we esteemed him not.
 Surely he hath borne our griefs, 20
 And carried our sorrows:
 Yet we did esteem him stricken,
 Smitten of God, and afflicted.
 But he was wounded for our transgressions,
 He was bruised for our iniquities:
 The chastisement of our peace was upon him;
 And with his stripes we are healed.
 All we like sheep have gone astray;
 We have turned every one to his own way;
 And the Lord hath laid on him 25
 The iniquity of us all.
 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
 Yet he opened not his mouth:
 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,
 And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, 30
 So he openeth not his mouth.
 He was taken from prison and from judgment:
 And who shall declare his generation?
 For he was cut off out of the land of the living:
 For the transgression of my people was he stricken.
 And he made his grave with the wicked, 35
 And with the rich in his death;
 Because he had done no violence,
 Neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Job's Questions

Man that is born of a woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down:
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.
And dost thou open thine eyes upon such a one, 5
And bringest me into judgment with thee?
Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?
not one.
Seeing his days are determined, the number of his
months is with thee,
And thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot
pass;
Look away from him, that he may rest, 10
Till he shall accomplish, as a hireling, his day.
For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that
it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.
Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground; 15
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dieth, and wasteth away:
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
As the waters fail from the sea, 20
And the river decayeth and drieth up;
So man lieth down and riseth not:
Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake,
Nor be roused out of their sleep.
Oh that thou wouldest hide me in Sheol, 25
That thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath
be past,
That thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and
remember me!
If a man die, shall he live again?
All the days of my warfare would I wait,
Till my release should come. 30
Thou shouldest call, and I would answer thee:
Thou wouldest have a desire to the work of thine
hands.
But now thou numberest my steps:
Dost thou not watch over my sin?
My transgression is sealed up in a bag, 35
And thou fastenest up mine iniquity.
And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought,
And the rock is removed out of its place;
The waters wear the stones;
The overflowings thereof wash away the dust of the
earth: 40
And thou destroyest the hope of man.
Thou prevalest for ever against him, and he
passeth;

Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him
away.

His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not;
And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not
of them. 45

But his flesh upon him hath pain,
And his soul within him mourneth.

The Voice Out of the Whirlwind

Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto
me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of
the earth? 5
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who determined the measures thereof, if thou
knowest?
Or who stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof; 10
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it broke forth, as if it had issued out of the
womb;
When I made the cloud the garment thereof, 15
And thick darkness a swaddlingband for it,
And prescribed for it my decree,
And set bars and doors,
And said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no fur-
ther;
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed"? 20
Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days
began,
And caused the dayspring to know its place;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
And the wicked be shaken out of it?
It is changed as clay under the seal; 25
And all things stand forth as a garment:
And from the wicked their light is withheld,
And the high arm is broken.
Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the recesses of the deep? 30
Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee?
Or hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of
death?
Hast thou comprehended the breadth of the earth?
Declare, if thou knowest it all.
Where is the way to the dwelling of light, 35
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof;

That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldest discern the paths to the
house thereof?
Doubtless, thou knowest, for thou wast then born,
And the number of thy days is great! 40
Hast thou entered the treasures of the snow,
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and war?
By what way is the light parted, 45
Or the east wind scattered upon the earth?
Who hath cleft a channel for the waterflood,
Or a way for the lightning of the thunder;
To cause it to rain on a land where no man is;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man; 50
To satisfy the waste and desolate ground;
And to cause the tender grass to spring forth?
Hath the rain a father?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Out of whose womb came the ice? 55
And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered
it?
The waters are hidden as with stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.
Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion? 60
Canst thou lead forth the Mazzaroth in their
season?
Or canst thou guide the Bear with her train?
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?
Canst thou establish the dominion thereof in the
earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, 65
That abundance of waters may cover thee?
Canst thou send forth lightnings, that they may go,
And say unto thee, "Here we are"?
Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?
Or who hath given understanding to the mind? 70
Who can number the clouds by wisdom?
Or who can pour out the bottles of heaven,
When the dust runneth into a mass,
And the clods cleave fast together?
Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lioness? 75
Or satisfy the appetite of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait?
Who provideth for the raven his food,
When his young ones cry unto God, 80
And wander for lack of meat?

Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of
the rock bring forth?
Or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?

Canst thou number the months that they fulfil? 84
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?
They bow themselves, they bring forth their young,
They cast out their sorrows.
Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up
in the open field;
They go forth, and return not again.
Who hath sent out the wild ass free? 90
Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And the salt land his dwelling place.
He scorneth the tumult of the city,
Neither heareth he the shoutings of the driver. 95
The range of the mountains is his pasture,
And he searcheth after every green thing.
Will the wild ox be content to serve thee?
Or will he abide by thy crib?
Canst thou bind the wild ox with his band in the
furrow? 100
Or will he harrow the valleys after thee?
Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is great?
Or wilt thou leave to him thy labor?
Wilt thou confide in him, that he will bring home
thy seed,
And gather the corn of thy threshing-floor? 105
The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth;
But are her pinions and feathers kindly?
For she leaveth her eggs on the earth,
And warmeth them in the dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, 110
Or that the wild beast may trample them.
She is hardened against her young ones, as if they
were not hers:
Though her labor be in vain, she is without fear;
Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,
Neither hath he imparted to her understanding.
What time she lifteth up herself on high, 116
She scorneth the horse and his rider.
Hast thou given the horse his might?
Hast thou clothed his neck with the quivering
mane?
Hast thou made him to leap as a locust? 120
The glory of his snorting is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his
strength:
He goeth out to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear, and is not dismayed;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The flashing spear and the javelin.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;
Neither believeth he that it is the voice of the
trumpet. 125

As oft as the trumpet soundeth he saith, "Aha!"
And he smelleth the battle afar off, 131
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Doth the hawk soar by thy wisdom,
And stretch her wings toward the south?
Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, 135
And make her nest on high?

She dwelleth on the rock, and hath her lodging
there,

Upon the crag of the rock, and the strong hold
From thence she spieth out the prey;
Her eyes behold it afar off. 140

Her young ones also suck up blood:
And where the slain are, there is she.
Shall he that cavilleth contend with the Almighty?
He that argueth with God, let him answer it.

Job. Behold, I am of small account; what shall I
answer thee? 145

I lay mine hand upon my mouth.

Once have I spoken, and I will not answer;
Yea twice, but I will proceed no further.

VOICE OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND. Gird up thy loins
now like a man: 149

I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
Wilt thou even disannul my judgment?
Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be justified?

Or hast thou an arm like God?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like him?
Deck thyself now with excellency and dignity; 155
And array thyself with honor and majesty.
Pour forth the overflowings of thine anger:
And look upon every one that is proud, and abase
him.

Look on every one that is proud, and bring him
low;

And tread down the wicked where they stand. 160
Hide them in the dust together;
Bind their faces in the hidden place.

Then will I also confess of thee
That thine own right hand can save thee.

Behold now Behemoth, which I made with thee;
He eateth grass as an ox. 166

Lo now, his strength is in his loins,
And his force is in the muscles of his belly.

He moveth his tail like a cedar:
The sinews of his thighs are knit together. 170

His bones are as tubes of brass;
His limbs are like bars of iron.

He is the chief of the ways of God:
He only that made him can make his sword to
approach unto him.

Surely the mountains bring him forth food; 175
Where all the beasts of the field do play.

He lieth under the lotus trees,
In the covert of the reed, and the fen.

The lotus trees cover him with their shadow;
The willows of the brook compass him about. 180

Behold, if a river overflow, he trembleth not:
He is confident, though Jordan swell even to his
mouth.

Shall any take him when he is on the watch,
Or pierce through his nose with a snare?

Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a fishhook?
Or press down his tongue with a cord? 186

Canst thou put a rope into his nose?
Or pierce his jaw through with a hook?

Will he make many supplications unto thee?
Or will he speak soft words unto thee? 190

Will he make a covenant with thee,
That thou shouldest take him for a servant for
ever?

Wilt thou play with him as with a bird?
Or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?

Shall the bands of fishermen make traffic of him?
Shall they part him among the merchants? 196

Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons,
Or his head with fish spears?

Lay thine hand upon him;
Remember the battle, and do so no more. 200

Behold, the hope of him is in vain:
Shall not one be cast down even at the sight of
him?

None is so fierce that he dare stir him up:
Who then is he that can stand before me?

Who hath first given unto me, that I should repay
him? 205

Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.
I will not keep silence concerning his limbs,

Nor his mighty strength, nor his comely propor-
tion.

Who can strip off his outer garment?
Who shall come within his double bridle? 210

Who can open the doors of his face?
Round about his teeth is terror.

His strong scales are his pride,
Shut up together as with a close seal.

One is so near to another, 215
That no air can come between them.

They are joined one to another;
They stick together, that they cannot be sundered.

His sneezings flash forth light,
And his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning
Out of his mouth go burning torches, 220

And sparks of fire leap forth.
 Out of his nostrils a smoke goeth,
 As of a seething pot and burning rushes.
 His breath kindleth coals,
 And a flame goeth forth from his mouth.
 In his neck abideth strength,
 And terror danceth before him.
 The flakes of his flesh are joined together:
 They are firm upon him; they cannot be moved.
 His heart is as firm as a stone;
 Yea, firm as the nether millstone.
 When he raiseth himself up, the mighty are afraid:
 By reason of consternation they are beside themselves.

If one lay at him with his sword, it cannot avail;
 Nor the spear, the dart, nor the pointed shaft.
 He counteth iron as straw,
 And brass as rotten wood.
 The arrow cannot make him flee:
 Slingstones are turned with him into stubble. 240
 Clubs are counted as stubble:
 He laugheth at the rushing of the javelin.
 His underparts are like sharp potsherds:
 He spreadeth as it were a threshing wain upon the mire.
 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot:
 He maketh the sea like ointment.
 He maketh a path to shine after him;
 One would think the deep to be hoary.
 Upon earth there is not his like,
 That is made without fear. 250
 He beholdeth every thing that is high:
 He is king over all the sons of pride.

JOB. I know that thou canst do all things,
 And that no purpose of thine can be restrained.
 "Who is this that hideth counsel without knowledge?" 255
 Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not,
 Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.
 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak;
 I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
 I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; 260
 But now mine eye seeth thee,
 Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent
 In dust and ashes.

Vanity

I the Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem.
 And I applied my heart to seek and to search out by wisdom concerning all that is done under heaven: it is a sore travail that God hath given to

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the sons of men to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind. That which is crooked cannot be made straight: and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. I communed with mine own heart, saying, "Lo, I have gotten me great wisdom above all that were before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart hath had great experience of wisdom and knowledge." And I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also was a striving after wind: For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

I said in mine heart, "Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure": and, behold, this also was vanity. I said of laughter, "It is mad": and of mirth, "What doeth it?" I searched in mine heart how to cheer my flesh with wine, mine heart yet guiding me with wisdom, and how to lay hold on folly, till I might see what it was good for the sons of men that they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and parks, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit: I made me pools of water, to water therefrom the forest where trees were reared. I bought menservants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of herds and flocks, above all that were before me in Jerusalem: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces. I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, concubines very many. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them: I withheld not my heart from any joy, for my heart rejoiced because of all my labor; and this was my portion from all my labor. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and a striving after wind, and there was no profit under the sun.

And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness and folly: for what can the man do that cometh after the king? even that which hath been already done. Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness. The wise man's eyes are in his head, and the fool walketh in darkness: and yet I perceived that one event happeneth to them all. Then said I in my heart,

"As it happeneth to the fool, so will it happen even to me"; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also was vanity. For of the wise man, even as of the fool, there is no remembrance for ever; seeing that in the days to come all will have been already forgotten. And how doth the wise man die even as the fool! So I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun was grievous unto me: for all is vanity and a striving after wind.

And I hated all my labor wherein I labored under the sun: seeing that I must leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? yet shall he have rule over all my labor wherein I have labored, and wherein I have showed wisdom under the sun. This also is vanity. Therefore I turned about to cause my heart to despair concerning all the labor wherein I had labored under the sun. For there is a man whose labor is with wisdom, and with knowledge, and with skilfulness; yet to a man that hath not labored therein shall he leave it for his portion. This also is vanity and a great evil. For what hath a man of all his labor, and of the striving of his heart, wherein he laboreth under the sun? For all his days are but sorrows, and his travail is grief; yea, even in the night his heart taketh no rest. This also is vanity.

There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labor. This also I saw, that it is from the hand of God. For who can eat, or who can have enjoyment, more than I? For to the man that pleaseth him God giveth wisdom, and knowledge, and joy: but to the sinner he giveth travail, to gather and to heap up, that he may give to him that pleaseth God. This also is vanity and a striving after wind.

The Sermon on the Mount

St. Matthew 5: 1-7: 29.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father

which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy

Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore, I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findest; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which

built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

The Last Supper

Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. And supper being ended, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him, Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God, riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that, he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" Jesus answered and said unto him, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Peter saith unto him, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Jesus answered him, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Simon Peter saith unto him, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." Jesus saith to him, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all." For he knew who should betray him; therefore said he, "Ye are not all clean." So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, 'The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him.' If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. I speak not of you all: I know whom I have chosen: but that the scripture may be fulfilled, 'He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me.' Now I tell you before it come, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am he. Verily, verily, I say unto you, 'He that receiveth

whomsoever I send receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me.'

When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray me."

Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spoke. Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spoke. He then lying on Jesus' breast saith unto him, "Lord, who is it?"

Jesus answered, "He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it." And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, "That thou doest, do quickly." Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spoke this unto him. For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, "Buy those things that we have need of against the feast"; or, that he should give something to the poor. He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night.

Therefore, when he was gone out, Jesus said, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him. If God be glorified in him, God shall also glorify him in himself, and shall straightway glorify him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me: and as I said unto the Jews, 'Whither I go, ye cannot come'; so now I say to you. A new commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Simon Peter said unto him, "Lord, whither goest thou?"

Jesus answered him, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards."

Peter said unto him, "Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake."

Jesus answered him, "Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, 'The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied me thrice.'

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again,

and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

Thomas saith unto him, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

Jesus saith unto him, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him."

Philip saith unto him, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

Jesus saith unto him, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, 'Show us the Father'? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.' And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

Judas (not Iscariot) saith unto him, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?"

Jesus answered and said unto him, "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mir-

"These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye have heard how I said unto you, 'I go away, and come again unto you.' If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said, 'I go unto the Father': for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe. Hereafter I will not talk much with you: for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do.

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment: that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should re-

main: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name he may give it you.

"These things I command you, that ye love one another. If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you, 'The servant is not greater than his lord.' If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also. But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me. If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloak for their sin. He that hateth me hateth my Father also. If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father. But this cometh to pass that the word might be fulfilled that is written in their law, 'They hated me without a cause.' But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me: and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you. But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, 'Whither goest thou?' But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth: 'It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is

judged.' I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you. A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father."

The Gospel of Love

I Corinthians 13.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

To Hebraism in its final form belong many of the writings of the Church. Although not written by Hebrews, the religious literature of Christianity is permeated by the spirit of the Bible. This is true even of those philosophical writings that tried to link Christianity with Platonic and Aristotelian thought, for these merely sought a rational basis for faith. This literature begins to be written in the second century A.D. and it extends to the present day. It was produced in Greek, Latin, and later in the vernaculars; by both the Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic religions; and by both Catholics and Protestants. Here, however, we are concerned only with the literature of the Church during Roman and medieval times, which represents the progress of the Church after the composition of the New Testament. It is a vast body of writing, moralistic, philosophical, and liturgical. The few examples in this section represent only the nontheological, emotional elements.

As an institution, the Church began modestly in the form of Christian communities in the Near East and the Roman provinces, and its activities were missionary work and local organization. The first important step was taken when, under Paul's leadership, the Christians differentiated their worship more and more from the synagogue; rejected those elements of Hebraic ritual (such as circumcision and dietary prohibitions) that stood in the way of converting the Gentiles;¹ and developed the idea of a universal Church as contrasted with

the nationalistic faith favored by the Jews and by many early Christians in Palestine. This transformation made it possible for the little Christian sect to spread its teachings over the world. Paul, aptly named the "Apostle of the Gentiles," laid the foundations of this Church by both preaching and missionary practice. After this, no amount of persecution by Roman emperors and governors could stem the tide of conversion. By the fourth century, Christianity, which hitherto had been merely one among several oriental faiths in Rome, became the chief political force in the Empire. In A.D. 313, Emperor Constantine gave the Christian Church a privileged position, and his successors gradually made it the state religion of the Empire. By the end of the century, paganism retained adherents only among the aristocrats, the teachers of philosophy, and the natives of the remote countryside.² Heathen sacrifices were forbidden and temples closed toward the end of the fourth century by Theodosius. In 408, pagans were disqualified from any public office. A few years later, they were actively persecuted, and thereafter paganism existed only furtively in the Empire. All that remained was for the Church to cement its power, to clarify its doctrine, to adapt it to the customs of the world which it had mastered, and to convert the Teutonic tribes that had not yet been Romanized.³

In organization, the Church, taking Rome for its capital, became a spiritual replica of the dying Roman Empire, and for many centuries, it played

¹ The non-Hebraic peoples.

² The term for country people, *pagani*, supplied the term *pagan* with which to designate polytheism.

The English word "heathen" is derived from "heath"—that is, the people of the heath.

³ The tribes that conquered Rome directly "were all or nearly all half Romanized before entering on the work of conquest."—E. B. Osborn's *The Middle Ages*, p. 4.

the same role of unifying western Europe and giving its peoples a central authority. "The material Empire decayed, lost province after province, fell into complete ruin. Yet, as it wasted and vanished, the Church, enthroned in the ancient city, waxed stronger and more stately, century after century extending her spiritual conquests."⁴

What remained of Roman culture became the possession of this spiritual empire. Latin remained the language of the Church. The Bible was read in the august translation ("the Vulgate") prepared by St. Jerome. A mastery of the classic tongue was also apparent in the writings of the founder of ecclesiastical philosophy, St. Augustine; and it was in the same language that Christian philosophers like St. Anselm and St. Thomas Aquinas continued to expound Christian thought. It is indeed true that in the Middle Ages Latin underwent changes and acquired some inaccuracies of grammar and diction. But the organ-music of classic speech continued to be heard in the noble prayers and hymns composed through the centuries. The simplifications, moreover, introduced a fresh charm and emotional coloring, not classic, but still admirable, in such works as the *De Imitatione Christi* (*The Imitation of Christ*) of Thomas à Kempis and the letters of Abelard and Heloise. Chronicles and romances, and compilations of tales like the *Gesta Romanorum*, also found a serviceable language in medieval Latin. The pure Ciceronian style might have actually proved too formal for many of the stories of wonder and the legends of the saints.

All learning passed into the Church. Its monasteries afforded a haven for scholarly men during the shipwreck of the political state. Here they found an outlet, no matter how limited, for their intellect and their literary talents. Here they gave utterance to their faith in God, their longing for a better life, their belief in a just and humane world. They wrote chronicles like Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne* and the Venerable Bede's account of the *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*. They could meticulously copy and thus preserve classic writings as well as works in the vernaculars.

They created a hymnology that ranks high as poetry. They also began a new age of the drama by introducing, in the ninth century, short dramatic passages, known as *tropes*, in the wordless sequences of the Mass, and later by composing short liturgical plays based on biblical episodes, as well as dramatizations of legends of the Virgin and the saints.

Finally, the medieval Church helped to stabilize European life, acting as a check upon the continual wars of the barons, glorifying labor, and leveling social inequalities by opening ecclesiastical offices to common men and assuring them equality before God. Moreover, in organizing religion as an institution, in achieving a fixed dogma and in developing a rational basis for faith, the Church stabilized the faith of European man. It kept the religious impulse from degenerating into spiritual anarchy.

The fathers of the Church followed both common sense and the example of the Roman Empire in stabilizing ritual and theology and rejecting the extremism of many early sects by denouncing them as heresies. The methods may frequently have been ruthless, but the aim of the early Christian organizers was sound; the intention was moderation in all things, even in faith. Many proponents of the heresies may have been noble men maligned by their opponents, but a list of their beliefs reveals a welter of confusions.⁵ The theological theories multiplied rapidly, and if the Church had accepted all of them, the result would have been utter confusion. Instead its leaders, men who excelled as organizers, adopted a middle-of-the-ground attitude and crystallized the faith in a series of councils, beginning with the Council of Nicæa in 325 A.D.

St. Augustine (A.D. 350-430), the leading intellectual figure of the early Church, summed up in his life many of the tendencies and conflicts of the formative period. These he recorded in his remarkable autobiography, the *Confessions*, a personal history of his search for certainty and stability. Born in Numidia, Aurelius Augustinus, was the typical offspring of a mixed marriage. His father, Patricius, was a pagan; his mother, Monica, a

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 7.

⁵ Certain so-called Gnostics, for example, wanted to deprive Christianity of its valuable Old Testament basis, by representing the Hebrew God as a demon who created the world but was the enemy of mankind. Others, the Montanists, exaggerated the importance of ascetism. Still others, known as Manicheists (after the founder of their belief, the third-century Persian teacher Manes), maintained that the world was ruled by two principles,—a power of good identified with God and a power of evil—instead of simply by God; all matter, according to them, was evil,—a thought that is foreign to practical, activist Western civilization, and that orthodox Christianity had to reject since it was, after all, God who created matter.

pious Christian. After the usual pagan education, he led the dissolute life of a Roman youth, delighting, as he later wrote, in "the muddy concupiscence of the flesh." A devoted father supplied him with all means for study and worldly gratifications, but had no concern for the lad's spiritual welfare. Even his Christian mother did not, he complains in the *Confessions*, interfere with his amours, out of fear that marriage would hinder his career. He went to Carthage to complete his education. There, he tells us, he pursued studies which "had a view to excelling in the courts of litigation; the more bepraised, the craftier," in rhetoric and eloquence, "out of a damnable and vainglorious end." Cicero's philosophical work *Hortensius*, however, made him long for "the immortality of wisdom," though the "name of Christ was not in it." He turned, indeed, to the Scriptures at this time, but they seemed unworthy compared to the stateliness of Cicero's literary work. He began instead to teach rhetoric at Carthage and Rome.

In his struggle toward faith he next became attracted to the doctrines of the Manicheans, who called upon men to fight the power of darkness in their souls and foretold the ultimate triumph of the principle of the goodness or light. But he abandoned Manicheism because "a piety, such as it was," constrained him to believe "that the good God never created any evil nature." Going to Milan in this crisis, he was moved by the eloquence of its bishop, St. Ambrose, to become a catechumen of the Church. In this approach to the Christian faith St. Augustine was ardently supported by his pious mother, to whom his attachment was strong. At the same time, he found himself strongly attracted to Platonism, becoming morally inspired by Plato and "taught to search for incorporeal truth," but rejecting the worship of spirits favored by the mystical neo-Platonists. Finally, after great mental and spiritual agony, being troubled by the fact that "the unlearned start up and take heaven by force" while his learning could not bring him peace, he heard a voice "as of a boy or a girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating, 'Take up and read; take up and read.'" He opened the New Testament at random and read "put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Instantly he decided to become converted, renounced his profession of rhetoric, and retired to the country to prepare him-

self to receive baptism. This occurred in his thirty-second year.

The nine chapters of the *Confessions* which recount St. Augustine's development comprise one of the great autobiographies of literature. The rest of the book reveals what contribution he was able to bring the Church. Early Christian apologists such as Tertullian (155?-222?) had tried to show that Christianity could be harmonized with classic philosophy. Augustine brought to this problem, in his capacity of bishop of Hippo, in Africa, a keen intellect. He revealed a remarkable faculty for giving Catholic Christianity something more than an apology—a systematic philosophical basis. His philosophy fused important elements of Platonism and Christian belief, making philosophical knowledge the handmaiden of faith as it was summed up in the two propositions of the later Christian philosophers or Scholastics: "I believe in order to understand" and "I understand in order to believe." In his notable *City of God* (*De Civitate Dei*), moreover, he set down a philosophy of history for the Church and its believers. There is a law of progress that governs the history of humanity, bringing the fulfillment of divine purpose,—a law "of which even those who fight against it become instruments in the hands of Providence according to the Divine plan."

St. Augustine was followed by numerous Christian thinkers, such as John Scotus Erigena, Roscelin, St. Anselm, St. Thomas of Aquinas, and that master of dialectics or argumentation Peter Abelard. They created Scholastic philosophy, which reached its peak in the thirteenth century after the works of Aristotle became known to the medieval world through the translations and teachings of Arabian and Jewish philosophers.

The student of literature, however, is more interested in the writings of those who found emotional expression for the Christian Church. He is impressed first of all by the great Latin hymns. Begun by St. Ambrose in the fourth century, these poems took on the charms of the new versification.⁶ The authorship of many of the hymns is unknown or uncertain, although the names of Prudentius, Fortunatus, Bernard of Clairvaux, Adam of Saint Victor, Jacopone (author of *Stabat mater dolorosa*), and Thomas of Celano (author of the *Dies Irae*) have come down to us. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries witnessed a simul-

⁶ Meter based on accented syllables instead of on quantity, and rhyme, which had been used sparingly in Classic Latin verse as a special ornament.

taneous flowering of Gothic architecture and Latin hymnology. And like the former, the hymns expressed an intense aspiration and a loving elaboration of rhythmic pattern. They became the inspiration of some of the best music of medieval and modern times.

Notable also was the nonliturgical inspirational prose and verse of the devout. The first important example, the treatise on the *Consolations of Philosophy*, was cast in dialogue form by the sixteenth-century Roman Boethius while he languished in prison, awaiting execution. Philosophy visits him there and consoles him with the knowledge that nothing happens without divine providence. This work became one of the favorite classics of the Middle Ages and attracted such distinguished translators as King Alfred the Great, Chaucer, and Queen Elizabeth. Later, the most important religious literature was written by men like St. Francis of Assisi and St. Thomas à Kempis, who did not try to rationalize faith but exemplified it in their life and expressed it rhapsodically.

The most appealing of these figures was St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226), founder of the Franciscan order and a mystic who revived the idealism of early Christianity by leading a life of

voluntary poverty and setting forth lessons of brotherly love and of consideration even for the animal world. Legends and miracles grew around him, and the mendicant brotherhood that he founded ushered in, for a time, a revival of simple faith at a period when the Church had become an increasingly worldly institution. The record of his life and teachings as set forth in *The Little Flowers*, *The Mirror of Perfection*, Saint Bonaventura's *Life*, and *The Legend of Saint Francis by the Three Companions* is an oasis in the literary desert of Scholasticism. His lovely song, *The Canticle of the Sun*, expresses all the sweetness of this poet of religion.

A kindred spirit was the German monk St. Thomas à Kempis (*circa* 1380-1471⁷), a peasant's son who led the life of a recluse and busied himself copying pious manuscripts. He expressed his mysticism in *The Imitation of Christ*.⁸ This devotional work, consisting of strands of beautiful thoughts, became one of the treasured possessions of the Christian world. Its approach to religion is entirely through individual feeling and faith, and its simplicity came as a great relief to those who were beginning to tire of the controversial subtleties of latter-day, decadent Scholasticism.

⁷ Thomas of Kempis, a place near Düsseldorf. His name was Thomas Hemerken or Hammerchen.
⁸ The authorship of the book has been disputed, but most opinions have held it to be his.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

Confessions

In boyhood itself, however, (so much less dreaded for me than youth,) I loved not study, and hated to be forced to it. Yet I was forced; and this was well done towards me, but I did not well; for, unless forced, I had not learnt. But no one doth well against his will, even though what he doth, be well. Yet neither did they well who forced me, but what was well came to me from Thee, my God. For they were regardless how I should employ what they forced me to learn, except to satiate the insatiate desires of a wealthy beggary, and a shameful glory. But Thou, by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered, didst use for my good the error of all who urged me to learn; and my own, who would not learn, Thou didst use for my punishment—a fit penalty for one, so small a boy and so great a sinner. So by those who did not well, Thou didst well for me; and by my own sin Thou didst justly punish me. For Thou hast commanded, and so it is, that every inordinate affection should be its own punishment.

But why did I so much hate the Greek, which I studied as a boy? I do not yet fully know. For the Latin I loved; not what my first masters, but what the so-called grammarians taught me. For those first lessons, reading, writing, and arithmetic, I thought as great a burden and penalty as any Greek. And yet whence was this too, but from the sin and vanity of this life, because *I was flesh, and a breath that passeth away and cometh not again?* For those first lessons were better certainly, because more certain; by them I obtained, and still retain, the power of reading what I find written, and myself writing what I will; whereas in the others, I was forced to learn the wanderings of one Æneas, forgetful of my own, and to weep for dead Dido, because she killed herself for love; the while, with dry eyes, I endured my miserable self dying among these things, far from Thee, O God my life.

For what more miserable than a miserable being who commiserates not himself; weeping the death of Dido for love to Æneas, but weeping not his

own death for want of love to Thee, O God. Thou light of my heart, Thou bread of my inmost soul, Thou Power who givest vigor to my mind, who quickenest my thoughts, I loved Thee not.... And all this I wept not, I who wept for Dido slain, and “seeking by the sword a stroke and wound extreme,” myself seeking the while a worse extreme, the extremest and lowest of Thy creatures, having forsaken Thee, earth passing into the earth. ¹⁰ And if forbid to read all this, I was grieved that I might not read what grieved me. Madness like this is thought a higher and a richer learning, than that by which I learned to read and write.

But now, my God, cry Thou aloud in my soul; and let Thy truth tell me, “Not so, not so. Far better was that first study.” For, lo, I would readily forget the wanderings of Æneas and all the rest, rather than how to read and write. But over the entrance of the Grammar School is a vail drawn! ²⁰ true; yet is this not so much an emblem of aught recondite, as a cloke of error. Let not those, whom I no longer fear, cry out against me, while I confess to Thee, my God, whatever my soul will, and acquiesce in the condemnation of my evil ways, that I may love Thy good ways. Let not either buyers or sellers of grammar-learning cry out against me. For if I question them whether it be true, that Æneas came on a time to Carthage, as the Poet tells, the less learned will reply that they ³⁰ know not, the more learned that he never did. But should I ask with what letters the name “Æneas” is written, everyone who has learnt this will answer me aright, as to the signs which men have conventionally settled. If, again, I should ask, which might be forgotten with least detriment to the concerns of life, reading and writing or these poetic fictions? who does not foresee, what all must answer who have not wholly forgotten themselves? I sinned, then, when as a boy I preferred ⁴⁰ those empty to those more profitable studies, or rather loved the one and hated the other. “One and one, two”; “two and two, four;” this was to me a hateful sing-song: “the wooden horse lined

Confessions. Selections. Translated by E. B. Pusey. Lucius Aurelius Augustinus (354-430) was born in Numidia. He was educated at Madaura and Carthage and later moved to Rome. He was converted to orthodox Christianity through the influence of his mother. He was Bishop of Hippo in Numidia.

with armed men," and "the burning of Troy," and "Creusa's shade and sad similitude," were the choice spectacle of my vanity.

Why then did I hate the Greek classics, which have the like tales? For Homer also curiously wove the like fictions, and is most sweetly-vain, yet was he bitter to my boyish taste. And so I suppose would Virgil be to Grecian children, when forced to learn him as I was Homer. Difficulty, in truth, the difficulty of a foreign tongue, dashed, as it were, with gall all the sweetness of Grecian fable. For not one word of it did I understand, and to make me understand I was urged vehemently with cruel threats and punishments. Time was also, (as an infant,) I knew no Latin; but this I learned without fear of suffering, by mere observation, amid the caresses of my nursery and jests of friends, smiling and sportively encouraging me. This I learned without any pressure of punishment to urge me on, for my heart urged me to give birth to its conceptions, which I could only do by learning words not of those who taught, but of those who talked with me; in whose ears also I gave birth to the thoughts, whatever I conceived. No doubt then, that a free curiosity has more force in our learning these things, than a frightful enforcement. Only this enforcement restrains the rovings of that freedom, through Thy laws, O my God, Thy laws, from the master's cane to the martyr's trials, being able to temper for us a wholesome bitter, recalling us to Thyself from that deadly pleasure which lures us from Thee.

Hear, Lord, my prayer; let not my soul faint under Thy discipline, nor let me faint in confessing unto Thee all Thy mercies, whereby Thou hast drawn me out of all my most evil ways, that Thou mightest become a delight to me above all the allurements which I once pursued; that I may most entirely love Thee, and clasp Thy hand with all my affections, and Thou mayest yet rescue me from every temptation, even unto the end. For, lo, O Lord, my King and my God, for Thy service be whatever useful thing my childhood learned; for Thy service, that I speak—write—read—reckon. For Thou didst grant me Thy discipline, while I was learning vanities; and my sin of delighting in those vanities Thou hast forgiven. In them, indeed, I learnt many a useful word, but these may as well be learned in things not vain; and that is the safe path for the steps of youth.

But woe is thee, thou torrent of human custom! Who shall stand against thee? How long shalt thou not be dried up? How long roll the sons of

Eve into that huge and hideous ocean, which even they scarcely overpass who climb the cross? Did not I read in thee of Jove the thunderer and the adulterer? Both, doubtless, he could not be; but so the feigned thunder might countenance and pander to real adultery. And now which of our gowned masters, lends a sober ear to one who from their own school cries out, "These were Homer's fictions, transferring things human to the gods; would he had brought down things divine to us!" Yet more truly had he said, "These are indeed his fictions; but attributing a divine nature to wicked men, that crimes might be no longer crimes, and whoso commits them might seem to imitate not abandoned men, but the celestial gods." . . .

Bear with me, my God, while I say somewhat of my wit, Thy gift, and on what dotages I wasted it. For a task was set me, troublesome enough to my soul, upon terms of praise or shame, and fear of stripes, to speak the words of Juno, as she raged and mourned that she could not

This Trojan prince from Latium turn.

Which words I had heard that Juno never uttered; but we were forced to go astray in the footsteps of these poetic fictions, and to say in prose much what he expressed in verse. And his speaking was most applauded, in whom the passions of rage and grief were most pre-eminent, and clothed in the most fitting language, maintaining the dignity of the character. What is it to me, O my true life, my God, that my declamation was applauded above so many of my own age and class? Is not all this smoke and wind? And was there nothing else whereon to exercise my wit and tongue? Thy praises, Lord, Thy praises might have stayed the yet tender shoot of my heart by the prop of Thy Scriptures; so had it not trailed away amid these empty trifles, a defiled prey for the fowls of the air. For in more ways than one do men sacrifice to the rebellious angels. . . .

This was the world at whose gate unhappy I lay in my boyhood; this the stage, where I had feared more to commit a barbarism, than having committed one, to envy those who had not. These things I speak and confess to Thee, my God; for which I had praise from them, whom I then thought it all virtue to please. For I saw not the abyss of vileness, wherein I was cast away from Thine eyes. Before them what more foul than I was already, displeasing even such as myself? with innumerable lies deceiving my tutor, my masters,

my parents, from love of play, eagerness to see vain shows, and restlessness to imitate them! Thefts also I committed, from my parents' cellar and table, enslaved by greediness, or that I might have to give to boys, who sold me their play, which all the while they liked no less than I. In this play, too, I often sought unfair conquests, conquered myself meanwhile by vain desire of pre-eminence. And what could I so ill endure, or, when I detected it, upbraided I so fiercely, as that I was doing to others? and for which if, detected, I was upbraided, I chose rather to quarrel, than to yield. And is this the innocence of boyhood? Not so, Lord, not so; I cry Thy mercy, O my God. For these very sins, as riper years succeed, these very sins are transferred from tutors and masters, from nuts and balls and sparrows, to magistrates and kings, to gold and manors and slaves, just as severer punishments displace the cane. It was the low stature then of childhood, which Thou our King didst command as an emblem of lowness, when Thou saidst, *Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

Yet, Lord, to Thee, the Creator and Governor of the universe, most excellent and most good, thanks were due to Thee our God, even hadst

Thou destined for me boyhood only. For even then I was, I lived, and felt; and had an implanted providence over my own well-being,—a trace of that mysterious Unity, whence I was derived;—I guarded by the inward sense the entireness of my senses, and in these minute pursuits, and in my thoughts on things minute, I learnt to delight in truth, I hated to be deceived, had a vigorous memory, was gifted with speech, was soothed by friendship, avoided pain, baseness, ignorance. In so small a creature, what was not wonderful, not admirable? But all are gifts of my God; it was not I, who gave them me; and good these are, and these together are myself. Good, then, is He that made me, and He is my good, and before Him will I exult for every good which of a boy I had For it was my sin, that not in Him, but in His creatures—myself and others—I sought for pleasures, sublimities, truths, and so fell headlong into sorrows, confusions, errors. Thanks be to Thee, my joy and my glory and my confidence, my God, thanks be to Thee for Thy gifts; but do Thou preserve them to me. For so wilt Thou preserve me, and those things shall be enlarged and perfected, which Thou hast given me, and I myself shall be with Thee, since even to be Thou hast given me.

LATIN HYMNS

Veni Creator Spiritus

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on humankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!¹
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'ly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'nfold energy,
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defense,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

Latin Hymns. *Veni Creator Spiritus* (Come, Creator Spirit) and *The Te Deum* (We Praise Thee, God) translated by John Dryden; *Dies Irae* (Day of Wrath), by Richard Crashaw.
¹ The Holy Spirit as the Helper or Comforter of man

The Te Deum

Thee, Sovereign God, our grateful accents praise;
 We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous ways;
 To thee, Eternal Father, earth's whole frame,
 With loudest trumpets, sounds immortal fame.
 Lord God of Hosts! for thee the heavenly powers
 With sounding anthems fill the vaulted towers.
 Thy Cherubims thrice, Holy, Holy, Holy, cry;
 Thrice, Holy, all the Seraphims reply,
 And thrice returning echoes endless songs supply.
 Both heaven and earth thy majesty display;
 They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.
 Thy praises fill the loud apostles' choir;
 The train of prophets in the song conspire.
 Legions of martyrs in the chorus shine,
 And vocal blood with vocal music join.
 By these thy church, inspir'd by heavenly art,
 Around the world maintains a second part;
 And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
 The Father of unbounded majesty;
 The Son, ador'd copartner of thy seat,
 And equal everlasting Paraclete.
 Thou King of Glory, Christ, of the most high,
 Thou coeternal filial Deity;
 Thou who, to save the world's impending doom,
 Vouchaf'dst to dwell within a Virgin's womb;
 Old tyrant Death disarm'd, before thee flew
 The bolts of heaven, and back the foldings drew,
 To give access, and make thy faithful way;
 From God's right hand thy filial beams display.
 Thou art to judge the living and the dead;
 Then spare those souls for whom thy veins have
 bled.

O take us up amongst thy blest above,
 To share with them thy everlasting love.
 Preserve, O Lord, thy people, and enhance
 Thy blessing on thine own inheritance.
 For ever raise their hearts, and rule their ways;
 Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy praise:
 No age shall fail to celebrate thy name,
 No hour neglect thy everlasting fame.
 Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill;
 Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still:
 As we have hop'd, do thou reward our pain;
 We've hop'd in thee—let not our hope be vain.

Dies Iræ

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
 Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings
 Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
 The world in flames shall fly away!

O that Fire! before whose face
 Heaven and earth shall find no place:
 O those Eyes! whose angry light
 Must be the day of that dread night.

O that Trump! whose blast shall run
 An even round with th' circling Sun,
 And urge the murmuring graves to bring
 Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!
 When a deep groan from beneath
 Shall cry, "We come, we come!" and all
 The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright
 Will set the world in severe light.
 O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye
 None can endure, yet none can fly.

Ah then, poor soul! what wilt thou say?
 And to what patron choose to pray,
 When stars themselves shall stagger, and
 The most firm foot no more shall stand?

But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
 Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
 And with the wings of Thine own dove
 Fly to Thy scepter of soft love!

Dear [LORD], remember in that day
 Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way;
 Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou wouldest be
 Even lost Thyself in seeking me!

Shall all that labor, all that cost
 Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
 And this loved soul judged worth no less
 Than all that way and weariness?

Just mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be
 With my price, and not with me;
 'Twas paid at first with too much pain
 To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
 With blushing cheek and bleeding eye;
 The conscious colors of my sin
 Are red without, and pale within.

O let Thine own soft bowels pay
 Thyself, and so discharge that day!
 If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive,
 O, say the word, my soul shall live!

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy cross confess'd and crowned, 50
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine;
But Thou Thy bounteous self still be, 55
And show Thou art by saving me.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,

And all Thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come ye blessed" then call me! 60

When the dread "*ITE*"¹ shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand!

O, hear a suppliant heart all crush'd,
And crumbled into contrite dust!
My hope, my fear—my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end! 65

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Canticle of the Sun

O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee
belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!

Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures;
and specially our brother the sun, who brings us
the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he,
and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord,
he signifies to us thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and 10
for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely
in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind,
and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by
the which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is
very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious,
and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through
whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he 20
is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and
strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth,
the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bring-
eth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors,
and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon
one another for his love's sake, and who endure
weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who

peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most Highest,
shall give them a crown!

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of
the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to
him who dieth in mortal sin! Blessed are they who
are found walking by thy most holy will, for the
second death shall have no power to do them harm.

Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks
unto him, and serve him with great humility.

Sermon to the Birds

When St. Francis drew nigh unto Bevagna he
came unto a spot wherein a great multitude of
birds of divers species were gathered together.
When the holy man of God perceived them, he
ran with all speed unto the place and greeted them
as if they shared in human understanding. They
on their part all awaited him and turned toward
him, those that were perched on bushes bending
their heads as he drew nigh them, and looking on
him in unwonted wise, while he came right among
them, and diligently exhorted them all to hear the
word of God, saying: "My brothers the birds, much
ought ye to praise your Creator, Who hath clothed
you with feathers and given you wings to fly, and
hath made over unto you the pure air, and careth
for you without your taking thought for yourselves." While he was speaking unto them these

¹ "Go!" (Latin).

St. Francis, *Canticle of the Sun*. Translated by Matthew Arnold. St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226) turned from a life of ease to one of ascetic devotion and founded the order of Franciscan Friars. He passed nearly all his life in Italy.

and other like words, the little birds—behaving themselves in wondrous wise—began to stretch their necks, to spread their wings, to open their beaks, and to look intently on him. He, with wondrous fervor of spirit, passed in and out among them, touching them with his habit, nor did one of them move from the spot until he had made the

sign of the Cross over them and given them leave; then, with the blessing of the man of God, they all flew away together. All these things were witnessed by his companions that stood awaiting him by the way. Returning unto them, the simple and holy man began to blame himself for neglect in that he had not afore then preached unto the birds.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

Of the Imitation of Christ

The Thoughts of Death

1. Very quickly will it be over with thee here; see then how matters stand with thee. A man is here to-day, and to-morrow he is no longer seen.

And when he is taken away from the sight, he is also quickly out of mind.

Oh! the dulness and hardness of the human heart, which thinks only of what is present and does not look rather forward to things to come.

Thou oughtest in every action and thought so to order thyself, as if thou wert immediately to die.

If thou hadst a good conscience, thou wouldest not much fear death.

It were better for thee to avoid sin, than to escape death.

If thou are not prepared to-day, how wilt thou be to-morrow?

To-morrow is an uncertain day; and how dost thou know that thou shalt be alive to-morrow?

2. What good is it to live long, when we advance so little?

Ah! long life does not always make us better, but often rather adds to our guilt.

Would that we had behaved ourselves well in this world, even for one day!

Many reckon up the years of their conversion; but oftentimes the fruit of amendment is but small.³⁰

If it be frightful to die, perhaps it will be more dangerous to live longer.

Blessed is he that has always the hour of his

death before his eyes, and every day prepares him self to die.

If thou hast at any time seen a man die, think that thou also must traverse the same path.

3. In the morning, think that thou mayest not live till night; and when evening comes, presume not to promise thyself the next morning.

Be therefore always prepared, and live in such a manner, that death may never find thee unprepared.

Many die suddenly, and when they little think of it: For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man will come.

When that last hour shall come, thou wilt begin to have quite other thoughts of thy whole past life, and be exceeding sorry that thou hast been so negligent and remiss.

20 4. How happy and prudent is he who strives now to be such in this life, as he desires to be found at his death.

A perfect contempt of the world, a fervent desire to advance in virtue, a love of discipline, labor in penitence, readiness in obedience, self-denial, and patience in affliction for the love of Christ, will give us great assurance of dying happily.

Thou mayest do many good things whilst thou art well; but when thou art sick, I know not what thou wilt be able to do.

Few are improved by sickness; so they also that rove about much, seldom become holy.

5. Trust not in thy friends and kinsfolk, nor put

off the welfare of thy soul to hereafter; for men will forget thee sooner than thou thinkest.

It is better now to provide in time, and send some good before thee, than to depend upon the help of others.

If thou art not now careful for thyself, who will be careful for thee hereafter?

The present time is very precious. Now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation. -

But oh, the sorrow that thou dost not spend this time more profitably, wherein thou mayest earn life for ever! The time will come, when thou wilt wish for one day or hour to amend; and I know not whether thou wilt obtain it.

6. O dearly beloved, from how great a danger mayest thou deliver thyself, from how great a fear mayest thou rescue thyself, if thou wilt but now be always fearful, and looking for death!

Strive now so to live, that in the hour of thy death thou mayest be able to rejoice rather than fear.

Learn now to die to the world, that thou mayest then begin to live with Christ.

Learn now to despise all things, that thou mayest then freely go to Christ.

Chasten thy body now by penitence, that thou mayest then have a sure confidence.

7. Ah, fool! why dost thou think to live long, when thou art not sure of one day?

How many thinking to live long have been deceived, and snatched unexpectedly away?

How often hast thou heard related, that such a one was slain by the sword; another drowned; another, from a height, broke his neck; one died eating, another playing?

Some have perished by fire; some by the sword; some by pestilence; and some by robbers.

And so death is the end of all; and man's life suddenly passeth away like a shadow.

8. Who will remember thee when thou art dead? and who will pray for thee?

Do now, beloved, do now all thou canst, because thou knowest not when thou shalt die, nor dost thou know what shall befall thee after death.

Whilst thou hast time, gather up for thyself everlasting riches; think of nothing but thy salvation; care for nothing but the things of God.

²⁰ Make now to thyself friends, by honoring the saints of God, and imitating their actions; that when thou failest, they may receive thee into everlasting habitations.

9. Keep thyself as a pilgrim and a stranger upon earth, whom none of the affairs of this world concern.

Keep thy heart free, and raised upwards to God; for here thou hast no continuing city.

³⁰ Send thither thy daily prayers with sighs and with tears; that after death thy spirit may be worthy happily to pass to our Lord. Amen.

PART TWO

THE ORIENTAL WORLD

Although Hellenism and Hebraism contributed the main ferment of European culture and bulk largest in our literary heritage, we cannot entirely overlook the ancient contributions of Egypt, India, and China, as well as of the Mohammedan peoples of the Near East who matured later than other oriental nations. From Egypt came the Western World's strong concern with the survival of the soul; from India, mystic teachings and charming fables; from China, admirable ethical precepts and excellent lyric poetry. During the last century Europeans and Americans became increasingly aware of the literature of these countries, poets and thinkers reflected its influence, and cultivated readers began to find in it novel pleasure and stimulation.

EGYPT

We know that Egypt enjoyed one of the oldest civilizations, if not indeed the oldest. The ancient Egyptians' great architectural feats, their temples and pyramids, are appreciated today; so are their sculpture, their development of writing, their use of papyrus, and their advances in early science and mathematics, especially geometry. Most of their literature has been lost, but what we now possess has much interest.

From Egypt has been recovered the earliest of all books of folktales, dating from about 1300 B.C., and some of the stories are still popular in Europe. This literature includes royal romances, ghost stories, fables, and an ancient version of the Cinderella story. Whether such a delightful tale as *The Two Brothers* started in Egypt or was already far along in its history when an Egyptian scribe recorded it 2200 years ago is a moot point. The Egyptians appear to have been the first masters of the short-story form.

From papyrus manuscripts found along the Nile we have also acquired a very ancient wis-

dom literature in the form of maxims or sayings, belonging to the twenty-ninth century B.C.—2300 years before Confucius, Socrates, and Buddha. In addition, the Egyptians left considerable love poetry, celebrating the attachment between brothers and sisters who, in the upper classes, often married each other. Finally, there are religious writings, which are the most important. The people of the Nile were consumed with a fierce passion for permanence. Their religion, their pyramids, their inimitable embalming process, their tombs, and their fondness for recording events all revolved around their desire to cancel death. They became the first poets of the belief in immortality.

This faith centered in the personality of Egypt's chief divinity, Osiris, the god of the Nile, who in overflowing irrigated their fields, made vegetation possible, and assured their food supply. He was supposed to have been resurrected by his sister and wife Isis after being killed and dismembered by his enemy Set, the god of darkness, evil, and death. In the myth told about Osiris and in the Passion Play that celebrated his story annually, his worshipers represented the fall and rise of the Nile and symbolized the death and resurrection of the soul. He became the Lord of Life, the power that could grant the dead man life eternal if he observed the rites prescribed by the priests and addressed himself to the god seated on the judgment throne with appropriate prayers, charms, and formulas. These were found inscribed on some two thousand papyrus rolls entitled *Coming Forth by Day*, better known to us under the title of *The Book of the Dead*.

The Book of the Dead exonerates the soul with numerous expressions like "I have not laid labor upon any free man beyond that which he wrote for himself. . . . I have not defaulted, I have not committed that which is an abomination to the gods. . . . I have not caused the slave to be ill-

"reated of his master," although there is no evidence of agreement between these professions and actual practice in Egypt. Some poems are also full of penitence for wickedness and for transgression. But the most remarkable feature of the poems is the lyric exaltation distilled from persistent assertions of the eternity of life; of "eternal life through eternal living forms," as one translator, Robert Hillyer, puts it. For all the solemnity of Egyptian ritual, the poems reflect a nation that exulted in animation and pleasure. The dead man arises and sings a hymn to the sun: its priests "go forth at dawn; they wash their hearts with laughter; divine winds move in music across thy golden strings." Time is limitless, the dead man assures himself:

"Millions of years have passed—we cannot count
their number—

Millions of years shall come. Thou art above the
years!"¹

Limitless, too, is the dead man's wishful triumph. He has traversed the tomb, "Like the Hawk I went in; I came forth like the Phoenix, Star of the Dawn"; and he makes himself one with the God Rā (the Sun)—"I am the Lord of Light, the self-begotten youth. . . . The Prince of Years . . . my body is Eternity; my form is Everlastingness that trampleth down the darkness. . . . I am Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow. . . ." The repetitiousness of the original poems and their confusing mythological references can become wearisome to the modern reader. But Egypt's psalmody of resurrection is a memorable testimony to the aspirations of the human spirit which found their ultimate gratification in the West in Christianity.

INDIA

Moving East, we meet a very ancient civilization and literature in India, although all Hindu chronology is exceedingly speculative before the fourth century B.C. India is a conglomeration of nations and customs, and its literary work is multifarious. It contains religious and philosophical poetry, beast fables and didactic pieces, great legends that reflect both primitive culture and the refined religion of Buddhism, two notable epics, and a number of charmingly romantic plays. All these are the products of an Aryan-speaking race that conquered and enslaved the aboriginal popu-

lation that appears to have achieved a highly developed civilization of its own in some regions. This literature, which appeared in various cultural centers of a chronically disorganized country, is written largely in Sanskrit, the oldest surviving Aryan language.²

The mythology of the Hindus, which corresponds with that of Greece and Rome,³ forms the subject matter of early hymns and later, highly elaborated, tales, plays, and philosophical writings. The oldest sacred literature is found in the four books called *Vedas*; *veda* means knowledge, and the *Vedas* are "Books of Knowledge." Of these, the *Rig-veda* (*circa* 1400 B.C.) is both the most ancient and the most notable. It is an anthology of 1028 hymns of simple praise to a variety of gods who have not yet been entirely personalized or humanized—gods of the sky, sun, moon, stars, rain, wind, fire, the forest, and dawn. The one highly personalized god is Indra, god of the thunder who was the warrior god of the Aryan tribes and may have been originally a human leader. Many of these hymns are beautiful descriptions of nature and some, probably of later origin, contain spiritual concepts of a high order. The noblest of them is the Creation Hymn, with its pantheistic conception of God and the world as one and the same, which permeates most Hindu thought. The latter appears in full blossom in commentaries that the learned priests (Brahmans) added to the primitive myths after coming to regard them as poetic fictions. First the priesthood added the *Brahmanas*, theological appendages to the Vedic hymns; then the *Sutras*, strings of pithy sentences about ritual practices; then the *Upanishads*,⁴ a collection of opinions and observations. The one hundred and eight discourses of the *Upanishads*, composed between 800 and 500 B.C., do not develop a systematic philosophy. But they repeat and embroider the same broad concepts. They regard the world as illusion (*maya*), consider birth in the body a fall from grace, and maintain that the highest bliss (*Nirvana*) is loss of personal identity and absorption of the individual in the soul of the universe.

Buddha, the Luther and St. Francis of Brahmanism (563-483 B.C.), reformed the official creed. Rejecting its ritualistic and metaphysical refinements as vain and wasteful, he gave religion

¹ The Robert Hillyer translation is used here and in the other quotations.

² The word *Arya* means "noble"; no doubt the conquerors considered themselves nature's noblemen.

³ The sky-god Dyans, for instance, corresponds in function and etymology, with the Greek Zeus.

The fire-god Hephaestus has a Hindu forerunner in Agni; the goddess Eos in Ushas.

⁴ From *sap* (near) and *ched* (to sit)—i.e., "sitting near" the teacher, or knowledge imparted to the student directly by the master.

a noble ethical superstructure: "Sainthood and content lie not in knowledge of the universe and God, but simply in selfless and beneficent living."⁵ Suffering is universal, and it is caused by a desire that is never gratified. *Nirvana*, for Buddha, meant "the extinction of all individual desire" or selflessness, the reward for which would be release from painful rebirth or captivity in the flesh, and from never gratified desire: "When we have learned to love not our separate life, but all men and all living things, then at last we shall find peace." Early Buddhism, then, was less a philosophy than an ethical movement; it insisted on the most humane individual and social idealism and disregarded the caste system. As a result, Buddha's religion won a vast number of adherents. After Buddhism became corrupted, the Brahmins recovered their influence, and Buddhist teachers had to seek refuge in Tibet, China, and Japan.

In India both Buddhism and resurgent Brahmanism became increasingly overladen with superstition and ceremonial pomp. But not before leaving a heritage to which Western thinkers like Emerson and Schopenhauer returned, and not before leaving a remarkable literature of spiritual philosophy, poetry, maxims, and legends.

India's two epics were colored and deepened by Hindu religion and philosophy. The older and greater of the two is the *Mahabharata*, begun about 500 B.C. The subject of numerous additions for many centuries, it became seven times as long as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* combined. Its original portions deal with the conflict between two sets of warrior cousins, the Kurus and the Pandavas, for the rule of the country around Delhi. This part of the work constitutes a colorful, vigorous war poem like the *Iliad*, and reflects the life and ideals of the warrior caste. But the *Mahabharata*, owing to the fact that the priests imbedded in it many moral disquisitions and "philosophical ideas," also became a repository of Hindu wisdom literature. This made the complete poem cumbersome and occasionally dull. Nevertheless, we must be grateful for the addition of some charming romances and for one of the loftiest spiritual poems of the world, the *Bhagavat Gita* or *Divine Song*.

This work is a series of discussions between the hero Arjun and the god Krishna, who is acting as his charioteer and inspirer. Arjun, loath to shed the blood of his kinsmen, is answered by Krishna, who justifies activism. Krishna interprets the quietist doctrines and practices of the Brahmins in such a manner that a man could engage

in the struggles and responsibilities of life without renouncing religion. If death does not exist because the soul cannot be slain, then Arjun need have no hesitation in fighting for his just cause. Nor need anyone refrain from engaging in any activity, provided he works "without attachment"; that is, provided he acts without selfish desire, does not lose sight of ultimate spiritual reality, and realizes the underlying unity of the varied phenomena or aspects of the world. Here activism and spirituality are reconciled. But the poem never loses sight of the ultimate goal—union with the immortal and infinite soul of the world which is present in all things and in all forms. The most ecstatic and imaginative section of the *Bhagavat Gita* expresses this thought in the vision of the god Krishna, manifesting himself in myriad shapes and persons, including the warring princes themselves.

The later epic, the *Ramayana*, briefer and less burdened than the *Mahabharata*, is the *Odyssey* of the Hindus. It is a romance of the hero Rama's wanderings and adventure, of his wife Sita's faithfulness and of a Golden Age in India.

India's dramatic masterpieces are the anonymous ten-act *Little Clay Cart* attributed to King Shudraka and Kalidasa's seven-act *Shakuntala*, as well as other plays by this sophisticated romantic poet (circa A.D. 500), who was succeeded a century later by the even more romantic Bhavabhuti. The length of these pieces precludes their inclusion here, but their charm has won them a place in the cultivated Western man's heritage.

The intricate plots of the plays reflect one of the best attributes of Hindu writers, namely, their talent for story-telling. Hindu literature is especially rich in embroidered tales, such as the *Jatakas*, fanciful legends of Buddha's birth and youth. When stories, moreover, were combined with moralization and maxims of practical wisdom, they led to the literary form of the *fable*. In this art the Hindus were supreme. According to one scholar, Sir William Jones, the first translator of the *Shakuntala*, the Hindus claimed that they gave the world three inventions—chess, the decimal system, and instruction by means of fables.

The *Panchatantra* (*Five Headings*), written or collected circa A.D. 500, may not be, as claimed, the source of many of the world's fables, but it is one of the world's most important collections of stories. The European Middle Ages knew these tales in Latin translations, and many of them have been woven into the texture of European litera-

⁵ Quotations from Will Durant, *Our Oriental Heritage*.

ture. This book and an adaptation called the *Hito-padesha* (*Good Advice*) were classified by the Hindus as instruction in politics and morals. The characters are beasts whose behavior exemplifies human conduct, and whose experiences point some moral of private or political significance. The *Panchatantra* is a "frame-story," like *The Arabian Nights*; one anecdote leads to another until there are stories within stories, sometimes four or five deep. This work consists of five parts, each containing fables bearing on the acquisition of wisdom. The best known of these books is the first, "The Loss of Friends," from which our selection is taken.

One cannot depart from ancient India, however, without noting that, unlike Egypt, its people did not lose their identity and capacity for creating culture in modern times. They have in our own century brought forth renowned scientists, political and religious leaders, painters, and one delicate poet and playwright who wrote both in English and the Bengali dialect, Rabindranath Tagore, recipient of the Nobel Prize in 1913.

THE FAR EAST

Early in European history—as early as 1295 when Marco Polo returned to Venice from his travels—Western man began to appreciate the achievements of his most distant cousins, the Chinese people who had created a civilization thousands of years before Europe emerged from barbarism. Isolated from the rest of the world by a great ocean, steep mountains, and vast deserts, China developed an indigenous culture, though borrowings may have been made in remote antiquity from Mesopotamia.⁶ The complicated history of the Chinese is a long account of discords, chaos, and invasions. But China had long intervals of comparative stability and great culture out of which arose a profound courtliness, the cult of education which gave scholars a place in the government, and a humane, non-theological philosophy of which Confucius became the great proponent. Marked advances were made in science, art, and literature, until China achieved one of the world's greatest civilizations.

As might be expected, Chinese literature is extensive and includes practically every form of writing. It contains many books of history, political and philosophical disquisitions, tales of marvels,

and plays, as well as beautiful examples of letter writing and some of the world's loveliest lyrics.

Some of this literature is only for the specialist, and the drama, written for a highly stylized form of theater,⁷ possesses only moderate distinction. But the teachings of Confucius or Kung-fu-tze (551-478 B.C.) collected in his *Analects*, have been widely disseminated in the West. This master of wise and discreet behavior and champion of good government ("Oppressive government," he declared, "is fiercer than a tiger"), rejected the passive mysticism of earlier thinkers. For four years he governed a province, reformed its laws, and devoted himself to the guidance of an important prince. When the latter failed him, Confucius, who continued seeking opportunities to put his reforms into operation, gave his doctrine to all China. He assembled many students, collected and edited the best in Chinese literature and history, and left to his people the example of a life richly spent. His maxims, the *Analects*,⁸ are masterpieces of serene wisdom and insight; they are free of metaphysical muddlement and mythological esotericism, and are readily comprehensible. A charming personality shines through them. He did not exhaust Chinese philosophy, which was rich in many schools of thought from mysticism, known as Taoism, to sophism and socialism. But he was the most catholic and persuasive Chinese thinker, and his influence never disappeared.

Confucius also provided a strong stimulus to the creation and enjoyment of Chinese poetry through his collection of ancient lyrics, the *Shi-Shing* or *Book of Odes*. Through them he taught his generation to cherish the thoughts and sentiments of their forebears, reverence for whom became the stabilizing force of this vast nation, as well as a barrier to progress in later centuries.

Poetry, indeed, became China's major literary achievement. The Chinese poets celebrated the delights of nature and simple pleasures. They were partial to peaceful pursuits far from ambitious strife, to the sentiment of domestic affection, and to the edifications of cultivated friendship. They were eminently reflective writers, and their ironic or sober comments on government and war penetrate deeply. In short, they were graceful devotees of the civilized approach to living.

This temper is evident exuberantly in the work

⁶ Latest researches have unearthed a civilization in Mongolia as far back as 20,000 B.C.

⁷ The Chinese style of staging is most familiar to those who saw Thornton Wilder's stage play, *Our Town*.

⁸ The original title, *Lun Yu*, means *Discourses and Dialogues*. It was the translator Legge who called this book *Analects*, i.e., collected fragments.

of China's most popular master, the shiftless Li Po or Li T'ai-Po (701-762 A.D.). He simply could not have enough of either life or wine, and he was drowned, according to legend, in a state of intoxication while trying to embrace the moon in the Yellow River. One of the world's most genial lyricists, he was followed by Tu Fu (712-770 A.D.), a more restrained and refined poet who was the scholars' favorite, and by Po Chü-i (772-846 A.D.), a man of great simplicity, humor, and tenderness who found repose and serenity even in an active political career. Most of the poets sought shelter from the heat of the political race, tried to win content in simple things, and never thought of storming heaven and hell. One of the finest of

them, T'ao Ch'ien (365-427 A.D.), retiring from public life because he could no longer "crook the hinges of the back for five pecks of rice a day," expressed their general sense of relief when he wrote: "For a long time I have lived in a cage; now I have returned."

Subtlety and purity of expression are the main characteristics of Chinese poetry. It does not resort to figures of speech, metaphors, comparisons, and other devices of Western poetry but presents the thing itself. Passion is set down without exaggeration or excitement in phrasing or form; the strongest feeling is given with restraint and scrupulous taste; and the lyric flight is generally brief and to the point.

BOOK OF THE DEAD

Hymn to Rā

A hymn of praise to Rā when he riseth in the Eastern part of heaven. Those who are in his train rejoice, and lo! Osiris Ani, victorious, saith:

"Hail, thou Disk, thou lord of days, who risest on the horizon day by day! Shine thou with thy beams of light upon the face of Osiris Ani, who is victorious; for he singeth hymns of praise unto thee at dawn, and he maketh thee to set at eventide with words of adoration. May the soul of Osiris Ani, the triumphant one, come forth with thee into heaven. May he come into port, and may he cleave his path among the never-resting stars in the heavens."

Osiris Ani, being in peace and in triumph, adoreth his lord, the lord of eternity, saying: "Homage to thee, O Herukhuti, who art the god Khepera, the self-created; when thou risest on the horizon and sheddest thy beams of light upon the lands of the North and of the South, thou art beautiful, yea beautiful, and all the gods rejoice when they behold thee, the King of heaven. The goddess Nebt-Unnut is established upon thy head; and her urāz¹ of the South and of the North are upon thy brow; she taketh up her place before thee. The god Thoth is established in the bows of thy boat to

destroy utterly all thy foes. Those who are in the Tuat (underworld) come forth to meet thee, and they bow in homage as they come toward thee, to behold thy beautiful Image. And I have come before thee that I may be with thee to behold thy Disk every day. May I not be shut up in the tomb, may I not be turned back, may the limbs of my body be made new again when I view thy beauties, even as are those of all thy favored ones, because I am one of those who worshiped thee whilst I lived upon earth. May I come in unto the land of eternity, may I come even unto the everlasting land, for behold, O my lord, this hast thou ordained for me."

And lo, Osiris Ani triumphant in peace, the triumphant one, saith: "Homage to thee, O thou who risest in thy horizon as Rā, thou reposes upon law which changeth not nor can it be altered. Thou passest over the sky, and every face watcheth thee and thy course, for thou hast been hidden from their gaze. Thou dost show thyself at dawn and at eventide day by day. The boat wherein is thy Majesty goeth forth with might; thy beams shine upon all faces; the number of thy red and yellow rays cannot be known, nor can

Hymn to Rā. Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge.

¹ Asps which rise from the sun, a detail which occurs in all representations of Rā.

thy bright beams be told. The lands of the gods, and the eastern lands of Punt² must be seen, ere that which is hidden in thee may be measured. Alone and by thyself thou dost manifest thyself when thou comest into being above the sky. May Ani advance, even as thou dost advance; may he never cease to go forward, even as thy Majesty ceaseth not to go forward, even though it be for a moment; for with strides dost thou in one little moment pass over the spaces which would need hundreds of thousands and millions of years for man to pass over; this thou doest, and then dost thou sink to rest. Thou puttest an end to the hours of the night, and thou dost count them, even thou; thou endest them in thine own appointed season, and the earth becometh light. Thou settest thyself before thy handiwork in the likeness of Rā; thou risest in the horizon."

Osiris, the scribe Ani, triumphant, declareth his praise of thee when thou shinest, and when thou risest at dawn he crieth in his joy at thy birth: "Thou art crowned with the majesty of thy beauties; thou moldest thy limbs as thou dost advance, and thou bringest them forth without birth-pangs in the form of Rā, as thou dost rise up into the upper air. Grant thou that I may come unto the heaven which is everlasting, and unto the mountain where dwell thy favored ones. May I be joined unto those shining beings, holy and perfect, who are in the underworld; and may I come forth with them to behold thy beauties when thou shinest at eventide and goest to thy mother Nu. Thou dost place thyself in the west, and my two hands are raised in adoration of thee when thou settest as a living being. Behold, thou art the maker of eternity, and thou art adored when thou settest in the heavens. I have given my heart unto thee without wavering, O thou who art mightier than the gods."

Osiris Ani, triumphant, saith: "A hymn of praise to thee, O thou who risest like unto gold, and who dost flood the world with light on the day of thy birth. Thy mother giveth thee birth upon her hand, and thou dost give light unto the course of the Disk. O thou great Light, who shinest in the heavens, thou dost strengthen the generations of men with the Nile-flood, and thou dost cause gladness in all lands, and in all cities, and in all the temples. Make thou glorious Osiris Ani with victory in the underworld; grant thou that in the netherworld he may be without evil. I pray thee to put away his faults behind thee: grant thou that he may be one of thy venerable servants who are with the shining ones.

And the god saith:

"Thou shalt come forth into heaven, thou shalt pass over the sky, thou shalt be joined into the starry deities. Praises shall be offered unto thee in thy boat, thou shalt be hymned in the *Atet* boat, thou shalt behold Rā within his shrine, thou shalt set together with his Disk day by day, thou shalt see the *Ant* fish when it springeth into being in the waters of turquoise, and thou shalt see the *Abtu* fish in his hour. It shall come to pass that the Evil One shall fall when he layeth a snare to destroy thee, and the joints of his neck and of his back shall be hacked asunder. Rā saileth with a fair wind, and the *Sekhet* boat draweth on and cometh into port. The mariners of Rā rejoice, and the heart of Nebt-ānkh is glad, for the enemy of her lord hath fallen to the ground. Thou shalt behold Horus on the standing-place of the pilot of the boat, and Thoth and Maāt shall stand one upon each side of him. All the gods shall rejoice when they behold Rā coming in peace to make the hearts of the shining ones to live, and Osiris Ani, victorious, the scribe of the divine offerings of the lords of Thebes, shall be along with them!"

THE TWO BROTHERS

Once there were two brethren, of one mother and one father; Anpu was the name of the elder, and Bata was the name of the younger. Now, as for Anpu he had a house, and he had a wife. But his little brother was to him as it were a son; he it was

who made for him his clothes; he it was who followed behind his oxen to the fields; he it was who did the plowing; he it was who harvested the corn; he it was who did for him all the matters that were in the field. Behold, his younger brother

²The land on each side of the Red Sea and on the coast of Africa.
The Two Brothers is found in a papyrus of about 1300 B.C. Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge.

THE ORIENT

grew to be an excellent worker, there was not his equal in the whole land; behold, the spirit of a god was in him.

Now after this the younger brother followed his oxen in his daily manner; and every evening he turned again to the house, laden with all the herbs of the field, with milk and with wood, and with all things of the field. And he put them down before his elder brother, who was sitting with his wife; and he drank and ate, and he lay down in his stable with the cattle. And at the dawn of day he took bread which he had baked, and laid it before his elder brother; and he took with him his bread to the field, and he drove his cattle to pasture in the fields. And as he walked behind his cattle, they said to him, "Good is the herbage which is in that place"; and he listened to all that they said, and he took them to the good place which they desired. And the cattle which were before him became exceeding excellent, and they multiplied greatly.

Now at the time of plowing his elder brother said unto him: "Let us make ready for ourselves a goodly yoke of oxen for plowing, for the land has come out from the water, it is fit for plowing. Moreover, do thou come to the field with corn, for we will begin the plowing in the morrow morning." Thus said he to him; and his younger brother did all things as his elder brother had spoken unto him to do them.

And when the morn was come, they went to the fields with their things; and their hearts were pleased exceedingly with their task in the beginning of their work. And it came to pass after this that as they were in the field they stopped for corn, and he sent his younger brother, saying, "Haste thou, bring to us corn from the farm." And the younger brother found the wife of his elder brother, as she was sitting tying her hair. He said to her: "Get up, and give to me corn, that I may run to the field, for my elder brother hastened me; do not delay." She said to him: "Go, open the bin, and thou shalt take to thyself according to thy will, that I may not drop my locks of hair while I dress them."

The youth went into the stable; he took a large measure, for he desired to take much corn; he loaded it with wheat and barley; and he went out carrying it. She said to him, "How much of the corn that is wanted, is that which is on thy shoulder?" He said to her: "Three bushels of barley, and two of wheat, in all five; these are what are

upon my shoulder." Thus said he to her. And she conversed with him, saying, "There is great strength in thee, for I see thy might every day." And her heart knew him with the knowledge of youth. And she arose and came to him, and conversed with him, saying, "Come, stay with me, and it shall be well for thee, and I will make for thee beautiful garments." Then the youth became like a panther of the south with fury at the evil speech which she had made to him; and she feared greatly. And he spake unto her, saying: "Behold thou art to me as a mother, thy husband is to me as a father, for he who is elder than I has brought me up. What is this wickedness that thou hast said to me? Say it not to me again. For I will not tell it to any man, for I will not let it be uttered by the mouth of any man." He lifted up his burden, and he went to the field and came to his elder brother; and they took up their work, to labor at their task.

Now afterward, at eventime, his elder brother was returning to his house; and the younger brother was following after his oxen, and he loaded himself with all the things of the field; and he brought his oxen before him, to make them lie down in their stable which was in the farm. And behold the wife of the elder brother was afraid for the words which she had said. She took a parcel of fat, she became like one who is evilly beaten, desiring to say to her husband, "It is thy younger brother who has done this wrong." Her husband returned in the even, as was his wont of every day; he came unto his house; he found his wife ill of violence; she did not give him water upon his hands as he used to have, she did not make a light before him, his house was in darkness, and she was lying very sick. Her husband said to her, "Who has spoken with thee?" Behold she said: "No one has spoken with me except thy younger brother." When he came to take for thee corn he found me sitting alone; he said to me, 'Come, let us stay together, tie up thy hair.' Thus spake he to me. I did not listen to him, but thus spake I to him: 'Behold, am I not thy mother, is not thy elder brother to thee as a father?' And he feared, and he beat me to stop me from making report to thee, and if thou lettest him live I shall die. Now behold he is coming in the evening; and I complain of these wicked words, for he would have done this even in daylight."

And the elder brother became as a panther of the south; he sharpened his knife; he took it in his hand; he stood behind the door of his stable to

stay his younger brother as he came in the evening to bring his cattle into the stable.

Now the sun went down, and he loaded himself with herbs in his daily manner. He came, and his foremost cow entered the stable, and she said to her keeper, "Behold thou thy elder brother standing before thee with his knife to slay thee; flee from before him." He heard what his first cow had said; and the next entering, she also said likewise. He looked beneath the door of the stable; he saw the feet of his elder brother; he was standing behind the door, and his knife was in his hand. He cast down his load to the ground, and betook himself to flee swiftly; and his elder brother pursued after him with his knife. Then the younger brother cried out unto Ra Harakhti, saying, "My good Lord! Thou art he who divides the evil from the good." And Ra stood and heard all his cry; and Ra made a wide water between him and his elder brother, and it was full of crocodiles; and the one brother was on one bank, and the other on the other bank; and the elder brother smote twice on his hands at not slaying him. Thus did he. And the younger brother called to the elder on the bank, saying: "Stand still until the dawn of day; and when Ra ariseth, I shall judge with thee before him, and he discerneth between the good and the evil. For I shall not be with thee any more forever; I shall not be in the place in which thou art; I shall go to the valley of the acacia."

Now when the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, Ra Harakhti arose, and one looked unto the other. And the youth spake with his elder brother, saying: "Wherefore camest thou after me to slay me in craftiness, when thou didst not hear the words of my mouth? For I am thy brother in truth, and thou art to me as a father, and thy wife even as a mother: is it not so? Verily, when I was sent to bring for us corn, thy wife said to me, 'Come, stay with me'; for behold this has been turned over unto thee into another wise." And he caused him to understand of all that happened with him and his wife. And he swore an oath by Ra Harakhti, saying, "Thy coming to slay me by deceit with thy knife was an abomination." Then the youth took a knife, and cut off of his flesh, and cast it into the water, and the fish swallowed it. He failed; he became faint; and his elder brother cursed his own heart greatly; he stood weeping for him afar off; he knew not how to pass over to where his younger brother was, because of the crocodiles. And the younger brother

called unto him, saying: "Whereas thou hast devised an evil thing, wilt thou not also devise a good thing, even like that which I would do unto thee? When thou goest to thy house thou must look to thy cattle, for I shall not stay in the place where thou art; I am going to the valley of the acacia. And now as to what thou shalt do for me; it is even that thou shalt come to seek after me, if thou perceivest a matter, namely, that there are things happening unto me. And this is what shall come to pass, that I shall draw out my soul, and I shall put it upon the top of the flowers of the acacia, and when the acacia is cut down, and it falls to the ground, and thou comest to seek for it, if thou searchest for it seven years do not let thy heart be wearied. For thou wilt find it, and thou must put it in a cup of cold water, and expect that I shall live again, that I may make answer to what has been done wrong. And thou shalt know of this, that is to say, that things are happening to me, when one shall give to thee a cup of beer in thy hand, and it shall be troubled; stay not then, for verily it shall come to pass with thee."

And the youth went to the valley of the acacia; and his elder brother went unto his house; his hand was laid on his head, and he cast dust on his head; he came to his house, and he slew his wife, he cast her to the dogs, and he sat in mourning for his younger brother.

Now many days after these things, the younger brother was in the valley of the acacia; there was none with him; he spent his time in hunting the beasts of the desert, and he came back in the even to lie down under the acacia, which bore his soul upon the topmost flower. And after this he built himself a tower with his own hands, in the valley of the acacia; it was full of all good things; that he might provide for himself a home.

And he went out from his tower, and he met the Nine Gods, who were walking forth to look upon the whole land. The Nine Gods talked one with another, and they said unto him: "Ho! Bata, bull of the Nine Gods, art thou remaining alone? Thou hast left thy village for the wife of Anpu, thy elder brother. Behold his wife is slain. Thou hast given him an answer to all that was transgressed against thee." And their hearts were vexed for him exceedingly. And Ra Harakhti said to Khnumu, "Behold, frame thou a woman for Bata, that he may not remain alive alone." And Khnumu made for him a mate to dwell with him. She was more beautiful in her limbs than any woman who is in the whole land. The essence of every god was

in her. The seven Hathors came to see her: they said with one mouth, "She will die a sharp death."

And Bata loved her very exceedingly, and she dwelt in his house; he passed his time in hunting the beasts of the desert, and brought and laid them before her. He said: "Go not outside, lest the sea seize thee; for I cannot rescue thee from it, for I am a woman like thee; my soul is placed on the head of the flower of the acacia; and if another find it, I must fight with him." And he opened unto her his heart in all its nature.

Now after these things Bata went to hunt in his daily manner. And the young girl went to walk under the acacia which was by the side of her house. Then the sea saw her, and cast its waves up after her. She betook herself to flee from before it. She entered her house. And the sea called unto the acacia, saying, "Oh, would that I could seize her!" And the acacia brought a lock from her hair, and the sea carried it to Egypt, and dropped it in the place of the fullers of Pharaoh's linen. The smell of the lock of hair entered into the clothes of Pharaoh; and they were wroth with the fullers of Pharaoh, saying, "The smell of ointment is in the clothes of Pharaoh." And the people were rebuked every day, they knew not what they should do. And the chief fuller of Pharaoh walked by the bank, and his heart was very evil within him after the daily quarrel with him. He stood still, he stood upon the sand opposite to the lock of hair, which was in the water, and he made one enter into the water and bring it to him; and there was found in it a smell, exceeding sweet. He took it to Pharaoh; and they brought the scribes and the wise men, and they said unto Pharaoh: "This lock of hair belongs to a daughter of Ra Harakhti: the essence of every god is in her, and it is a tribute to thee from another land. Let messengers go to every strange land to seek her: and as for the messenger who shall go to the valley of the acacia, let many men go with him to bring her." Then said his Majesty, "Excellent exceedingly is what has been said to us"; and they sent them. And many days after these things the people who were sent to strange lands came to give report unto the King: but there came not those who went to the valley of the acacia, for Bata had slain them, but let one of them return to give a report to the King. His Majesty sent many men and soldiers, as well as horsemen, to bring her back. And there was a woman among them, and to her had been given in her hand beautiful ornaments

of a woman. And the girl came back with her, and they rejoiced over her in the whole land.

And his Majesty loved her exceedingly, and raised her to high estate; and he spake unto her that she should tell him concerning her husband. And she said, "Let the acacia be cut down, and let one chop it up." And they sent men and soldiers with their weapons to cut down the acacia; and they came to the acacia, and they cut the flower upon which was the soul of Bata, and he fell dead suddenly.

And when the next day came, and the earth was lightened, the acacia was cut down. And Anpu, the elder brother of Bata, entered his house, and washed his hands; and one gave him a cup of beer, and it became troubled; and one gave him another of wine, and the smell of it was evil. Then he took his staff, and his sandals, and likewise his clothes, with his weapons of war; and he betook himself forth to the valley of the acacia. He entered the tower of his younger brother, and he found him lying upon his mat; he was dead. And he wept when he saw his younger brother verily lying dead. And he went out to seek the soul of his younger brother under the acacia tree, under which his younger brother lay in the evening. He spent three years in seeking for it, but found it not. And when he began the fourth year, he desired in his heart to return into Egypt; he said, "I will go tomorrow morn." Thus spake he in his heart.

Now when the land lightened, and the next day appeared, he was walking under the acacia; he was spending his time in seeking it. And he returned in the evening, and labored at seeking it again. He found a seed. He returned with it. Behold this was the soul of his younger brother. He brought a cup of cold water, and he cast the seed into it: and he sat down, as he was wont. Now when the night came his soul sucked up the water; Bata shuddered in all his limbs, and he looked on his elder brother; his soul was in the cup. Then Anpu took the cup of cold water, in which the soul of his younger brother was; Bata drank it, his soul stood again in its place, and he became as he had been. They embraced each other, and they conversed together.

And Bata said to his elder brother: "Behold I am to become as a great bull, which bears every good mark; no one knoweth its history, and thou must sit upon my back. When the sun arises I shall be in the place where my wife is, that I may re-

turn answer to her; and thou must take me to the place where the King is. For all good things shall be done for thee; for one shall lade thee with silver and gold, because thou bringest me to Pharaoh, for I become a great marvel, and they shall rejoice for me in all the land. And thou shalt go to thy village."

And when the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, Bata became in the form which he had told to his elder brother. And Anpu sat upon his back until the dawn. He came to the place where the King was, and they made his Majesty to know of him; he saw him, and he was exceeding joyful with him. He made for him great offerings, saying, "This is a great wonder which has come to pass." There were rejoicings over him in the whole land. They presented unto him silver and gold for his elder brother, who went and stayed in his village. They gave to the bull many men and many things, and Pharaoh loved him exceedingly above all that is in this land.

And after many days after these things, the bull entered the purified place; he stood in the place where the princess was; he began to speak with her, saying, "Behold, I am alive indeed." And she said to him, "And, pray, who art thou?" He said to her, "I am Bata. I perceived when thou causedst that they should destroy the acacia of Pharaoh, which was my abode, that I might not be suffered to live. Behold, I am alive indeed, I am as an ox." Then the princess feared exceedingly for the words that her husband had spoken to her. And he went out from the purified place.

And his Majesty was sitting, making a good day with her: she was at the table of his Majesty, and the King was exceeding pleased with her. And she said to his Majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'What thou shalt say, I will obey it for thy sake.'" He hearkened unto all that she said, even this. "Let me eat of the liver of the ox, because he is fit for naught." Thus spake she to him. And the King was exceeding sad at her words, the heart of Pharaoh grieved him greatly. And after the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, they proclaimed a great feast with offerings to the ox. And the King sent one of the chief butchers of his Majesty, to cause the ox to be sacrificed. And when he was sacrificed, as he was upon the shoulders of the people, he shook his neck, and he threw two drops of blood over against the two doors of his Majesty. The one fell upon the one side, on the great door of Pharaoh, and the other upon the other door. They grew as

two great Persea trees, and each of them was excellent.

And one went to tell unto his Majesty, "Two great Persea trees have grown, as a great marvel of his Majesty, in the night by the side of the great gate of his Majesty." And there was rejoicing for them in all the land, and there were offerings made to them.

And when the days were multiplied after these things, his Majesty was adorned with the blue crown, with garlands of flowers on his neck, and he was upon the chariot of pale gold, and he went out from the palace to behold the Persea trees: the princess also was going out with horses behind his Majesty. And his Majesty sat beneath one of the Persea trees, and it spake thus with his wife: "Oh, thou deceitful one, I am Bata, I am alive, though I have been evilly entreated. I knew who caused the acacia to be cut down by Pharaoh at my dwelling. I then became an ox, and thou causedst that I should be killed."

And many days after these things the princess stood at the table of Pharaoh, and the King was pleased with her. And she said to his Majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'That which the princess shall say to me I will obey it for her.'" And he hearkened unto all she said. And he commanded, "Let these two Persea trees be cut down, and let them be made into goodly planks." And he hearkened unto all she said. And after this his Majesty sent skillful craftsmen, and they cut down the Persea trees of Pharaoh; and the princess, the royal wife, was standing looking on, and they did all that was in her heart unto the trees. But a chip flew up, and it entered into the mouth of the princess; she swallowed it, and after many days she bore a son. And one went to tell his Majesty, "There is born to thee a son." And they brought him, and gave to him a nurse and servants; and there were rejoicings in the whole land. And the King sat making a merry day, as they were about the naming of him, and his Majesty loved him exceedingly at that moment, and the King raised him to be the royal son of Kush.

Now after the days had multiplied after these things, his Majesty made him heir of all the land. And many days after that, when he had fulfilled many years as heir, his Majesty flew up to heaven. And the heir said, "Let my great nobles of his Majesty be brought before me, that I may make them to know all that has happened to me." And they brought also before him his wife, and he

judged with her before him, and they agreed with him. They brought to him his elder brother; he made him hereditary prince in all his land. He was thirty years King of Egypt, and he died, and his elder brother stood in his place on the day of burial.

Excellently finished in peace, for the ka of the scribe of the treasury Kagabu, of the treasury of Pharaoh, and for the scribe Hora, and the scribe Meremapti. Written by the scribe Anena, the owner of this roll. He who speaks against this roll, may Tahuti smite him.

INDIA

THE RIG-VEDA

The Creation Hymn

BOOK X.—HYMN 129

1. Then was not non-existent nor existent: there was no realm of air, no sky beyond it.
What covered in, and where and what gave shelter? Was water there, unfathomed depth of water?
2. Death was not then, nor was there aught immortal: no sign was there, the day's and night's divider.
That One Thing, breathless, breathed by its own nature: apart from it was nothing whatsoever.
3. Darkness there was: at first concealed in darkness this All was indiscriminated chaos.
All that existed then was void and formless: by the great power of Warmth was born that Unit.
4. Thereafter rose Desire in the beginning—Desire, the primal seed and germ of Spirit
Sages who searched with their heart's thought discovered the existent's kinship in the non-existent.
5. Transversely was their severing line extended: what was above it then, and what below it?
There were begetters, there were mighty forces, free action here and energy up yonder.
6. Who verily knows and who can here declare it, whence it was born and whence comes this creation?
The Gods are later than this world's production.

The Rig Veda (fourth century B.C.), "The Creation Hymn" translated by R. T. H. Griffith, "To the Unknown God," by F. Max Müller.

Who knows then whence it first came into being?

7. He, the first origin of this creation, whether he formed it all or did not form it,
Whose eye controls this world in highest heaven, he verily knows it, or perhaps he knows not.

To the Unknown God

BOOK X.—HYMN 121

1. In the beginning there arose the Golden Child (Hiranya-garba); as soon as born, he alone was the lord of all that is. He established the earth and this heaven: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

2. He who gives breath, he who gives strength, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death:
²⁰ Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

3. He who through his might became the sole king of the breathing and twinkling world, who governs all this, man and beast: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

4. He through whose might these snowy mountains are, and the sea, they say, with the distant river (the Rasa), he of whom these regions are indeed the two arms: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

5. He through whom the awful heaven and the earth were made fast, he through whom the ether was established, and the firmament; he who meas-

ured the air in the sky: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up, trembling in their mind; he over whom the risen sun shines forth: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

7. When the great waters went everywhere, holding the germ (Hiranya-garbhā), and generating light, then there arose from them the sole breath of the gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

8. He who by his might looked even over the waters which held power (the germ) and gen-

erated the sacrifice (light), he who alone is God above all gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

9. May he not hurt us, he who is the begetter of the earth, or he, the righteous, who begat the heaven; he who also begat the bright and mighty waters: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

10. Pragāpati, no other than thou embraces all these created things. May that be ours which we desire when sacrificing to thee: may we be lords of wealth!¹

BHAGAVAT GITA

The Transfiguration

ARJUNA. This, for my soul's peace, have I heard from thee,

The unfolding of the Mystery Supreme
Named Adhyātman; comprehending which,
My darkness is dispelled; for now I know—
O Lotus-eyed!—whence is the birth of men, 5
And whence their death, and what the majesties
Of thine immortal rule. Fain would I see,
As thou thyself declar'st it, Sovereign Lord!
The likeness of that glory of thy form
Wholly revealed. O thou Divinest One! 10
If this can be, if I may bear the sight,
Make thyself visible, Lord of all prayers!
Show me thy very self, the Eternal God!

KRISHNA: Gaze, then, thou Son of Prithâ! I manifest for thee
Those hundred thousand thousand shapes that clothe my Mystery: 15
I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine,
My changeful hues, my countless forms. See! in this face of mine,
Adityas, Vasus, Rudras, Aswins, and Maruts; see
Wonders unnumbered, Indian Prince! revealed to none save thee.
Behold! this is the Universe!—Look! what is live and dead 20
I gather all in one—in me! Gaze, as thy lips have said,

On God Eternal, Very God! See me! see what thou prayest!

Thou canst not!—nor, with human eyes, Arjuna! ever mayest!
Therefore I give thee sense divine. Have other eyes, new light!
And, look! This is my glory, unveiled to mortal sight! 25

SANJAYA: Then, O King! the God, so saying, Stood, to Prithâ's Son displaying All the splendor, wonder, dread Of his vast Almighty-head. Out of countless eyes beholding, 30 Out of countless mouths commanding, Countless mystic forms enfolding In one form: supremely standing Countless radiant glories wearing, Countless heavenly weapons bearing, Crowned with garlands of star-clusters, Robed in garb of woven lusters, Breathing from his perfect Presence Breaths of every subtle essence Of all heavenly odors; shedding 35 Blinding brilliance; overspreading Boundless, beautiful—all spaces With his all-regarding faces; So he showed! If there should rise Suddenly within the skies Sunburst of a thousand suns Flooding earth with beams undreamed-of 40 45

¹ This last verse, identifying the "Unknown God" with Pragāpati, is generally regarded as a later addition.

Then might be that Holy One's
Majesty and radiance dreamed of!

So did Pandu's Son behold
All this universe enfold
All its huge diversity
Into one vast shape, and be
Visible, and viewed, and blended
In one Body—subtle, splendid,
Nameless—th' All-comprehending
God of Gods, the Never-Ending
Deity!

But, sore amazed,
Thrilled, o'erfilled, dazzled, and dazed,
Arjuna knelt; and bowed his head,
And clasped his palms; and cried, and said:

ARJUNA: Yea! I have seen! I see!
Lord! all is wrapped in thee!
The gods are in thy glorious frame! the creatures
Of earth, and heaven, and hell
In thy Divine form dwell,
And in thy countenance shine all the features

Of Bráhmâ, sitting lone
Upon his lotus-throne;
Of saints and sages, and the serpent races
Ananta, Vâsuki;
Yea! mightiest Lord! I see
Thy thousand thousand arms, and breasts, and
faces,

And eyes—on every side
Perfect, diversified;
And nowhere end of thee, nowhere beginning,
Nowhere a center! Shifts—
Wherever a soul's gaze lifts—
Thy central Self, all-wielding, and all-winning!

Infinite King! I see
The anadem on thee
The club, the shell, the discus; see thee burning
In beams insufferable,
Lighting earth, heaven, and hell
With brilliance blazing, glowing, flashing; turning

Darkness to dazzling day,
Look I whichever way;
Ah, Lord! worship thee, the Undivided,
The Uttermost of thought,
The Treasure-Palace wrought
To hold the wealth of the worlds; the Shield pro-
vided

50 To shelter Virtue's laws;
The Fount whence Life's stream draws
All waters of all rivers of all being:
The One Unborn, Unending:
Unchanging and Unbending!

95 With might and majesty, past thought, past seeing!

55 Silver of moon and gold
Of sun are glories rolled
From thy great eyes; thy visage, beaming tender
Throughout the stars and skies,
Doth to warm life surprise
101 Thy Universe. The worlds are filled with wonder

60 Of thy perfections! Space
Star-sprinkled, and void place
105 From pole to pole of the Blue, from bound to
bound,
Hath thee in every spot,
Thee, thee!—Where thou art not,
O Holy, Marvelous Form! is nowhere found!

110 O Mystic, Awful One!
At sight of thee, made known,
The Three Worlds quake; the lower gods draw
nigh thee;
They fold their palms, and bow
Body, and breast, and brow,
And, whispering worship, laud and magnify thee!

116 Rishis and Siddhas cry
“Hail! Highest Majesty!”
From sage and singer breaks the hymn of glory
In dulcet harmony,
Sounding the praise of thee;
120 While countless companies take up the story . . .

80 These see thee, and revere
In sudden-stricken fear;
Yea! the Worlds—seeing thee with form stupen-
dous,
With faces manifold,
With eyes which all behold,
130 Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremen-
dous.

Flanks, lit with sun and star,
Feet planted near and far,
135 Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender—
The Three wide Worlds before thee
Adore, as I adore thee,
Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendor!

I mark thee strike the skies With front, in wondrous wise	140	The creatures whom thou mak'st, With flaming jaws thou tak'st,	185
Huge, rainbow-painted, glittering; and thy mouth Opened, and orbs which see		Lapping them up! Lord God! Thy terrors strike	
All things, whatever be		From end to end of earth, Filling life full, from birth	
In all thy worlds, east, west, and north and south.		To death, with deadly, burning, lurid dread!	190
O Eyes of God! O Head!	146	Ah, Vishnu! make me know Why is thy visage so?	
My strength of soul is fled,		Who art thou, feasting thus upon thy dead?	
Gone is heart's force, rebuked is mind's desire!		Who? awful Deity! I bow myself to thee,	
When I behold thee so,		Nāmostu Tē, Devavara! Prasid! ¹	195
With awful brows a-glow,	150	O Mightiest Lord! rehearse Why hast thou face so fierce?	
With burning glance, and lips lighted by fire		Whence doth this aspect horrible proceed?	
Fierce as those flames which shall Consume, at close of all,		KRISHNA: Thou seest me as Time who kills, Time	
Earth, Heaven! Ah me! I see no Earth and		who brings all to doom,	200
Heaven!		The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to	
Thee, Lord of Lords! I see,	155	consume;	
Thee only—only thee!		Excepting thee, of all these hosts of hostile chief:	
Now let thy mercy unto me be given,		arrayed,	
Thou Refuge of the World!		There stands not one shall leave alive the battle-	
Lo! to the cavern hurled		field! Dismayed	
Of thy wide-opened throat, and lips white-tushed,		No longer be! Arise! obtain renown! destroy thy	
I see our noblest ones,	161	foes	
Great Dhritarashtra's sons,		Fight for the kingdom waiting thee when thou	
Bhishma, Drona, and Karna, caught and crushed!		hast vanquished those.	205
The Kings and Chiefs drawn in,		By me they fall—not thee! the stroke of death is	
That gaping gorge within;	165	dealt them now,	
The best of both these armies torn and riven!		Even as they show thus gallantly; my instrument	
Between thy jaws they lie,		art thou!	
Mangled full bloodily,		Strike, strong-armed Prince, at Drona! at Bhishma	
Ground into dust and death! Like streams down-		strike! deal death	
driven		On Karna, Jyadratha; stay all their warlike breath!	
With helpless haste, which go	170	'Tis I who bid them perish! Thou wilt but slay the	
In headlong furious flow		slain;	210
Straight to the gulping deeps of th' unfiled ocean,		Fight! they must fall, and thou must live, victor	
So to that flaming cave		upon this plain!	
Those heroes great and brave		SANJAYA: Hearing mighty Keshav's word,	
Pour, in unending streams, with helpless motion!		Tremblingly that helmed Lord	
Like moths which in the night	176	Clasped his lifted palms, and praying	
Flutter toward a light,		Grace of Krishna—stood there, saying,	
Drawn to their fiery doom, flying and dying,		With bowed brow and accents broken,	215
So to their death still throng,		These words, timorously spoken:	
Blind, dazzled, borne along	180	ARJUNA: Worthily, Lord of Might!	
Ceaselessly, all those multitudes, wild flying!		The whole world hath delight	
Thou, that hast fashioned men,		In thy surpassing power, obeying thee;	
Devourest them again,		The Rakshasas, in dread	
One with another, great and small, alike!		At sight of thee, are sped	
		To all four quarters; and the company	220

¹ "Hail to thee, God of Gods! Be favorable!"

- Of Siddhas sound thy name.
How should they not proclaim
Thy Majesties, Divinest, Mightiest?
Thou Brahm, than Brâhmâ greater!
Thou Infinite Creator!
Thou God of gods, Life's Dwelling-place and Rest.
Thou, of all souls the Soul!
The Comprehending Whole!
Of being formed, and formless being the Framer;
O Utmost One! O Lord!
Older than ehd, who stored
The worlds with wealth of life! O Treasure-
Claimer,
Who wottest all, and art
Wisdom thyself! O Part
In all, and All; for all from thee have risen
Numberless now I see
The aspects are of thee! . . .
Hail to thee! Praise to thee! Thou One in all;
For thou art All! Yea, thou!
Ah! if in anger now
Thou shouldst remember I did think thee Friend,
Speaking with easy speech,
As men use each to each;
Did call thee "Krishna," "Prince," nor comprehend
Thy hidden Majesty,
The might, the awe of thee;
Did, in my heedlessness, or in my love,
On journey, or in jest,
Or when we lay at rest,
Sitting at council, straying in the grove,
Alone, or in the throng,
Do thee, most Holy! wrong,
Be thy grace granted for that witless sin
For thou art, now I know,
Father of all below,
Of all above, of all the worlds within
Garu of Gurus; more
To reverence and adore
Than all which is adorable and high!
How, in the wide worlds three
Should any equal be?
Should any other share thy Majesty?
Therefore, with body bent
And reverent intent,
I praise, and serve, and seek thee, asking grace.
As father to a son,
As friend to friend, as one
Who loveth to his lover, turn thy face
- 225 230 235 240 260 265 270 275 280 285 290 295 300 305 310 315 320 325
- In gentleness on me!
Good is it I did see
This unknown marvel of thy Form! But fear
Mingles with joy! Retake,
Dear Lord! for pity's sake
Thine earthly shape, which earthly eyes may bear;
- Be merciful, and show
The visage that I know;
Let me regard thee, as of yore, arrayed
With disk and forehead-gem,
With mace and anadem,
Thou that sustinest all things! Undismayed
- Let me once more behold
The form I loved of old,
Thou of the thousand arms and countless eyes!
This frightened heart is fain
To see restored again
- My Charioteer, in Krishna's kind disguise.
KRISHNA: Yea! thou hast seen, Arjuna! because
I loved thee well,
The secret countenance of me, revealed by mystic
spell,
Shining, and wonderful, and vast, majestic, mani-
fold,
- Which none save thou in all the years had favor
to behold;
For not by Vedas cometh this, nor sacrifice, nor
alms,
Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor
prayers, nor chanted psalms,
That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal
Soul unclad,
- Prince of the Kurus! This was kept for thee alone!
Be glad!
- Let no more trouble shake thy heart, because thine
eyes have seen
My terror with my glory. As I before have been
So will I be again for thee; with lightened heart
behold!
- Once more I am thy Krishna, the form thou
knew'st of old!
- SANJAYA: These words to Arjuna spake
Vâsudev, and straight did take
Back again the semblance dear
Of the well-loved charioteer;
Peace and joy it did restore
When the Prince beheld once more
Mighty Brâhmâ's form and face
Clothed in Krishna's gentle grace
- ARJUNA: Now that I see come back, Janârdana!

This friendly human frame, my mind can think
Calm thoughts once more; my heart beats still
again!

KRISHNA: Yea! it was wonderful and terrible
To view me as thou didst, dear Prince! The gods
Dread and desire continually to view!
Yet not by Vedas, nor from sacrifice,
Nor penance, nor gift-giving, nor with prayer

330

Shall any so behold, as thou hast seen!
Only by fullest service, perfect faith,
And uttermost surrender am I known
And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince!
Who doeth all for me; who findeth me

340

In all; adoreth always; loveth all
Which I have made, and me, for Love's sole end,
That man, Arjuna! unto me doth wend.

THE PANCHATANTRA

How the Crow-Hen Killed the Black Snake

In a certain region grew a great banyan tree. In it lived a crow and his wife, occupying the nest which they had built. But a black snake crawled through the hollow trunk and ate their chicks as fast as they were born, even before baptism. Yet for all his sorrow over this violence, the poor crow could not desert the old familiar banyan and seek another tree. For

Three cannot be induced to go—
The deer, the cowardly man, the crow:
Three go when insult makes them pant—
The lion, hero, elephant.

At last the crow-hen fell at her husband's feet and said: "My dear lord, a great many children of mine have been eaten by that awful snake. And grief for my loved and lost haunts me until I think of moving. Let us make our home in some other tree. For

No friend like health abounding;
And like disease, no foe;
No love like love of children;
Like hunger-pangs, no woe.

And again:

With fields o'erhanging rivers,
With wife on flirting bent,
Or in a house with serpents,
No man can be content.

We are living in deadly peril."

At this the crow was dreadfully depressed, and he said: "We have lived in this tree a long time, my dear. We cannot desert it. For

Where water may be sipped, and grass
Be cropped, a deer might live content;
Yet insult will not drive him from
The wood where all his life was spent.

Moreover, by some shrewd device I will bring death upon this villainous and mighty foe."

"But," said his wife, "this is a terribly venomous snake. How will you hurt him?" And he replied: "My dear, even if I have not the power to hurt him, still I have friends who possess learning, who have mastered the works on ethics. I will go and get from them some shrewd device of such nature that the villain—curse him!—will soon meet his doom."

After this indignant speech he went at once to another tree, under which lived a dear friend, a jackal. He courteously called the jackal forth, related all his sorrow, then said: "My friend, what do you consider opportune under the circumstances? The killing of our children is sheer death to my wife and me."

"My friend," said the jackal, "I have thought the matter through. You need not put yourself out. That villainous black snake is near his doom by reason of his heartless cruelty. For

Of means to injure brutal foes
You do not need to think,
Since of themselves they fall, like trees
Upon the river's brink.

And there is a story:

A heron ate what fish he could,
The bad, indifferent, and good;
His greed was never satisfied
Till, strangled by a crab, he died."

"How was that?" asked the crow. And the jackal told the story of

The Heron That Liked Crab-meat

There was once a heron in a certain place on the edge of a pond. Being old, he sought an easy way

of catching fish on which to live. He began by lingering at the edge of his pond, pretending to be quite irresolute, not eating even the fish within his reach.

Now among the fish lived a crab. He drew near and said: "Uncle, why do you neglect today your usual meals and amusements?" And the heron replied: "So long as I kept fat and flourishing by eating fish, I spent my time pleasantly, enjoying the taste of you. But a great disaster will soon befall you. And as I am old, this will cut short the pleasant course of my life. For this reason I feel depressed."

"Uncle," said the crab, "of what nature is the disaster?" And the heron continued: "Today I overheard the talk of a number of fishermen as they passed near the pond. 'This is a big pond,' they were saying, 'full of fish. We will try a cast of the net tomorrow or the day after. But today we will go to the lake near the city.' This being so, you are lost, my food supply is cut off, I too am lost, and in grief at the thought, I am indifferent to food today."

Now when the water-dwellers heard the trickster's report, they all feared for their lives and implored the heron, saying: "Uncle! Father! Brother! Friend! Thinker! Since you are informed of the calamity, you also know the remedy. Pray save us from the jaws of this death."

Then the heron said: "I am a bird, not competent to contend with men. This, however, I can do. I can transfer you from this pond to another, a bottomless one." By this artful speech they were so led astray that they said: "Uncle! Friend! Unselfish kinsman! Take me first! Me first! Did you never hear this?"

Stout hearts delight to pay the price
Of merciful self-sacrifice,
Count life as nothing, if it end
In gentle service to a friend."

Then the old rascal laughed in his heart, and took counsel with his mind, thus: "My shrewdness has brought these fishes into my power. They ought to be eaten very comfortably." Having thus thought it through, he promised what the thronging fish implored, lifted some in his bill, carried them a certain distance to a slab of stone, and ate them there. Day after day he made the trip with supreme delight and satisfaction, and meeting the fish, kept their confidence by ever new inventions.

One day the crab, disturbed by the fear of death, importuned him with the words: "Uncle, pray

save me, too, from the jaws of death." And the heron reflected: "I am quite tired of this unvarying fish diet. I should like to taste him. He is different, and choice." So he picked up the crab and flew through the air.

But since he avoided all bodies of water and seemed planning to alight on the sun-scorched rock, the crab asked him: "Uncle where is that pond without any bottom?" And the heron laughed and said: "Do you see that broad, sun-scorched rock? All the water-dwellers have found repose there. Your turn has now come to find repose."

Then the crab looked down and saw a great rock of sacrifice, made horrible by heaps of fish-skeletons. And he thought: "Ah me!

Friends are foes and foes are friends
As they mar or serve your ends;
Few discern where profit tends.

²⁰ Again:

If you will, with serpents play;
Dwell with foemen who betray:
Shun your false and foolish friends,
Fickle, seeking vicious ends.

Why, he has already eaten these fish whose skeletons are scattered in heaps. So what might be an opportune course of action for me? Yet why do I need to consider?

Man is bidden to chastise
Even elders who devise
Devious courses, arrogant,
Of their duty ignorant.

⁴⁰ Again:

Fear fearful things, while yet
No fearful thing appears;
When danger must be met,
Strike, and forget your fears.

So, before he drops me there, I will catch his neck with all four claws."

When he did so, the heron tried to escape, but being a fool, he found no parry to the grip of the crab's nippers, and had his head cut off.

Then the crab painfully made his way back to the pond, dragging the heron's neck as if it had been a lotus-stalk. And when he came among the fish, they said: "Brother, why come back?" Thereupon he showed the head as his credentials and said: "He enticed the water-dwellers from every quarter, deceived them with his prevarications, dropped them on a slab of rock not far away, and

ate them. But I—further life being predestined—I perceived that he destroyed the trustful, and I have brought back his neck. Forget your worries. All the water-dwellers shall live in peace."

"And that is why I say:

A heron ate what fish he could, . . .

and the rest of it."

"My friend," said the crow, "tell me how this villainous snake is to meet his doom." And the jackal answered: "Go to some spot frequented by a great monarch. There seize a golden chain or a necklace from some wealthy man who guards it carelessly. Deposit this in such a place that when it is recovered, the snake may be killed."

So the crow and his wife straightway flew off at random, and the wife came upon a certain pond. As she looked about, she saw the women of a king's court playing in the water, and on the bank they had laid golden chains, pearl necklaces, garments, and gems. One chain of gold the crow-hen seized and started for the tree where she lived.

But when the chamberlains and the eunuchs saw the theft, they picked up clubs and ran in pursuit. Meanwhile, the crow-hen dropped the golden chain in the snake's hole and waited at a safe distance.

Now when the king's men climbed the tree, they found a hole and in it a black snake with swelling hood. So they killed him with their clubs, recovered the golden chain, and went their way. Thereafter the crow and his wife lived in peace.

Leap and Creep

In the palace of a certain king stood an incomparable bed, blessed with every cubicular virtue. In a corner of its coverlet lived a female louse named Creep. Surrounded by a thriving family of sons and daughters, with the sons and daughters of sons and daughters, and with more remote descendants, she drank the king's blood as he slept. On this diet she grew plump and handsome.

While she was living there in this manner, a flea named Leap drifted in on the wind and dropped on the bed. This flea felt supreme satisfaction on examining the bed—the wonderful delicacy of its coverlet, its double pillow, its exceptional softness like that of a broad, Gangetic sandbank, its delicious perfume. Charmed by the sheer delight of touching it, he hopped this way and that until fate willed it so—he chanced to meet Creep,

who said to him: "Where do you come from? This is a dwelling fit for a king. Begone, and lose no time about it." "Madam," said he, "you should not say such things. For

The Brahman reverences fire,
Himself the lower castes' desire;
The wife reveres her husband dear;
But all the world must guests revere.

Now I am your guest. I have of late sampled the various blood of Brahmans, warriors, business men, and serfs, but found it acid, slimy, quite unwholesome. On the contrary, he who reposes on this bed must have a delightful vital fluid, just like nectar. It must be free from morbidity, since wind, bile, and phlegm are kept in harmony by constant and heedful use of potions prepared by physicians. It must be enriched by viands unctuous, tender, melting in the mouth; viands prepared from the flesh of the choicest creatures of land, water, and air, seasoned furthermore with sugar, pomegranate, ginger, and pepper. To me it seems an elixir of life. Therefore, with your kind permission, I plan to taste this sweet and fragrant substance, thus combining pleasure and profit."

"No," said she, "For fiery-mouthed stingers like you, it is out of the question. Leave this bed. You know the proverb:

The fool who does not know
His own resource, his foe,
His duty, time, and place,
Who sets a reckless pace,
Will by the wayside fall,
Will reap no fruit at all."

Thereupon he fell at her feet, repeating his request. And she agreed, since courtesy was her hobby, and since, when the story of that prince of sharpers, Muladeva, was being repeated to the king while she lay on a corner of the coverlet, she had heard how Muladeva quoted this verse in answer to the question of a certain damsel:

Whoever, angry though he be,
Has spurned a suppliant enemy,
In Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma, he
Has scorned the Holy Trinity.

Recalling this, she agreed, but added: "However, you must not come to dinner at a wrong place or time." "What is the right place and what is the right time?" he asked. "Being a newcomer, I am not *au courant*." And she replied: "When the king's body is mastered by wine, fatigue, or sleep,

then you may quietly bite him on the feet. This is the right place and the right time." To these conditions he gave his assent.

In spite of this arrangement, the famished bungler, when the king had just dozed off in the early evening, bit him on the back. And the poor king, as if burned by a firebrand, as if stung by a scorpion, as if touched by a torch, bounded to his feet, scratched his back, and cried to a servant: "Rascal! Somebody bit me. You must hunt through this bed until you find the insect."¹⁰

Now Leap heard the king's command and in terrified haste crept into a crevice in the bed. Then the king's servants entered, and following their master's orders, brought a lamp and made a minute inspection. As fate would have it, they came upon Creep as she crouched in the nap of the fabric, and killed her with her family.

The Mice That Ate Iron

In a certain town lived a merchant named Naduk, who lost his money and determined to travel abroad. For

The meanest of mankind is he
Who, having lost his money, can
Inhabit lands or towns where once
He spent it like a gentleman.

And again:

The neighbor gossips blame
His poverty as shame
Who long was wont to play
Among them, proud and gay.

In his house was an iron balance-beam inherited from his ancestors, and it weighed a thousand *pals*. This he put in pawn with Merchant Lakshman before he departed for foreign countries.

Now after he had long traveled wherever business led him through foreign lands, he returned to his native city and said to Merchant Lakshman: "Friend Lakshman, return my deposit, the balance-beam." And Lakshman said: "Friend Naduk, your balance-beam has been eaten by mice."

To this Naduk replied: "Lakshman, you are in no way to blame, if it has been eaten by mice. Such is life. Nothing in the universe has any permanence. However, I am going to the river for a bath. Please send your boy Money-God with me, so to carry my bathing things."

Since Lakshman was conscience-stricken at his own theft, he said to his son Money-God: "My dear boy, let me introduce Uncle Naduk, who is going to the river to bathe. You must go with him and carry his bathing things." Ah, there is too much truth in the saying:

There is no purely loving deed
Without a pinch of fear or greed
Or service of a selfish need.

And again:

Wherever there is fond attention
That does not seek a service pension,
Was there no timid apprehension?

So Lakshman's son took the bathing things and delightedly accompanied Naduk to the river. After Naduk had taken his bath, he thrust Lakshman's son Money-God into a mountain cave, blocked the entrance with a great rock, and returned to Lakshman's house. And when Lakshman said: "Friend Naduk, tell me what has become of my son Money-God who went with you," Naduk answered: "My good Lakshman, a hawk carried him off from the river-bank."

"Oh, Naduk!" cried Lakshman. "You liar! How could a hawk possibly carry off a big boy like Money-God?" "But, Lakshman," retorted Naduk, "the mice could eat a balance-beam made of iron.²⁰ Give me my balance-beam, if you want your son."

Finally, they carried their dispute to the palace gate, where Lakshman cried in a piercing tone: "Help! Help! A ghastly deed! This Naduk person has carried off my son—his name is Money-God."

Thereupon the magistrates said to Naduk: "Sir, restore the boy to Lakshman." But Naduk pleaded: "What am I to do? Before my eyes a hawk carried him from the river-bank." "Come, Naduk!" said they, "you are not telling the truth. How can a hawk carry off a fifteen-year-old boy?" Then Naduk laughed outright and said: "Gentlemen, listen to my words.

Where mice eat balance-beams of iron
A thousand *pals* in weight,
A hawk might steal an elephant;
A boy is trifling freight."

"How was that?" they asked, and Naduk told them the story of the balance-beam. At this they laughed and caused the restoration of balance-beam and boy to the respective owners.

CHINA

CONFUCIUS

Analects

The Master said: "In governing, cleave to good; as the north star holds his place, and the multitude of stars revolve upon him."

The Master said: "To sum up the three hundred songs in a word, they are free from evil thought."

The Master said: "Guide the people by law, subdue them by punishment; they may shun crime, but will be void of shame. Guide them by example, subdue them by courtesy; they will learn shame, and come to be good."

The Master said: "At fifteen, I was bent on study; at thirty, I could stand; at forty, doubts ceased; at fifty, I understood the laws of Heaven; at sixty, my ears obeyed me; at seventy, I could do as my heart lusted, and never swerve from right."

Meng Yi asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "Obedience."

As Fan Ch'ih was driving him, the Master said: "Meng-sun asked me the duty of a son; I answered 'Obedience.'"

"What did ye mean?" said Fan Ch'ih.

"To serve our parents with courtesy whilst they live," said the Master; "to bury them with all courtesy when they die; and to worship them with all courtesy."

Meng Wu asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "What weighs on your father and mother is concern for your health."

Tzu-yu asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "To-day a man is called dutiful if he keep both our dogs and horses, and unless we honor parents, is it not all one?"

Tzu-hsia asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "Our manner is the hard' part. For the young to be a stay in toil, and leave the wine and cakes to their elders, is this to fulfil their duty?"

The Master said: "If I talk all day to Hui, like a dullard, he never stops me. But when he is gone, if I pry into his life, I find he can do what I say.⁴⁰ No, Hui is no dullard."

The Master said: "Look at a man's acts; watch his motives; find out what pleases him: can the man evade you? Can the man evade you?"

The Master said: "Who keeps the old akindle and adds new knowledge is fitted to be a teacher."

The Master said: "A gentleman is not a vessel." Tzu-kung asked, What is a gentleman?

The Master said: "He puts words into deeds first, and sorts what he says to the deed."

¹⁰ The Master said: "A gentleman is broad and fair: the vulgar are biassed and petty."

The Master said: "*Study without thought is vain: thought without study is dangerous.*"

The Master said: "Work on strange doctrines does harm."

The Master said: "Yu, shall I teach thee what is understanding? *To know what we know, and know what we do not know, that is understanding.*"

²⁰ Tzu-chang studied with an eye to pay.

The Master said: "Listen much, keep silent when in doubt, and always take heed of the tongue; thou wilt make few mistakes. See much, beware of pitfalls, and always give heed to thy walk; thou wilt have little to rue. If thy words are seldom wrong, thy deeds leave little to rue, pay will follow."

Duke Ai asked, What should be done to make the people loyal?

Confucius answered: "Exalt the straight, set aside the crooked, the people will be loyal. Exalt the crooked, set aside the straight, the people will be disloyal."

Chi K'ang asked how to make the people lowly, faithful, and willing.

The Master said: "Behave with dignity, they will be lowly: be pious and merciful, they will be faithful: exalt the good, teach the unskilful, they will grow willing."

⁴⁰ One said to Confucius: "Why are ye not in power, Sir?"

The Master answered: "What does the book say of a good son? 'An always dutiful son, who is a friend to his brothers, sheweth the way to rule.' This also is to rule. What need to be in power?"

The Master said: "Without truth I know not how man can live. A cart without a crosspole, a carriage without harness, how could they be moved?"

Tzu-chang asked whether we can know what is to be ten generations hence.

The Master said: "The Yin inherited the manners of the Hsia; the harm and the good that they wrought them is known. The Chou inherited the manners of the Yin; the harm and the good that they wrought them is known. And we may know what is to be, even an hundred generations hence, when others follow Chou."

The Master said: "To worship the ghosts of strangers is fawning. To see the right and not do it is want of courage."

The Master said: "Love makes a spot beautiful: who chooses not to dwell in love, has he got wisdom?"

The Master said: "*Loveless men cannot bear need long, they cannot bear fortune long.* Loving hearts find peace in love; clever heads find profit in it."

The Master said: "A man and his faults are of a piece. By watching his faults we learn whether love be his."

The Master said: "To learn the truth at daybreak and die at eve were enough."

The Master said: "A scholar in search of truth who is ashamed of poor clothes and poor food it is idle talking to."

The Master said: "A gentleman has no likes and no dislikes below heaven. He follows right."

The Master said: "Gentlemen cherish worth; the vulgar cherish dirt. Gentlemen trust in justice; the vulgar trust in favour."

The Master said: "*The chase of gain is rich in hate.*"

The Master said: "Be not concerned at want of place; be concerned that thou stand thyself. Sorrow not at being unknown, but seek to be worthy of note."

The Master said: "Who contains himself goes seldom wrong."

²⁰ The Master said: "A gentleman wishes to be slow to speak and quick to act."

The Master said: "Good is no hermit. It has ever neighbours."

The Master said: "One thread, Shen, runs through all my teaching."

"Yes," said Tseng-tzu.

After the Master had left, the disciples asked what was meant.

³⁰ Tseng-tzu said: "The Master's teaching all hangs on faithfulness and fellow-feeling."

CHINESE POEMS

Home

Great trees in the south
Give me no shelter,
And women loitering by the Han
Leave me cold.

O Han too deep for diving,
O Kiang too long for poling!

Faggots, brambles,
I cut them with a will—
But those girls facing home,
I should like to feed their horses.

O Han too deep for diving,
O Kiang too long for poling!

Faggots, artemisia,
I cut them with a will—
But those girls facing home,
I should like to feed their colts.

O Han too deep for diving,
O Kiang too long for poling!

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Bringing in the Wine

See how the Yellow River's waters move from
heaven,
Entering the ocean, never to return!
See how lovely locks in bright mirrors in high
chambers,
Though silken black at morning, have turned by
night to snow!
O let a man of spirit venture where he pleases 5
And never tip his golden cup empty towards the
moon!

Since heaven gave the talent, let it be employed!
Spin a thousand pieces of silver, all of them come
back!

Cook a sheep, kill a cow, whet the appetite,
And make me, of three hundred bowls, one long
drink! 10

Chinese Poems. The following poems taken from *The Jade Mountain* by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu and from *170 Chinese Poems* by Arthur Waley are used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Home. Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.

Bringing in the Wine. Li Po (705-762). Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.

Wang Wei (699-759). Translations by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.

To old Master Ts'en
And young Tan-ch'iu
Bring in the wine!
Let your cups never rest!
Let me sing you a song! 15
Let your ears attend!
What are bell and drum, rare dishes and treasure?
Let me be forever drunk and never come to
reason!
Sober men of older days and sages are forgotten,
And only the great drinkers are famous for all
time. 20
Prince Ch'en paid at a banquet in the Palace of
Perfection,
Ten thousand coins for a bucket of wine, with
many a laugh and quip . . .
Why say, my host, that your money is gone?
Go and buy wine and we'll drink it together!
My flower-spotted horse, 25
My furs worth a thousand,
Hand them to the boy to exchange for good wine,
And we'll drown away the woe of ten thousand
generations!

—LI PO

Answering Vice-Prefect Chang

As the years go by, give me but peace,
Freedom from ten thousand matters.
I ask myself and always answer,
What can be better than coming home?
A wind from the pine-trees blows my sash,
And my lute is bright with the mountain-moon.
You ask me about good and evil? . . .
Hark, on the lake there's a fisherman singing!

WANG WEI

What Should a Man Want?

"Tell me now, what should a man want
But to sit alone sipping his cup of wine?"
I should like to have visitors come to discuss
philosophy
And not to have tax-collectors coming to collect
taxes;

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My three sons married into good families,
My five daughters provided with steady husbands;
Then I could jog through a happy five score years,
Craving no cloud-ascent, no resurrection.

—WANG CHI

The Beautiful Hsi-Shih

Since beauty is honored all over the empire,
How could Hsi-shih remain humbly at home?
At dawn washing clothes by a lake in Yueh;
At dusk in the palace of Wu, a great lady!
Poor, no rarer than the others—
Exalted, everyone praising her rareness.
But above all honors, the honor was hers
Of blinding with passion an emperor's reason.
Girls who had once washed silk beside her
Now were ordered away from her carriage . . .
Ask them, in her neighbors' houses,
If by wrinkling their brows they can copy her
beauty.

—WANG WEI

Anxiety of a Young Lady to Get Married

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough:
Only seven tenths left there now!
Ye whose hearts on me are set,
Now the time is fortunate!

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only three tenths left there now!
Ye who wish my love to gain,
Will not now apply in vain!

No more plums upon the bough!
All are in my basket now!
Ye who me with ardor seek,
Need the word but freely speak!

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

A Complaint

The wind blows from the north.
He looks and his eyes are cold.
He looks and smiles and then goes forth,
My grief grows old.

The wind blows and the dust.
Tomorrow he swears he will come.
His words are kind, but he breaks his trust,
My heart is numb.

Wang Chi. About 700 A.D. Translated by Arthur Waley.

Anxiety of a Young Lady . . . Translated by James Legge.

A Complaint. 718 B.C. Translated by James Legge; revised by Helen Waddell.

A View of T'ai-Shan and With Her Beauty. Tu Fu (712-770). Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.

All day the wind blew strong,
The sun was buried deep.
I have thought of him so long, so long,
I cannot sleep.

TC

The clouds are black with night,
The thunder brings no rain.
I wake and there is no light,
I bear my pain.

TS

—LADY CHWANG KËANG

A View of T'ai-Shan

What shall I say of the Great Peak?
The ancient Dukedoms are everywhere green,
Inspired and stirred by the breath of Creation;
With the Twin Forces balancing day and night,
I open my breast toward widening clouds,
And I strain my sight after birds flying home . . .
When shall I climb to the top and hold
All mountains in a single glance!

—TU FU

With Her Beauty

Lovelier than all the rest,
But living alone in an empty valley,
She says that she came from an excellent clan
Which is humbled now among grasses and tree
trunks . . .
When trouble arose in the Kuan district,
Her brothers and close kin were killed.
What use were their high offices,
Not even saving their own lives!
The world has but scorn for adversity;
And hope goes out, like the light of a candle. 10
Her husband, with a vagrant heart,
Finds a new love like a new piece of jade;
And when morning-glories furl at night
And mandarin-ducks lie side by side,
All he can see is the smile of the new love 15
While the old love weeps unheard.
Pure was the spring in its mountain-source,
But away from the mountain its waters are
roiled . . .

5

15

20

Waiting for her maid to come from selling pearls
For straw to cover the roof again,
She breaks off flowers, not now for her hair,
And absently fills up her hand with pine needles
And, forgetting her worn silk sleeve, and the cold,
Leans in the sunset by a tall bamboo.

—TU FU

In Absence

White gleam the gulls across the darkling tide,
On the green hills the red flowers seem to burn;
Alas! I see another spring has died . . .
When will it come—the day of my return?

—TU FU

The Red Cockatoo

Sent as a present from Annam—
A red cockatoo.
Colored like the peach-tree blossom,
Speaking with the speech of men.

And they did to it what is always done
To the learned and eloquent.
They took a cage with stout bars
And shut it up inside.

—PO CHÜ-I

Madly Singing in the Mountains

There is no one among men that has not a special failing:
And my failing consists in writing verses.
I have broken away from the thousand ties of life:
But this infirmity still remains behind.
Each time that I look at a fine landscape: 5
Each time that I meet a loved friend,
I raise my voice and recite a stanza of poetry
And am glad as though a god had crossed my path.

In Absence. Tu Fu. Translated by Herbert A. Giles.

Po Chü-I (772-846). Translated by Arthur Waley.

Li Shang-Yin (813-858). Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.

Li Pin. About 854 A.D. Translated by Herbert A. Giles.

Ever since the day I was banished to Hsün-yang
Half my time I have lived among the hills. 10
And often, when I have finished a new poem,
Alone I climb the road to the Eastern Rock.
I lean my body on the banks of white stone:
I pull down with my hands a green cassia branch.
My mad singing startles the valleys and hills: 15
The apes and birds all come to peep.
Fearing to become a laughing-stock to the world,
I choose a place that is unfrequented by men.

—PO CHÜ-I

A Cicada

Pure of heart and therefore hungry,
All night long you cry in vain
With a final, broken, indrawn breath.
Among the green, indifferent trees . . .
Knocking about like a piece of driftwood,
Letting my garden fill with weeds,
I bless you for your true advice
To purify my life again.

—LI SHANG-YIN

Homeward

No letters to the frontier come,
The winter softens into spring . . .
I tremble as I draw near home,
And dare not ask what news you bring.

—LI PIN

THE MOHAMMEDAN WORLD

Although the areas occupied by the Mohammedan cultures of the Near East—Persia and Arabia—had pre-Mohammedan civilizations, they attained literary importance largely after the triumph of the prophet Mahomet and his successors. For several centuries the people of this faith outshone medieval European man in everything cultural, and contributed to his development more than ancient Greece and Rome.

From time immemorial, Arabia, homeland of Mohammedanism, had been populated by nomads of the Semitic race, continually warring against one another and frequently drifting into Egypt, the Mediterranean coast of Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia. In Arabia proper, there were no world-shaking events, and its literature, rich in impassioned love poetry, was unknown to the outside world. Even in the seventh century A.D. the mass of the population was poor and undeveloped, and only along the main caravan routes of the south did two cities, Mecca and Medina, enjoy some prosperity and cultivation. Except for Jewish colonists and proselytes, the people were pagans, and their worship centered in a Meccan sanctuary known as the Kaaba, the chief feature of which was a meteorite; it was regarded as a god superior to the many minor tribal deities. This was the spiritual condition of the Arabs when an unlettered man, born in 570, began to ruminant on religious matters and came to regard himself as the sole prophet of a new faith.

In his fortieth year, Mahomet (Mohammed or Muhammad), probably influenced by both Juda-

ism and Christianity during his travels, began to preach monotheism. As his influence spread, his native city became alarmed for it had subsisted on the polytheistic cult that brought numerous pilgrims to the Kaaba. At last he had to flee for his life, but he found a ready following in the rival city of Medina. This flight (the *Hegira*), in 622 A.D., proved a memorable event and, after some fighting, the prophet's faction triumphed. Mecca accepted his religion under the terms of a compromise requiring all Mohammedans to turn toward Mecca while praying. Before he died in 632 Mahomet was master of all Arabia.

There was little originality in his teachings, which amalgamated Judaism and Christianity and ranked both Moses and Jesus as prophets next in importance to Mahomet. There was as little sublimity in his religion as in his life, which was marred by cruelty and sensuality. Nevertheless, the new faith of Islam swept over Asia Minor and northern Africa, and was ultimately carried into Spain. Its tenets were simple and unmetaphysical. It appealed to an uncritical imagination with its clear-cut division between paradise and hell, its ornate fancifulness, and its promise of happiness to the believer who, upon passing *Al Sirat* (the Bridge of Judgment), would be permanently settled in a luxurious garden tended by beautiful nymphs (the Houris), and would receive seventy-two wives and eighty thousand servants. A multitude of angels, demons, *peris* (fairies), and *deus* (giants) peopled the Mohammedan world, and ensured a life of perpetual wonder and excitement.¹ So at-

¹ Three Mohammedan names have become familiar to the reader of English literature: *Irafel*, the trumpeter of the Last Judgment and the angel of music (see Poe's poem, *Irafel*); *Azrael*, the angel of death; *Eblis*, the prince of darkness, the chief demon of the fallen angels.

tractive was Arabian mythology that it entered Europe in the eleventh century and became an element in medieval and Renaissance romances. During the romantic movement of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, this fanciful world also attracted much attention. Goethe, Robert Southey, Thomas Moore, Byron, and others used Mohammedan themes and backgrounds.

The ethics of this faith, moreover, "established in the world a great tradition of dignified fair dealing, they breathe a spirit of generosity, and they are human and workable."² The faithful are ordered to observe considerate treatment of women and slaves, kindness in daily conduct, and the brotherhood of all members of the faith. The book which contains Mahomet's teachings, the *Koran*,³ is one of the Bibles of the world. It presents in rhythmical prose the revelations of the one god Allah to his prophet. Though undistinguished as a whole and confusingly arranged, it nevertheless has ethical fervor and some exalted passages.

Under the leadership of the Prophet's friend, Abu Bekr, who became the first *Caliph* (Successor), the Arabs began their attempted subjugation of the world. The worship of Allah was carried by the sword to the very gates of Constantinople, throughout the eastern Mediterranean countries, through Persia, into parts of India, and beyond. Mohammedanism overran all of northern Africa and Spain, and was turned back in the eighth century only in southern France. Religious dissension, intrigue in the harems of rulers, and oriental luxury began to corrode the Arab world, but it was some centuries before it crumbled. It was strong enough to resist successive European invasions. Although the Crusaders succeeded in capturing and holding Jerusalem for a time, they could not prevail against the Arabs in Palestine, and Christian Spain could not drive them out until the end of the fifteenth century, shortly before Columbus started on his voyage of discovery. When, moreover, the Arabs were conquered by the Mongol Turks, Mohammedanism continued to spread over the world, for the Turks, who had adopted the faith, captured Constantinople and conquered all of the Balkans.

Although the conquests brought much misery to Christian Europe (reflected in many slurs on the character and religion of the Arabs), it remains true

that, until the thirteenth century and even later, Mohammedan culture was higher than anything Europe could show. The Arab world, coming into contact with Greek, Jewish, and Hindu civilization, flowered magnificently in science, art, and literature. Great universities arose in Bagdad, Cairo, and Spanish Cordoba. Their scientists devoted themselves to important research and invention. In mathematics, building on Greek foundations, the Arabs developed algebra, spherical trigonometry, and the decimal system of notation; they also gave the world the useful Arabic system of numerals, and invented the zero. They modernized medicine, discovered new chemical substances, constructed astronomical instruments, and made important astronomical calculations. Their philosophers, Avicenna, Averroës, and the Spanish Jew Maimonides, preserved and developed Aristotelian thought. The Arabs brought much of the learning of Greece and the ancient East to fruition and passed it on to the crude new nations of the West during the Middle Ages.

Europe went to school to Arabian civilization for its medicine, mathematics, and philosophy. Southern France was in continual contact with the Arabs in Spain, who were known as the Moors; Christian scholars attended the Moslem universities; and the Crusaders who went to the Near East with the intention of crushing a barbaric people were filled with wonder and learned much from them.⁴ This also led to a strong infiltration of tales and legends that the Mohammedans had brought from the East, and undoubtedly stimulated the rise of European love poetry, a field in which the Arabs had been supreme as early as the sixth century A.D. Of this poetry immediately before the advent of Mahomet, the great student of Arabic culture Wilfrid Scawen Blunt wrote, that it is "the most delightful wild flower of literature the Eastern world can show." It is perhaps too torrid for Western taste (the Arabs considered Greek poetry lukewarm), but its manly feeling and imaginative intensity entitled it to be better known than it is.

In spite of these powerful influences on the Western World, the actual literary works of the Arabs known to Europeans and assimilated by them are very few. But one of their collections of stories, *The Thousand and One Nights* (usually

² H. G. Wells, *Outline of History*, p. 580.

³ The *Koran* means the Reading.

⁴ There were six Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Moslems; the first began in 1096, the last in 1229.

known as *The Arabian Nights*), became a household article in the West. The time of these tales is the reign of Haroun al Rasc'id (766?-809), whose love of letters was exceeded only by that of his son Al Mamoun, who made Bagdad a center of all learning he could gather from different parts of the world. In *The Arabian Nights* the Sultan of India is entertained with a seemingly endless string of tales by his queen Scheherezade in a desperate effort to postpone her execution night after night. As each tale is only half told, she keeps him interested for a thousand and one nights until he finally relents.

Although the work is of unknown authorship, the date of composition uncertain,⁵ and its literary history vague, *The Arabian Nights* is a distillation of oriental story-telling. Their spirit is romantic but not war-like; they reflect the interests of a mercantile, far-traveling people, and must have been developed after the Arabs settled down to enjoy the fruits of their conquest. The tales were undoubtedly collected with great catholicity from various times and places; many of them had their origin in India. Included are some excellent short poems, revealing a love for nature and filled with passion and a pained sense of the transitoriness of life and glory. Great delicacy appears in the verses. But it is the stories that have captured the imagination of the world with their exuberant fantasitcation and escape into the world of the marvelous. They were given to European readers in 1704 in the French translation of Galland, and immediately became known throughout the West.

This does not, however, exhaust the Mohammedan world's legacy to us, for some of the finest oriental literature came to us from Persia after its conquest by the followers of Mahomet.

Persia had, of course, enjoyed a powerful civilization from very early times, even before Cyrus the Great started its Aryan-speaking people on the road to conquest in the sixth century B.C. Its major literary composition, which may have been begun in the eighth century B.C., if not earlier, was the *Zendavesta* (*The Living Word*), a sacred book containing the doctrines of Persia's religious and moral teacher Zarathustra, known to the West as Zoroaster. The chief feature of its teaching, an effort to explain the world and to guide mankind, is the doctrine that attributes everything to the conflict between two principles—*Ormuzd*, the principle of the good as represented by light, and

Ahriman, the principle of evil as represented by darkness. Both born from eternity, they contend for the dominion of the world and of man's soul until the time when Ormuzd will conquer Ahriman. Men are either servants of the one or the other, and this can be determined by their adhering to or turning from the moral code. This religion penetrated deeply into Western thought, filtered into Greek philosophy, and into Christianity in the form of Manicheism.⁶ It lingered on as late as the twelfth century in southern France, where it was fused with Christianity by the heretical Albigensian sect. This dualistic interpretation of divine providence enabled its believers and the much earlier Gnostic sect, to explain the presence of evil in the world. They maintained that the god of the Old Testament was evil and that Jesus, the good principle, was actually his opponent.

However, nothing produced by ancient Persia, not even the *Zendavesta*, has struck the West as possessing literary distinction. Work of this quality began to appear only in Mohammedan Persia from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries of our era. This was largely inspired by the rise of a pantheistic sect of mystics called the Sufis, from which most of the poets drew their ideas and imagery. Probably deriving their thought from India, the Sufis taught that worldly attachments are worthless and that the object of life should be identification with the permeating spirit of the world. Love, wine, and intoxication were some of the symbols representing the feeling of rapture upon union with the spirit. At the same time, the growth of luxury fostered the development of intensely romantic sentiment. Philosophical and worldly feelings, contempt for the world and enjoyment of its pleasures, mystic faith and sophisticated skepticism, existed side by side in the golden age of Persian literature.

Three love stories served many poets: *Khosru and Shireen*, a tale of idyllic love; *Mejnoun the Arabian*, a romance of unhappy love that drove its victim to madness; and *Yussuf and Zuleika*, the passion of Potiphar's wife for the biblical Joseph and the triumph of holiness over carnal desire. These tales inspired long romances highly regarded in the East and occasionally favored by writers of the West. But it is the Persian lyrics and epigrams that impressed themselves most strongly on the latter, except for the epic *Shah Nameh* (*Book of Kings*) by Firdausi (about 940-1020), from which

⁵ The thirteenth century has been suggested as the probable date.

⁶ See p. 445, Introduction to *The Christian Church*.

Matthew Arnold took the matter of his long poem *Sohrab and Rustum.*⁷

The first of the poets to impress the West, Omar Khayyam (died about 1123), was in a sense unique among the Persian writers. A redoubtable scientist who contributed to the development of astronomy, reformed the Persian calendar, and made it almost as accurate as the Gregorian Calendar, he was in philosophy a skeptic and an epicurean. Having no faith in the ecstasies of the mystics, he satirized their beliefs freely. Since life is transient, it is the better part of wisdom not to burden oneself with fruitless speculation, love of power, and a sense of sin, but to enjoy one's worldly existence as far as possible. Omar, who avoided political office and led a pleasant scholarly life, expressed his thought in his *Rubaiyat* in disconnected quatrains that are remarkably epigrammatic. They consist of four lines of equal length linked by a single rhyme, with the third line (generally unrhymed) suspending the movement and carrying it over into the last line.

Omar was not a great descriptive poet, and his poetic flights are very short; he could not, or did not care to, write a developed, organic poem. He has, in fact, been overrated in the English-speaking world because his stanzas appear in a superb translation. But an appealing personality glows in the quatrains. These often alternate between grave and gay feelings. The poet is alternately depressed and playful, argumentative and serene, pessimistic and ecstatic, though he leaves the final impression of pessimism on anyone accustomed to the consolations of Christianity. As Edward Fitzgerald noted, what especially distinguishes Omar is that in his verses we have the Man Omar himself "with all his humors and passions, as frankly before us as if we were really at Table with him, after the Wine had gone around."

The poem was introduced to the English-speaking world by Edward Fitzgerald in 1859. His translation is a very free reworking of the original. Its popularity for fifty years was enormous, not only because of the sheer beauty of the poetry but because the best-known quatrains expressed ideas that were in the minds of many of the readers, chiefly the pessimism and determinism that Victorians derived from the advancing science of the period. Here they read of the shortness of life, the impossibility of knowing certainly anything about such questions as God or immortality, and the

conclusion of the whole matter in a philosophy of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Nowhere has that doctrine been expressed more enticingly than in the lines of Omar Khayyam.

As a poet Omar had his peers in at least two Persian writers who have been abundantly translated into English: Sa'di (1184-1291) and Hafiz (who died in 1389).

Sa'di, acclaimed by the Persians as "the nightingale of the groves of Shiraz," the city in which he was born, spent part of a long life in travel, and then enjoyed the remainder in philosophical retirement. He was a man of simple devotion, a believer in plain living and high thinking. "I never complained of my condition but once, when my feet were bare and I had not money to buy shoes. But I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot." His most famous books, the *Bustan* (*Fruit Garden*) and the *Gulistan* (*Rose Garden*), consist of short philosophic and moralistic poems, exceedingly apt and well-turned in their epigrammatic incisiveness. His favorite style reveals his simplicity and tenderness, his sensitivity and knowledge of human nature. At worst he lapsed into platitudes.

The prince of Persian lyricists is Hafiz, another native of Shiraz, who deserves to be placed in the company of the world's greatest lyricists. Disdaining the courts to which he was frequently invited and preferring a life of proud independence and easy companionship, he spent his life in poverty without any dampening of his natural exuberance. Whether he celebrated conviviality and love or mystic ecstasy, he remained a pure poet. This contemporary of Dante is so revered in Persia that his tomb near Shiraz is a shrine. Every year the maidens of Shiraz bring him bouquets of roses, tied together with brightly colored silken handkerchiefs, and try to tell their futures by consulting his odes. His reflective and religious poems are permeated with a fine ecstasy, but it is as the great poet of love that he is venerated. These verses are odes (*gazels*) and, in accordance with convention, weave in the poet's name in the final couplet. He is also the rhapsodist of wine and conviviality, and is deservedly known as the "Anacreon of the East." Among his admiring English translators have been Sir William Jones, Gertrude Lowthian Bell, Richard Le Gallienne, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

⁷ Arnold's style is, however, in conscious imitation of Homer, and therefore not Persian at all.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

I

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,
and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II

Before the phantom of False morning died, 5
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!" 10
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires, 14
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out,¹ and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one 20
knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi,² with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring 25
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Omar Khayyam was born at Naishapur in Persia, son of a tent-maker. He was a mathematician and astronomer. He died about 1123 A.D. His rubaiyat (or four-line stanzas) were quite unconnected. The semblance of order is due to Fitzgerald's rearrangement.

¹ See Exodus IV, 6, where Moses draws forth his hand white with leprosy. Here the reference is to the white blossoms on the trees in spring, the Mohammedan New Year.

² The ancient heroic language of Persia; therefore any heroic strain.

³ Naishapur, the small town, or Babylon, the metropolis.

⁴ Like all the names just given, a famous man of old.

⁵ Mohammed.

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII

Whether at Naishapur³ or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run, 30
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the 35
Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

X

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru?
Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hatim⁴ call to Supper—heed not you. 40

XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmud⁵ on his golden Thron.

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come; 50
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

xiv

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow.
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw." 55

xv

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again. 60

xvi

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

xvii

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way. 65

xviii

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd glорied and drank
deep: 70
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

xix

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears 75
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

xx

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen! 80

xxi

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
TODAY of past Regrets and Future Fears:
Tomorrow!—Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

xxii

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best 85
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

xxiii

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom, 90
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

xxiv

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie 95
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
End!

xxv

Alike for those who for TODAY prepare,
And those that after some TOMORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries, 99
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

xxvi

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to
Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with
Dust.

xxvii

Myself when young did eagerly frequent 105
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

xxviii

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it
grow; 110
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

xxix

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste, 115
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

xxx

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine 120
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn⁶ sate;
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key: ¹²⁵
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn; ¹³⁰
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard, ¹³⁵
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV

Then to the lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall re-
turn." ¹⁴⁰

XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd.
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way ¹⁴⁵
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd ¹⁵⁰
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below

To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye ¹⁵⁵
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup. ¹⁶⁰

XLI

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press, ¹⁶⁵
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
Think then you are TODAY what YESTERDAY
You were—TOMORROW you shall not be less.

XLIII

So when that Angel of the darker Drink ¹⁷⁰
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for ¹⁷⁵
him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash ¹⁸⁰
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past, ¹⁸⁵
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

⁶ Saturn was lord of the seventh heaven.

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste— 190
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the SECRET—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
And upon what, prithee, may life depend? 196

L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too; 200

LI

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

LII

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold 205
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor 209
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze TODAY while You are You—how then
TOMORROW, You when shall be You no more?

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape 215
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse. 220

LVI

For "is" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say, 225
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn Tomorrow, and dead Yesterday.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and 231
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grapel

LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice 235
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword. 240

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must, 245
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This Life flies*; 250
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road, 255
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd. 260

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answered "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire, 265
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go 270
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon his Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays. 276

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows! 280

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky, 285
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to It for help—for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man
knead, 289
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV

YESTERDAY This Day's Madness did prepare;
TOMORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:

⁷ The Pleiades and Jupiter.

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor
why: 295
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXXV

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari⁷ they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul 300

LXXXVI

The Vine had struck a fiber: which about
If clings my being—let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite, 305
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke 310
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
Sue for a Debt he never did contract, 315
And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin! 320

LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day 325
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan⁸ away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

⁸ The month of fasting.

LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall; 330
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure molded, to be broke, 335
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in
joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy." 340

LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII

Whereat someone of the loquacious Lot— 345
I think a Sufi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell 350
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

LXXXIX

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice, 355
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon^{*} look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!
Brother!" 359
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare 355
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup 371
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-
hand 375
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell. 380

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should
close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield 385
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveler might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

XCVIII

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate, 390
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

* Indicating the close of the month of fasting.

xcix

Ah Lovel could you and I with Him conspire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and then 395
 Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

c

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;

How oft hereafter rising look for us 399
 Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

ci

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot
 Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMAM

SA'DI

*The Gulistan**Purgatory May Be Paradise*

A king was embarked along with a Persian slave on board a ship. The boy had never been at sea, nor experienced the inconvenience of a ship. He set up a weeping and wailing, and all his limbs were in a state of trepidation; and, however much they soothed him, he was not to be pacified. The king's pleasure-party was disconcerted by him; but they had no help. On board that ship there was a physician. He said to the king: "If you will order it, I can manage to silence him." The king replied: "It will be an act of great favor." The physician so directed that they threw the boy into the sea, and after he had plunged repeatedly, they seized him by the hair of the head and drew him close to the ship, when he clung with both hands by the rudder, and, scrambling upon the deck, slunk into a corner and sat down quiet. The king, pleased with what he saw, said: "What art is there in this?" The physician replied: "Originally he had not experienced the danger of being drowned, and undervalued the safety of being in a ship; in like manner as a person is aware of the preciousness of health when he is overtaken with the calamity of sickness. *A barley loaf of bread has, O epicure, no relish for thee.* That is my mistress who appears so ugly to thy eye.—To the houris, or nymphs of paradise, purgatory would be a hell; ask the inmates of hell whether purgatory is not paradise.—There is a distinction between the man that folds his mistress in his arms and him whose two eyes are fixed on the door expecting her."

The Wrestler

A person had become a master in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty sleights in this art, and could exhibit a fresh trick for every day throughout the year. Perhaps owing to a liking that a corner of his heart took for the handsome person of one of his scholars, he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine of those feats, but he was putting off the last one, and under some pretence deferring it.

In short, the youth became such a proficient in the art and talent of wrestling that none of his contemporaries had ability to cope with him, till he at length had one day boasted before the reigning sovereign, saying: "To any superiority my master possesses over me, he is beholden to my reverence of his seniority, and in virtue of his tutorage; otherwise I am not inferior in power, and am his equal in skill." This want of respect displeased the king. He ordered a wrestling match to be held, and a spacious field to be fenced in for the occasion. The ministers of state, nobles of the court, and gallant men of the realm were assembled, and the ceremonials of the combat marshalled. Like a huge and lusty elephant, the youth rushed into the ring with such a crash that had a brazen mountain opposed him he would have moved it from its base. The master being aware that the youth was his superior in strength, engaged him in that strange feat of which he had kept him ignorant. The youth was unacquainted with its guard. Advancing, nevertheless, the master seized him with both hands, and,

lifting him bodily from the ground, raised him above his head and flung him on the earth. The crowd set up a shout. The king ordered them to give the master an honorary dress and handsome largess, and the youth he addressed with reproach and asperity, saying: "You played the traitor with your own patron, and failed in your presumption of opposing him." He replied: "O sire! my master did not overcome me by strength and ability, but one cunning trick in the art of wrestling was left ¹⁰ which he was reserved in teaching me, and by that little feat had today the upper hand of me." The master said: "I reserved myself for such a day as this. As the wise have told us, put not so much into a friend's power that, if hostilely disposed, he can do you an injury. Have you not heard what that man said who was treacherously dealt with by his own pupil: '*Either in fact there was no good faith in this world, or nobody has perhaps practised it in our days. No person learned the art of archery from me who did not in the end make me his butt.*'"

From Slavery to Slavery

Having taken offence with the society of my friends at Damascus, I retired into the wilderness of the Holy Land, or Jerusalem, and sought the company of brutes till such time as I was made a prisoner by the Franks, and employed by them, along with ²⁰ some Jews, in digging earth in the ditches of Tripoli. At length one of the chiefs of Aleppo, between whom and me an intimacy had of old subsisted, happening to pass that way, recognized me, and said: "How is this? and how came you to be thus occupied?" I replied: "What can I say? *I was flying from mankind into the forests and mountains, for my resource was in God and in none else. Fancy to thyself what my condition must now be, when forced to associate with a tribe scarcely human?—To be linked in a chain with a company of acquaintance were pleasanter than to walk in a garden with strangers.*"

He took pity on my situation; and, having for ten dinars redeemed me from captivity with the Franks, carried me along with him to Aleppo. Here he had a daughter, and her he gave me in marriage, with a dower of a hundred dinars. Soon after this damsels turned out a termagant and vixen, and discovered such a perverse spirit and virulent tongue as quite unhinged all my domestic comfort. *A scolding wife in the dwelling of a peaceable man is his hell even in this world. Protect and guard us*

against a wicked inmate. Save us, O Lord, and preserve us from the fiery, or hell, torture.

Having on one occasion given a liberty to the tongue of reproach, she was saying: "Are you not the fellow whom my father redeemed from the captivity of the Franks for ten dinars?" I replied: "Yes, I am that same he delivered from captivity for ten dinars, and enslaved me with you for a hundred!" *I have heard that a reverend and mighty man released a sheep from the paws and jaws of a wolf. That same night he was sticking a knife into its throat, when the spirit of the sheep reproached him, saying: "Thou didst deliver me from the clutches of a wolf, when I at length saw that thou didst prove a wolf to me thyself."*

Wealth

He that owns wealth, in mountain, wold, or waste,
Plays master—pitches tent at his own taste;
Whilst he who lacks that which the world commends

Must pace a stranger, e'en in his own lands.

The Bustan

The Great Physician

A tumult in a Syrian town had place:
They seized an old man there of wit and grace;
Still in my ear lingers his noble saying,
When, fettered fast, they smote him in the face.

Quotha: "If of all Sultans the Sultān
Gives not the word for plunder, who else can?
Who, save upon His bidding, would be bold
To do such deeds? Therefore I hold the man

That wrongs me not mine enemy but friend;
God hath appointed him unto this end!"

If there fall scorn or honor, gifts or shackles,
'Tis God—not Zayd or Omar—who doth send."

Right, Sheykh! no griefs the wise heart will annoy;
The Great Physician sharp drugs doth employ!

A sick man's not more skillful than his Hākim;
Take what the Friend gives as a bliss and joy."

The Dancer

I heard how, to the beat of some quick tune,
There rose and danced a Damsel like the moon,
Flower-mouthing and Pári-faced; and all around
her
Neck-stretching Lovers gathered close; but, soon
A flickering lamp-flame caught her skirt, and set 5
Fire to the flying gauze. Fear did beget
Trouble in that light heart! She cried amain.

Quoth one among her worshipers, "Why fret,

Tulip of Love? Th' extinguished fire hath burned
Only one leaf of thee; but I am turned 10

To ashes—leaf and stalk, and flower and root—
By lamp-flash of thine eyes!"—"Ah, Soul concerned

"Solely with self!"—she answered, laughing low,
'If thou wert Lover thou hadst not said so.

Who speaks of the Belov'd's woe as not his 15
Speaks infidelity, true Lovers know!"

HAFIZ

A Persian Song

Sweet maid, if thou wouldest charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight 5
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show 10
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bow'r so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender heart invades, 15
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New luster to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow, 20
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme, 25
And talk of odors, talk of wine,

Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom. 30

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour 35
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

10 But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravished ear, 40
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

15 What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heav'n, I love thee still
Can aught be cruel from thy lips?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word 45
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

20 Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say, 50
But oh, far sweeter, if they please
The Nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Ode 11

I have borne the anguish of love, which ask me not
to describe:
I have tasted the poison of absence, which ask me
not to relate.

Far through the world have I roved, and at length
I have chosen
A sweet creature (a ravisher of hearts), whose
name ask me not to disclose.

The flowing of my tears bedews her footsteps 5
In such a manner as ask me not to utter.

On yesternight from her own mouth with my own
ears I heard
Such words as pray ask me not to repeat.

Why dost you bite thy lip at me? What dost thou
not hint (*that I may have told*)?
I have devoured a lip like a ruby: but whose, ask
me not to mention. 10

Absent from thee, and the sole tenant of my cot-
tage,
I have endured such tortures, as ask me not to
enumerate.

Thus am I, HAFIZ, arrived at extremity in the
ways of Love,
Which, alas! ask me not to explain.

Ode 12

I said to heaven that glowed above
O hide yon sun-filled zone,
Hide all the stars you boast;
For, in the world of love
And estimation true,
The heaped-up harvest of the moon
Is worth one barley-corn at most,
The Pleiads' sheaf but two. 5

If my darling should depart,
And search the skies for prouder friends, 10
God forbid my angry heart
In other love should seek amends.

When the blue horizon's hoop
Me a little pinches here,
Instant to my grave I stoop,
And go find thee in the sphere. 15

Ode 13

Oft have I said, I say it once more,
I, a wanderer, do not stray from myself.
I am a kind of parrot; the mirror is holden to me;
What the Eternal says, I stammering say again.

Give me what you will; I eat thistles as roses,
And according to my food I grow and I give.
Scorn me not, but know I have the pearl,
And am only seeking one to receive it.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

The First Voyage of Es-Sindibad of the Sea

Know, O masters, O noble persons, that I had a father; a merchant, who was one of the first in rank among the people and the merchants, and who possessed abundant wealth and ample fortune. He died when I was a young child, leaving to me wealth and buildings and fields; and when I grew up, I put my hand upon the whole of the property, ate well and drank well, associated with the young men, wore handsome apparel, and passed my life with my friends and companions, 10 feeling confident that this course would continue and profit me; and I ceased not to live in this

manner for a length of time. I then returned to my reason, and recovered from my heedlessness, and found that my wealth had passed away, and my condition had changed, and all [the money] that I had possessed had gone. I recovered not to see my situation but in a state of fear and confusion of mind, and remembered a tale that I had heard before, the tale of our lord Suleyman the son of Da'ud¹ (on both of whom be peace!), respecting his saying, Three things are better than three: the day of death is better than the day of birth; and a living dog is better than a dead lion; and the

¹ The Solomon and David of The Bible.

grave is better than the palace. Then I arose, and collected what I had, of effects and apparel, and sold them; after which I sold my buildings and all that my hand possessed, and amassed three thousand pieces of silver; and it occurred to my mind to travel to the countries of other people.

Upon this, I resolved, and arose, and bought for myself goods and commodities and merchandise, with such other things as were required for travel; and my mind had consented to my performing a sea-voyage. So I embarked in a ship, and it descended to the city of El-Basrah, with a company of merchants; and we traversed the sea for many days and nights. We had passed by island after island, and from sea to sea, and from land to land, and in every place by which we passed we sold and bought, and exchanged merchandise. We continued our voyage until we arrived at an island like one of the gardens of Paradise, and at that island the master of the ship brought her to anchor with us. He cast the anchor, and put forth the landing-plank, and all who were in the ship landed upon that island. They had prepared for themselves fire-pots, and they lighted the fires in them; and their occupations were various: some cooked; others washed; and others amused themselves. I was among those who were amusing themselves upon the shores of the island, and the passengers were assembled to eat and drink and play and sport. But while we were thus engaged, lo, the master of the ship, standing upon its side, called out with his loudest voice, O ye passengers, whom may God preserve! come up quickly into the ship, hasten to embark, and leave your merchandise, and flee with your lives, and save yourselves from destruction; for this apparent island, upon which ye are, is not really an island, but it is a great fish that hath become stationary in the midst of the sea, and the sand hath accumulated upon it, so that it hath become like an island, and trees have grown upon it since times of old; and when ye lighted the fire upon it, the fish felt the heat, and put itself in motion, and now it will descend with you into the sea, and ye will all be drowned: then seek for yourselves escape before destruction, and leave the merchandise.—The passengers, therefore, hearing the words of the master of the ship, hastened to go up into the vessel, leaving the merchandise, and their other goods, and their copper cooking-pots, and their fire-pots; and some reached the ship, and others reached it not. The island had moved, and descended to the bottom of the sea, with all that were upon it, and the

roaring sea, agitated with waves, closed over it. I was among the number of those who remained behind upon the island; so I sank in the sea with the rest who sank. But God (whose name be exalted!) delivered me and saved me from drowning and supplied me with a great wooden bowl, of the bowls in which the passengers had been washing, and I laid hold upon it and got into it, induced by the sweetness of life, and beat the water with my feet as with oars, while the waves sported with me, tossing me to the right and left. The master of the vessel had caused her sails to be spread, and pursued his voyage with those who had embarked, not regarding such as had been submerged; and I ceased not to look at that vessel until it was concealed from my eye. I made sure of destruction, and night came upon me while I was in this state; but I remained so a day and a night, and the wind and the waves aided me until the bowl came to a stoppage with me under a high island, whereon were trees overhanging the sea. So I laid hold upon a branch of a lofty tree, and clung to it, after I had been at the point of destruction; and I kept hold upon it until I landed on the island, when I found my legs benumbed, and saw marks of the nibbling of fish upon their hams, of which I had been insensible by reason of the violence of the anguish and fatigue that I was suffering.

I threw myself upon the island like one dead, and was unconscious of my existence, and drowned in my stupefaction; and I ceased not to remain in this condition until the next day. The sun having then risen upon me, I awoke upon the island, and found that my feet were swollen, and that I had become reduced to the state in which I then was. Awhile I dragged myself along in a sitting posture, and then I crawled upon my knees. And there were in the island fruits in abundance, and springs of sweet water: therefore I ate of those fruits; and I ceased not to continue in this state for many days and nights. My spirit had then revived, my soul had returned to me, and my power of motion was renewed; and I began to meditate, and to walk along the shore of the island, amusing myself among the trees with the sight of the things that God (whose name be exalted!) had created; and I had made for myself a staff from those trees, to lean upon it. Thus I remained until I walked, one day, upon the shore of the island, and there appeared unto me an indistinct object in the distance. I imagined that it was a wild beast, or one of the beasts of the sea; and I walked towards it,

ceasing not to gaze at it; and, lo, it was a mare, of superb appearance, tethered in a part of the island by the sea-shore. I approached her; but she cried out against me with a great cry, and I trembled with fear of her, and was about to return, when, behold, a man came forth from beneath the earth, and he called to me and pursued me, saying to me, Who art thou, and whence hast thou come, and what is the cause of thine arrival in this place? So I answered him, O my master, know that I am a stranger, and I was in a ship, and was submerged in the sea with certain others of the passengers; but God supplied me with a wooden bowl, and I got into it, and it bore me along until the waves cast me upon this island. And when he heard my words, he laid hold of my hand and said to me, Come with me. I therefore went with him, and he descended with me into a grotto beneath the earth, and conducted me into a large subterranean chamber, and, having seated me at the upper end of that chamber, brought me some food. I was hungry; so I ate until I was satiated and contented, and my soul became at ease. Then he asked me respecting my case, and what had happened to me; wherefore I acquainted him with my whole affair from beginning to end; and he wondered at my story.

And when I had finished my tale, I said, I conjure thee by Allah, O my master, that thou be not displeased with me: I have acquainted thee with the truth of my case and of what hath happened to me, and I desire of thee that thou inform me who thou art, and what is the cause of thy dwelling in this chamber that is beneath the earth, and what is the reason of thy tethering this mare by the sea-side. So he replied, Know that we are a party dispersed in this island, upon its shores, and we are the grooms of the King El-Mihraj, having under our care all his horses; and every month, when moonlight commenceth, we bring the swift mares, and tether them in this island, every mare that has not foaled, and conceal ourselves in this chamber beneath the earth, that they may attract the sea-horses. This is the time of the coming forth of the sea-horse; and afterwards, if it be the will of God (whose name be exalted!), I will take thee with me to the King El-Mihraj, and divert thee with the sight of our country. Know, moreover, that if thou hadst not met with us, thou hadst not seen anyone in this place, and wouldst have died in misery, none knowing of thee. But I will be the means of the preservation of thy life, and of thy return to thy country.—I therefore prayed for him,

and thanked him for his kindness and beneficence; and while we were thus talking, the horse came forth from the sea, as he had said. And shortly after, his companions came each leading a mare; and, seeing me with him, they inquired of me my story, and I told them what I had related to him. They then drew near to me, and spread the table, and ate, and invited me: so I ate with them, after which, they arose, and mounted the horses, taking me with them, having mounted me on a mare.

We commenced our journey, and proceeded without ceasing until we arrived at the city of the King El-Mihraj, and they went in to him and acquainted him with my story. He therefore desired my presence, and they took me in to him, and stationed me before him; whereupon I saluted him, and he returned my salutation, and welcomed me, greeting me in an honorable manner, and inquired of me respecting my case. So I informed him of all that had happened to me, and of all that I had seen, from beginning to end; and he wondered at that which had befallen me and happened to me, and said to me, O my son, by Allah thou hast experienced an extraordinary preservation, and had it not been for the predestined length of thy life, thou hadst not escaped from these difficulties; but praise be to God for thy safety! Then he treated me with beneficence and honor, caused me to draw near to him, and began to cheer me with conversation and courtesy; and he made me his superintendent of the sea-port, and registrar of every vessel that came to the coast. I stood in his presence to transact his affairs, and he favored me and benefited me in every respect; he invested me with a handsome and costly dress, and I became a person high in credit with him in intercessions, and in accomplishing the affairs of the people. I ceased not to remain in his service for a long time; and whenever I went to the shore of the sea, I used to inquire of the merchants and travelers and sailors respecting the direction of the city of Baghdad, that perchance someone might inform me of it, and I might go with him thither and return to my country; but none knew it, nor knew anyone who went to it. At this I was perplexed, and I was weary of the length of my absence from home; and in this state I continued for a length of time, until I went in one day to the King El-Mihraj, and found with him a party of Indians. I saluted them, and they returned my salutation and welcomed me, and asked me respecting my country; after which, I

questioned them as to their country, and they told me that they consisted of various races. Among them are the Shakiriyeh, who are the most noble of their races, who oppress no one, nor offer violence to any. And among them are a class called the Brahmans, a people who never drink wine; but they are persons of pleasure and joy and sport and merriment, and possessed of camels and horses and cattle. They informed me also that the Indians are divided into seventy-two classes; and I wondered at this extremely. And I saw, in the dominions of the King El-Mihraj, an island, among others, which is called Kasil, in which is heard the beating of tambourines and drums throughout the night, and the islanders and travelers informed us that Ed-Dejjal is in it. I saw too, in the sea in which is that island, a fish two hundred cubits long, and the fishermen fear it; wherefore they knock some pieces of wood, and it fleeth from them; and I saw a fish whose face was like that of the owl. I likewise saw during that voyage many wonderful and strange things, such that, if I related them to you, the description would be too long.

I continued to amuse myself with the sight of those islands and the things they contained, until I stood one day upon the shore of the sea, with a staff in my hand, as was my custom, and lo, a great vessel approached, wherein were many merchants; and when it arrived at the harbor of the city and its place of anchoring, the master furled its sails, brought it to an anchor by the shore, and put forth the landing-plank; and the sailors brought out everything that was in that vessel to the shore. They were slow in taking forth the goods, while I stood writing their account, and I said to the master of the ship, Doth aught remain in thy vessel? He answered, Yes, O my master; I have some goods in the hold of the ship; but their owner was drowned in the sea at one of the islands during our voyage hither, and his goods are in our charge; so we desire to sell them, and to take a note of their price, in order to convey it to his family in the city of Baghdad, the Abode of Peace. I therefore said to the master, What was the name of that man, the owner of the goods? He answered, His name was Es-Sindibad of the Sea, and he was drowned on his voyage with us in the sea. And when I heard his words, I looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and recognized him; and I cried out at him with a great cry, and said, O master, know that I am the owner of the goods which thou hast mentioned, and I am Es-Sindibad

of the Sea, who descended upon the island from the ship, with the other merchants who descended; and when the fish that we were upon moved, and thou calledst out to us, some got into the vessel, and the rest sank, and I was among those who sank. But God (whose name be exalted!) preserved me and saved me from drowning by means of a large wooden bowl, of those in which passengers were washing, and I got into it, and began to beat the water with my feet, and the wind and the waves aided me until I arrived at this island, when I landed on it, and God (whose name be exalted!) assisted me, and I met the grooms of the King El-Mihraj, who took me with them and brought me to this city. They then led me into the King El-Mihraj, and I acquainted him with my story; whereupon he bestowed benefits upon me, and appointed me clerk of the harbor of this city, and I obtained profit in his service, and favor with him. Therefore these goods that thou hast are my goods and my portion.

But the master said, There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! There is no longer faith nor conscience in anyone!—Wherefore, O master, said I, when thou hast heard me tell thee my story? He answered, Because thou heardest me say that I had goods whose owner was drowned: therefore thou desirest to take them without price; and this is unlawful to thee; for we saw him when he sank, and there were with him many of the passengers, not one of whom escaped. How then dost thou pretend that thou art the owner of the goods?—So I said to him, O master, hear my story, and understand my words, and my veracity will become manifest to thee; for falsehood is a characteristic of the hypocrites. Then I related to him all that I had done from the time that I went forth with him from the city of Baghdad until we arrived at that island upon which we were submerged in the sea, and I mentioned to him some circumstances that had occurred between me and him. Upon this, therefore, the master and the merchants were convinced of my veracity, and recognized me; and they congratulated me on my safety, all of them saying, By Allah, we believed not that thou hadst escaped drowning; but God hath granted thee a new life. They then gave me the goods, and I found my name written upon them, and nought of them was missing. So I opened them, and took forth from them something precious and costly; the sailors of the ship carried it with me, and I went up with it to the King to offer it as a present, and inform him that

this ship was the one in which I was a passenger. I told him also that my goods had arrived all entire, and that this present was a part of them. And the King wondered at this affair extremely; my veracity in all that I had said became manifest to him, and he loved me greatly, and treated me with exceeding honor, giving me a large present in return for mine.

Then I sold my bales, as well as the other goods that I had, and gained upon them abundantly; and I purchased other goods and merchandise and commodities of that city. And when the merchants of the ship desired to set forth on their voyage, I stowed all that I had in the vessel, and, going in to the King, thanked him for his beneficence and kindness; after which I begged him to grant me permission to depart on my voyage to my country and my family. So he bade me farewell, and gave me an abundance of things at my departure, of the commodities of that city; and when I had taken leave of him, I embarked in the ship, and we set sail by the permission of God, whose name

be exalted! Fortune served us, and destiny aided us, and we ceased not to prosecute our voyage night and day until we arrived in safety at the city of El-Basrah. There we landed and remained a short time; and I rejoiced at my safety, and my return to my country; and after that, I repaired to the city of Baghdad, the Abode of Peace, with abundance of bales and goods and merchandise of great value. Then I went to my quarter, and entered my house, and all my family and companions came to me. I procured for myself servants and other dependants, and memluks and concubines and male black slaves, so that I had a large establishment; and I purchased houses and other immovable possessions, more than I had at first. I enjoyed the society of my companions and friends, exceeding my former habits, and forgot all that I had suffered from fatigue, and absence from my native country, and difficulty, and the terrors of travel. I occupied myself with delights and pleasures, and delicious meats and exquisite drinks, and continued in this state.

PART THREE

THE MEDIEVAL WORLD

In conventional chronology the period of European history from about 450 to 1450 is known as the Middle Ages. The term is significant, for it was introduced by leaders of the Renaissance and by eighteenth-century intellectuals who considered everything between classic times and their own as "middle." According to them, it was an age of barbarism and darkness in which mankind had retrogressed.

This view of the age recalls the famous description of chaotic society by the seventeenth-century English philosopher Thomas Hobbes, in his *Leviathan*: "In such condition, there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation nor use of the commodities that must be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and what is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty and short." This depressing picture is supported by many facts, but these apply only to two or three centuries—from the sixth to the ninth. And even then, conditions were not uniform throughout Europe: In the southeastern part, the Byzantine, or Eastern Roman Empire, held its own, although it was steeped in decadence; in southwest Europe, vestiges of Roman civilization stood out like oases in the desert; everywhere the Church kept some order and maintained outposts of culture; and the Teutonic tribes that conquered the Roman world were either partially Romanized or had some orderly native customs.

After the tenth century, moreover, Europe began to move toward notable achievements. A world that produced the wonderful Gothic cathedrals, epics, romances, lyric poetry, medieval drama, and the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, can hardly be called primitive. By the thirteenth century, in fact, Europe had experienced an early renaissance.

The literature that is most strictly medieval in spirit is that which emanated from medieval institutions. These were the medieval Church (which we have already considered); the world of the Celtic peoples of Ireland, Wales, and Brittany in northern France; the religious and warlike traditions of the Germanic peoples before and during their mastery of Europe; and the institutions of feudalism and chivalry. It is a literature that, in one sense, requires no introduction. We respond directly to its tales of heroism, to its wonder and magic, and to its chivalry and romance. However, we shall understand it better and shall be able to place it more intelligently in the stream of world literature, if we are familiar with its background. The history of this period consists largely of the conquests of the Germanic peoples, their adoption of Christianity, the mingling of the Germanic races with the older populations of the Roman empire, the establishment of a social pattern which we call feudalism, and the rise of those kingdoms and empires that laid the foundations for the states of modern Europe.

When in A.D. 493 Theodoric, a Gothic chieftain, became King of Rome, the classic empire in the West was split into numerous petty, unstable kingdoms. It was, in the sixth century, a "shattered

civilization, without law, without administration, with roads destroyed and education disorganized."¹ It was an age of pillage and brigandage, with one group of invaders harrying the other.

A new organization became necessary if men were to survive at all, and it arose from the instinct for banding together and from the residue of civilized ideas and habits that many people retained. The freemen of towns or villages and the rulers of tiny communities began to align themselves with some comparatively powerful lord. They placed themselves under his protection, and thus arose the feudal system, which acquired a legal status as well as the traditions and customs now preserved only in the literature of romance. This form of association was partly inherited from the Roman economic and social system under which clients congregated around some wealthy patron, and partly from the Germanic military grouping of many warriors around some chieftain.

The system was pyramidal, in the sense that one lord would owe allegiance to a higher lord, who in turn was the vassal of a still more powerful leader; finally, a king stood on the apex of this pyramid of allegiances. It was even possible for one king to be the vassal of another; thus, for some time, the kings of England were supposed to be vassals of the kings of France. The relationships were often confused and loose; there was little uniformity of practice; and the system was frequently, in the words of H. G. Wells, little better than "confusion roughly organized."

Such a "system" obviously needed the cement of customs and ideals. "The foundation of the feudal relationship proper was the *fief*, which was usually land. . . . In return for the fief, the man became the *vassal* of his lord; he knelt before him, and, with his hands between the lord's hands, promised him fealty and service. . . . In the ceremony of homage² and investiture, which is the creative contract of feudalism, the obligations assumed by the two parties were, as a rule, not specified in exact terms. They were determined by local custom. . . . We may say, however, that they fall into classes, general and specific. The general included all that might come under the idea of loyalty, seeking the lord's interests, keeping his secrets, betraying the plans of his enemies, protecting his family, etc. The specific services . . . usually re-

ceived exact definition in custom and sometimes in written documents. The most characteristic of these was the military service, which included appearance in the field on summons with a certain force, often armed in a specific way, and remaining a specified length of time." It was largely a private obligation, entered into voluntarily or forced upon the vassal by war. It always needed reaffirmation by custom, ceremony, or threat, or a show of force. But where this system was effectively enforced, under a strong ruler, stable kingdoms could actually flourish for a time.

The first real state to emerge was the Frankish kingdom in France, founded by Clovis (465-511), who extended his frontiers from Belgium to the Pyrenees. After his death, the kingdom split into two parts—Austrasia or the Rhineland, which retained the Low German speech, and Neurasia, the land of the Western Franks who had become more Romanized in culture and race, and who spoke the corrupted Latin of the conquered population, which later became the French tongue.³ The court leaders of the successors of Clovis took over the government. It was one of these mayors, Charles Martel, who stopped the Moslems in the decisive battle of Poitiers in 732. His grandson, Charlemagne, actually established an empire that, during his lifetime, took the place of the one the Cæsars had lost to the Germanic invaders. He subjugated the Saxons and Bavarians, conquered northern Italy (Lombardy), and on Christmas Day in 800 was crowned Emperor of Rome by Pope Leo III.

More lasting than his empire-building and campaigns was Charlemagne's effort to introduce learning into his kingdom by attracting teachers to his court. From England, where the monasteries already had excellent scholars, he brought the learned Alcuin, and he established in his palace a school engaged in literary and theological discussion. He collected the war-songs and tales of the early Teutons. He encouraged architecture, importing architects from Italy; built numerous cathedrals, and founded monastic schools.

These beginnings were not fated to develop as rapidly as Charlemagne expected, and his empire fell apart. Europe began to be harassed by new invasions from the north. The seafaring Vikings, whose destructiveness became proverbial, pushed into England, invaded northern France, and estab-

¹ H. G. Wells, *Outline of Civilization*, p. 607.

² That is, of becoming somebody's man (*homme*).

³ Where the Franks were not Latinized, they became the Flemings of Belgium, and the Dutch of southern Holland.

lished the kingdom of Normandy, in 885. Nevertheless, Europe recovered from these fresh onslaughts within a century. The Danes in England were assimilated, and in Wessex, Alfred the Great inaugurated a veritable revival of learning. In Normandy, the Northmen or Normans (who lent their name to this province) quickly adopted Frankish customs, intermarried with the French, and developed feudalism to a high degree. When they invaded England in 1066, they brought with them a culture manifestly superior to that of the Anglo-Saxons.

Throughout this early period, the Church was making itself a powerful center of culture. Its first medieval leader, Gregory I (540-604), started missions that Christianized and civilized the barbaric tribes. It was with his sanction that his friend St. Benedict was able to establish the civilizing Benedictine monasteries that took the place of the Roman schools. The Benedictine monks served God actively with their minds and hands, in accordance with the Benedictine formula that to work was to pray (*laborare est orare*). They were pioneers in agriculture, not disdaining to soil their hands with common toil and thus raising labor to some dignity in the eyes of warriors who considered fighting the only manly occupation. These monks also became craftsmen, and busy towns grew up around their monasteries; they even started medieval architecture, some of them working as master masons. In addition, they preserved, copied, and illustrated manuscripts. Although the Benedictine monasteries were ultimately corrupted by wealth, they were unassailable outposts of culture for centuries.

In the eleventh century a strong cleric, Pope Gregory VII (1020-1085), reformed the Church, making it powerful enough to curb emperors and to give Europe some sorely needed spiritual and moral guidance. His successor Urban II (1042-1099) introduced a new spiritual ferment by inspiring the first Crusade. This brought the many warring feudal lords together; and although they never ceased quarreling, their meeting as allies was beneficial. Contact with Moslem civilization proved particularly enriching, and European culture began to flower again.

Meanwhile, in southern France (the Provence), during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, industry started to flourish; universities, at which Jewish scholars taught, arose in Narbonne and Montpellier; and feudal chivalry began to express itself in refined manners and a new literature based not

on Teutonic mythology and war stories, but on tales of pleasure and love. The poetry of its *troubadours* spread into Italy, northern France, and Germany. From Germany, moreover, came the half-Italian, autocratic Emperor Frederick II, who gathered Jewish, Mohammedan, and Christian scholars at his court in Sicily. Arabic numerals and algebra were introduced there, and Aristotle was studied in translations and in Arabian-Jewish commentaries. Frederick established the University of Naples and expanded the ancient medical school at Salermo. Himself a writer of Italian poetry, he could point with some pride to the *minnesingers*, in the German part of his realm, writers of love poetry, whose lyrics and romances are a memorable portion of medieval literature. The greatest of them, Walther von der Vogelweide, expressed the same liberal opinions as the emperor, and the same revolt against too much priestly authority. In northern France, too, a succession of rulers encouraged the development of culture; they patronized poets known as *trouvères*. A great university arose in Paris, and its most brilliant twelfth-century teacher Peter Abelard shaped theological disputation into a fine instrument for intellectual analysis.

The gradual elevation of woman's social position was another powerful ferment. Woman had been maligned by the zealous celibates of the early Church, considered the greatest obstacle to salvation, and blamed for causing Adam to be driven out of Paradise. This attitude was summarized by a monk who declared that at the beginning "There was but one woman; yet she had no rest until she succeeded in banishing her husband from the garden of delights and in condemning Christ to the torture of the Cross"—that is, by making it necessary for God to redeem mankind. In practice, however, this attitude could not be maintained, nor was it conducive to morality. The sexual behavior of the new noblemen and kings of Europe was often immoral, if not bestial; and the Church was not unwilling to foster the cult of the Virgin, which arose out of people's need for a gentle intermediary between themselves and Christ. The worship of Mary was expressed in pious poems, in tender legends, and in an entire cycle of French plays, *The Miracles of the Virgin*.

The later Middle Ages witnessed a marked improvement in woman's status. She was now respected and idealized, and from her new eminence she could exert a wholesome influence. Manners improved, and the entire etiquette of chivalry

arose; it may have been excessive and artificial, but it served to counteract barbarism.

Even more important, however, was the social development that arose out of the economic organization of the Middle Ages. In time prosperous trading towns arose on the Baltic, North Sea, and Mediterranean coasts, and these were augmented by cities given over to both trade and industry in northern Italy, France, Flanders, and England. Large urban populations arose in the thirteenth century: Paris had 220,000 people; London 50,000; Florence, Venice, and Milan each had over 100,000. Many merchants were wealthier than the barons and indulged in luxuries envied by the aristocracy. Craftsmen, organized in craft associations known as *guilds*, became increasingly ingenious and prosperous, acquired pride of class, and struggled successfully with feudal overlords. A new middle class was born, a class that enlarged rapidly and was destined in time to substitute modern capitalist economy and democracy for feudalism. It was in these towns that the medieval theater became a notable institution, popularizing the Bible and secularizing its stories to such a degree that the biblical heroes were represented on the stage as medieval peasants and merchants.

In the twelfth century the medieval institution of serfdom began to collapse. Rumblings of protest stirred, for the serfs' lords were often capricious and selfish, and no allowances were made for bad seasons. Peasant revolts were so frequent that "Beware of the villein"⁴ became a common saying, and so this formerly innocent name for a serf assumed its modern meaning. Great estates were crumbling, for many barons died in the Crusades or bankrupted themselves with their incessant fighting and sold their land to merchants, or allowed serfs to purchase their freedom. Kings, who were beginning to count on commoners for support against the feudal aristocracy, and sympathetic townspeople helped the peasantry win its freedom, with the result that by the close of the thirteenth century large sections of the rural population enjoyed true independence. Within a generation, as a result of dynastic and national conflicts, many freemen were pushed back into serfdom by indebtedness and legalistic trickery. But the leaven of freedom continued to rise. Even when the peasants suffered such disasters as the brutal crushing of Wat Tyler's revolt in England and of the fierce revolt of the French peasantry known as the *Jac-*

querie, their protest and their dream of human freedom and self-respect could not be suppressed. Democratic forces were released and made themselves felt in an increasing middle class and in a class of free farmers. Even in a military sense, the old feudal aristocracy could no longer remain unchallenged after the long-bow of the English yeoman overthrew the panoplied pomp of the French nobility during the Hundred Years War. What remained after the fifteenth century were feudal privileges, but political power passed into the hands of strong monarchs like the Tudors, and economic power into the shops and savings-accounts of the middle class.

This, in brief, is the story of the formative centuries of modern Europe; their literature reflects their diversified and complex life. The main trends of this literature fall into five classifications:

1. The literature of the Church, written in medieval Latin. This we have already considered in *The Christian Church*.

2. The myths and sagas of the Germanic tribes. These are of remote antiquity; they stem from the pre-Christian stage of the Germanic tribes, although they were written down largely during the Christian period. Much of this literature therefore has Christian elements, but these are largely superficial, and pagan customs and beliefs predominate. The zeal of Christian copyists preserved only a part of this literature; however, this remainder possesses a primitive directness and an epic force.

3. The myths and tales of the Celts, whose exotic literature was later incorporated into the romances of chivalry and transformed in the process. In its pure state, it is pagan and magical.

4. The literature of feudalism and chivalry. Its chief forms are: refined poetry written by courtly poets chiefly on love and woman-worship; such epics of chivalry (*chansons de geste*) as *The Song of Roland*; and romances like the numerous stories written about King Arthur and his knights.

5. The literature of the people, consisting of simple songs, ballads, and tales. The latter fall into two classes: pious stories or legends and *fabliaux* or humorous verse tales, mostly of roguery, which reflect the life of the peasant and merchant. The legends satisfied the hard-pressed commoner's need for religious consolation; the *fabliaux*, his desire for humor and the kind of release one finds in

⁴ This name for the serf was derived from the Roman word for an estate—*villa*. From this also came the word *village*.

mockery. The legends were, in a sense, the romances of the downtrodden; the *fabliaux*, their literature of social protest.

Typical of the legends are the story of St. Hugh, the murdered Christian child who was pieced together and made whole by the Virgin, and the lovely tale of *Our Lady's Tumbler*. In this legend, a minstrel-acrobat enters a monastery; unable, because of ignorance, to recite the Latin prayers, the simple monk goes into the crypt and leaps and dances in honor of the Virgin, thereby winning sainthood.

Good *fabliaux* are: *The Three Thieves*, in which each thief outwits the other; *The Divided Horse-cloth*, in which an ungrateful son who drives off his aged father is promised similar treatment by his own son who has watched his behavior; and *The Ass's Last Will and Testament*, written by the French minstrel Rutebeuf who mocks the greed of the clergy.

Fairy tales and the story of *Reynard the Fox*, showing how cunning and craft may prevail against brute strength such as the nobles possessed, also belong to the literature of the people. In *Reynard the Fox*, we find the same spirit that animates the democratic *fabliaux*. Indeed, the demo-

cratic spirit even found its way into one of the episodes of so delicate a romance as *Aucassin and Nicolette*. In another romance of the eleventh century (*Roman de Rose*) the rebellious peasants who killed the bishop of Laon and burned the castles of their masters, declare: "We are men, we are men even as they are; such limbs as they have we have; as great bodies have we; and we can endure as much. Nothing fails us and we can endure as much. Nothing fails us but heart alone. Let us ally ourselves by oath. Let us defend our own and ourselves. Let us keep together, and if they wish to fight, we have against one knight thirty or forty peasants, vigorous and strong to fight."

Still another form of popular literature is the drama of the Middle Ages, which began in the Church and ended in the market-place. As it emerged out of an early liturgical form and began to be written in the vernaculars, the entire body of miracle plays about saints and the Virgin and "mystery plays" about biblical episodes became permeated with popular elements.

It is necessary to remember that the Middle Ages were no less complex than other eras, and that saga and romance are merely the wild and the cultivated flowers of a vast terrain.

GERMANIC MYTH AND SAGA

The character of the medieval world was formed by the fusion of three racial elements—the Roman, the Celtic, and Germanic, of which the last was the most vigorous. It is true that the older non-Germanic population in many cases absorbed and transformed the Germanic invaders in western Europe, and that the Church modified their outlook and way of life. However, they did not lose their identity in Germany and Scandinavia, and they continued to harass the rest of Europe and to shape medieval history for many centuries.

Their warlike spirit permeated European life and literature. Their grim humor, violent passions,

and glorification of brute courage retreated into the background only after chivalry had completely captivated the nobility, and after the rising middle class had thrust into the foreground the peaceful interests of trade and industry. Even the Teutonic superstitions and pagan rites held their own, in one form or another. They were retained in folk customs such as sword-dances, Christmas mummings, and Maypole dancing; in the widespread belief in demons during the Middle Ages; and in the Church itself, after it had accommodated itself to the traditions of the pagans it had converted. Thus, "the Christian commemoration of the tremendous drama of Calvary took even its name from Easte.

the gracious goddess of spring so well loved that her converted votaries would not have her degraded to the rank of a demon."¹

Germanic mythology managed to survive intact in Scandinavia and Iceland because it was there that Germanic culture remained least modified. Here the myths were regarded by the Christian converts as a great allegory of nature.

We may be grateful that this mythology was not destroyed with the advent of Christianity, for it has given us magnificent stories. The rugged poems that include these tales have the loftiness of the Northern mountain ridges; not merely a "greatness of mere body and gigantic bulk," as Carlyle says, "but a rude greatness of soul." European chivalry may have ignored or even forgotten them, but they remained intact throughout the Middle Ages. They were added to our heritage in the eighteenth century by romanticists like the compiler of British ballads, Bishop Percy, and the poet Thomas Gray.

The myths, so important to the understanding of the Germanic peoples that we include Bulfinch's account of them, were the common property of all the early German nations.

Linguistic scholars divide the Germanic stock into three large groups. The East Germanic or Gothic tribes were important during the final contest with the Roman Empire, but soon ceased to be an active force and eventually lost their identity.

North and west of the Goths were the West Germanic peoples. Of these the High Germanic branch has continued to occupy southern Germany, and its language has gradually spread over the whole of the present German Empire. The Low Germanic peoples are the Low Germans who live in northern Germany;² the old tribes of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, who migrated to England in the fifth and sixth centuries; the Frisians and Dutch of Holland; and the Flemish inhabitants of Belgium. It should be noted that our English language belongs to this low Germanic branch.

The North Germanic, Norse, or Scandinavian group, consists of the Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, and Icelanders.

¹ E. B. Osborne, *The Middle Ages*, p. 22. An interesting example of popular medieval mythology combining classic and Teutonic elements is to be found in the *Tannhauser* story, celebrated in opera by Richard Wagner. The Germanic goddess Hulda was identified with Venus, who was degraded by medieval Christianity to the rank of a witch or enchantress. It is in this capacity that she seduced the minstrel and knight *Tannhauser*.

² Called Low Germans because they occupied the countries downstream. "Middle" High German, the literary language of much medieval literature, bears to modern German the same relationship that Chaucer's English (called "Middle English") bears to modern English.

³ The word *Edda*, which means great-grandmother, suggests the antiquity of the stories.

From about 900 to 1300, and even somewhat later, the Scandinavians evinced great industry in writing and produced the best Germanic poetry, especially in Iceland, which maintained close cultural contact with Scandinavia. These people, as early as the eighth century, had begun to disturb the peace of Europe. In several great waves of invasion covering some three centuries, they subdued large parts of England and Ireland and left an indelible imprint on Scotland. They settled Normandy in northern France and, after several generations in which they had become good Frenchmen, conquered the Anglo-Saxons in 1066 and took possession of England. Meantime they had occupied Iceland and had begun the development of a vigorous colony in that remote island. By 1000 they were exploring the shores of North America.

The literature produced by the Norse peoples is remarkable for vigor and intensity. It reflects a strong and adventurous race, superstitious, filled with thoughts of doom, and fond of their bard's (or *skald's*) recitals of actual adventures, to which were added numerous legendary details. They celebrate passion and heroism, are frequently cruel, and describe a world as hard as the northern winter.

Most characteristic of Norse writing are the poems of the *Elder Edda*³ (*circa* 900-1250). The *Elder* or *Poetic Edda*, which was recovered by an Icelandic bishop in 1643, is a collection of numerous poems, heroic legends, and moralistic statements. The poems must have been composed in different periods, since they vary in style and spirit; and many of them have come down to us in a fragmentary state. But they are invariably dignified and exalted, and the verses have one characteristic common to early Germanic poetry, namely, *alliteration*. There is a correspondence between the sound of words in the two halves of many of the lines, though rhyme is also used. Each line is divided into two halves by a pause (or *casura*), and contains two accented syllables, beginning with the same letter, and three or four unaccented ones.

The *Elder Edda* appears to have been created between 800 and 1100. It opens with the *Voluspá* or

The Vision of the Prophetess, a kind of Norse Genesis, which describes the beginnings of the world and its doom. Another group of poems, *Hávamál* or *The Sayings of the High One*, is a book of proverbs concerning social conduct and morals. A whole cycle of heroic poems contains the old Norse version of the Siegfried story which later appeared in the German poem the *Nibelungenlied* and in Wagner's operatic cycle, *The Ring of the Nibelungs*. These are vividly descriptive and show remarkable penetration into human feeling and motivation. Our selections, *The Short Lay of Sigurd* and *The Hell-Ride of Brynhild*, correspond to the story told in Wagner's opera *Götterdämmerung* (*The Dusk of the Gods*).

A somewhat later type of writing is the court poetry of the *skalds* or court minstrels. It differs in a number of respects from Eddic verse. It is not anonymous but the work of known poets. The Eddic poems present Norse mythology, heroic love, and ethics; skaldic poetry celebrates kings and chieftains. The former is simple, the other, intricate and full of poetic diction, abounding in far-fetched metaphorical expressions (known as *kennings*). In the original, the form of the poems is elaborate and complicated, for the skalds were not only master narrators but skilled versifiers.

A third form of Norse literature is the great body of Icelandic *sagas* (stories), historical and biographical prose narratives, mingled with fiction or entirely fictitious. Written between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, the sagas were the outgrowth of a long oral tradition. Story-tellers or "saga-men" were popular in Iceland because they furnished the chief form of entertainment, but they did not, as a rule, attach their names to their tales. The sagas are sheer narrative writing, objective instead

of moralizing, and admirably concise. The stories are carefully constructed, the characters sharply etched, being revealed through action and speech. Most of the stories are intensely tragic, although one of the best (*the Bandamanna*) is a rollicking satire on Icelandic political leaders.

Poets in Germany also enriched medieval literature, but their contributions were in no case as original as those made by the Scandinavians. After 1150, German literature began to flourish under the influence of Christianity, chivalry, and French lyricism and romance. Its outstanding epic, the *Nibelungenlied* (c. 1200), retells the old Norse tale of Sigurd, with Christian and chivalric coloring. The Norse warrior, Sigurd, is here the medieval knight, Sir Siegfried; the Valkyrie Brunhilde (Brynhild in the Norse poems), whom he wooed and abandoned and who encompassed his destruction, is considerably tamed in the German version, and is deprived of all supernatural qualities except her strength. Siegfried's wife Kriemhilde, before his murder makes her vengeful, is a courtly lady.

When these epics came to be written down, Germany was also witnessing the flowering of some folk poetry and of excellent lyric poetry known as *Minnesong*, written under the influence of the poetry of southern France. This movement produced many lyric poets, among whom there were some who brought freshness and depth to love poetry. Still, it is the epic writings of Germanic peoples that made the greatest impression on English literature, and their pristine spirit is best exemplified by the Norse heroic poems. They are not only the original storehouse of Germanic myth, but a universal poetry, revealing elemental conceptions and passions never wholly absent in man.

STORIES FROM NORSE MYTHOLOGY

Thor's Visit to Jotunheim

One day the god Thor, with his servant Thialfi, and accompanied by Loki, set out on a journey to the giant's country. Thialfi was of all men the swiftest of foot. He bore Thor's wallet, containing their provisions. When night came on they found themselves in an immense forest, and searched on all sides for a place where they might pass the night, and at last came to a very large hall, with

an entrance that took the whole breadth of one end of the building. Here they lay down to sleep, but towards midnight were alarmed by an earthquake which shook the whole edifice. Thor, rising up, called on his companions to seek with him a place of safety. On the right they found an adjoining chamber, into which the others entered, but Thor remained at the doorway with his mallet in his hand, prepared to defend himself, whatever might happen. A terrible groaning was heard dur-

ing the night, and at dawn of day Thor went out and found lying near him a huge giant, who slept and snored in the way that had alarmed them so. It is said that for once Thor was afraid to use his mallet, and as the giant soon waked up, Thor contented himself with simply asking his name.

"My name is Skrymir," said the giant, "but I need not ask thy name, for I know that thou art the god Thor. But what has become of my glove?" Thor then perceived that what they had taken overnight for a hall was the giant's glove, and the chamber where his two companions had sought refuge was the thumb. Skrymir then proposed that they should travel in company, and Thor consenting, they sat down to eat their breakfast, and when they had done, Skrymir packed all the provisions into one wallet, threw it over his shoulder, and strode on before them, taking such tremendous strides that they were hard put to it to keep up with him. So they traveled the whole day, and at dusk Skrymir chose a place for them to pass the night in under a large oak tree. Skrymir then told them he would lie down to sleep. "But take ye the wallet," he added, "and prepare your supper."

Skrymir soon fell asleep and began to snore strongly; but when Thor tried to open the wallet, he found the giant had tied it up so tight he could not untie a single knot. At last Thor became wroth, and grasping his mallet with both hands he struck a furious blow on the giant's head. Skrymir, awakening, merely asked whether a leaf had not fallen on his head, and whether they had supped and were ready to go to sleep. Thor answered that they were just going to sleep, and so saying went and laid himself down under another tree. But sleep came not that night to Thor, and when Skrymir snored again so loud that the forest re-echoed with the noise, he arose, and grasping his mallet launched it with such force at the giant's skull that it made a deep dint in it. Skrymir, awakening, cried out, "What's the matter? Are there any birds perched on this tree? I felt some moss from the branches fall on my head. How fares it with thee, Thor?" But Thor went away hastily, saying that he had just then awoke, and that it was only midnight, there was still time for sleep. He, however, resolved that if he had an opportunity of striking a third blow, it should settle all matters between them. A little before daybreak he perceived that Skrymir was again fast asleep, and again grasping his mallet, he dashed it with such violence that it forced its way into the giant's skull,

up to the handle. But Skrymir sat up, and stroking his cheek said, "An acorn fell on my head. What! Art thou awake, Thor? Methinks it is time for us to get up and dress ourselves; but you have not now a long way before you to the city called Utgard. I have heard you whispering to one another that I am not a man of small dimensions; but if you come to Utgard you will see there many men much taller than I. Wherefore I advise you, when you come there, not to make too much of yourselves, for the followers of Utgard-Loki will not brook the boasting of such little fellows as you are. You must take the road that leads eastward, mine lies northward, so we must part here."

Hereupon he threw his wallet over his shoulders and turned away from them into the forest, and Thor had no wish to stop him or to ask for any more of his company.

Thor and his companions proceeded on their way, and towards noon descried a city standing in the middle of a plain. It was so lofty that they were obliged to bend their necks quite far back on their shoulders in order to see to the top of it. On arriving they entered the city, and seeing a large palace before them with the door wide open, they went in, and found a number of men of prodigious stature, sitting on benches in the hall. Going further, they came before the king, Utgard-Loki, whom they saluted with great respect. The king, regarding them with a scornful smile, said, "If I do not mistake me, that stripling yonder must be the god Thor." Then addressing himself to Thor, he said, "Perhaps thou mayst be more than thou appearest to be. What are the feats that thou and thy fellows deem yourselves skilled in, for no one is permitted to remain here who does not, in some feat or other, excel all other men?"

"The feat that I know," said Loki, "is to eat quicker than anyone else, and in this I am ready to give a proof against anyone here who may choose to compete with me."

"That will indeed be a feat," said Utgard-Loki, "if thou performest what thou promisest, and it shall be tried forthwith."

He then ordered one of his men who was sitting at the farther end of the bench, and whose name was Logi, to come forward and try his skill with Loki. A trough filled with meat having been set on the hall floor, Loki placed himself at one end, and Logi at the other, and each of them began to eat as fast as he could, until they met in the middle of the trough. But it was found that Loki had only eaten the flesh, while his adversary had devoured

both flesh and bone, and the trough to boot. All the company therefore adjudged that Loki was vanquished.

Utgard-Loki then asked what feat the young man who accompanied Thor could perform. Thialfi answered that he would run a race with anyone who might be matched against him. The king observed that skill in running was something to boast of, but if the youth would win the match he must display great agility. He then arose and went with all who were present to a plain where there was good ground for running on, and calling a young man named Hugi, bade him run a match with Thialfi. In the first course Hugi so much outstripped his competitor that he turned back and met him not far from the starting place. Then they ran a second and a third time, but Thialfi met with no better success.

Utgard-Loki then asked Thor in what feats he would choose to give proofs of that prowess for which he was so famous. Thor answered that he would try a drinking-match with anyone. Utgard-Loki bade his cupbearer bring the large horn which his followers were obliged to empty when they had trespassed in any way against the law of the feast. The cupbearer having presented it to Thor, Utgard-Loki said, "Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught, though most men make two of it, but the most puny drinker can do it in three."

Thor looked at the horn, which seemed of no extraordinary size though somewhat long; however, as he was very thirsty, he set it to his lips, and without drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he set the horn down and looked in, he could scarcely perceive that the liquor was diminished.

After taking breath, Thor went to it again with all his might, but when he took the horn from his mouth, it seemed to him that he had drunk rather less than before, although the horn could now be carried without spilling.

"How now, Thor?" said Utgard-Loki; "thou must not spare thyself; if thou meanest to drain the horn at the third draught thou must pull deeply; and I must needs say that thou wilt not be called so mighty a man here as thou art at home if thou showest no greater prowess in other feats than methinks will be shown in this."

Thor, full of wrath, again set the horn to his lips, and did his best to empty it; but on looking in found the liquor was only a little lower, so he

resolved to make no further attempt, but gave back the horn to the cupbearer.

"I now see plainly," said Utgard-Loki, "that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee: but wilt thou try any other feat, though methinks thou art not likely to bear any prize away with thee hence."

"What new trial hast thou to propose?" said Thor.

"We have a very trifling game here," answered Utgard-Loki, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in merely lifting my cat from the ground; nor should I have dared to mention such a feat to the great Thor if I had not already observed that thou art by no means what we took thee for."

As he finished speaking, a large gray cat sprang on the hall floor. Thor put his hand under the cat's belly and did his utmost to raise him from the floor, but the cat, bending his back, had, notwithstanding all Thor's efforts, only one of his feet lifted up, seeing which Thor made no further attempt.

"This trial has turned out," said Utgard-Loki, "just as I imagined it would. The cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison to our men."

"Little as ye call me," answered Thor, "let me see who among you will come hither now I am in wrath and wrestle with me."

"I see no one here," said Utgard-Loki, looking at the men sitting on the benches, "who would not think it beneath him to wrestle with thee; let somebody, however, call hither that old crone, my nurse Elli, and let Thor wrestle with her if he will. She has thrown to the ground many a man not less strong than this Thor is."

A toothless old woman then entered the hall, and was told by Utgard-Loki to take hold of Thor. The tale is shortly told. The more Thor tightened his hold on the crone the firmer she stood. At length after a very violent struggle Thor began to lose his footing, and was finally brought down upon one knee. Utgard-Loki then told them to desist, adding that Thor had now no occasion to ask anyone else in the hall to wrestle with him, and it was also getting late; so he showed Thor and his companions to their seats, and they passed the night there in good cheer.

The next morning, at break of day, Thor and his companions dressed themselves and prepared for their departure. Utgard-Loki ordered a table to be set for them, on which there was no lack of viands or drink. After the repast Utgard-Loki led

them to the gate of the city, and on parting asked Thor how he thought his journey had turned out, and whether he had met with any men stronger than himself. Thor told him that he could not deny but that he had brought great shame on himself. "And what grieves me most," he added, "is that ye will call me a person of little worth."

"Nay," said Utgard-Loki, "it behooves me to tell thee the truth, now thou art out of the city, which so long as I live and have my way thou shalt never enter again. And, by my troth, had I known beforehand that thou hadst so much strength in thee, and wouldst have brought me so near to a great mishap, I would not have suffered thee to enter this time. Know then that I have all along deceived thee by my illusions; first in the forest, where I tied up the wallet with iron wire so that thou couldst not untie it. After this thou gavest me three blows with thy mallet; the first, though the least, would have ended my days had it fallen on me, but I slipped aside and thy blows fell on the mountain, where thou wilt find three glens, one of them remarkably deep. These are the dints made by thy mallet. I have made use of similar illusions in the contests you have had with my followers. In the first, Loki, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him, but Logi was in reality nothing else than Fire, and therefore consumed not only the meat, but the trough which held it. Hugi, with whom Thialfi contended in running, was Thought, and it was impossible for Thialfi to keep pace with that. When thou in thy turn didst attempt to empty the horn, thou didst perform, by my troth, a deed so marvelous that had I not seen it myself I should never have believed it. For one end of that horn reached the sea, which thou wast not aware of, but when thou comest to the shore thou wilt perceive how much the sea has sunk by thy draughts. Thou didst perform a feat no less wonderful by lifting up the cat, and to tell thee the truth, when we saw that one of his paws was off the floor, we were all of us terror-stricken, for what thou tookest for a cat was in reality the Midgard serpent that encompasseth the earth, and he was so stretched by thee that he was barely long enough to enclose it between his head and tail. Thy wrestling with Elli was also a most astonishing feat, for there was never yet a man, nor ever will be, whom Old Age, for such in fact was Elli, will not sooner or later lay low. But now, as we are going to part, let me tell thee that it will be better for both of us if thou never come

near me again, for shouldst thou do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions, so that thou wilt only lose thy labor and get no fame from the contest with me."

On hearing these words Thor in a rage laid hold of his mallet and would have launched it at him, but Utgard-Loki had disappeared, and when Thor would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing around him but a verdant plain.

The Death of Baldur

Baldur the Good, having been tormented with terrible dreams indicating that his life was in peril, told them to the assembled gods, who resolved to conjure all things to avert from him the threatened danger. Then Frigga, the wife of Odin, exacted an oath from fire and water, from iron and all other metals, from stones, trees, diseases, beasts, birds, poisons, and creeping things, that none of them would do any harm to Baldur. Odin, not satisfied with all this, and feeling alarmed for the fate of his son, determined to consult the prophetess Angerbode, a giantess, mother of Fenris, Hela, and the Midgard serpent. She was dead, and Odin was forced to seek her in Hela's dominions. This Descent of Odin forms the subject of Gray's fine ode beginning:

Uprose the king of men with speed
And saddled straight his coal-black steed.

But the other gods, feeling that what Frigga had done was quite sufficient, amused themselves with using Baldur as a mark, some hurling darts at him, some stones, while others hewed at him with their swords and battle-axes; for do what they would, none of them could harm him. And this became a favorite pastime with them and was regarded as an honor shown to Baldur. But when Loki beheld the scene he was sorely vexed that Baldur was not hurt. Assuming, therefore, the shape of a woman, he went to Fensalir, the mansion of Frigga. That goddess, when she saw the pretended woman, inquired of her if she knew what the gods were doing at their meetings. She replied that they were throwing darts and stones at Baldur, without being able to hurt him. "Aye," said Frigga, "neither stones, nor sticks, nor anything else can hurt Baldur, for I have exacted an oath from all of them." "What," exclaimed the woman, "have all things sworn to spare Baldur?" "All things," replied Frigga, "except one little shrub that grows on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called Mis-

mistletoe, and which I thought too young and feeble to crave an oath from."

As soon as Loki heard this he went away, and resuming his natural shape, cut off the mistletoe, and repaired to the place where the gods were assembled. There he found Hodur standing apart, without partaking of the sports, on account of his blindness, and going up to him, said, "Why dost thou not also throw something at Baldur?"

"Because I am blind," answered Hodur, "and see not where Baldur is, and have, moreover, nothing to throw."

"Come, then," said Loki, "do like the rest, and show honor to Baldur by throwing this twig at him, and I will direct thy arm towards the place where he stands."

Hodur then took the mistletoe, and under the guidance of Loki, darted it at Baldur, who, pierced through and through, fell down lifeless. Surely never was there witnessed, either among gods or men, a more atrocious deed than this. When Baldur fell, the gods were struck speechless with horror, and then they looked at each other, and all were of one mind to lay hands on him who had done the deed, but they were obliged to delay their vengeance out of respect for the sacred place where they were assembled. They gave vent to their grief by loud lamentations. When the gods came to themselves, Frigga asked who among them wished to gain all her love and good will. "For this," said she, "shall he have who will ride to Hel and offer Hela a ransom if she will let Baldur return to Asgard." Whereupon Hermod, surnamed the Nimble, the son of Odin, offered to undertake the journey. Odin's horse, Sleipnir, which has eight legs and can outrun the wind, was then led forth, on which Hermod mounted and galloped away on his mission. For the space of nine days and as many nights he rode through deep glens so dark that he could not discern anything, until he arrived at the river Gyoll, which he passed over on a bridge covered with glittering gold. The maiden who kept the bridge asked him his name and lineage, telling him that the day before five bands of dead persons had ridden over the bridge, and did not shake it as much as he alone. "But," she added, "thou hast not death's hue on thee; why then ridest thou here on the way to Hel?"

"I ride to Hel," answered Hermod, "to seek Baldur. Hast thou perchance seen him pass this way?"

She replied, "Baldur hath ridden over Gyoll's

bridge, and yonder lieth the way he took to the abodes of death."

Hermod pursued his journey until he came to the barred gates of Hel. Here he alighted, girthed his saddle tighter, and remounting clapped both spurs to his horse, who cleared the gate by a tremendous leap without touching it. Hermod then rode on to the palace, where he found his brother Baldur occupying the most distinguished seat in the hall, and passed the night in his company. The next morning he besought Hela to let Baldur ride home with him, assuring her that nothing but lamentations were to be heard among the gods. Hela answered that it should now be tried whether Baldur was so beloved as he was said to be. "If, therefore," she added, "all things in the world, both living and lifeless, weep for him, then shall he return to life; but if any one thing speak against him or refuse to weep, he shall be kept in Hel."

Hermod then rode back to Asgard and gave an account of all he had heard and witnessed.

The gods upon this despatched messengers throughout the world to beg everything to weep in order that Baldur might be delivered from Hel. All things very willingly complied with this request, both men and every other living being, as well as earths, and stones, and trees, and metals, just as we have all seen these things weep when they are brought from a cold place into a hot one. As the messengers were returning they found an old hag named Thaukt sitting in a cavern, and begged her to weep Baldur out of Hel. But she answered:

Thaukt will wail
With dry tears
Baldur's bale-fire.
Let Hela keep her own.

It was strongly suspected that this hag was no other than Loki himself, who never ceased to work evil among gods and men. So Baldur was prevented from coming back to Asgard.

The Funeral of Baldur

The gods took up the dead body and bore it to the seashore where stood Baldur's ship *Hringham*, which passed for the largest in the world. Baldur's dead body was put on the funeral pile, on board the ship, and his wife Nanna was so struck with grief at the sight that she broke her heart, and her body was burned on the same pile with her husband's. There was a vast concourse of various

kinds of people at Baldur's obsequies. First came Odin accompanied by Frigga, the Valkyrior, and his ravens; then Frey in his car drawn by Gullinbursti, the boar; Heimdall rode his horse Gulltopp, and Freya drove in her chariot drawn by cats. There were also a great many Frost giants and giants of the mountain present. Baldur's horse was led to the pile fully caparisoned and consumed in the same flames with his master.

But Loki did not escape his deserved punishment. When he saw how angry the gods were, he fled to the mountain, and there built himself a hut with four doors, so that he could see every approaching danger. He invented a net to catch the fishes, such as fishermen have used since his time. But Odin found out his hiding-place and the gods assembled to take him. He, seeing this, changed himself into a salmon, and lay hid among the stones of the brook. But the gods took his net and dragged the brook, and Loki, finding he must be caught, tried to leap over the net; but Thor caught him by the tail and compressed it, so that salmons ever since have had that part remarkably fine and thin. They bound him with chains and suspended a serpent over his head, whose venom falls upon his face drop by drop. His wife Siguna sits by his side and catches the drops as they fall, in a cup; but when she carries it away to empty it, the venom falls upon Loki, which makes him howl with horror, and twist his body about so violently that the whole earth shakes, and this produces what men call earthquakes.

The Elves

The Edda mentions another class of beings, inferior to the gods, but still possessed of great power; these were called Elves. The white spirits, or Elves of Light, were exceedingly fair, more brilliant than the sun, and clad in garments of a delicate and transparent texture. They loved the light, were kindly disposed to mankind, and generally appeared as fair and lovely children. Their country was called Alfheim, and was the domain of Freyr, the god of the sun, in whose light they were always sporting.

The black or Night Elves were a different kind of creatures. Ugly, long-nosed dwarfs, of a dirty brown color, they appeared only at night, for they avoided the sun as their most deadly enemy, because whenever his beams fell upon any of them they changed them immediately into stones. Their language was the echo of solitudes, and their

dwelling-places subterranean caves and clefts. They were supposed to have come into existence as maggots produced by the decaying flesh of Ymir's body, and were afterwards endowed by the gods with a human form and great understanding. They were particularly distinguished for a knowledge of the mysterious powers of nature, and for the runes which they carved and explained. They were the most skillful artificers of all created beings, and worked in metals and in wood. Among their most noted works were Thor's hammer, and the ship *Skidbladnir*, which they gave to Freyr, and which was so large that it could contain all the deities with their war and household implements, but so skillfully was it wrought that when folded together it could be put into a side pocket.

Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods

It was a firm belief of the northern nations that a time would come when all the visible creation, the gods of Valhalla and Niffileheim, the inhabitants of Jotunheim, Alfheim, and Midgard, together with their habitations, would be destroyed. The fearful day of destruction will not, however, be without its forerunners. First will come a triple winter, during which snow will fall from the four corners of the heavens, the frost be very severe, the wind piercing, the weather tempestuous, and the sun impart no gladness. Three such winters will pass away without being tempered by a single summer. Three other similar winters will then follow, during which war and discord will spread over the universe. The earth itself will be frightened and begin to tremble, the sea leave its basin, the heavens tear asunder, and men perish in great numbers, and the eagles of the air feast upon their still quivering bodies. The wolf Fenris will now break his bands, the Midgard serpent rise out of her bed in the sea, and Loki, released from his bonds, will join the enemies of the gods. Amidst the general devastation the sons of Muspelheim will rush forth under their leader Surtur, before and behind whom are flames and burning fire. Onward they ride over Bifrost, the rainbow bridge, which breaks under the horses' hoofs. But they, disregarding its fall, direct their course to the battlefield called Vigrid. Thither also repair the wolf Fenris, the Midgard serpent, Loki with all the followers of Hela, and the Frost giants.

Heimdall now stands up and sounds the Giellar horn to assemble the gods and heroes for the con-

test. The gods advance, led on by Odin, who engages the wolf Fenris, but falls a victim to the monster, who is, however, slain by Vidar, Odin's son. Thor gains great renown by killing the Midgard serpent, but recoils and falls dead, suffocated with the venom which the dying monster vomits over him. Loki and Heimdall meet and fight till they are both slain. The gods and their enemies having fallen in battle, Surtur, who has killed Freyr, darts fire and flames over the world, and ¹⁰

the whole universe is burned up. The sun becomes dim, the earth sinks into the ocean, the stars fall from heaven, and time is no more.

After this Alfadur (the Almighty) will cause a new heaven and a new earth to arise out of the sea. The new earth filled with abundant supplies will spontaneously produce its fruits without labor or care. Wickedness and misery will no more be known, but the gods and men will live happily together.

Miscellaneous Norse Mythology

According to the Eddas there was once no heaven above nor earth beneath, but only a bottomless deep, and a world of mist in which flowed a fountain. Twelve rivers issued from this fountain, and when they had flowed far from their source, they froze into ice, and one layer accumulating over another, the great deep was filled up.

Southward from the world of mist was the world of light. From this flowed a warm wind upon the ice and melted it. The vapors rose in the air and formed clouds, from which sprang Ymir, the Frost giant and his progeny, and the cow Audhumbla, whose milk afforded nourishment and food to the giant. The cow got nourishment by licking the hoar frost and salt from the ice. While she was one day licking the salt stones there appeared at first the hair of a man, on the second day the whole head, and on the third the entire form endowed with beauty, agility, and power. This new being was a god, from whom and his wife, a daughter of the giant race, sprang the three brothers Odin, Vili, and Ve. They slew the giant Ymir, and out of his body formed the earth, of his blood the seas, of his bones the mountains, of his hair the trees, of his skull the heavens, and of his brain clouds, charged with hail and snow. Of Ymir's eyebrows the gods formed Midgard (mid earth), destined to become the abode of man.

Odin then regulated the periods of day and night and the seasons by placing in the heavens the sun and moon, and appointing to them their respective courses. As soon as the sun began to shed its rays upon the earth, it caused the vegetable world to bud and sprout. Shortly after the gods had created the world they walked by the side of the sea, pleased with their new work, but found that it was still incomplete, for it was without human beings. They therefore took an ash tree and made a man

out of it, and they made a woman out of an alder, and called the man Aske and the woman Embla. Odin then gave them life and soul, Vili reason and motion, and Ve bestowed upon them the senses, expressive features, and speech. Midgard was then given them as their residence, and they became the progenitors of the human race.

The mighty ash tree Ygdrasill was supposed to support the whole universe. It sprang from the body of Ymir, and had three immense roots, extending one into Asgard (the dwelling of the gods), the other into Jotunheim (the abode of the giants), and the third to Niflheim (the regions of darkness and cold). By the side of each of these roots is a spring, from which it is watered. The root that extends into Asgard is carefully tended by the three Norns, goddesses, who are regarded as the dispensers of fate. They are Urdur (the past), Verdandi (the present), Skuld (the future). The spring at the Jotunheim side is Ymir's well, in which wisdom and wit lie hidden, but that of Niflheim feeds the adder Nidhogge (darkness), which perpetually gnaws at the root. Four harts run across the branches of the tree and bite the buds; they represent the four winds. Under the tree lies Ymir, and when he tries to shake off its weight the earth quakes.

Asgard is the name of the abode of the gods, access to which is only gained by crossing the bridge Bifrost (the rainbow). Asgard consists of golden and silver palaces, the dwellings of the gods, but the most beautiful of these is Valhalla, the residence of Odin. When seated on his throne he overlooks all heaven and earth. Upon his shoulders are the ravens Hugin and Munin, who fly every day over the whole world, and on their return report to him all they have seen and heard. At his feet lie his two wolves, Geri and Freki, to whom

Odin gives all the meat that is set before him, for he himself stands in no need of food. Mead is for him both food and drink. He invented the Runic characters, and it is the business of the Norns to engrave the runes of fate upon a metal shield. From Odin's name, spelt Woden, as it sometimes is, came Wednesday, the name of the fourth day of the week.

Odin is frequently called Alfdaur (All-father), but this name is sometimes used in a way that shows that the Scandinavians had an idea of a deity superior to Odin, uncreated and eternal.

Of the Joys of Valhalla

Valhalla is the great hall of Odin, wherein he feasts with his chosen heroes, all those who have fallen bravely in battle, for all who die a peaceful death are excluded. The flesh of the boar Schrimnir is served up to them, and is abundant for all. For although this boar is cooked every morning, he becomes whole again every night. For drink the heroes are supplied abundantly with mead from the she-goat Heidrum. When the heroes are not feasting they amuse themselves with fighting. Every day they ride out into the court or field and fight until they cut each other in pieces. This is their pastime; but when meal time comes they recover from their wounds and return to feast in Valhalla.

The Valkyrior

The Valkyrior are warlike virgins, mounted upon horses and armed with helmets and spears. Odin, who is desirous to collect a great many heroes in Valhalla, to be able to meet the giants in a day when the final contest must come, sends down to every battlefield to make choice of those who shall be slain. The Valkyrior are his messengers, and their name means "Choosers of the slain." When they ride forth on their errand, their armor sheds a strange flickering light, which flashes up over the northern skies, making what men call the "Aurora Borealis," or "Northern Lights."¹

Of Thor and the Other Gods

Thor, the thunderer, Odin's eldest son, is the strongest of gods and men, and possesses three very precious things. The first is a hammer, which both the Frost and the Mountain giants know to their cost, when they see it hurled against them in the air, for it has split many a skull of their fathers

and kindred. When thrown, it returns to his hand of its own accord. The second rare thing he possesses is called the belt of strength. When he girds it about him his divine might is doubled. The third, also very precious, is his iron gloves, which he puts on whenever he would use his mallet efficiently. From Thor's name is derived our word Thursday.

Frey is one of the most celebrated of the gods. He presides over rain and sunshine and all the fruits of the earth. His sister Freya is the most propitious of the goddesses. She loves music, spring, and flowers, and is particularly fond of the Elves (fairies). She is very fond of love ditties, and all lovers would do well to invoke her.

Bragi is the god of poetry, and his song records the deeds of warriors. His wife, Iduna, keeps in a box the apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste of to become young again.

Heimdall is the watchman of the gods, and is therefore placed on the borders of heaven to prevent the giants from forcing their way over the bridge Bifrost (the rainbow). He requires less sleep than a bird, and sees by night as well as by day a hundred miles around him. So acute is his ear that no sound escapes him, for he can even hear the grass grow and the wool on a sheep's back.

Of Loki and His Progeny

There is another deity who is described as the calumniator of the gods and the contriver of all fraud and mischief. His name is Loki. He is handsome and well made, but of a very fickle mood and most evil disposition. He is of the giant race, but forced himself into the company of the gods, and seems to take pleasure in bringing them into difficulties, and in extricating them out of the danger by his cunning, wit and skill. Loki has three children. The first is the wolf Fenris, the second the Midgard serpent, the third Hela (Death). The gods were not ignorant that these monsters were growing up, and that they would one day bring much evil upon gods and men. So Odin deemed it advisable to send one to bring them to him. When they came he threw the serpent into that deep ocean by which the earth is surrounded. But the monster had grown to such an enormous size that holding his tail in his mouth he encircles the whole earth. Hela he cast into Niffleheim, and gave her power over nine worlds or regions, into which she distributes those who are sent to her; that is, all who die of sickness or old age. Her hall is called

¹ Gray's ode, "The Faal Sisters," is founded on this superstition.

Elvidner. Hunger is her table, Starvation her knife,
Delay her man, Slowness her maid, Precipice her
threshold, Care her bed, and Burning Anguish
forms the hangings of the apartments. She may
easily be recognized, for her body is half flesh
color and half blue, and she has a dreadfully stern
and forbidding countenance.

The wolf Fenris gave the gods a great deal of trouble before they succeeded in chaining him. He broke the strongest fetters as if they were made of cobwebs. Finally the gods sent a messenger to the mountain spirits, who made for them the chain called Gleipnir. It is fashioned of six things, viz., the noise made by the footfall of a cat, the beards of women, the roots of stones, the breath of fishes,

the nerves (sensibilities) of bears, and the spittle of birds. When finished it was as smooth and soft as a silken string. But when the gods asked the wolf to suffer himself to be bound with this apparently slight ribbon, he suspected their design, fearing that it was made by enchantment. He therefore only consented to be bound with it upon condition that one of the gods put his hand in his (Fenris's) mouth as a pledge that the band was to be removed again. Tyr (the god of battles) alone had courage enough to do this. But when the wolf found that he could not break his fetters, and that the gods would not release him, he bit off Tyr's hand, and he has ever since remained one-handed.

THE LAY CALLED THE SHORT LAY OF SIGURD

Sigurd of yore,
Sought the dwelling of Giuki,
As he fared, the young Volsung,
After fight won;²
Troth he took
From the two brethren;
Oath swore they betwixt them,
Those bold ones of deed.

A may³ they gave to him
And wealth manifold,
Gudrun the young,
Giuki's daughter:
They drank and gave doom⁴
Many days together,
Sigurd the young,
And the sons of Giuki.

Until they wended
For Brynhild's wooing,
Sigurd a-riding
Amidst their rout;
The wise young Volsung
Who knew of all ways—
Ah! he had wed her,
Had fate so willed it.

Southlander Sigurd
A naked sword,
Bright, well grinded,
Laid betwixt them;
No kiss he won
From the fair woman,

Nor in arms of his
Did the Hun King⁵ hold her,
Since he gat the young maid
For the son of Giuki.

No lack in her life
She wotted⁶ of now,
And at her death-day
No dreadful thing
For a shame indeed
Or a shame in seeming;
But about and betwixt
Went baleful fate.

Alone, abroad,
She sat of an evening,
Of full many things
She fell a-talking:
“O for my Sigurd!
I shall have death,
Or my fair, my lovely,
Laid in mine arms.

“For the word once spoken,
I sorrow sorely—
His queen is Gudrun,
I am wed to Gunnar;
The dread Norns wrought for us
A long while of woe.”

Oft with heart deep
In dreadful thoughts,
O'er ice-fields and ice-hills
She fared a-night time,

When he and Gudrun
Were gone to their fair bed,
And Sigurd wrapped
The bed-gear round her.

“Ah! now the Hun King
His queen in arms holdeth,
While love I go lacking,
And all things longed for
With no delight
But in dreadful thought.”

These dreadful things
Thrust her toward murder:
—“Listen, Gunnar,
For thou shalt lose
My wide lands,
Yea, me myself!
Never love I my life,
With thee for my lord—

“I will fare back thither
From whence I came,
To my highest kin
And those that know me
There shall I sit
Sleeping my life away,
Unless thou slayest
Sigurd the Hun King,
Making thy might more
E'en than his might was!

“Yea, let the son fare
After the father,

Translated by William Morris and Erik Magnusson.
² the fight with the dragon Fafnir.

¹ Sigurd's grandfather was Volsung.
² maid. ⁴ judgment. ⁵ Sigurd. ⁶ knew.

And no young wolf
A long while nourish!
For on each man lieth
Vengeance lighter,
And peace shall be surer
If the son live not."

Adrad⁷ was Gunnar,
Heavy-hearted was he,
And in doubtful mood
Day-long he sat.
For naught he wotted,
Nor might see clearly
What was the seemliest
Of deeds to set hand to;
What of all deeds
Was best to be done:
For he minded the vows
Sworn to the Volsung,
And the sore wrong
To be wrought against Sigurd.

Wavered his mind
A weary while,
No wont it was
Of those days worn by,
That queens should flee
From the realms of their kings.

"Brynhild to me
Is better than all,
The child of Budli
Is the best of women.
Yea, and my life
Will I lay down,
Ere I am twinned⁸
From that woman's treasure."

He bade call Hogni
To the place where he bided;
With all the trust that might be,
Trowed⁹ he in him.

"Wilt thou bewray Sigurd
For his wealth's sake?—
Good it is to rule
O'er the Rhine's metal;
And well content
Great wealth to wield,
Biding in peace
And blissful days."

One thing alone Hogni
Had for an answer:

"Such doings for us
Are naught seemly to do;
To rend with sword
Oaths once sworn,
Oaths once sworn,
And troth once plighted.

"Nor know we on mould,
Men of happier days,
The while we four
Rule over the folk;
While the bold in battle,
The Hun King, bides living.

"And no nobler kin
Shall be known afield,
If our five sons
We long may foster;
Yea, a goodly stem
Shall surely wax.
—But I clearly see
In what wise it standeth,
Brynhild's sore urging
O'ermuch on thee beareth.

"Guttorm shall we
Get for the slaying,
Our younger brother
Bare of wisdom;
For he was out of
All the oaths sworn,
All the oaths sworn,
And the plighted troth."

Easy to rouse him
Who of naught recketh!
—Deep stood the sword
In the heart of Sigurd.
There, in the hall,
Gat the high-hearted vengeance;
For he cast his sword
At the reckless slayer:
Out at Guttorm
Flew Gram the mighty,
The gleaming steel
From Sigurd's hand.

Down fell the slayer
Smitten asunder;
The heavy head
And the hands fell one way,
But the feet and such like
Aback where they stood.

Gudrun was sleeping
Soft in the bed,

Empty of sorrow
By the side of Sigurd:
When she awoke
With all pleasure gone,
Swimming in blood
Of Frey's beloved.
So sore her hands
She smote together,
That the great-hearted
Gat raised in bed;
—“O Gudrun, weep not
So woefully,
Sweet lovely bride,
For thy brethren live for thee!

"A young child have I
For heritor;
Too young to win forth
From the house of his foes.—
Black deeds and ill
Have they been a-doing,
Evil rede¹⁰
Have they wrought at last.

"Late, late, rideth with them
Unto the Thing,¹¹
Such sister's son,
Though seven thou bear,—
—But well I wot
Which way all goeth;
Alone wrought Brynhild
This bale against us.

"That maiden loved me
Far before all men,
Yet wrong to Gunnar
I never wrought;
Brotherhood I heeded
And all bounden oaths,
That none should deem me
His queen's darling."

Weary sighed Gudrun,
As the king gat ending,
And so sore her hands
She smote together,
That the cups arow
Rang out therewith,
And the geese cried on high
That were in the homefield.

Then laughed Brynhild
Budli's daughter,
Once, once only,

⁷ afraid.

⁸ separated.

⁹ believed.

¹⁰ counsel.

¹¹ assembly place.

From out her heart;
When to her bed
Was borne the sound
Of the sore greeting
Of Giuki's daughter.

Then, quoth Gunnar,
The king, the hawk-bearer,
"Whereas, thou laughest,
O hateful woman,
Glad on thy bed,
No good it betokeneth:
Why lackest thou else
Thy lovely hue?
Feeder of foul deeds,
Fey¹² do I deem thee,
"Well worthy art thou
Before all women,
That thine eyes should see
Athi¹³ slain of us;
That thy brother's wounds
Thou shouldst see a-bleeding,
That his bloody hurts
Thine hands should bind."

"No man blameth thee, Gunnar,
Thou hast fulfilled death's measure
But naught Atli feareth
All thine ill will;
Life shall he lay down
Later than ye,
And still bear more might
Aloft than thy might.

"I shall tell thee, Gunnar,
Though well the tale thou knowest,
In what early days
Ye dealt abroad your wrong:
Young was I then,
Worn with no woe,
Good wealth I had
In the house of my brother!

"No mind had I
That a man should have me,
Or ever ye Giukings,
Rode into our garth;¹⁴
There ye sat on your steeds
Three kings of the people—
—Ah! that that faring¹⁵
Had never befallen!

"Then spake Atli
To me apart,

And said that no wealth
He would give unto me,
Neither gold nor lands
If I would not be wedded;
Nay, and no part
Of the wealth apportioned,
Which in my first days
He gave me duly;
Which in my first days
He counted down.

"Wavered the mind
Within me then,
If to fight I should fall
And the felling of folk,
Bold in byrny¹⁶
Because of my brother;
A deed of fame
Had that been to all folk,
But to many a man
Sorrow of mind.

"So I let all sink
Into peace at the last:
More grew I minded
For the mighty treasure,
The red-shining rings
Of Sigmund's son;
For no man's wealth else
Would I take unto me.

"For myself had I given
To that great king
Who sat amid gold
On the back of Grani;¹⁷
Nought were his eyen
Like to your eyen,
Nor in any wise
Went his visage with yours;
Though ye might deem you
Due kings of men.

"One I loved,
One, and none other,
The gold-decked may
Had no doubtful mind;
Thereof shall Atli
Wot full surely,
When he getteth to know
I am gone to the dead.
"Far be it from me,
Feeble and wavering,
Ever to love

Another's love—
—Yet shall my woe
Be well avenged."

Up rose Gunnar,
The great men's leader,
And cast his arms
About the queen's neck;
And all went nigh
One after other,
With their whole hearts
Her heart to turn.
But then all these
From her neck she thrust,
Of her long journey
No man should let her.

Then called he Hogni
To have talk with him:
"Let all folk go
Forth into the hall,
Thine with mine—
—O need sore and mighty!—
To wot if we yet
My wife's parting may stay.
Till with time's wearing
Some hindrance wax."

One answer Hogni
Had for all;
"Nay, let hard need
Have rule thereover,
And no man let¹⁸ her
Of her long journey!
Never born again,
May she come back thence!

"Luckless she came
To the lap of her mother,
Born into the world
For utter woe,
To many a man
For heart-whole mourning."

Upraised he turned
From the talk and the trouble
To where the gem-field
Dealt out goodly treasure;
As she looked and beheld
All the wealth that she had,
And the hungry bondmaids,
And maids of the hall.

With no good in her heart

¹² fated. ¹³ who contrived the marriage of Gunnar and Brynhild. ¹⁴ home.

¹⁵ adventure, experience. ¹⁶ coat of mail. ¹⁷ Sigurd's horse. ¹⁸ prevent.

She donned her gold byrny,
Ere she thrust the sword-point
Through the midst of her body:
On the bolster's far side
Sank she adown,
And, smitten with sword,
Still bethought her of redes.¹⁹

"Let all come forth
Who are fain²⁰ the red gold,
Or things less worthy
To win from my hands;
To each one I give
A necklace gilt over,
Wrought hangings and bed-gear,
And bright woven weed."²¹

All they kept silence,
And thought what to speak,
Then all at once
Answer gave:

"Full know are death-doomed,
Fain are we to live yet,
Maids of the hall
All meet work winning."

From her wise heart at last
The linen-clad damsel,
The one of few years
Gave forth the word:
"I will that none driven
By hand or by word,
For our sake should lose
Well-loved life.

"Thou on the bones of you
Surely shall burn,
Less dear treasure
At your departing
Nor with Menia's Meal²²
Shall ye come to see me."

"Sit thee down, Gunnar,
A word must I say to thee
Of the life's ruin
Of thy lightsome bride—
—Nor shall thy ship
Swim soft and sweetly
For all that I
Lay life adown.

"Sooner than ye might deem
Shall ye make peace with Gudrun,
For the wise woman

Shall lull in the young wife
The hard memory
Of her dead husband.

"There is a may born
Reared by her mother,
Whiter and brighter
Than is the bright day;
She shall be Swanchild²³
She shall be Sunbeam.

"Thou shalt give Gudrun
Unto a great one,
Noble, well-praised
Of the world's folk;
Not with her goodwill,
Or love shalt thou give her;
Yet will Atli
Come to win her,
My very brother,
Born of Budli.

—"Ah! many a memory
Of how ye dealt with me,
How sorely, how evilly
Ye ever beguiled me,
How all pleasure left me
The while my life lasted!"—

"Fain wilt thou be
Oddrun to win,
But thy good liking
Shall Atli let;
But in secret wise
Shall ye win together,
And she shall love thee
As I had loved thee,
If in such wise
Fate had willed it.

"But with all ill
Shall Atli sting thee,
Into the strait worm-close²⁴
Shall he cast thee.

"But no long space
Shall slip away
Ere Atli too
All life shall lose.
Yea, all his weal
With the life of his sons,
For a dreadful bed
Dights Gudrun for him;

From a heart sore laden,
With the sword's sharp edge.

"More seemly for Gudrun,
Your very sister,
In death to wend after
Her love first wed;
Had but good rede
To her been given,
Or if her heart
Had been like to my heart.

—"Faint my speech groweth—
But for our sake
Ne'er shall she lose
Her life beloved;
The sea shall have her,
High billows bear her
Forth unto Jonakr's²⁵
Fair land of his fathers.

"There shall she bear sons,
Stays of a heritage,
Stays of a heritage,
Jonakr's sons;
And Swanchild shall she
Send from the land,
That may born of her,
The may born of Sigurd.

"Her shall bite
The rede of Bikki,²⁶
Whereas for no good
Wins Jormunrek life;
And so is clean perished
All the kin of Sigurd,
Yea, and more greeting,
And more for Gudrun.

"And now one prayer
Yet pray I of thee—
The last word of mine
Here in the world—
So broad on the field
Be the burg of the dead
That fair space may be left
For us all to lie down,
All those that died
At Sigurd's death!

"Hang round that burg
Fair hangings and shields,
Web by Gauls woven,

¹⁹ counsels. ²⁰ desirous of. ²¹ clothes. ²² gold. ²³ daughter of Sigurd and Gudrun.

²⁴ the grave. ²⁵ Gudrun's third husband. ²⁶ After Swanchild marries the aged Ermanarich,

Bikki accuses her of infidelity and she is punished by being torn to pieces by wild horses.

And folk of the Gauls:
There burn the Hun King
Lying beside me.

"But on the other side
Burn by the Hun King
Those who served me
Strewn with treasure;
Two at the head,
And two at the feet,
Two hounds therewith,
And two hawks moreover:
Then is all dealt
With even dealing.
"Lay there amidst us
The ring-dight metal,

The sharp-edged steel,
That so lay erst;
When we both together
Into one bed went,
And were called by the name
Of man and wife.
"Never, then, belike
Shall clash behind him
Valhall's bright door
With rings bedight:
And if my fellowship
Followeth after,
In no wretched wise
Then shall we wend.
"For him shall follow

My five bondmaids,
My eight bondsmen,
No borel²⁷ folk:
Yea, and my fosterer,
And my father's dower
That Budli of old days
Gave to his dear child.
"Much have I spoken,
More would I speak,
If the sword would give me
Space for speech;
But my words are waning,
My wounds are swelling—
Naught but truth have I told—
—And now make I ending."

THE HELL-RIDE OF BRYNHILD

After the death of Brynhild were made two bales, one for Sigurd, and that was first burned; but Brynhild was burned on the other, and she was in a chariot hung about with goodly hangings.

"Nay, with my goodwill
Never goest thou
Through this stone-pillared
Stead of mine!
More seemly for thee
To sit sewing the cloth,
Than to go look on
The love of another.
"What dost thou, going
From the land of the Gauls,
O restless head,
To this mine house?
Golden girl, hast thou not,
If thou listest to hearken,
In sweet wise from thy hands
The blood of men washen?"

BRYNHILD

"Nay, blame me naught,
Bride of the rock-hall,
Though I roved a warring
In the days that were;
The higher of us twain
Shall I ever be holden
When of our kind
Men make account."

²⁷ low-born.

And so folk say that Brynhild drove in her chariot down along the way to Hell, and passed by an abode where dwelt a certain giantess, and the giantess spake:—

THE GIANT-WOMAN

"Thou, O Brynhild,
Budli's daughter,
Wert the worst ever born
Into the world:
For Giuki's children
Death hast thou gotten,
And turned to destruction
Their goodly dwelling."

BRYNHILD

"I shall tell thee
True tale from my chariot,
O thou who naught wottest,
If thou listest to wot;
How for me they have gotten
Those heirs of Giuki,
A loveless life,
A life of lies.
"Hild under helm,
The Hlymdale people,
E'en those who knew me,
Ever would call me.

"The changeful shapes
Of us eight sisters,

The wise king bade
Under oak-tree to bear:
Of twelve winters was I,
If thou listest to wot,
When I swore to the young lord
Oaths of love.

"Thereafter gat I
Mid the folk of the Goths,
For Helmgunnar the old,
Swift journey to Hell,
And gave to Aud's brother
The young, gain and glory;
Whereof overwrath
Waxed Odin with me.

"So he shut me in shield-wall
In Skata grove,
Red shields and white
Close set around me;
And bade him alone
My slumber to break
Who in no land
Knew how to fear.

"He set round my hall,
Toward the south quarter,

The Bane of all trees
Burning aloft;
And ruled that he only
Thereover should ride
Who should bring me the gold
O'er which Fafnir brooded.

"Then upon Grani rode
The goodly gold-strewer
To where my fosterer
Ruled his fair dwelling.
He who alone there
Was deemed best of all,

The War-lord of the Danes,
Well worthy of men.
"In peace did we sleep
Soft in one bed,
As though he had been
Naught but my brother:
There as we lay
Through eight nights wearing,
No hand in love
On each other we laid.
"Yet thence blamed me, Gudrun,
Giuki's daughter,
That I had slept

In the arms of Sigurd;
And then I wotted
As I fain had not wotted,
That they had bewrayed me
In my betrothals.
"Ah! for unrest
All too long
Are men and women
Made alive!
Yet we twain together
Shall wear through the ages,
Sigurd and I.—
—Sink adown, O giant-wife!"

THE LAY OF THRYM

1. Wild was Vingthor¹
And when his mighty
He shook his beard,
As the son of Jorth
- when he awoke,
hammer he missed;
his hair was bristling
about him sought.
2. Hear now the speech. that first he spake: 5
"Harken, Loki, and heed my words,
Nowhere on earth is it known to man,
Nor in heaven above: our hammer is
stolen."
3. To the dwelling fair
Hear now the speech
"Wilt thou, Freyja,
me,
That so my hammer
- of Freyja² went they,
that first he spake: 10
thy feather-dress lend
I may seek?"
- Freyja spoke:*
4. "Thine should it be
And I would give it
Then Loki flew,
whirred,
Till he left behind him
the home of the
gods,
And reached at last
the realm of the giants.
- though of silver bright,
though 'twere of gold." 15
and the feather-dress
5. Thrym sat on a mound, the giants' master,
Leashes of gold he laid for his dogs,
And stroked and smoothed the manes of
his steeds. 20
- Thrym spoke:*
6. "How fare the gods, how fare the elves?
Why comest thou alone to the giants' land?"
- Loki spoke:*
7. "I have hidden Hlorrithi's hammer, 25
Eight miles down deep in the earth;
And back again shall no man bring it
If Freyja I win not to be my wife."
8. Then Loki flew, and the feather-dress
whirred,
Till he left behind him the home of the
giants, 30
And reached at last the realm of the gods.
There in the courtyard Thor he met:
Hear now the speech that first he spake:
9. "Hast thou found tidings as well as trouble? 35
Thy news in the air shalt thou utter now;
Oft doth the sitter his story forget,
And lies he speaks who lays himself
down."
- Loki spoke:*
10. "Trouble I have, and tidings as well:
Thrym, king of the giants, keeps thy ham-
mer,
And back again shall no man bring it 40
If Freyja he wins not to be his wife."
11. Freyja the fair then went they to find;
Hear now the speech that first he spake:

- "Bind on, Freyja, the bridal veil,
For we two must haste to the giants'
home." 45
12. Wrathful was Freyja, and fiercely she
snorted,
And the dwelling great of the gods was
shaken
And burst was the mighty Brisings' neck-
lace:
"Most lustful indeed should I look to all
If I journeyed with thee to the giants'
home." 50
13. Then were the gods together met,
And the goddesses came and council held,
And the far-famed ones a plan would find,
How they might Hlorrithi's hammer win.
14. Then Heimdall spake, whitest of the gods,
Like the Wanes he knew the future well:
"Bind we on Thor the bridal veil," 57
Let him bear the mighty Brisings' necklace;
15. Keys around him let there rattle,
And down to his knees hang woman's
dress; 60
With gems full broad upon his breast,
And a pretty cap to crown his head."
16. Then Thor the mighty his answer made:
"Me would the gods unmanly call
If I let bind the bridal veil." 65
17. Then Loki spake, the son of Laufey:
"Be silent, Thor, and speak not thus;
Else will the giants in Asgarth⁸ dwell
If thy hammer is brought not home to
thee."
18. Then bound they on Thor the bridal veil,
And next the mighty Brisings' necklace. 71
19. Keys around him let they rattle,
And down to his knees hung woman's
dress;
With gems full broad upon his breast,
And a pretty cap to crown his head. 75
20. Then Loki spake, the son of Laufey:
"As thy maid-servant thither I go with thee;
We two shall haste to the giants' home."
21. Then home the goats to the hall were
driven,
- They wrenched at the halters, swift were
they to run; 80
The mountains burst, earth burned with
fire,
And Othin's son sought Jotunheim.⁴
22. Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
"Bestir ye, giants, put straw on the benches;
Now Freyja they bring to be my bride, 85
The daughter of Njorth out of Noatun.
23. "Gold-horned cattle go to my stables,
Jet-black oxen, the giant's joy;
Many my gems, and many my jewels,
Freyja alone did I lack, methinks." 90
24. Early it was to evening come,
And forth was borne the beer for the giants;
Thor alone ate an ox, and eight salmon,
All the dainties as well that were set for the
women;
And drank Sif's mate three tuns of mead. 95
25. Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
"Who ever saw bride more keenly bite?
I ne'er saw bride with a broader bite,
Nor a maiden who drank more mead than
this!"
26. Hard by there sat the serving-maid wise,
So well she answered the giant's words: 101
"From food has Freyja eight nights fasted,
So hot was her longing for Jotunheim."
27. Thrym looked 'neath the veil, for he longed
to kiss,
But back he leaped the length of the hall:
"Why are so fearful the eyes of Freyja? 106
Fire, methinks, from her eyes burns forth."
28. Hard by there sat the serving-maid wise,
So well she answered the giant's words:
"No sleep has Freyja for eight nights
found, 110
So hot was her longing for Jotunheim."
29. Soon came the giant's luckless sister,
Who feared not to ask the bridal fee:
"From thy hands the rings of red gold take,
If thou wouldest win my willing love, 115
(My willing love and welcome glad.)"

⁸ Home of the gods.⁴ Home of the giants.

30. Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
 "Bring in the hammer to hallow the bride;
 On the maiden's knees let Mjollnir lie,¹¹⁹
 That us both the hand of Vor may bless."
31. The heart in the breast of Hlorrithi laughed
 When the hard-souled one his hammer beheld;

- First Thrym, the king of the giants, he killed,
 Then all the folk of the giants he felled.
32. The giant's sister old he slew,¹²⁵
 She who had begged the bridal fee;
 A stroke she got in the shilling's stead,
 And for many rings the might of the hammer.
33. And so his hammer got Othin's son.

CELTIC MYTH AND ROMANCE

The Teutonic poetry of war and passion is a hardy plant, but its appearance is somewhat forbidding, and its nature is essentially premedieval; it reflects a way of life that existed before the Christian and chivalric Middle Ages. The true flower of the medieval world is *romance*.

In general, romance denotes the literature of chivalry. But it not only represents the customs and ideals of the feudal gentry; it evokes a world of wonder and magic. It is because the medieval tales of knightly love and adventure are steeped in this spirit that they are romances. Knighthood and the unscientific outlook of the Middle Ages favored the development of romance. But it came from much deeper well-springs—from the imagination of the peoples that preceded the Teutons in occupying western Europe—namely, the Celts. Although they had the usual interest in war and heroism, their outlook was magical.

The world they saw was full of marvels; it was exquisite and playful. It was a world not of grim conquerors but of a people who worshiped the loveliness of nature, loved life, and loved love. Sensibility, high spirits, and a romantic temperament characterized these Celts. They were not made to rule the world but to enjoy it. No wonder that, unlike both the Romans and the Teutons, they established no empire and enslaved no nations. No wonder, too, that wherever they were exposed to conquest-bent hordes, they would fight gallantly

and recklessly but would be unable in the end to withstand the shock of assault. The juggernaut of the unimaginative, well-organized Roman legions rolled over them. The fury of the Teutonic tribes battered them until they found protection in mountain fastnesses and other areas where nature was their defense.

By A. D. 500 the culture of the classic world was at an end. Surrounded by barbarians, it eventually gave way before the superior weight of the enemy. Besides, it had already decayed. When Emperor Justinian in the sixth century closed the schools of Athens, all life had gone from them. Although in Constantinople the Eastern Roman Empire lived on for a thousand years, it was devoid of vitality and maintained itself precariously. This vestige of the classical world preserved precious manuscripts and works of art, maintained many of the antique forms of grandeur, and served as a bridge between the modern world and the ancient, but it looked only backward and created no new culture. The future lay with the crude but vigorous Germanic barbarians, who were gradually to become civilized. However, there was vitality in the Celtic peoples wherever they were able to maintain their independence. For a period of several centuries, it was their high destiny to carry the torch of culture while the rest of Europe was plunged in darkness, and the torch was especially bright in Ireland.

At the beginning of the Christian era the Celts

were an important and numerous people, already well settled in western Europe, probably since the seventh century B.C. They occupied much of France, as every school boy who has read his Cæsar remembers. These Celts of Gaul were entirely absorbed by the Romans and Germans, so that the Gallic language disappeared. In Cæsar's time all the other Celts were in the British Isles. The Britons were in England and Wales, the Picts in Scotland, and the Gaels, or Irish, in Ireland. When in the fifth and sixth centuries the Britons were overcome by the Anglo-Saxons, the Celts moved westward into Wales and Cornwall or crossed the sea to Brittany in northern France. This whole group, the ancient British, the Welsh, the Cornish, and the Breton, is known as Brythonic. The Irish Celts sent out expeditions and settled the Highlands and islands of Scotland. Though this branch of the Celts is considerably mixed with the Brythonic, we speak of both the Irish and the Highland Scotch as Goidelic Celts and their language as Gaelic. The English-speaking person may be interested in a few differences in these languages. For example, the common word for mountain in Gaelic is *ben* (Ben Nevis), in Welsh it is *pen* (Penryth). The patronymic ("son of") is *Mac* in Gaelic, but *Map* or *Ap* in Welsh. It is from Wales and Ireland that the artistic and cultural influences have come.

The period of greatest Welsh literary activity came several centuries later than that of Ireland. We cannot date exactly the collection of stories known as the Mabinogion, but it was certainly current in the twelfth century and influenced several of the great romantic legends, like those of King Arthur and Tristram. The Welsh accounts of Arthur and his knights are primitive and grotesque, but they are clearly recognizable as the heroes of continental romance. Before they were courtly knights in the latter, they were characters in Celtic folklore and myth. To the student of European literary tradition, therefore, Welsh literature is of great importance, even though in artistic form it is inferior to the Irish.

Since Ireland was so far removed from the center of the wars of Europe during the unsettled centuries (from the third to the eighth or ninth), while the Roman Empire was tottering and the new nations were being formed, it had the best chance to develop a culture of its own. It also proved a haven for Celtic refugees from Wales and Gaul during the Teutonic invasions, and among these were scholars of Roman culture.

Christianity came into Ireland in the early fifth

century with St. Patrick, and during the next two centuries, Ireland was one of the principal centers from which missionaries were sent to convert the rest of Europe. The conversion of Germany and Switzerland and of northern England was primarily a result of their efforts. When in the ninth century Charlemagne gathered about him learned monks to help him revive learning and culture in Europe, one of the most brilliant of these was the Irish philosopher Scotus Erigena.

But before Christianity, Ireland had had a heroic age when the old gods were still in honor. This period, which the later bards and story-tellers celebrated with a profusion of fairy-tale and folklore, probably belongs to the first centuries of the Christian era. The stories of pre-Christian Irish civilization are usually woven about the court of King Conchubar (pronounced Conachoor) at Emain Macha, the ancient capital of Ulster in northern Ireland. One of the most interesting tales is *The Feast of Bricriu*. It contains the Celtic source for *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, the most famous English romance in verse. (See p. 1021.)

Many of these legends were written down from the eighth to the tenth centuries, and in the last generation were arranged and translated by Lady Gregory in her *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*. Cuchulain (pronounced Cu-hulin) is the epic hero of the Irish. His exploits, which began at the age of seven, are fabulous, but he remains a very human character. Perhaps the most famous of these stories is that of Deirdre, which we include in this book. Deirdre and the heroes of her cycle have remained a living tradition among the Irish. These tales are still to be heard from old men in remote parts of western Ireland who have learned them from other story-tellers. Seated about their turf fires on long winter evenings, these old men vie with one another in recounting the adventures of the ancient heroes and demigods. After hearing them, one can no longer have any doubt that the charm of style which Arnold, whose famous essay on Celtic literature is appended as an introduction to the selections, finds in Celtic literature is real; and that it is not confined to learned men or poets, but is the common possession of hundreds of humbler narrators. In late years Irish authors have written much about the story of Deirdre. Indeed, the Irish legends proved an important influence twice in our literature; once in the second half of the eighteenth century, and again in the recent movement led by W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge, which is known as the Celtic Renaissance.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

On the Study of Celtic Literature

The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are Nature's own children, and utter her secret in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic, Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it,—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature,—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism,—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of Nature, her weird power and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them,—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford,—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating, lofty beauty,—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon,—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil: "Well," says Math, "we will seek, I and thou, by charms and illusions, to form a wife for him out of flowers. So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Flower-Aspect." Celtic romance is full of exquisite touches like that, showing the delicacy of the Celt's feeling in these matters, and how deeply Nature lets him come into her secrets. The quick dropping of blood is called "faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest."

And thus is Olwen described: "More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains." For loveliness it would be hard to beat that; and for magical clearness and nearness take the following:—

"And in the evening Peredur entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit's cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose, and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild-fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur stood and compared the blackness of the raven, and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady whom best he loved, which was blacker than the raven, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to her two cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be."

And this, which is perhaps less striking, is not less beautiful:—

"And early in the day Geraint and Enid left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a steep bank, and there they met a slender stripling with a satchel about his neck; and he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher."

And here the landscape, up to this point so Greek in its clear beauty, is suddenly magicalized by the romance touch:—

"And they saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one-half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf."

Magic is the word to insist upon,—a magically vivid and near interpretation of nature; since it is this which constitutes the special charm and power of the effect I am calling attention to, and it is for this that the Celt's sensibility gives him a peculiar aptitude. But the matter needs rather fine handling, and it is easy to make mistakes here in our criticism. In the first place, Europe tends constantly to become more and more one community, and we tend to become Europeans instead of merely Englishmen. Frenchmen, Germans, Italians; so whatever aptitude or felicity one people imparts into spiritual work, gets imitated by the others, and thus tends to become the common property of all. Therefore anything so beautiful and attractive as the natural magic I am speaking of, is sure, nowadays, if it appears in the productions of the Celts, or of the English, or of the French, to appear in the productions of the Germans also, or in the productions of the Italians: but there will be a stamp of perfectness and inimitableness about it in the literatures where it is native, which it will not have in the literatures where it is not native. Novalis or Rückert, for instance, have their eye fixed on nature, and have undoubtedly a feeling for natural magic; a rough-and-ready critic easily credits them and the Germans with the Celtic fitness of tact, the Celtic nearness to Nature and her secret; but the question is whether the strokes in the German's picture of nature have ever the indefinable delicacy, charm, and perfection of the Celt's touch in the pieces I just now quoted, or of Shakespeare's touch in his daffodil, Wordsworth's in his cuckoo, Keats's in his Autumn, Obermann's in his mountain birch-tree or his Easter-daisy among the Swiss farms. To decide where the gift for natural magic originally lies, whether it is properly Celtic or Germanic, we must decide this question.

In the second place, there are many ways of handling nature, and we are here only concerned with one of them; but a rough-and-ready critic imagines that it is all the same so long as nature is handled at all, and fails to draw the needful distinction between modes of handling her. But these modes are many; I will mention four of them now: there is the conventional way of handling nature, there is the faithful way of handling nature, there is the Greek way of handling nature, there is the magical way of handling nature. In all these three last the eye is on the object,

but with a difference; in the faithful way of handling nature, the eye is on the object, and that is all you can say; in the Greek, the eye is on the object, but lightness and brightness are added; in the magical, the eye is on the object, but charm and magic are added. In the conventional way of handling nature, the eye is not on the object; what that means we all know, we have only to think of our eighteenth-century poetry:—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night—
to call up any number of instances. Latin poetry supplies plenty of instances too; if we put this from Propertius's *Hylas*:—

. . . manus heroum . . .
Mollia composita litora fronde tegit—

side by side the line of Theocritus by which it was suggested:—

*λειψων γαρ σοι το εξετο μεγας, στιβαδεσσιν ονειρα*¹

we get at the same moment a good specimen both of the conventional and of the Greek way of handling nature. But from our own poetry we may get specimens of the Greek way of handling nature, as well as of the conventional: for instance, Keats's:—

What little town, by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

is Greek, as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus; it is composed with the eye on the object, a radiancy and light clearness being added. German poetry abounds in specimens of the faithful way of handling nature; an excellent example is to be found in the stanzas called *Zueignung*, prefixed to Goethe's poems; the morning walk, the mist, the dew, the sun, are as faithful as they can be, they are given with the eye on the object, but there the merit of the work, as a handling of nature, stops; neither Greek radiance nor Celtic magic is added; the power of these is not what gives the poem in question its merit, but a power of quite another kind, a power of moral and spiritual emotion. But the power of Greek radiance Goethe could give to his handling of nature, and nobly too, as anyone who will read his *Wanderer*, —the poem in which a wanderer falls in with a peasant woman and her child by their hut, built out of the ruins of a temple near Cumæ,—may see.

¹ "For a great meadow lies before them, good for beds."—Theocritus: *Idylls*, xiii, 34.

Only the power of natural magic Goethe does not, I think, give; whereas Keats passes at will from the Greek power to that power which is, as I say, Celtic; from his:—

What little town, by river or seashore—
to his:—

White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves—

or his:—

... magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn—

in which the very same note is struck as in those extracts which I quoted from Celtic romance, and struck with authentic and unmistakable power.

Shakspeare, in handling nature, touches this Celtic note so exquisitely, that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognize his Greek note when it comes. But if one attends well to the difference between the two notes, and bears in mind, to guide one, such things as Virgil's "moss-grown springs and grass softer than sleep":—

Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba—
as his charming flower-gatherer, who:—

Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi—

as his quinces and chestnuts:—

... cana legam tenera lanugine mala
Castaneasque nuces . . .

then, I think, we shall be disposed to say that in Shakspeare's:—

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine—

it is mainly a Greek note which is struck. Then again in his:—

... look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!

²⁰ we are at the very point of transition from the Greek note to the Celtic; there is the Greek clearness and brightness, with the Celtic aerialness and magic coming in. Then we have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this:—

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea—

²⁰ or this, the last I will quote:—

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus, methinks mounted the Trojan walls—

... in such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew—

³⁰ ... in such a night
*Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.*

And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy-dew of that natural magic which is our theme, that I cannot do better than end with them.

DEIRDRE

The Fate of the Sons of Usnach

Now it was one Fedlimid, son of Doll, was harper to King Conchubar, and he had but one child, and this is the story of her birth.

Cathbad the Druid was at Fedlimid's house one

day. "Have you got knowledge of the future?" said Fedlimid. "I have a little," said Cathbad. "What is it you are wanting to know?"

"I was not asking to know anything," said

Fedlimid, "but if you know of anything that may be going to happen me, it is as well for you to tell me."

Cathbad went out of the house for a while, and when he came back he said:

"Had you ever any children?" "I never had," said Fedlimid, "and the wife I have had none, and we have no hope ever to have any; there is no one with us but only myself and my wife."

"That puts wonder on me," said Cathbad, "for I see by Druid signs that it is on account of a daughter belonging to you that more blood will be shed than ever was shed in Ireland since time and race began. And great heroes and bright candles of the Gael will lose their lives because of her."

"Is that the foretelling you have made for me?" said Fedlimid, and there was anger on him, for he thought the Druid was mocking him; "if that is all you can say, you can keep it for yourself; it is little I think of your share of knowledge." "For all that," said Cathbad, "I am certain of its truth, for I can see it all clearly in my own mind."

The Druid went away, but he was not long gone when Fedlimid's wife was found to be with child. And as her time went on, his vexation went on growing, that he had not asked more questions of Cathbad at the time he was talking to him, and he was under a smoldering care by day and by night, for it is what he was thinking, that neither his own sense and understanding, nor the share of friends he had, would be able to save him, or to make a back against the world, if this misfortune should come upon him, that would bring such great shedding of blood upon the earth; and it is the thought that came, that if this child should be born, what he had to do was to put her far away, where no eye would see her, and no ear hear word of her.

The time of the delivery of Fedlimid's wife came on, and it was a girl-child she gave birth to. Fedlimid did not allow any living person to come to the house, or to see his wife but himself alone.

But just after the child was born, Cathbad the Druid came in again, and there was shame on Fedlimid when he saw him, and when he remembered how he would not believe his words. But the Druid looked at the child and he said: "Let Deirdre be her name; harm will come through her. She will be fair, comely, bright-haired; heroes will fight for her, and kings go seeking for her."

And then he took the child in his arms, and it is what he said: "O Deirdre, on whose account many shall weep, on whose account many women

shall be envious, there will be trouble on Ulster for your sake, O fair daughter of Fedlimid.

"Many will be jealous of your face, O flame of beauty. For your sake heroes shall go to exile; for your sake deeds of anger shall be done in Emain. There is harm in your face, for it will bring banishment and death on the sons of kings.

"In your fate, O beautiful child, are wounds, and ill-doings, and shedding of blood.

"You will have a little grave apart to yourself; you will be a tale of wonder forever, Deirdre."

Cathbad went away then, and he sent Levaram, daughter of Aedh, to the house; and Fedlimid asked her would she take the venture of bringing up the child, far away where no eye would see her, and no ear hear of her. Levaram said she would do that, and that she would do her best to keep her the way he wished.

So Fedlimid got his men, and brought them away with him to a mountain, wide and waste, and there he bade them to make a little house, by the side of a round green hillock, and to make a garden of apple-trees behind it, with a wall about it. And he bade them put a roof of green sods over the house, the way a little company might live in it, without notice being taken of them.

Then he sent Levaram and the child there, that no eye might see, and no ear hear of, Deirdre. He put all in good order before them, and he gave them provisions, and he told Levaram that food and all she wanted would be sent from year to year as long as she lived.

And so Deirdre and her foster-mother lived in the lonely place among the hills, without the knowledge or the notice of any strange person, until Deirdre was fourteen years of age. And Deirdre grew straight and clean like a rush on the bog, and she was comely beyond comparison of all the women of the world, and her movements were like the swan on the wave, or the deer on the hill. She was the young girl of the greatest beauty and of the gentlest nature of all the women of Ireland.

Levaram, that had charge of her, used to be giving Deirdre every knowledge and skill that she had herself. There was not a blade of grass growing from root, or a bird singing in the wood, or a star shining from heaven, but Deirdre had the name of it. But there was one thing she would not have her know—she would not let her have friendship with any living person of the rest of the world outside their own house.

But one dark night of winter, with black clouds overhead, a hunter came walking the hills, and it

is what happened; he missed the track of the hunt, and lost his way and his comrades.

And a heaviness came upon him, and he lay down on the side of the green hillock by Deirdre's house. He was weak with hunger and going, and perished with cold, and a deep sleep came upon him. While he was lying there, a dream came to the hunter, and he thought that he was near the warmth of a house of the Sidhe,¹ and the Sidhe inside making music, and he called out in his dream, "If there is anyone inside, let them bring me in, in the name of the sun and the moon." Deirdre heard the voice, and she said to Levarcham, "Mother, mother, what is that?" But Levarcham said, "It is nothing that matters; it is the birds of the air gone astray, and trying to find one another. But let them go back to the branches of the wood."

Another troubled dream came on the hunter, and he cried out a second time. "What is that?" asked Deirdre again. "It is nothing that matters," said Levarcham. "The birds of the air are looking for one another; let them go past to the branches of the wood."

Then a third dream came to the hunter, and he cried out a third time, if there was anyone in the hill to let him in for the sake of the elements, for he was perished with cold and overcome with hunger. "Oh! what is that, Levarcham?" said Deirdre. "There is nothing there for you to see, my child, but only the birds of the air, and they lost to one another; but let them go past us to the branches of the wood. There is no place or shelter for them here tonight." "Oh, mother," said Deirdre, "the bird asked to come in for the sake of the sun and the moon, and it is what you yourself told me, that anything that is asked like that, it is right for us to give it. If you will not let in the bird that is perished with cold and overcome with hunger, I myself will let it in."

So Deirdre rose up and drew the bolt from the leaf of the door, and let in the hunter. She put a seat in the place for sitting, food in the place for eating, and drink in the place for drinking, for the man who had come into the house. "Come now and eat food, for you are in want of it," said Deirdre. "Indeed it is I was in want of food and drink and warmth when I came into this house; but by my word, I have forgotten that since I saw yourself," said the hunter.

"How little you are able to curb your tongue,"

said Levarcham. "It is not a great thing for you to keep your tongue quiet when you get the shelter of a house and the warmth of a hearth on a dark winter night." "That is so," said the hunter, "I may do that much, to keep my mouth shut; but I swear by the oath my people swear by, if some others of the people of the world saw this great beauty that is hidden away here, they would not leave her long with you."

"What people are those?" said Deirdre. "I will tell you that," said the hunter; "they are Naoise, son of Usnach, and Ainnle and Ardan, his two brothers."² "What is the appearance of these men, if we should ever see them?" said Deirdre. "This is the appearance that is on those three men," said the hunter: "the color of the raven is on their hair, their skin is like the swan on the wave, their cheeks like the blood of the speckled red calf, and their swiftness and their leap are like the salmon of the stream and like the deer of the gray mountain; and the head and shoulders of Naoise are above all the other men of Ireland." "However they may be," said Levarcham, "get you out from here, and take another road; and by my word, little is my thankfulness to yourself, or to her that let you in." "You need not send him out for telling me that," said Deirdre, "for as to those three men, I myself saw them last night in a dream, and they hunting upon a hill."

The hunter went away, but in a little time after he began to think to himself how Conchubar, High King of Ulster, was used to lie down at night and to rise up in the morning by himself, without a wife or anyone to speak to; and that if he could see this great beauty it was likely he would bring her home to Emain, and that he himself would get the good-will of the king for telling him there was such a queen to be found on the face of the world.

So he went straight to King Conchubar at Emain Macha, and he sent word in to the King that he had news for him, if he would hear it. The King sent for him to come in. "What is the reason of your journey?" he said. "It is what I have to tell you, King," said the hunter, "that I have seen the greatest beauty that ever was born in Ireland, and I am come to tell you of it."

"Who is this great beauty, and in what place is she to be seen, when she was never seen before you saw her, if you did see her?" "I did see her, indeed," said the hunter, "but no other man can

¹ Pronounced "she." Fairies who live underground, usually in a hill.

² These sons of Usnach are also nephews of King Conchubar through their mother.

see her, unless he knows from me the place where she is living." "Will you bring me to the place where she is, and you will have a good reward?" said the King. "I will bring you there," said the hunter. "Let you stay with my household tonight," said Conchubar, "and I myself and my people will go with you early on the morning of tomorrow." "I will stay," said the hunter, and he stayed that night in the household of King Conchubar.

Then Conchubar sent to Fergus and to the other chief men of Ulster, and he told them of what he was about to do. Though it was early when the songs and the music of the birds began in the woods, it was earlier yet when Conchubar, king of Ulster, rose up with his little company of near friends, in the fresh spring morning of the fresh and pleasant month of May, and the dew was heavy on every bush and flower as they went out toward the green hill where Deirdre was living.

But many a young man of them that had a light, glad, leaping step when they set out, had but a tired, slow, failing step before the end, because of the length and the roughness of the way. "It is down there below," said the hunter, "in the house in that valley, the woman is living, but I myself will not go nearer it than this."

Conchubar and his troop went down then to the green hillock where Deirdre was, and they knocked at the door of the house. Levarcham called out that neither answer nor opening would be given to anyone at all, and that she did not want disturbance put on herself or her house. "Open," said Conchubar, "in the name of the High King of Ulster." When Levarcham heard Conchubar's voice, she knew there was no use trying to keep Deirdre out of sight any longer, and she rose up in haste and let in the King, and as many of his people as could follow him.

When the King saw Deirdre before him, he thought in himself that he never saw in the course of the day, or in the dreams of the night, a creature so beautiful, and he gave her his full heart's weight of love there and then. It is what he did; he put Deirdre up on the shoulders of his men, and she herself and Levarcham were brought away to Emain Macha.

With the love that Conchubar had for Deirdre, he wanted to marry her with no delay, but when her leave was asked, she would not give it, for she was young yet, and she had no knowledge of the duties of a wife, or the ways of a king's house. And when Conchubar was pressing her hard, she

asked him to give her a delay of a year and a day. He said he would give her that, though it was hard for him, if she would give him her certain promise to marry him at the year's end. She did that, and Conchubar got a woman teacher for her, and nice, fine, pleasant, modest maidens to be with her at her lying down and at her rising up, to be companions to her. And Deirdre grew wise in the works of a young girl, and in the understanding of a woman; and if anyone at all looked at her face, whatever color she was before that, she would blush crimson red. And it is what Conchubar thought, that he never saw with the eyes of his body a creature that pleased him so well.

One day Deirdre and her companions were out on a hill near Emain Macha, looking around them in the pleasant sunshine, and they saw three men walking together. Deirdre was looking at the men and wondering at them, and when they came near, ²⁰ she remembered the talk of the hunter, and the three men she saw in her dream, and she thought to herself that these were the three sons of Usnach, and that this was Naoise, that had his head and shoulders above all the men of Ireland. The three brothers went by without turning their eyes at all upon the young girls on the hillside, and they were singing as they went, and whoever heard the low singing of the sons of Usnach, it was enchantment and music to them, and every cow that was being milked and heard it, gave two-thirds more of milk. And it is what happened, that love for Naoise came into the heart of Deirdre, so that she could not but follow him. She gathered up her skirt and went after the three men that had gone past the foot of the hill, leaving her companions there after her.

But Ainnle and Ardan had heard talk of the young girl that was at Conchubar's court, and it is what they thought, that if Naoise their brother would see her, it is for himself he would have her, for she was not yet married to the King. So when they saw Deirdre coming after them, they said to one another to hasten their steps, for they had a long road to travel, and the dusk of night coming on. They did so, and Deirdre saw it, and she cried out after them, "Naoise, son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What cry was that came to my ears, that it is not well for me to answer, and not easy for me to refuse?" said Naoise. "It was nothing but the cry of Conchubar's wild ducks," said his brothers; "but let us quicken our steps and hasten our feet, for we have a long road to travel, and the dusk of the evening coming on."

They did so, and they were widening the distance between themselves and her.

Then Deirdre cried, "Naoise! Naoise! son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What cry was it that came to my ears and struck my heart, that it is not well for me to answer, or easy for me to refuse?" said Naoise. "Nothing but the cry of Conchubar's wild geese," said his brothers; "but let us quicken our steps and hasten our feet, for the darkness of night is coming on." They did so, ¹⁰ and were widening the distance between themselves and her.

Then Deirdre cried the third time, "Naoise! Naoise! Naoise! son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What sharp, clear cry was that, the sweetest that ever came to my ears, and the sharpest that ever struck my heart, of all the cries I ever heard?" said Naoise. "What is it but the scream of Conchubar's lake swans," said his brothers. "That was the third cry of some person beyond there," said Naoise, "and I swear by my hand of valor," he said, "I will go no farther until I see where the cry comes from." So Naoise turned back and met Deirdre, and Deirdre and Naoise kissed one another three times, and she gave a kiss to each of his brothers. And with the confusion that was on her, a blaze of red fire came upon her, and her color came and went as quickly as the aspen by the stream. And it is what Naoise thought to himself, that he never saw a woman so beautiful in his life; and he gave Deirdre, there and then, the love that he never gave to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone.

Then he lifted her high on his shoulder, and he said to his brothers to hasten their steps; and they hastened them.

"Harm will come of this," said the young men. "Although there should harm come," said Naoise, "I am willing to be in disgrace while I live. We will go with her to another province, and there is not in Ireland a king who will not give us a welcome." So they called their people, and that night they set out with three times fifty men, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and Deirdre in their midst.

They were a long time after that shifting from one place to another all around Ireland, from Essruadh in the South, to Beinn Etair in the East again, and it is often they were in danger of being destroyed by Conchubar's devices. And one time the Druids raised a wood before them, but Naoise and his brothers cut their way through it. But at

last they got out of Ulster and sailed to the country of Alban,³ and settled in a lonely place; and when hunting on the mountains failed them, they fell upon the cattle of the men of Alban, so that these gathered together to make an end of them. But the sons of Usnach called to the King of Scotland, and he took them into his friendship, and they gave him their help when he went out into battles or to war.

But all this time they had never spoken to the King of Deirdre, and they kept her with themselves, not to let anyone see her, for they were afraid they might get their death on account of her, she being so beautiful.

But it chanced very early, one morning, the King's steward came to visit them, and he found his way into the house where Naoise and Deirdre were, and there he saw them asleep beside one another. He went back then to the King, and he said: "Up to this time there has never been found a woman that would be a fitting wife for you; but there is a woman on the shore of Loch Ness now, is well worthy of you, King of the East. And what you have to do is to make an end of Naoise, for it is of his wife I am speaking." "I will not do that," said the King; "but go to her," he said, "and bid her to come and see me secretly." The steward brought her that message, but Deirdre sent him away, and all that he had said to her, she told it to Naoise afterwards. Then when she would not come to him, the King sent the sons of Usnach into every hard fight, hoping they would get their death, but they won every battle, and came back safe again.

And after a while they went to Loch Eitche, near the sea, and they were left to themselves there for a while in peace and quietness. And they settled and made a dwelling-house for themselves by the side of Loch Ness, and they could kill the salmon of the stream from out their own door, and the deer of the gray hills from out their window. But when Naoise went to the court of the King, his clothes were splendid among the great men of the army of Scotland: a cloak of bright purple, rightly shaped, with a fringe of bright gold; a coat of satin with fifty hooks of silver; a brooch on which were a hundred polished gems; a gold-hilted sword in his hand, two blue-green spears of bright points, a dagger with the color of yellow gold on it, and a hilt of silver. But the two children they had, Gaiar and Aebgreine, they gave into the care of Manannan, Son of the Sea. And he cared

them well in Emhain of the Apple Trees, and he brought Bobaras the poet to give learning to Gaiar. And Aebgreine of the Sunny Face he gave in marriage afterwards to Rinn, son of Eochaidh Juil of the Land of Promise.

Now it happened, after a time, that a very great feast was made by Conchubar, in Emain Macha, for all the great among his nobles, so that the whole company were easy and pleasant together.¹⁰ The musicians stood up to play their songs and to give poems, and they gave out the branches of relationship and of kindred. These are the names of the poets that were in Emain at the time: Cathbad the Druid, son of Conall, son of Rudraige; Geanann of the Bright Face, son of Cathbad; Ferceirtne, and Geanann Black-Knee, and many others, and Sencha, son of Ailell.

They were all drinking and making merry until Conchubar, the King, raised his voice and spoke aloud, and it is what he said: "I desire to know from you, did you ever see a better house than this house of Emain, or a hearth better than my hearth in any place you were ever in?" "We did not," they said. "If that is so," said Conchubar, "do you know of anything at all that is wanting to you?" "We know of nothing," said they. "That is not so with me," said Conchubar. "I know of a great want that is on you, the want of the three best candles of the Gael, the three noble sons of Usnach, that ought not to be away from us for the sake of any woman in the world, Naoise, Ainnle, and Ardan; for surely they are the sons of a king, and they would defend the High Kingship against the best men of Ireland."

"If we had dared," said they, "it is long ago we would have said it, and more than that, the province of Ulster would be equal to any other province in Ireland, if there was no Ulsterman in it but those three alone, for it is lions they are in hardness and in bravery."

"If that is so," said Conchubar, "let us send word by a messenger to Alban, and to the dwelling-place of the sons of Usnach, to ask them back again." "Who will go there with the message?" said they all. "I cannot know that," said Conchubar, "for there is *geasa*,⁴ that is, bonds, on Naoise not to come back with any man only one of the three, Conall Cearnach, or Fergus, or Cuchulain, and I will know now," said he, "which one of those three loves me best."

Then he called Conall to one side, and he asked

him, "What would you do with me if I should send you for the sons of Usnach, and if they were destroyed through me—a thing I do not mean to do?" "As I am not going to undertake it," said Conall, "I will say that it is not one alone I would kill, but any Ulsterman I would lay hold of that had harmed them would get shortening of life from me and the sorrow of death." "I see well," said Conchubar, "you are no friend of mine," and he put Conall away from him.

Then he called Cuchulain to him, and asked him the same as he did the other. "I give my word, as I am not going," said Cuchulain, "if you want that of me, and that you think to kill them when they come, it is not one person alone that would die for it, but every Ulsterman I could lay hold of would get shortening of life from me and the sorrow of death." "I see well," said Conchubar, "that you are no friend of mine." And he put Cuchulain from him.

And then he called Fergus to him, and asked him the same question, and Fergus said, "Whatever may happen, I promise your blood will be safe from me, but besides yourself there is no Ulsterman that would try to harm them, and that I would lay hold of, but I would give him shortening of life and the sorrow of death." "I see well," said Conchubar, "is it yourself must go for them, and it is tomorrow you must set out, for it is with you they will come, and when you are coming back to us westward, I put you under bonds to go first to the fort of Borach, son of Cainte, and give me your word now that as soon as you get there, you will send on the sons of Usnach to Emain, whether it be day or night at the time." After that the two of them went in together, and Fergus told all the company how it was under his charge they were to be put.

Then Conchubar went to Borach and asked had he a feast ready prepared for him. "I have," said Borach, "but although I was able to make it ready, I was not able to bring it to Emain." "If that is so," said Conchubar, "give it to Fergus when he comes back to Ireland, for it is *geasa* on him not to refuse your feast." Borach promised he would do that, and so they wore away that night.

So Fergus set out in the morning, and he brought no guard nor helpers with him, but himself and his two sons, Fair-Haired Iollan, and Rough-Red Buinne, and Cuillean, the shield-bearer, and the shield itself. They went on till they got to the dwelling-place of the sons of Usnach,

⁴ An absolute compulsion which, if disregarded, will bring great disaster.

and to Loch Eitche in Alba. It is how the sons of Usnach lived: they had three houses; and the house where they made ready the food, it is not there they would eat it, and the house where they would eat it, it is not there they would sleep.

When Fergus came to the harbor he let a great shout out of him. And it is how Naoise and Deirdre were: they had a chessboard between them, and they playing on it. Naoise heard the shout, and he said, "That is the shout of a man of Ireland." "It is not, but the cry of a man of Alban," said Deirdre. She knew at the first it was Fergus gave the shout, but she denied it. Then Fergus let another shout out of him. "That is an Irish shout," said Naoise again. "It is not, indeed," said Deirdre; "let us go on playing." Then Fergus gave the third shout, and the sons of Usnach knew this time it was the shout of Fergus, and Naoise said to Ardan to go out and meet him. Then Deirdre told him that she herself knew at the first shout that it was Fergus. "Why did you deny it, then, Queen?" said Naoise. "Because of a vision I saw last night," said Deirdre. "Three birds I saw coming to us from Emain Macha, and three drops of honey in their mouths, and they left them with us, and three drops of our blood they brought away with them." "What meaning do you put on that, Queen?" said Naoise. "It is," said Deirdre, "Fergus that is coming to us with a message of peace from Conchubar, for honey is not sweeter than a message of peace sent by a lying man." "Let that pass," said Naoise. "Is there anything in it but troubled sleep and the melancholy of woman? And it is a long time Fergus is in the harbor. Rise up, Ardan, to be before him, and bring him with you here."

And Ardan went down to meet him, and gave a fond kiss to himself and to his two sons. And it is what he said: "My love to you, dear comrades." After that he asked news of Ireland, and they gave it to him, and then they came to where Naoise and Ainnle and Deirdre were, and they kissed Fergus and his two sons, and they asked news of Ireland from them. "It is the best news I have for you," said Fergus, "that Conchubar, King of Ulster, has sworn by the earth beneath him, by the high heaven above him, and by the sun that travels to the west, that he will have no rest by day nor sleep by night if the sons of Usnach, his own foster-brothers, will not come back to the land of their home and the country of their birth; and he has sent us to ask you there." "It is better for them to stop here," said Deirdre, "for they have a greater sway in Scotland than Conchubar himself

has in Ireland." "One's own country is better than any other thing," said Fergus, "for no man can have any pleasure, however great his good luck and his way of living, if he does not see his own country every day." "That is true," said Naoise, "for Ireland is dearer to myself than Alban, though I would get more in Alban than in Ireland." "It will be safe for you to come with me," said Fergus. "It will be safe indeed," said Naoise, "and we will go with you to Ireland; and though there were no trouble beneath the sun, but a man to be far from his own land, there is little delight in peace and a long sleep to a man that is an exile. It is a pity for the man that is an exile; it is little his honor, it is great his grief, for it is he will have his share of wandering."

It was not with Deirdre's will Naoise said that, and she was greatly against going with Fergus. And she said: "I had a dream last night of the three sons of Usnach, and they bound and put in the grave by Conchubar of the Red Branch." But Naoise said: "Lay down your dream, Deirdre, on the heights of the hills, lay down your dream on the sailors of the sea, lay down your dream on the rough gray stones, for we will give peace and we will get it from the king of the world and from Conchubar." But Deirdre spoke again, and it is what she said: "There is the howling of dogs in my ears; a vision of the night is before my eyes; I see Fergus away from us; I see Conchubar without mercy in his dun; I see Naoise without strength in battle; I see Ainnle without his loud-sounding shield; I see Ardan without shield or breastplate, and the Hill of Atha without delight. I see Conchubar asking for blood; I see Fergus caught with hidden lies; I see Deirdre crying with tears. I see Deirdre crying with tears."

"A thing that is unpleasing to me, and that I would never give in to," said Fergus, "is to listen to the howling of dogs and to the dreams of women; and since Conchubar, the High King, has sent a message of friendship, it would not be right for you to refuse it." "It would not be right, indeed," said Naoise, "and we will go with you tomorrow." And Fergus gave his word, and he said, "If all the men of Ireland were against you, it would not profit them, for neither shield nor sword nor a helmet itself would be any help or protection to them against you, and I myself to be with you." "That is true," said Naoise, "and we will go with you to Ireland."

They spent the night there until morning, and then they went where the ships were, and they

went on the sea, and a good many of their people with them, and Deirdre looked back on the land of Alban, and it is what she said:

"My love to you, O land to the east, and it goes ill with me to leave you; for it is pleasant are your bays and your harbors and your wide, flowery plains and your green-sided hills; and little need was there for us to leave you." And she made this complaint:

"Dear to me is that land, that land to the east, ¹⁰ Alban, with its wonders; I would not have come from it hither but that I came with Naoise.

"Dear to me Dun Fiadhagh⁵ and Dun Fionn; dear is the dun above them; dear to me Inis Droighnach; dear to me Dun Suibhne.

"O Coill Cuan! Ochone! Coil Cuan! where Ainnle used to come. My grief! it was short I thought his stay there with Naoise in Western Alban. Glen Laoi, O Glen Laoi, where I used to sleep under soft coverings; fish and venison and badger's flesh, that was my portion in Glen Laoi.

"Glen Masan, my grief! Glen Masan! high its hart's-tongue, bright its stalks; we were rocked to pleasant sleep over the wooded harbor of Masan.

"Glen Archan, my grief! Glen Archan, the straight valley of the pleasant ridge; never was there a young man more light-hearted than my Naoise used to be in Glen Archan.

"Glen Eitche, my grief! Glen Eitche, it was there I built my first house; beautiful were the woods ³⁰ on our rising; the home of the sun is Glen Eitche.

"Glen-da-Rua, my grief! Glen-da-Rua, my love to every man that belongs to it; sweet is the voice of the cuckoo on the bending branch on the hill above Glen-da-Rua.

"Dear to me is Droighin over the fierce strand; dear are its waters over the clean sand. I would never have come out from it at all but that I came with my beloved!"

After she had made that complaint they came ⁴⁰ to Dun Borach, and Borach gave three fond kisses to Fergus and to the sons of Usnach along with him. It was then Borach said he had a feast laid out for Fergus, and that it was *geasa* for him to leave it until he would have eaten it. But Fergus reddened with anger from head to foot, and it is what he said: "It is a bad thing you have done, Borach, laying out a feast for me, and Conchubar to have made me give my word that as soon as I would come to Ireland, whether it would be by ⁵⁰ day or in the nighttime, I would send on the sons

of Usnach to Emain Macha." "I hold you under bonds," said Borach, "to stop and use the feast."

Then Fergus asked Naoise what should he do about the feast. "You must choose," said Deirdre, "whether you will forsake the children of Usnach or the feast, and it would be better for you to refuse the feast than to forsake the sons of Usnach." "I will not forsake them," said he, "for I will send my two sons, Fair-Haired Iollan and Rough-Red Buinne, with them, to Emain Macha." "On my word," said Naoise, "that is a great deal to do for us; for up to this no other person ever protected us but ourselves." And he went out of the place in great anger; and Ainnle, and Ardan, and Deirdre, and the two sons of Fergus followed him, and they left Fergus dark and sorrowful after them. But for all that, Fergus was full sure that if all the provinces of Ireland would go into one council, they would not consent to break the pledge he had given.

As for the sons of Usnach, they went on their way by every short road, and Deirdre said to them, "I will give you a good advice, Sons of Usnach, though you may not follow it." "What is that advice, Queen?" said Naoise. "It is," said she, "to go to Rechrainn, between Ireland and Scotland, and to wait there until Fergus has done with the feast; and that will be the keeping of his word to Fergus, and it will be the lengthening of your lives to you." "We will not follow that advice," said Naoise; and the children of Fergus said it was little trust she had in them, when she thought they would not protect her, though their hands might not be so strong as the hands of the sons of Usnach; and besides that, Fergus had given them his word. "Alas! it is sorrow came on us with the word of Fergus," said Deirdre, "and he to forsake us for a feast"; and she made this complaint:

"It is grief to me that ever I came from the east ⁶⁰ on the word of the unthinking son of Rogh.⁶ It is only lamentations I will make. Och! it is very sorrowful my heart is!

"My heart is heaped up with sorrow; it is tonight my great hurt is. My grief! my dear companions, the end of your days is come."

And it is what Naoise answered her: "Do not say that in your haste, Deirdre, more beautiful than the sun. Fergus would never have come for us eastward to bring us back to be destroyed."

And Deirdre said, "My grief! I think it too far for you, beautiful sons of Usnach, to have come

⁵ The places named in the lament are all in Scotland.

⁶ Fergus, the son of Rogh.

from Alban of the rough grass; it is lasting will be its lifelong sorrow."

After that they went forward to Finncairn of the watch-tower on sharp-peaked Slieve Fuad, and Deirdre stayed after them in the valley, and sleep fell on her there.

When Naoise saw that Deirdre was left after them, he turned back as she was rising out of her sleep, and he said, "What made you wait after us, Queen?" "Sleep that was on me," said Deirdre, "and I saw a vision in it." "What vision was that?" said Naoise. "It was," she said, "Fair-Haired Iollan that I saw without his head on him, and Rough-Red Buinne with his head on him; and it is without help of Rough-Red Buinne you were, and it is with the help of Fair-Haired Iollan you were." And she made this complaint:

"It is a sad vision has been shown to me, of my four tall, fair, bright companions; the head of each has been taken from him, and no help to be had one from another."

But when Naoise heard this he reproached her, and said, "O fair, beautiful woman, nothing does your mouth speak but evil. Do not let the sharpness and the great misfortune that come from it fall on your friends." And Deirdre answered him with kind, gentle words, and it is what she said: "It would be better to me to see harm come on any other person than upon any one of you three, with whom I have traveled over the seas and over the wide plains; but when I look on you, it is only Buinne I can see safe and whole, and I know that his life will be longest among you; and indeed it is I that am sorrowful tonight."

After that they came forward to the high willows, and it was then Deirdre said: "I see a cloud in the air, and it is a cloud of blood; and I would give you a good advice, Sons of Usnach," she said. "What is that advice?" said Naoise. "To go to Dundealgan where Cuchulain is, until Fergus has done with the feast, and to be under the protection of Cuchulain, for fear of the treachery of Conchubar." "Since there is no fear on us, we will not follow that advice," said Naoise. And Deirdre complained, and it is what she said:

"O Naoise, look at the cloud I see above us in the air; I see a cloud over green Macha, cold and deep red like blood. I am startled by the cloud that I see here in the air; a thin, dreadful cloud that is like a clot of blood. I give a right advice to the beautiful sons of Usnach not to go to Emain to-night, because of the danger that is over them."

We will go to Dundealgan, where the Hound of the Smith⁷ is; we will come tomorrow from the south along with the Hound, Cuchulain."

But Naoise said in his anger to Deirdre, "Since there is no fear on us, we will not follow your advice." And Deirdre turned to the grandsons of Rogh, and it is what she said: "It is seldom until now, Naoise, that yourself and myself were not of the one mind. And I say to you, Naoise, that you would not have gone against me like this the day Manannan gave me the cup in the time of his great victory."

After that they went on to Emain Macha. "Sons of Usnach," said Deirdre, "I have a sign by which you will know if Conchubar is going to do treachery on you." "What sign is that?" said Naoise. "If you are let come into the house where Conchubar is, and the nobles of Ulster, then Conchubar is not going to do treachery on you. But if it is in the House of the Red Branch you are put, then he is going to do treachery on you."

After that they came to Emain Macha, and they took the handwood and struck the door, and the doorkeeper asked who was there. They told him that it was the sons of Usnach, and Deirdre, and the two sons of Fergus were there.

When Conchubar heard that, he called his stewards and serving men to him, and he asked them how was the House of the Red Branch for food and for drink. They said that if all the seven armies of Ulster would come there, they would find what would satisfy them. "If that is so," said Conchubar, "bring the sons of Usnach into it."

It was then Deirdre said, "It would have been better for you to follow my advice, and never to have come to Emain, and it would be right for you to leave it, even at this time." "We will not," said Fair-Haired Iollan, "for it is not fear or cowardliness was ever seen on us, but we will go to the house." So they went on to the House of the Red Branch, and the stewards and the serving-men with them, and well-tasting food was served to them, and pleasant drinks, till they were all glad and merry, except only Deirdre and the sons of Usnach; for they did not use much food or drink, because of the length and the greatness of their journey from Dun Borach to Emain Macha. Then Naoise said, "Give the chessboard to us till we go playing." So they gave them the chessboard and they began to play.

It was just at that time Conchubar was asking, "Who will I send that will bring me word of

⁷The literal meaning of Cuchulain, Irish god and hero.

Deirdre, and that will tell me if she has the same appearance and the same shape she had before, for if she has, there is not a woman in the world has a more beautiful shape or appearance than she has, and I will bring her out with edge of blade and point of sword in spite of the sons of Usnach, good though they be. But if not, let Naoise have her for himself." "I myself will go there," said Levarcham, "and I will bring you word of that." And it is how it was, Deirdre was dearer to her than any other person in the world; for it was often she went through the world looking for Deirdre and bringing news to her and from her. So Levarcham went over to the House of the Red Branch, and near it she saw a great troop of armed men, and she spoke to them, but they made her no answer, and she knew by that it was none of the men of Ulster were in it, but men from some strange country that Conchubar's messengers had brought to Emain.

And then she went in where Naoise and Deirdre were, and it is how she found them, the polished chessboard between them, and they playing on it; and she gave them fond kisses, and she said: "You are not doing well to be playing; and it is to bring Conchubar word if Deirdre has the same shape and appearance she used to have that he sent me here now; and there is grief on me for the deed that will be done in Emain tonight, treachery that will be done, and the killing of kindred, and the three bright candles of the Gael to be quenched, and Emain will not be the better of it to the end of life and time"; and she made this complaint sadly and wearily:

"My heart is heavy for the treachery that is being done in Emain this night; on account of this treachery, Emain will never be at peace from this out.

"The three that are most king-like today under the sun; the three best of all that live on the earth, it is grief to me tonight they to die for the sake of any woman. Naoise and Ainnle, whose deeds are known, and Ardan, their brother; treachery is to be done on the young, bright-faced three; it is not I that am not sorrowful tonight."

When she had made this complaint, Levarcham said to the sons of Usnach and to the children of Fergus to shut close the doors and the windows of the house and to do bravery. "And, oh, sons of Fergus," she said, "defend your charge and your care bravely till Fergus comes, and you will have praise and a blessing for it." And she cried with many tears, and she went back to where Conchu-

bar was, and he asked news of Deirdre of her. And Levarcham said, "It is good news and bad news I have for you." "What news is that?" said Conchubar. "It is the good news," she said, "the three sons of Usnach to have come to you and to be over there, and they are the three that are bravest and mightiest in form and in looks and in countenance, of all in the world; and Ireland will be yours from this out, since the sons of Usnach are with you; and the news that is worst with me is, the woman that was best of the women of the world in form and in looks, going out of Emain, is without the form and without the appearance she used to have."

When Conchubar heard that, much of his jealousy went backward, and he was drinking and making merry for a while, until he thought of Deirdre again the second time, and on that he asked, "Who will I get to bring me word of Deirdre?" But he did not find anyone would go there. And then he said to Gelban, the merry, pleasant son of the King of Lochlann: "Go over and bring me word if Deirdre has the same shape and the same appearance she used to have, for if she has, there is not on the ridge of the world or on the waves of the earth a woman more beautiful than herself."

So Gelban went to the House of the Red Branch, and he found the doors and the windows of the fort shut, and fear came on him. And it is what he said: "It is not an easy road for anyone that would get to the sons of Usnach, for I think there is very great anger on them." And after that he found a window that was left open by forgetfulness in the house, and he was looking in. Then Deirdre saw him through the window, and when she saw him looking at her, she went into a red blaze of blushes, and Naoise knew that someone was looking at her from the window, and she told him that she saw a young man looking in at them. It is how Naoise was at that time, with a man of the chessmen in his hand, and he made a fair throw over his shoulder at the young man, that put the eye out of his head. The young man went back to where Conchubar was. "You were merry and pleasant going out," said Conchubar, "but you are sad and cheerless coming back." And then Gelban told him the story from beginning to end. "I see well," said Conchubar, "the man that made that throw will be king of the world, unless he has his life shortened. And what appearance is there on Deirdre?" he said. "It is this," said Gelban: "although Naoise put out my eye, I would have wished to stay there

looking at her with the other eye, but for the haste you put on me; for there is not in the world a woman is better of shape or of form than herself."

When Conchubar heard that, he was filled with jealousy and with envy, and he bade the men of his army that were with him, and that had been drinking at the feast, to go and attack the place where the sons of Usnach were. So they went forward to the House of the Red Branch, and they gave three great shouts around it, and they put fires and red flames to it. When the sons of Usnach heard the shouts, they asked who those men were that were about the house. "Conchubar and the men of Ulster," they all said together. "Is it the pledge of Fergus you would break?" said Fair-Haired Iollan. "On my word," said Conchubar, "there will be sorrow on the sons of Usnach, Deirdre to be with them." "That is true," said Deirdre; "Fergus has deceived you." "By my oath," said Rough-Red Buinne, "if he betrayed, we will not betray."

It was then Buinne went out and killed three-fifths of the fighting men outside, and put great disturbance on the rest; and Conchubar asked who was there, and who was doing destruction on his men like that. "It is I, myself, Rough-Red Buinne, son of Fergus," said he. "I will give you a good gift if you will leave off," said Conchubar. "What gift is that?" said Rough-Red Buinne. "A hundred of land," said Conchubar. "What besides?" said Rough-Red Buinne. "My own friendship and my counsel," said Conchubar. "I will take that," said Rough-Red Buinne. It was a good mountain that was given him as a reward, but it turned barren in the same night, and no green grew on it again forever, and it used to be called the Mountain of the Share of Buinne.

Deirdre heard what they were saying. "By my word," she said, "Rough-Red Buinne has forsaken you, and, in my opinion, it is like the father the son is." "I give my word," says Fair-Haired Iollan, "that is not so with me; as long as this narrow, straight sword stays in my hand, I will not forsake the sons of Usnach."

After that Fair-Haired Iollan went out, and made three courses around the house, and killed three-fifths of the heroes outside, and he came in again where Naoise was, and he playing chess, and Ainnle with him. So Iollan went out the second time, and made three other courses round the fort, and he brought a lighted torch with him on the

lawn, and he went destroying the hosts, so that they dared not come to attack the house. And he was a good son, Fair-Haired Iollan, for he never refused any person on the ridge of the world anything that he had, and he never took wages from any person but only Fergus.

It was then Conchubar said: "What place is my own son, Fiacra the Fair?" "I am here, High Prince," said Fiacra. "By my word," said Conchubar, "it is on the one night yourself and Iollan were born, and as it is the arms of his father he has with him, let you take my arms with you, that is, my shield, the Ochain⁸ my two spears, and my great sword, the Gorm Glas, the Blue Green—and do bravery and great deeds with them."

Then Fiacra took Conchubar's arms, and he and Fair-Haired Iollan attacked one another, and they made a stout fight, one against the other. But however it was, Fair-Haired Iollan put down Fiacra, so that he made him lie under the shelter of his shield, till it roared for the greatness of the strait he was in; for it was the way with the Ochain, the shield of Conchubar, to roar when the person on whom it would be was in danger; and the three chief waves of Ireland, the Wave of Tuagh, the Wave of Cliodna, and the Wave of Rudrage, roared in answer to it.

It was at that time Conall Cearnach was at Dun Sobairce, and he heard the Wave of Tuagh. "True it is," said Conall, "Conchubar is in some danger, and it is not right for me to be here listening to him."

Conall rose up on that, and he put his arms and his armor on him, and came forward to where Conchubar was at Emain Macha, and he found the fight going on on the lawn, and Fiacra, the son of Conchubar, greatly pressed by Fair-Haired Iollan, and neither the King of Ulster nor any other person dared to go between them. But Conall went aside, behind Fair-Haired Iollan, and thrust his sword through him. "Who is it has wounded me behind my back?" said Fair-Haired Iollan. "Whoever did it, by my hand of valor, he would have got a fair fight, face to face, from myself." "Who are you yourself?" said Conall. "I am Iollan, son of Fergus, and are you yourself Conall?" "It is I," said Conall. "It is evil and it is heavy the work you have done," said Iollan, "and the sons of Usnach under my protection." "Is that true?" said Conall. "It is true, indeed," said Iollan. "By my hand of valor," said Conall, "Conchubar will not get his

⁸ This magic shield had been received from the queen of the sea. It would roar whenever its owner

own son alive from me to avenge it," and he gave a stroke of the sword to Fiacra, so that he struck his head off, and he left them so. The clouds of death came upon Fair-Haired Iollan then, and he threw his arms toward the fortress, and called out to Naoise to do bravery, and after that he died.

It is then Conchubar himself came out and nineteen hundred men with him, and Conall said to him: "Go up now to the doorway of the fort, and see where your sister's children are lying on a bed of trouble." And when Conchubar saw them he said: "You are not sister's children to me; it is not the deed of sister's children you have done me, but you have done harm to me with treachery in the sight of all the men of Ireland." And it is what Ainnle said to him: "Although we took well-shaped, soft-handed Deirdre from you, yet we did a little kindness to you at another time, and this is the time to remember it. That day your ship was breaking up on the sea, and it full of gold and silver, we gave you up our own ship, and ourselves went swimming to the harbor."

But Conchubar said: "If you did fifty good deeds to me, surely this would be my thanks: I would not give you peace, and you in distress, but every great want I could put on you."

And then Ardan said: "We did another little kindness to you, and this is the time to remember it; the day the speckled horse failed you on the green of Dundalgan, it was we gave you the gray horse that would bring you fast on your road."

But Conchubar said: "If you had done fifty good deeds to me, surely this would be my thanks: I would not give you peace, and you in distress, but every great want I could put on you."

And then Naoise said: "We did you another good deed, and this is the time to remember it; we have put you under many benefits; it is strong our right is to your protection."

"The time when Murcael, son of Brian, fought the seven battles at Beinn Etair, we brought you, without fail, the heads of the sons of the King of the Southeast."

But Conchubar said: "If you had done me fifty good deeds, surely this is my thanks: I would not give you peace in your distress, but every great want I could put upon you."

"Your death is not a death to me now, young sons of Usnach, since he that was innocent fell by you, the third best of the horsemen of Ireland."

Then Deirdre said: "Rise up, Naoise, take your sword, good son of a king, mind yourself well, for it is not long that life will be left in your fair body."

It is then all Conchubar's men came about the house, and they put fires and burning to it. Ardan went out then, and his men, and put out the fires and killed three hundred men. And Ainnle went out in the third part of the night, and he killed three hundred, and did slaughter and destruction on them.

And Naoise went out in the last quarter of the night, and drove away all the army from the house.

He came into the house after that, and it is then Deirdre rose up and said to him: "By my word, it is well you won your way; and do bravery and valor from this out; and it was bad advice you took when you ever trusted Conchubar."

As for the sons of Usnach, after that they made a good protection with their shields, and they put Deirdre in the middle and linked the shields around her, and they gave three leaps out over the walls of Emain, and they killed three hundred men in that sally.

When Conchubar saw that, he went to Cathbad the Druid, and said to him: "Go, Cathbad, to the sons of Usnach, and work enchantment on them; for unless they are hindered they will destroy the men of Ulster forever if they go away in spite of them; and I give the word of a true hero, they will get no harm from me, but let them only make agreement with me."

When Cathbad heard that, he agreed, believing him, and he went to the end of his arts and his knowledge to hinder the sons of Usnach, and he worked enchantment on them, so that he put the likeness of a dark sea about them, with hindering waves. And when Naoise saw the waves rising he put up Deirdre on his shoulder, and it is how the sons of Usnach were, swimming on the ground as they were going out of Emain; yet the men of Ulster did not dare to come near them until their swords had fallen from their hands. But after their

swords fell from their hands, the sons of Usnach were taken. And when they were taken, Conchubar asked of the children of Durthacht to kill them. But the children of Durthacht said they would not do that. There was a young man with Conchubar whose name was Maine, and his surname Rough Hand, son of the king of the fair Norwegians, and it is Naoise had killed his father and his two brothers; Athrac and Triathrach were their names. And he said he himself would kill the sons of Usnach. "If that is so," said Ardan, "kill me the first, for I am younger than my brothers, so that I will not see my brothers killed." "Let him not be killed but myself," said Ainnle. "Let that not be

done," said Naoise, "for I have a sword that Mananan, son of Lir, gave me, and the stroke of it leaves nothing after it, track nor trace; and strike the three of us together, and we will die at the one time." "That is well," said they all, "and let you lay down your heads," they said. They did that, and Maine gave a strong quick blow of the sword on the three necks together on the block, and struck the three heads off them with one stroke; and the men of Ulster gave three loud sorrowful shouts, and cried aloud about them there.

As for Deirdre, she cried pitifully, wearily, and tore her fair hair, and she was talking on the sons of Usnach and on Alban, and it is what she said:

"A blessing eastward to Alban from me. Good is the sight of her bays and valleys; pleasant was it to sit on the slopes of her hills, where the sons of Usnach used to be hunting.

"One day, when the nobles of Scotland were drinking with the sons of Usnach, to whom they owed their affection, Naoise gave a kiss secretly to the daughter of the lord of Duntreon. He sent her a frightened deer, wild, and a fawn at its foot; and he went to visit her coming home from the host of Inverness. When myself heard that, my head filled full of jealousy; I put my boat on the waves; it was the same to me to live or to die. They followed me swimming, Ainnle and Ardan, that never said a lie; they turned me back again, two that would give battle to a hundred; Naoise gave me his true word, he swore three times, with his arms as witness, he would never put vexation on me again, until he would go from me to the hosts of the dead.

"Och! if she knew tonight, Naoise to be under a covering of clay, it is she would cry her fill, and it is I would cry along with her."

After she had made this complaint, seeing they were all taken up with one another, Deirdre came forward on the lawn, and she was running round and round, up and down, from one to another, and Cuchulain met her, and she told him the story from first to last, how it had happened to the sons of Usnach. It is sorrowful Cuchulain was for that, for there was not in the world a man was dearer to him than Naoise. And he asked who killed him. "Maine Rough-Hand," said Deirdre. Then Cuchulain went away, sad and sorrowful, to Dundalgan.

After that Deirdre lay down by the grave, and they were digging earth from it, and she made this lament after the sons of Usnach:

"Long is the day without the sons of Usnach;

it was never wearisome to be in their company; sons of a king that entertained exiles; three lions of the Hill of the Cave.

"Three darlings of the women of Britain; three hawks of Slieve Cuilenn; sons of a king served by valor, to whom warriors did obedience. The three mighty bears; three lions of the fort of Conrach; three sons of a king who thought well of their praise; three nurslings of the men of Ulster.

"Three heroes not good at homage; their fall is a cause of sorrow; three sons of the sister of a king; three props of the army of Cuaigne.

"Three dragons of Dun Monad, the three valiant men from the Red Branch; I myself will not be living after them, the three that broke hard battles.

"Three that were brought up by Aoife, to whom lands were under tribute; three pillars in the breach of battle; three pupils that were with Scathach.

"Three pupils that were with Uathach; three champions that were lasting in might; three shining sons of Usnach; it is weariness to be without them.

"The High King of Ulster, my first betrothed, I forsook for love of Naoise; short my life will be after him; I will make keening⁹ at their burial.

"That I would live after Naoise let no one think on the earth; I will not go on living after Ainnle and after Ardan.

"After them I myself will not live; three that would leap through the midst of battle; since my beloved is gone from me I will cry my fill over his grave.

"O young man, digging the new grave, do not make the grave narrow; I will be along with them in the grave, making lamentation and oichones.

"Many the hardship I met with along with the three heroes. I suffered want of house, want of fire; it is myself that used not to be troubled.

"Their three shields and their spears made a bed for me often. O young man, put their three swords close over their grave.

"Their three hounds, their three hawks, will be from this time without huntsmen; three helpers of every battle; three pupils of Conall Cearnach.

"The three leashes of those three hounds have brought a sigh from my heart. It is I had the care of them; the sight of them is a cause of grief.

"I was never one day alone to the day of the making of this grave, though it is often that myself and yourselves were in loneliness.

"My sight is gone from me with looking at the grave of Naoise; it is short till my life will leave

⁹ Lamentations at the funeral.

me, and those who would have keened me do not live.

"Since it is through me they were betrayed I will be tired out with sorrow; it is a pity I was not in the earth before the sons of Usnach were killed.

"Sorrowful was my journey with Fergus, betraying me to the Red Branch; we were deceived all together with his sweet, flowery words. I left the delights of Ulster for the three heroes that were bravest; my life will not be long, I myself am alone after them.

"I am Deirdre without gladness, and I at the end of my life; since it is grief to be without them, I myself will not be long after them."

After that complaint Deirdre loosed out her hair, and threw herself on the body of Naoise before it was put into the grave and gave three kisses to him, and when her mouth touched his blood, the color of burning sods came into her cheeks, and she rose up like one that had lost her wits, and she went on through the night till she came to where the waves were breaking on the strand. And a fisherman was there and his wife, and they brought her into their cabin and sheltered her, and she neither smiled nor laughed, nor took food, drink, or sleep, nor raised her head from her knees, but was crying always after the sons of Usnach.

But when she could not be found at Emain, Conchubar sent Levarcham to look for her, and to bring her back to his palace, that he might make her his wife. And Levarcham found her in the fisherman's cabin, and she bade her come back to Emain, where she would have protection and riches and all that she would ask. And she gave her this message she brought from Conchubar: "Come up to my house, O branch with the dark eyelashes, and there need be no fear on your fair face, of hatred or of jealousy or of reproach." And Deirdre said: "I will not go up to his house, for it is not land or earth or food I am wanting, or gold or silver or horses, but leave to go to the grave where the sons of Usnach are lying, till I give the three honey kisses to their three white, beautiful bodies." And she made this complaint:

"Make keening for the heroes that were killed on their coming to Ireland; stately they used to be, coming to the house, the three great sons of Usnach.

"The sons of Usnach fell in the fight like three branches that were growing straight and nice, and they destroyed in a heavy storm that left neither bud nor twig of them.

"Naoise, my gentle, well-learned comrade, make no delay in crying him with me; cry for Ardan that killed the wild boars; cry for Ainnle whose strength was great.

"It was Naoise that would kiss my lips, my first man and my first sweetheart; it was Ainnle would pour out my drink; and it was Ardan would lay my pillow.

"Though sweet to you is the mead that is drunk by the soft-living son of Ness,¹⁰ the food of the sons of Usnach was sweeter to me all through my lifetime.

"Whenever Naoise would go out to hunt through the woods or the wide plains, all the meat he would bring back was better to me than honey.

"Though sweet to you are the sounds of pipes and of trumpets, it is truly, I say to the King, I have heard music that is sweeter.

"Delightful to Conchubar, the king, are pipes and trumpets; but the singing of the sons of Usnach was more delightful to me.

"It was Naoise had the deep sound of the waves in his voice; it was the song of Ardan that was good, and the voice of Ainnle toward their green dwelling-place.

"Their birth was beautiful and their blossoming, as they grew to the strength of manhood; sad is the end today, the sons of Usnach to be cut down.

"Dear were their pleasant words, dear their young, high strength; in their going through the plains of Ireland there was a welcome before the coming of their strength.

"Dear their gray eyes that were loved by women; many looked on them as they went. When they went freely searching through the woods, their steps were pleasant on the dark mountain.

"I do not sleep at any time, and the color is gone from my face; there is no sound can give me delight since the sons of Usnach do not come.

"I do not sleep through the night; my senses are scattered away from me; I do not care for food or drink. I have no welcome today for the pleasant drink of nobles, or ease, or comfort, or delight, or a great house, or the palace of a king.

"Do not break the strings of my heart as you took hold of my young youth, Conchubar; though my darling is dead, my love is strong to live. What is country to me, or land, or lordship? What are swift horses? What are jewels and gold? Och! it is I will be lying tonight on the strand like the beautiful sons of Usnach."

So Levarcham went back to Conchubar to tell

him what way Deirdre was, and that she would not come with her to Emain Macha.

And when she was gone, Deirdre went out on the strand, and she found a carpenter making an oar for a boat, and making a mast for it, clean and straight, to put up a sail to the wind. And when she saw him making it, she said: "It is a sharp knife you have, to cut the oar so clean and so straight, and if you will give it to me," she said, "I will give you a ring of the best gold in Ireland for it, the ring that belonged to Naoise, and that was with him through the battle and through the fight; he thought much of it in his lifetime; it is pure gold, through and through." So the carpenter took the ring in his hand, and the knife in the other hand, and he looked at them together, and he gave her the knife for the ring, and for her asking and her tears. Then Deirdre went close to the waves, and she said: "Since the other is not with me now, I will spend no more of my lifetime without him." And with that she drove the black knife into her side, but she drew it out again and threw it in the sea to her right hand, the way no one would be blamed for her death.

Then Conchubar came down to the strand and five hundred men along with him, to bring Deirdre away to Emain Macha, but all he found before him was her white body on the ground, and it without life. And it is what he said: "A thousand deaths on the time I brought death on my sister's children; now I am myself without Deirdre, and they themselves are without life.

"They were my sister's children, the three brothers I vexed with blows, Naoise, and Ainnle, and Ardan; they have died along with Deirdre."

And they took her white, beautiful body, and laid it in a grave, and a flagstone was raised over her grave, and over the grave of the sons of Usnach, and their names were written in Ogham, and keening was made for their burial.

And as to Fergus, son of Rogh, he came on the day after the children of Usnach were killed, to Emain Macha. And when he found they had been killed and his pledge to them broken, he himself, and Cormac Conloingeas, Conchubar's own son, and Dubthach, the Beetle of Ulster, with their men, made an attack on Conchubar's house and men, and a great many were killed by them, and Emain Macha was burned and destroyed.

And after doing that, they went into Connaught, to Ailell and to Maeve at Cruachan, and they were made welcome there, and they took service with

them and fought with them against Ulster because of the treachery that was done by Conchubar. And that is the way Fergus and the others came to be on the side of the men of Connaught in the war for the Brown Bull of Cuailgne.

And Cathbad laid a curse on Emain Macha, on account of that great wrong. And it is what he said, that none of the race of Conchubar should have the kingdom, to the end of life and time.

And that came true, for the most of Conchubar's sons died in his own lifetime, and when he was near his death, he bade the men of Ulster bring back Cormac Conloingeas out of Cruachan, and give him the kingdom.

So they sent messengers to Cormac, and he set out and his three troops of men with him, and he left his blessing with Ailell and with Maeve, and he promised them a good return for all the kind treatment they had given him. And they crossed the river at Athluain, and there they saw a red woman at the edge of the ford, and she washing her chariot and her harness. And after that they met a young girl coming toward them, and a light-green cloak about her, and a brooch of precious stones at her breast. And Cormac asked her was she coming with them, and she said she was not, and it would be better for himself to turn back, for the ruin of his life was come.

And he stopped for the night at the House of the Two Smiths on the hill of Bruighean Mor, the great dwelling-place.

But a troop of the men of Connaught came about the house in the night, for they were on the way home after destroying and robbing a district of Ulster, and they thought to make an end of Cormac before he would get to Emain.

And it chanced there was a great harper, Craiftine, living close by, and his wife, Sceanb, daughter of Scethern, a Druid of Connaught, loved Cormac Conloingeas, and three times she had gone to meet him at Athluain, and she planted three trees there —Grief, and Dark, and Dumbness.

And there was great hatred and jealousy of Cormac on Craiftine, so when he knew the men of Connaught were going to make an attack on him, he went outside the house with his harp, and played a soft, sleepy tune to him, the way he had not the strength to rouse himself up, and himself and the most of his people were killed. And Amergin, that had gone with the message to him, made his grave and his mound, and the place is called Cluin Duma, the Lawn of the Mound.

SEUMAS MACMANUS

The Amadan of the Dough

There was a king once on a time that had a son that was an Amadan [half-foolish fellow]. The Amadan's mother died, and the king married again.

The Amadan's step-mother was always afraid of him beating her children, he was growing so big and strong. So to keep him from growing and to weaken him, she had him fed on dough made of raw meal and water, and for that he was called "The Amadan of the Dough." But instead of getting weaker, it was getting stronger the Amadan was on this fare, and he was able to thrash all of his step-brothers together.

At length his step-mother told his father that he would have to drive the Amadan away. The father consented to put him away; but the Amadan refused to go till his father would give him a sword so sharp that it would cut a pack of wool falling on it.

After a great deal of time and trouble the father got such a sword and gave it to the Amadan; and when the Amadan had tried it and found it what he wanted, he bade them all good-by and set off.

For seven days and seven nights he traveled away before him without meeting anything wonderful, but on the seventh night he came up to a great castle. He went in and found no one there, but he found a great dinner spread on the table in the hall. So to be making the most of his time, down the Amadan sat at the table and whacked away.

When he had finished with his dinner, up to the castle came three young princes, stout, strong, able fellows, but very, very tired, and bleeding from wounds all over them.

They struck the castle with a flint, and all at once the whole castle shone as if it were on fire.

The Amadan sprang at the three of them to kill them. He said, "What do you mean by putting the castle on fire?"

"O Amadan," they said, "don't interfere with us, for we are nearly killed as it is. The castle isn't on

fire. Every day we have to go out to fight three giants—Slat Mor, Slat Marr, and Slat Beag. We fight them all day long, and just as night is falling we have them killed. But however it comes, in the night they always come to life again, and if they didn't see this castle lit up, they'd come in on top of us and murder us while we slept. So every night, when we come back from the fight, we light up the castle. Then we can sleep in peace until morning, and in the morning go off and fight the giants again."

When the Amadan heard this, he wondered; and he said he would very much like to help them kill the giants. They said they would be very glad to have such a fine fellow's help; and so it was agreed that the Amadan should go with them to the fight next day.

Then the three princes washed themselves and took their supper, and they and the Amadan went to bed.

In the morning all four of them set off, and traveled to the Glen of the Echoes, where they met the three giants.

"Now," says the Amadan, "if you three will engage the two smaller giants, Slat Marr and Slat Beag, I'll engage Slat Mor myself and kill him."

They agreed to this.

Now the smallest of the giants was far bigger and more terrible than anything ever the Amadan had seen or heard of in his life before, so you can fancy what Slat Mor must have been like.

But the Amadan was little concerned at this. He went to meet Slat Mor, and the two of them fell to the fight, and a great, great fight they had. They made the hard ground into soft,¹ and the soft into spring wells; they made the rock into pebbles, and the pebbles into gravel, and the gravel fell over the country like hailstones. All the birds of the air from the lower end of the world to the upper end of the world, and all the wild beasts and tame from the four ends of the earth, came flocking to see the fight; and in the end the Amadan ran Slat Mor

The Amadan of the Dough. From *Donegal Fairy Stories*. Copyright, 1900, by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. Used by permission.

¹ This passage, which is several times repeated word for word, is an example of what the Irish story-tellers call a "run." When they reach these passages they change the tone of their voice and speak very rapidly.

through with his sword and laid him down dead.

Then he turned to help the three princes, and very soon he laid the other two giants down dead for them also.

Then the three princes said they would all go home. The Amadan told them to go, but warned them not to light up the castle this night, and said he would sit by the giants' corpses and watch if they came to life again.

The three princes begged of him not to do this, for the three giants would come to life, and then he, having no help, would be killed.

The Amadan was angry with them, and ordered them off instantly. Then he sat down by the giants' corpses to watch. But he was so tired from his great day's fighting that by and by he fell asleep.

After twelve o'clock at night, when the Amadan was sleeping soundly, up comes a cailliach [old hag] and four badachs [unwieldy big fellows], and the cailliach carried with her a feather and a bottle 20 of iocshlainte [ointment of health], with which she began to rub the giants' wounds.

Two of the giants were already alive when the Amadan awoke, and the third was just opening his eyes. Up sprang the Amadan, and at him leaped them all—Slat Mor, Slat Marr, Slat Beag, the cailliach, and the four badachs.

If the Amadan had had a hard fight during the day, this one was surely ten times harder. But a brave and a bold fellow he was, and not to be daunted by numbers or showers of blows. They fought for long and long. They made the hard ground into soft, and the soft into spring wells; they made the rocks into pebbles, and the pebbles into gravel, and the gravel fell over the country like hailstones. All the birds of the air from the lower end of the world to the upper end of the world, and all the wild beasts and tame from the four ends of the earth, came flocking to see the fight; and one after the other of them the Amadan ran 40 his sword through, until he had every one of them stretched on the ground, dying or dead.

And when the old cailliach was dying, she called the Amadan to her and put him under geasa [an obligation that he could not shirk] to lose the power of his feet, of his strength, of his sight, and of his memory if he did not go to meet and fight the Black Bull of the Brown Wood.

When the old hag died outright, the Amadan rubbed some of the iocshlainte to his wounds with the feather, and at once he was as hale and as fresh as when the fight began. Then he took the feather and the bottle of iocshlainte, buckled on his sword,

and started away before him to fulfill his geasa.

He traveled for the length of all that lee-long day, and when night was falling, he came to a little hut on the edge of a wood; and the hut had no shelter inside or out but one feather over it, and there was a rough, red woman standing in the door.

"You're welcome," says she, "Amadan of the Dough, the King of Ireland's son. What have you been doing or where are you going?"

"Last night," says the Amadan, "I fought a great fight, and killed Slat Mor, Slat Marr, Slat Beag, the Cailliach of the Rocks, and four badachs. Now I'm under geasa to meet and to fight the Black Bull of the Brown Wood. Can you tell me where to find him?"

"I can that," says she, "but it's now night. Come in and eat and sleep."

So she spread for the Amadan a fine supper, and made a soft bed, and he ate heartily and slept heartily that night.

In the morning she called him early, and she directed him on his way to meet the Black Bull of the Brown Wood. "But my poor Amadan," she said, "no one has ever yet met that bull and come back alive."

She told him that when he reached the place of meeting, the bull would come tearing down the hill like a hurricane. "Here's a cloak," says she, "to throw upon the rock that is standing there. You hide yourself behind the rock, and when the bull comes tearing down, he will dash at the cloak, and blind himself with the crash against the rock. Then you jump on the bull's back and fight for life. If, after the fight, you are living, come back and see me; and if you are dead, I'll go and see you."

The Amadan took the cloak, thanked her, and set off, and traveled on and on until he came to the place of meeting.

When the Amadan came there, he saw the Bull of the Brown Wood come tearing down the hill like a hurricane, and he threw the cloak on the rock and hid behind it, and with the fury of his dash against the cloak the bull blinded himself, and the roar of his fury split the rock.

The Amadan lost no time jumping on his back, and with his sword began hacking and slashing him; but he was no easy bull to conquer, and a great fight the Amadan had. They made the hard ground into soft, and the soft into spring wells; they made the rocks into pebbles, and the pebbles into gravel, and the gravel fell over the country like hailstones. All the birds of the air from the lower

end of the world to the upper end of the world, and all the wild beasts and tame from the four ends of the earth, came flocking to see the fight; at length, after a long time, the Amadan ran his sword right through the bull's heart, and the bull fell down dead. But before he died he put the Amadan under geasa to meet and to fight the White Wether of the Hill of the Waterfalls.

Then the Amadan rubbed his own wounds with the iocshlainte, and he was as fresh and hale as when he went into the fight. Then he set out and traveled back again to the little hut that had no shelter without or within, only one feather over it, and the rough, red woman was standing in the door, and she welcomed the Amadan and asked him the news.

He told her all about the fight, and that the Black Bull of the Wood had put him under geasa to meet and to fight the White Wether of the Hill of the Waterfalls.

"I'm sorry for you, my poor Amadan," says she, "for no one ever before met that White Wether and came back alive. But come in and eat and rest anyhow, for you must be both hungry and sleepy."

So she spread him a hearty meal and made him a soft bed, and the Amadan ate and slept heartily; and in the morning she directed him to where he would meet the White Wether of the Hill of the Waterfalls. And she told him that no steel was tougher than the hide of the White Wether, that a sword was never yet made that could go through it, and that there was only one place—a little white spot just over the wether's heart—where he could be killed or sword could cut through. And she told the Amadan that his only chance was to hit this spot.

The Amadan thanked her, and set out. He traveled away and away before him until he came to the Hill of the Waterfalls, and as soon as he reached it he saw the White Wether coming tearing toward him in a furious rage, and the earth he was throwing up with his horns was shutting out the sun.

And when the wether came up and asked the Amadan what great feats he had done that made him impudent enough to dare to come there, the Amadan said: "With this sword I have killed Slat Mor, Slat Marr, Slat Beag, the Cailliach of the Rocks and her four badachs, and likewise the Black Bull of the Brown Wood."

"Then," said the White Wether, "you'll never kill any other." And at the Amadan he sprang.

The Amadan struck at him with his sword, and

the sword glanced off as if it might off steel. Both of them fell to the fight with all their hearts, and such a fight never was before or since. They made the hard ground into soft, and the soft into spring wells; they made the rocks into pebbles, and the pebbles into gravel, and the gravel fell over the country like hailstones. All the birds of the air from the lower end of the world to the upper end of the world, and all the wild beasts and tame from the four ends of the earth, came flocking to see the fight. But at length and at last, after a long and terrible fight, the Amadan seeing the little spot above the heart that the red woman had told him of, struck for it and hit it, and drove his sword through the White Wether's heart, and he fell down. And when he was dying, he called the Amadan and put him under a geasa to meet and fight the Beggarman of the King of Sweden.

The Amadan took out his bottle of iocshlainte and rubbed himself with the iocshlainte, and he was as fresh and hale as when he began the fight. Then he set out again, and when night was falling, he reached the hut that had no shelter within or without, only one feather over it, and the rough, red woman was standing in the door.

Right glad she was to see the Amadan coming back alive, and she welcomed him heartily and asked him the news.

He told her of the wonderful fight he had had, and that he was now under geasa to meet and fight the Beggarman of the King of Sweden.

She made him come in and eat and sleep, for he was tired and hungry. And heartily the Amadan ate and heartily he slept; and in the morning she called him early, and directed him on his way to meet the Beggarman of the King of Sweden.

She told him that when he reached a certain hill, the beggarman would come down from the sky in a cloud; and that he would see the whole world between the beggarman's legs and nothing above his head. "If ever he finds himself beaten," she said, "he goes up into the sky in a mist, and stays there to refresh himself. You may let him go up once; but if you let him go up the second time, he will surely kill you when he comes down. Remember that. If you are alive when the fight is over, come to see me. If you are dead, I will go to see you."

The Amadan thanked her, parted with her, and traveled away and away before him until he reached the hill which she had told him of. And when he came there, he saw a great cloud that shot out of the sky, descending on the hill, and when it

came down on the hill and melted away, there it left the Beggarman of the King of Sweden standing, and between his legs the Amadan saw the whole world and nothing over his head.

And with a roar and a run the beggarman made for the Amadan, and the roar of him rattled the stars in the sky. He asked the Amadan who he was, and what he had done to have the impudence to come there and meet him.

The Amadan said: "They call me the Amadan of the Dough, and I have killed Slat Mor, Slat Marr, Slat Beag, the Cailliach of the Rocks and her four badachs, the Black Bull of the Brown Wood, and the White Wether of the Hill of the Waterfalls, and before night I'll have killed the Beggarman of the King of Sweden."

"That you never will, you miserable object," says the beggarman. "You're going to die now, and I'll give you your choice to die either by a hard squeeze of wrestling or a stroke of the sword."

"Well," says the Amadan, "if I have to die, I'd sooner die by a stroke of the sword."

"All right," says the beggarman, and drew his sword.

But the Amadan drew his sword at the same time, and both went to it. And if his fights before had been hard, this one was harder and greater and more terrible than the others put together. They made the hard ground into soft, and the soft into spring wells; they made the rocks into pebbles, and the pebbles into gravel, and the gravel fell over the country like hailstones. All the birds of the air from the lower end of the world to the upper end of the world, and all the wild beasts and tame from the four ends of the earth, came flocking to see the fight. And at length the fight was putting so hard upon the beggarman, and he was getting so weak, that he whistled, and the mist came around him, and he went up into the sky before the Amadan knew. He remained there until he refreshed himself, and then came down again, and at it again he went for the Amadan, and fought harder and harder than before, and again it was putting too hard on him, and he whistled as before for the mist to come down and take him up.

But the Amadan remembered what the red woman had warned him; he gave one leap into the air, and coming down, drove the sword through the beggarman's heart, and the beggarman fell dead. But before he died he put geasa on the Amadan to meet and fight the Silver Cat of the Seven Glens.

The Amadan rubbed his wounds with the iocshlainte, and he was as fresh and hale as when he began the fight; and then he set out, and when night was falling, he reached the hut that had no shelter within or without, only one feather over it, and the rough, red woman was standing in the door.

Right glad she was to see the Amadan coming back alive, and she welcomed him right heartily, and asked him the news.

He told her that he had killed the beggarman, and said he was now under geasa to meet and fight the Silver Cat of the Seven Glens.

"Well," she said, "I'm sorry for you, for no one ever before went to meet the Silver Cat and came back alive. But," she says, "you're both tired and hungry; come in and rest and sleep."

So in the Amadan went, and had a hearty supper and a soft bed; and in the morning she called him up early, and she gave him directions where to meet the cat and how to find it, and she told him there was only one vital spot on that cat, and it was a black speck on the bottom of the cat's stomach, and unless he could happen to run his sword right through this, the cat would surely kill him. She said:

"My poor Amadan, I'm very much afraid you'll not come back alive. I cannot go to help you myself or I would; but there is a well in my garden, and by watching that well I will know how the fight goes with you. While there is honey on top of the well, I will know you are getting the better of the cat; but if the blood comes on top, then the cat is getting the better of you; and if the blood stays there, I will know, my poor Amadan, that you are dead."

The Amadan bade her good-by, and set out to travel to where the Seven Glens met at the Sea. Here there was a precipice, and under the precipice a cave. In this cave the Silver Cat lived, and once a day she came out to sun herself on the rocks.

The Amadan let himself down over the precipice by a rope, and he waited until the cat came out to sun herself.

When the cat came out at twelve o'clock and saw the Amadan, she let a roar out of her that drove back the waters of the sea and piled them up a quarter of a mile high, and she asked him who he was and how he had the impudence to come there to meet her.

The Amadan said: "They call me the Amadan of the Dough, and I have killed Slat Mor, Slat Marr, Slat Beag, the Cailliach of the Rocks and her

four badachs, the Black Bull of the Brown Woods, the White Wether of the Hill of the Waterfalls, and the Beggarman of the King of Sweden, and before night I will have killed the Silver Cat of the Seven Glens."

"That you never will," says she, "for a dead man you will be yourself." And at him she sprang.

But the Amadan raised his sword and struck at her, and both of them fell to the fight, and a great, great fight they had. They made the hard ground into soft, and the soft into spring wells; they made the rocks into pebbles, and the pebbles into gravel, and the gravel fell over the country like hailstones. All the birds of the air from the lower end of the world to the upper end of the world, and all the wild beasts and tame from the four ends of the earth, came flocking to see the fight; and if the fights that the Amadan had had on the other days were great and terrible, this one was far greater and far more terrible than all the others put together, and the poor Amadan sorely feared that before night fell he would be a dead man.

The red woman was watching at the well in her garden, and she sorely distressed, for though at one time the honey was uppermost, at another time it was all blood, and again the blood and the honey mixed; so she felt bad for the poor Amadan.

At length the blood and the honey got mixed again, and it remained that way until night; so she cried, for she believed the Amadan himself was dead as well as the Silver Cat.

And so he was. For when the fight had gone on for long and long, the cat, with a great long

nail which she had in the end of her tail, tore him open from mouth to his toes; and as she tore the Amadan open and he was about to fall, she opened her mouth so wide that the Amadan saw down to the very bottom of her stomach, and there he saw the black speck that the red woman had told him of. And just before he dropped he drove his sword through this spot, and the Silver Cat, too, fell over dead.

It was not long now till the red woman arrived at the place and found both the Amadan and the cat lying side by side dead. At this the poor woman was frantic with sorrow, but suddenly she saw by the Amadan's side the bottle of iocshlainte and the feather. She took them up and rubbed the Amadan with the iocshlainte, and he jumped to his feet alive and well, and fresh as when he began the fight.

He smothered her with kisses and drowned her with tears. He took the red woman with him, and set out on his journey back, and traveled and traveled on and on till he came to the Castle of Fire.

Here he met the three young princes, who were now living happily with no giants to molest them. They had one sister, the most beautiful young maiden that the Amadan had ever beheld. They gave her to the Amadan in marriage, and gave her half of all they owned for fortune.

The marriage lasted nine days and nine nights. There were nine hundred fiddlers, nine hundred fluters, and nine hundred pipers, and the last day and night of the wedding were better than the first.

FRENCH AND SPANISH ROMANCE

The country in which romance reached full bloom and acquired its characteristic form and style was France. There chivalry first became fashionable, and developed a system of customs, formalities, and obligations. Chivalry gave the nobility self-confidence and an exalted sense of its position; and the vigorous training of aspirants to knighthood and the tournaments in which the knights engaged ensured a "physically fit" ruling class. But chivalry was not regarded as simply utilitarian. It was a code of social behavior that cemented feudal relationships by investing a vassal's loyalty to his lord with dignity and idealism; that raised woman's status in medieval society and gave her an opportunity to exert a civilizing influence on manners; and that gave worldly love, refined of brutish sensuality, a place in the bleak fortresses of the feudal nobility.

Marriage in feudal society was a business affair concerned with joining land to land and matters of inheritance. Romantic feeling found its outlet, not in these marriages of convenience but in the fashionable system of courtly love, under which women could enjoy the attentions of men other than their husbands, and men could form attachments for women other than their wives. These were often innocent, and may be described as a highly formal kind of flirtation, though the formalities could also serve as a cover for genuine passion or actual adultery. But even when entirely "platonic," the idealization of women introduced an element of romantic gratification into the relations of the sexes.

The cultural and literary effect of courtly love can hardly be overestimated. It left an indelible mark on nearly a thousand years of Western civ-

ilization. The literature that grew up around romantic love in the age of chivalry virtually began modern literature. Its spirit is found in the many modern poems, plays, stories, and novels that treat the pleasantries or the passions of love, whether the treatment be romantic or realistic, superficial or psychological.

This literature arose in southern France or the Provence. It is called "romance" because it was first composed in the romance languages of France and Italy. The fact that these became a literary medium proved to be of the greatest importance. If we owed nothing more to medieval romance than that it started literature in the new languages of Europe, our debt would be enormous.

Classical Latin is a precise tongue, hemmed in with many grammatical rules and syntactical constructions. But when the Roman legions invaded Gaul and Spain, settled there and intermarried with the natives, the "low Latin" they brought with them was not the Latin of Cicero but Latin dialect. In time accents were shifted and case endings were dropped; the word order, so carefully balanced and so formal, was changed and simplified; words assumed new meanings, and new words were added from Celtic, Germanic, and even Arabic. As a result, the romance languages were born. At first they were little more than a profusion of local dialects; then in each country one dialect became dominant as some province or city became socially and politically supreme. Modern Italian is the dialect of Florence or its province Tuscany, the dialect spoken by Dante; modern French grew out of the dialect of the northern French and their capital, Paris; modern Spanish is derived from the dialect of the kingdom of

Castile. (Modern English—not a romance language—comes from the dialect of London.)

The first of the romance tongues to become a literary vehicle was the dialect of Provence. During medieval time two main languages could be distinguished, those of southern and northern France, corresponding to two political and cultural divisions. The former was called *langue d'oc*, because it used the word *oc* for "yes," from the Latin word *hoc*. The latter was called *langue d'œil*, because the word for "yes" was *œil*, which ultimately became the modern French *oui*. Provençal was spoken in France south of the Loire River, and extended into northern Italy and northeastern Spain.

A new civilization, after the fall of Rome, first appeared in the sunny regions of the south—in the Spanish, French, and Italian Riviera—and its center was Provence, so called because it had been the first province conquered by Rome outside Italy. Here, during the Germanic invasions, Roman civilization suffered less destruction than anywhere else. The land was protected by mountains, but was not isolated because it bordered on the Mediterranean, and Marseilles became a thriving seaport. The countryside was fertile and the towns plied many crafts, making leather, cloth, soap and jewelry. Wealth and luxury increased, and with them leisure; and consequently culture could thrive as nowhere else. Contact with Arabian civilization augmented it, and the customary tolerance of a folk engaged in commerce and travel enabled the people of the Provence to assimilate other cultures. The Arabs, then at the peak of their civilization, contributed valuable knowledge, and the Jews actually maintained a university in Montpellier, where they taught philosophy and medicine. The aristocracy was less warlike and caste-conscious than in the North, and even admitted wealthy merchants into its ranks; and both the nobles and the magnates were zealous patrons of art.

Courtly love was the creation of the Provence. As the historian Osborne notes, "It was natural that the conception of love as an art to be practiced for art's sake, should grow up and flourish in this luxurious and leisured society." Courtly love was full of conceits and pleasurable extravagances, with a touch of oriental warmth and luxuriance such as characterized Arabian poetry. A knight, who was conceived to be a man of great spirit, was expected to respond fully to the tender passion; a

knight without love was "a husk without grain," according to a poet from Auvergne. A virtual Code became fashionable, and decisions were given on questions of love by arbiters of elegance, mostly ladies of rank, who constituted so-called Courts of Love.

The poets of the Provence, who were called *troubadours*¹ were courtly singers. Many of them were the friends of princes and had social rank; some were princes and kings, like William, the Duke of Anjou, and Richard-the-Lion-Hearted. Some of them had a smattering of Latin literature, particularly of Ovid's verses, but most of them probably could not read or write. They transmitted their songs orally to professional minstrels, known as *jongleurs*, who spread them from place to place. The troubadours often composed both the words and the music, singing their compositions themselves, or hiring professional singers. They were the first to bring poetic composition to the level of a craft, since they went far beyond the simple, though lovely, lyrics of the common folk, creating elaborate stanzas and making rhyme a characteristic of European lyric verse. Their poems have been called "a fascinating jingle of cunningly disposed rhymes, fleet as the feet of dancing youths, tinkling as silver bells." No wonder that they received many honors, and that their number multiplied so rapidly that more than five hundred poets' names have come down to us. They were the singers of a "gay science" (*gaya scienza*) for a society that was in its day the least medieval and closest in spirit to the worldly renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

In time, the Provence became decadent, and began to be troubled by civil and religious dissension. Many people in southern France belonged to the Albigensian sect² which held Manichean beliefs. The Church of Rome called a crusade against them, and northern knights took the opportunity to plunder the rich province. The Provence never recovered.

Provençal poetry, however, could not be extinguished, for by now it was the common possession of France, Italy, Germany, and England. Its forms became standard modes of poetic expression. Among these were the *chanzo* or *canso* (*chanson*, in northern France), whose theme was love; the *tenso*, a witty debate in dialogue; the *alba* (in northern France *aubade*), a song of dawn in which secret lovers are compelled to separate by the ap-

¹ The word means "finders" (*cf.* the French word *trouver*) of treasure.

² Named after the district of Albi where this heresy was most strongly held.

proach of day;³ the *sirvente*, a satire or a comment on political or moral matters; and the *planh*, a lament for the poet's patron or his lady-love. Greater love poets than the rather superficial troubadours were to come—Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare, and Heine. Indeed, there was no limit to the variations that were to be played on the Provençal singers' themes, though theirs is the credit for having planted the seed. And in northern France, their fellow-minstrels, the *trouvères*, began very soon to create romances that had greater scope and interest. The trouvères considered themselves more professional than the troubadours, and were less interested in song than in narration. They started the French toward mastery of the field of fiction.

One of the trouvères, Jean Bodel, divided his fellow-narrators' subject material into three parts—the matter (*matière*) of France, Bretagne or Britain, and Rome. This does not mean that three main plots were repeated by the minstrels, but that their greatly varied stories fell into one of three cycles or types.

The "matter of Rome" consisted of tales about Alexander the Great and Virgil's and Homer's heroes, to whom were attributed the most fabulous characteristics and events. Everything was treated anachronistically, the poets attributing romantic and feudal details to classic material without the slightest realization that these were ridiculously inappropriate. Most of these romances were inferior to other narratives, but they had a great vogue. (The first book Caxton printed in English was a *History of Troy*.) They revived some interest in classical tradition, thus preparing the way somewhat for the Renaissance, and they gave to Boccaccio and Chaucer the unstable heroine Cressida. More interesting and productive of better literary work were the "matter of France," which revolved around Charlemagne, and the "matter of Britain," whose central figure was Arthur.

Charlemagne captured the imagination because he was the hero-king of France. By the eleventh century he had become a supernatural figure. Fabulous deeds were attributed to him, and the story-tellers surrounded him with a group of followers, known as paladins, whose accomplishments in war and love were in all respects marvelous. The tales spun around Charlemagne and his circle, known as *chansons de geste*,⁴ multiplied

until there were over seventy of them. They reflect not Charlemagne's times but the age of the poets, being steeped in feudalism, and in crusading zeal against the Mohammedans (called the Saracens). However, they lack the complete trappings of romance. The love element in the most genuine *chansons de geste* is comparatively simple and unartificial, their spirit and matter are largely epic and patriotic.

These qualities are most pronounced in the best of the poems, the stirring *Song of Roland*, based on a historical event but romantically elaborated. In an attack on Charlemagne's rearguard by the Basques in a Pyrenean mountain pass, the entire force was wiped out, and among the dead was a certain *Hruodlandus*. Out of these simple facts later poets created the hero Roland, who became the ideal knight by virtue of his courage and loyalty to king and country. Roland is a far more patriotic, vigorous, and far less ornate figure than the heroes of the true romances; he belongs more to epic literature. It is only later that the "matter of France" became true romance.

In style and verse form, too, the *Song of Roland* has a hardy quality that distinguishes it from the later romances, which were written in rhymed lines or in ornate prose. It consists of stanzas (called *laisses*) composed in lines of ten syllables, and the same vowel sound appears in the final stressed syllable of each line in the stanza, a device known as *assonance*. Assonance, which was soon supplanted by rhyme, has been recently brought back into favor by ultra-modern English poets as a means of avoiding jingling effects. But in all except the most inspired kind of writing, assonance still seems crude, and the translation used in our selection from the poem employs rhyme.

If *The Song of Roland* is an epic colored by romance, the "matter of Britain" is romance in full bloom. Originally national in its roots, in so far as the historical Arthur was a Celtic chieftain who fought the Anglo-Saxon invaders of England, the Arthurian theme was quickly transformed into legend by the Celtic imagination.

The Arthurian poets aimed at artistic perfection, grace, and delicacy, and their poems were intended for the most cultivated medieval audiences. The twelfth-century French masters of Arthurian romance, who were followed by writers in other

³ The *alba* usually has a refrain, as will be seen in the selection given on page 552. Scene 5, Act III of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, opens with a lovely *alba*, in which the lovers are warned by the lark's song.

⁴ Songs of deeds; *geste* comes from *gesta*, the Latin word for deeds.

countries, were Marie de France and Chrétien de Troyes.

Marie de France, a well-born lady, was the ablest author of short narrative poems known as *lais* or *lays*. Though she lived and wrote in England, she was French by birth and composed in French. Marie de France wrote on a variety of subjects, but the perfection she gave to her treatment of Arthurian tales made her important in the development of "the matter of Britain."

Chrétien (or Chrestien) de Troyes treated the Celtic tales at more length, and gave them their greatest popularity at the medieval courts. It is with good reason that his work served as a foundation for later prose romances, which were finally incorporated in Malory's compilation of Arthurian matter, *Le Morte d'Arthur* (see page 1052). Chrétien lived at the court of Champagne in the second half of the twelfth century. Basing his work on older French versions, he took from the Celtic matter only that which could be interpreted in terms of medieval feudalism. However, the English reader does not have to turn to him when he has in his own language the delightful anonymous metrical romance *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (see page 1021) and Malory's fascinating *Le Morte d'Arthur*. The Arthurian "matter" indeed constitutes a vast literature, and it has been increased in modern times by the composer Wagner and by such poets as Tennyson (*Idylls of the King*), Swinburne, and E. A. Robinson.

Medieval romance also found expression in other tales. Some of them are crude, but one of them, the twelfth-century *Aucassin and Nicolete*, is a masterpiece of fragile charm. Its story belongs to a special class of romances in which the Orient figures in some way. In them we generally find a Christian knight in love with a Saracen maiden, although in *Aucassin and Nicolete* the heroine turns out to be a Christian girl. This work is, moreover, interesting as an example of a unique literary form, the *cante-fable* or "song-story," in which the tale is told in prose but is embroidered with passages of verse sung by the minstrel.

Aucassin and Nicolete is a plainly naïve narrative. Its author even introduced folklore, in the episode of the king who took to his bed because he fancied himself with child—a custom familiar to students of primitive peoples. The story concerns moonstruck adolescents, and the young lovers are indeed the Romeo and Juliet of medieval romance. However, it is in this delicate and fanciful

tale that we are unexpectedly reminded that a critical spirit was beginning to intrude into the medieval world and its romantic outlook. Whether because the author stemmed from the common people or felt sympathy for them, he allowed them to have their say in the memorable conversation between the love-sick Aucassin, who pretends to be weeping because he has lost a white hound, and a hard-pressed, coarsely dressed peasant who is outraged at the triviality of the youth's complaint and proceeds to tell him of his own bitter plight.

The intellectual spirit was most evident in the brilliant Abelard (died 1142) who was both a bold philosopher and an ardent lover. Although a medieval thinker in the sense that he expended his mental endowment on religious dogma, he anticipated the intellectual awakening of Europe by several centuries. He contended that unquestioning faith is an impediment to the discovery of truth, that doubt was actually a means whereby the truth could be ascertained—a thought that seemed so radical that he was forbidden to teach it. He began early to challenge the teachings of his masters in Paris, and attracted hundreds of students when he became a lecturer. His method was to demonstrate the illogicality and inconsistencies of the authorities of his time, and his dialectic skill in these demonstrations was remarkable.

Abelard, however, is best remembered for the stormy passion to which he succumbed. In the opinion of the noted scholar H. O. Taylor, "There has never been a passion between a man and woman more famous than that which brought happiness and sorrow to the lives of Abelard and Heloise."⁵ Centuries after their death, flowers and wreaths were still being laid on the tomb of the lovers in the Père-Lachaise cemetery in Paris. The great intellectual of his day, it is well to remember, was a native of Brittany, one of the fountainheads of medieval romance. When he was thirty-eight he met the beautiful and intelligent girl, who was then seventeen. Her uncle, Canon Fulbert, engaged Abelard as tutor, gave him a place in his home, and authorized him to punish his pupil whenever necessary. Before long the learned man, then occupying the highest academic position in Europe as professor in the Episcopal School or university in Paris, found himself madly in love with Heloise. Their love had none of the trappings of the courts of love, but it was more truly a distillation of the spirit of romance than any courtly affair.

"I saw," he wrote, "that she possessed every at-

⁵ H. O. Taylor, *The Medieval Mind*, Volume II, p. 29.

traction that lovers seek; nor did I regard my success as doubtful, when I considered my fame and my goodly person, and also her love of letters. Our hours of study were given to love. The books lay open, but our words were of love rather than philosophy; there were more kisses than aphorisms. To avert suspicion I struck her occasionally—very gentle blows of love."

Tragedy came in the wake of their passion. They were discovered, and they fled to Brittany where a child was born to them. Heloise denied having married Abelard because she feared that it would hinder his advancement in the clerical world. Her uncle became so furious at the shame to his honor that he hired ruffians to invade Abelard's apartment and emasculate him. Abelard entered a monastery, and Heloise became a nun. After many years she sent him a letter, to which he replied. Their meager correspondence in Latin is the tragic climax to the Middle Ages' most famous and most authentic romance; it also contains some of the greatest letters of all time.

In culture, Christian Spain was a part of France, and there were many correspondences between Spanish and French writing. There were troubadours in the northern part of the Spanish penin-

sula, among them being a king, Alfonso, known as the "Learned." Corresponding to the *Song of Roland*, the Spaniards had their long heroic *Poem of the Cid*, based on the life of a doughty eleventh-century warrior, Ruy Diaz de Bivar, whose title "Cid" is the Arabic word for "Lord." Banished in 1081 from Castile, he became an outlaw, found refuge among the Moors in Spain, captured Valencia in 1094, and won control over a small state. In time extravagant exploits were attributed to him in numerous ballads and tales. The *Poem of the Cid*, which was based on them, is a spirited work, but less polished and appealing than the work of the best French writers.

The Spanish poets, moreover, turned their talent to the composition of ballads. These are remarkably vivacious, and though some of them are doggerel the Spanish ballads evoke a vivid and strenuous world, a world in which Christians and Saracens lived in adjacent territories and engaged in rivalries and bitter struggles. Since, moreover, the Spaniards loved gallantry and sentiment, and the wealth and splendor of the Moorish cities evoked wonder, Spanish balladry was exuberantly romantic. The ballads included in this section are examples of a truly profuse balladry, popular among the common people as well as the aristocracy.

THE SONG OF ROLAND

[The most important Old French epic poem, *The Song of Roland*, is based on a song in celebration of an engagement between Charlemagne and the Basques in 778. By the eleventh century the story has assumed epic proportions. The hero, Roland, has come to be typical for his bravery, his friend Oliver for his wisdom, and Ganelon for his treachery. In the epic, Roland is attacked by the Saracens long on the advice of Ganelon. Roland refuses to surrender, and until too late to save himself and his army. Then he blows his horn and Charlemagne comes to the rescue and punishes Ganelon and the Moors. The passage below is the conclusion of Part II of the epic.]

When Roland saw his men had fled,
And when face to face he saw his comrade dead,
How pale he grew, how white,
and still:
"I am dead,
wrought thee ill!"

So many days and years gone by
We lived together, thou and I:
And thou hast never done me wrong,
Nor I to thee, our lifetime long.
Since thou art dead, to live is pain."
He swooned on Veillantif again,
Yet may not unto earth be cast,
His golden stirrups held him fast.

When passed away had Roland's swoon,
With sense restored, he saw full soon
What ruin lay beneath his view.
His Franks have perished all save two—
The archbishop and Walter of Hum alone.
From the mountain-side hath Walter flown,
Where he met in battle the bands of Spain,
And the heathen won and his men were slain

The Song of Roland, Translated by John O'Hagan.

In his own despite to the vale he came;
 Called unto Roland, his aid to claim.
 "Ah, count! brave gentleman, gallant peer!
 Where art thou? With thee I know not fear.
 I am Walter, who vanquished Maelgut of yore,
 Nephew to Drouin, the old and hoar. 26
 For knightly deeds I was once thy friend.
 I fought the Saracen to the end;
 My lance is shivered, my shield is cleft,
 Of my broken mail are but fragments left.
 I bear in my body eight thrusts of spear;
 I die, but I sold my life right dear."
 Count Roland heard as he spake the word,
 Pricked his steed, and anear him spurred.

"Walter," said Roland, "thou hadst affray
 With the Saracen foe on the heights today.
 Thou wert wont a valorous knight to be:
 A thousand horsemen gave I thee;
 Render them back, for my need is sore."
 "Alas, thou seest them never more!
 Stretched they lie on the dolorous ground,
 Where myriad Saracen swarms we found,—
 Armenians, Turks, and the giant brood
 Of Balisa, famous for hardihood,
 Bestriding their Arab Coursers fleet,
 Such host in battle 'twas ours to meet;
 Nor vaunting thence shall the heathen go,—
 Full sixty thousand on earth lie low.
 With our brands of steel we avenged us well,
 But every Frank by the foeman fell. 50
 My hauberk plates are riven wide,
 And I bear such wounds in flank and side,
 That from every part the bright blood flows,
 And feebler ever my body grows.
 I am dying fast, I am well aware:
 Thy liegeman I, and claim thy care.
 If I fled perforce, thou wilt forgive,
 And yield me succor while thou dost live."
 Roland sweated with wrath and pain,
 Tore the skirts of his vest in twain,
 Bound Walter's every bleeding vein.

In Roland's sorrow, his wrath arose,
 Hotly he struck at the heathen foes,
 Nor left he one of a score alive;
 Walter slew six, the archbishop five.
 The heathens cry, "What a felon three!
 Look to it, lords, that they shall not flee.
 Dastard is he who confronts them not;
 Craven, who lets them depart this spot."
 Their cries and shoutings begin once more,
 And from every side on the Franks they pour. 70

Count Roland in sooth is a noble peer;
 Count Walter, a valorous cavalier;
 The archbishop, in battle proved and tried,
 Each struck as if knight there were none beside.
 From their steeds a thousand Saracens leap, 76
 Yet forty thousand their saddles keep;
 I trow they dare not approach them near,
 But they hurl against them lance and spear,
 Pike and javelin, shaft and dart. 80
 Walter is slain as the missiles part;
 The archbishop's shield in pieces shred,
 Riven his helm, and pierced his head;
 His corselet of steel they rent and tore;
 Wounded his body with lances four; 85
 His steed beneath him dropped withal:
 What woe to see the archbishop fall!
 When Turpin felt him flung to ground,
 And four lance wounds within him found,
 He swiftly rose, the dauntless man, 90
 To Roland looked, and nigh him ran.
 Spake but, "I am not overthrown—
 Brave warrior yields with life alone."
 He drew Almace's burnished steel,
 A thousand ruthless blows to deal. 95
 In after time, the Emperor said
 He found four hundred round him spread,—
 Some wounded, others cleft in twain;
 Some lying headless on the plain.
 So Giles the saint, who saw it, tells, 100
 For whom High God wrought miracles.
 In Laon cell the scroll he wrote;
 He little weets who knows it not.
 Count Roland combateth nobly yet,
 His body burning and bathed in sweat; 105
 In his brow a mighty pain, since first,
 When his horn he sounded, his temple burst;
 But he yearns of Karl's approach to know,
 And lifts his horn once more—but oh!
 How faint and feeble a note to blow! 110
 The Emperor listened, and stood full still.
 "My lords," he said, "we are faring ill.
 This day is Roland my nephew's last; 115
 Like dying man he winds that blast.
 On! Who would aid, for life must press.
 Sound every trump our ranks possess."
 Peal sixty thousand clarions high,
 The hills re-echo, the vales reply. 120
 It is now no jest for the heathen band.
 "Karl!" they cry, "it is Karl at hand!"
 They said, "'Tis the Emperor's advance,
 We hear the trumpets resound of France.

If he assail us, hope in vain;
If Roland live, 'tis war again,
And we lose for aye the land of Spain."
Four hundred in arms together drew,
The bravest of the heathen crew;
With serried power they on him press,
And dire in sooth is the count's distress.

When Roland saw his coming foes, 130
All proud and stern his spirit rose;
Alive he shall never be brought to yield:
Veillantif spurred he across the field,
With golden spurs he pricked him well,
To break the ranks of the infidel; 135
Archbishop Turpin by his side.
"Let us flee, and save us," the heathen cried;
"These are the trumpets of France we hear—
It is Karl, the mighty Emperor, near."

Count Roland never hath loved the base, 140
Nor the proud of heart, nor the dastard race,—
Nor knight, but if he were vassal good,—
And he spake to Turpin, as there he stood;
"On foot are you, on horseback I;
For your love I halt, and stand you by. 145
Together for good and ill we hold;
I will not leave you for man of mold.
We will pay the heathen their onset back,
Nor shali Durindana of blows be slack."
"Base," said Turpin, "who spares to smite: 150
When the Emperor comes, he will all requite."

The heathens said, "We were born to shame.
This day for our disaster came:
Our lords and leaders in battle lost,
And Karl at hand with his marshaled host; 155
We hear the trumpets of France ring out,
And the cry 'Montjoie!' their rallying shout.
Roland's pride is of such a height,
Not to be vanquished by mortal wight;
Hurl we our missiles, and hold aloof." 160
And the word they spake, they put in proof,—
They flung, with all their strength and craft,
Javelin, barb, and plumed shaft.
Roland's buckler was torn and frayed,
His cuirass broken and disarrayed, 165
Yet entrance none to his flesh they made.
From thirty wounds Veillantif bled,
Beneath his rider they cast him, dead;
Then from the field have the heathen flown:
Roland remaineth, on foot, alone. 170

The heathens fly in rage and dread;
To the land of Spain have their footstems sped:

Nor can Count Roland make pursuit—
Slain is his steed, and he rests afoot; 125
To succor Turpin he turned in haste,
The golden helm from his head unlaced,
Ungirt the corselet from his breast,
In stripes divided his silken vest;
The archbishop's wounds hath he staunched and 130
bound,
His arms around him softly wound; 180
On the green sward gently his body laid,
And, with tender greeting, thus him prayed:
"For a little space, let me take farewell;
Our dear companions, who round us fell,
I go to seek; if I haply find, 185
I will place them at thy feet reclined."
"Go," said Turpin; "the field is thine—
To God the glory, 'tis thine and mine."

Alone seeks Roland the field of fight,
He searcheth vale, he searcheth height. 190
Ivon and Ivor he found, laid low,
And the Gascon Engelier of Bordeaux,
Gerein and his fellow in arms, Gerier;
Otho he found, and Berengier;
Samson the duke, and Anseis bold, 195
Gerard of Roussillon, the old.
Their bodies, one after one, he bore,
And laid them Turpin's feet before.
The archbishop saw 'hem stretched arow, 200
Nor can he hinder the tears that flow;
In benediction his hands he spread:
"Alas! for your doom, my lords," he said,
"That God in mercy your souls may give, 205
On the flowers of Paradise to live;
Mine own death comes, with anguish sore
That I see mine Emperor never more."

Once more to the field doth Roland wend,
Till he findeth Olivier, his friend;
The lifeless form to his heart he strained,
Bore him back with what strength remained, 210
On a buckler laid him, beside the rest,
The archbishop assoiled them all, and blessed.
Their dole and pity anew find vent,
And Roland maketh his fond lament:
"My Olivier, my chosen one, 215
Thou wert the noble Duke Renier's son,
Lord of the March unto River vale.
To shiver lance and shatter mail,
The brave in council to guide and cheer,
To smite the miscreant foe with fear,— 220
Was never on earth such cavalier."

Dead around him his peers to see,
And the man he loved so tenderly,
Fast the tears of Count Roland ran,
His visage discolored became, and wan,
He swooned for sorrow beyond control.
"Alas," said Turpin, "how great thy dole!"

To look on Roland swooning there,
Surpassed all sorrow he ever bare;
He stretched his hand, the horn he took,—
Through Roncesvalles there flowed a brook,—
A draught to Roland he thought to bring;
But his steps were feeble and tottering,
Spent his strength, from waste of blood,—
He struggled on for scarce a rood,
When sank his heart, and drooped his frame,
And his mortal anguish on him came.

Roland revived from his swoon again;
On his feet he rose, but in deadly pain;
He looked on high, and he looked below,
Till, a space his other companions fro,
He beheld the baron, stretched on sward,
The archbishop, vicar of God our Lord.
Mea Culpa was Turpin's cry,
While he raised his hands to heaven on high, 245
Imploring Paradise to gain.
So died the soldier of Carlemaine,—
With word or weapon, to preach or fight,
A champion ever of Christian right,
And a deadly foe of the infidel.
God's benediction within him dwell!

When Roland saw him stark on earth
(His very vitals were bursting forth,
And his brain was oozing from out his head),
He took the fair white hands outspread, 255
Crossed and clasped them upon his breast,
And thus plaint to the dead addressed,—
So did his country's law ordain:
"Ah, gentleman of noble strain,
I trust thee unto God the True,
Whose service never man shall do
With more devoted heart and mind:
To guard the faith, to win mankind,
From the apostles' day till now,
Such prophet never rose as thou.
Nor pain or torment thy soul await,
But of Paradise the open gate."

Roland feeleth his death is near,
His brain is oozing by either ear.
For his peers he prayed—God keep them well;
Invoked the angel Gabriel.

225

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271

That none reproach him, his hōrn he clasped;
His other hand Durindana grasped;
Then, far as quarrel from crossbow sent, 275
Across the march of Spain he went,
Where, on a mound, two trees between,
Four flights of marble steps were seen;
Backward he fell, on the field to lie;
And he swooned anon, for the end was nigh.

High were the mountains and high the trees, 280
Bright shone the marble terraces;
On the green grass Roland hath swooned away.
A Saracen spied him where he lay:
Stretched with the rest he had feigned him dead,
His face and body with blood bespread. 285
To his feet he sprang, and in haste he hied,—
In pride and wrath he was overbold,—
And on Roland, body and arms, laid hold.
"The nephew of Karl is overthrown!
To Araby bear I this sword, mine own." 290
He stooped to grasp it, but as he drew,
Roland returned to his sense anew.

He saw the Saracen seize his sword;
His eyes he oped, and he spake one word—
"Thou art not one of our band, I trow," 295
And he clutched the horn he would ne'er forego;
On the golden crest he smote him full,
Shattering steel and bone and skull,
Forth from his head his eyes he beat,
And cast him lifeless before his feet. 300
"Miscreant, makest thou then so free,
As, right or wrong, to lay hold on me?
Who hears it will deem thee a madman born;
Behold the mouth of mine ivory horn
Broken for thee, and the gems and gold 305
Around its rim to earth are rolled."

Roland feeleth his eyesight reft,
Yet he stands erect with what strength is left;
From his bloodless cheek is the hue dispelled,
But his Durindana all bare he held. 310
In front a dark brown rock arose—
He smote upon it ten grievous blows.
Grated the steel as it struck the flint,
Yet it brake not, nor bore its edge one dint.
"Mary, Mother, be thou mine aid! 315
Ah, Durindana, my ill-starred blade,
I may no longer thy guardian be!
What fields of battle I won with thee!
What realms and regions 'twas ours to gain,
Now the lordship of Carlemaine!
Never shalt thou possessor know
Who would turn from face of mortal foe;

A gallant vassal so long thee bore,
Such as France the free shall know no more."

He smote anew on the marble stair. 325

It grated, but breach nor notch was there.
When Roland found that it would not break,
Thus began he his plaint to make.

"Ah, Durindana, how fair and bright
Thou sparklest, flaming against the light!

When Karl in Maurienne valley lay,
God sent his angel from heaven to say—
"This sword shall a valorous captain's be,"
And he girt it, the gentle king, on me.

With it I vanquished Poitou and Maine,
Provence I conquered and Aquitaine;

I conquered Normandy the free,
Anjou, and the marches of Brittany;
Romagna I won, and Lombardy,
Bavaris, Flanders from side to side,
And Burgundy, and Poland wide;
Constantinople affiance vowed,

And the Saxon soil to his bidding bowed;
Scotia, and Wales, and Ireland's plain,
Of England made he his own domain.

What mighty regions I won of old,
For the hoary-headed Karl to hold!
But there presses on me a grievous pain,
Lest thou in heathen hands remain.

O God our Father, keep France from stain!" 350

His strokes once more on the brown rock fell,
And the steel was bent past words to tell;
Yet it brake not, nor was notched the grain,
Erect it leaped to the sky again.

When he failed at the last to break his blade, 355
His lamentation he inly made.

"Oh, fair and holy, my peerless sword,

What relics lie in thy pommel stored!

Tooth of Saint Peter, Saint Basil's blood,

Hair of Saint Denis beside them strewed,

Fragment of holy Mary's vest.

'Twere shame that thou with the heathen rest;

Thee should the hand of a Christian serve

One who would never in battle swerve.

What regions won I with thee of yore,

The empire now of Karl the hoar!

Rich and mighty is he therefore."

That death was on him he knew full well;
Down from his head to his heart it fell.

On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid,

Beneath him placed he his horn and sword,
And turned his face to the heathen horde.

Thus hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know,

That the gentle count a conqueror died.

Mea Culpa full oft he cried;

And, for all his sins, unto God above,

In sign of penance, he raised his glove.

370

375

Roland feeleth his hour at hand; 335

On a knoll he lies towards the Spanish land.

With one hand beats he upon his breast:

"In thy sight, O God, be my sins confessed.

From my hour of birth, both the great and small,
Down to this day, I repent of all." 385

As his glove he raised to God on high,
Angels of heaven descend him nigh.

380

385

Beneath a pine was his resting-place, 345

To the land of Spain hath he turned his face,

On his memory rose full many a thought—

Of the lands he won and the fields he fought;

Of his gentile France, of his kin and line;

Of his nursing father, King Karl benign;—

He may not the tear and sob control,

Nor yet forgets he his parting soul.

395

To God's compassion he makes his cry:

"O Father true, who canst not lie,

Who didst Lazarus raise unto life agen,

And Daniel shield in the lions' den;

Shield my soul from its peril, due

For the sins I sinned my lifetime through."

400

He did his right-hand glove uplift—

Saint Gabriel took from his hand the gift;

Then drooped his head upon his breast,

And with clasped hands he went to rest.

God from on high sent down to him

One of his angel Cherubim—

Saint Michael of Peril of the sea,

Saint Gabriel in company—

From heaven they came for that soul of price, 410

And they bore it with them to Paradise.

405

410

FRENCH TROUBADOUR SONGS

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR

No Marvel Is It

No marvel is it if I sing
 Better than other minstrels all:
 For more than they I am Love's thrall,
 And all myself therein I fling,—
 Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
 And whatso power I have beside;
 The rein that doth my being guide
 Impels me to this only goal.

His heart is dead whence did not spring
 Love's odor, sweet and magical;
 His life doth ever on him pall
 Who knoweth not that blessed thing;
 Yea! God, who doth my life control,
 Were cruel did he bid me bide
 A month, or even a day, denied
 The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
 Of that sweet odor! At its call
 An hundred times a day I fall
 And faint, an hundred rise and sing.
 So fair the semblance of my dole,
 'Tis lovelier than another's pride:
 If such the ill doth me betide,
 Good hap were more than I could thole.

Yet haste, kind heaven! the sundering
 True swains from false, great hearts from small!
 The traitor in the dust bid crawl!
 The faithless to confession bring!
 Ah! if I were the master sole
 Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
 To see my Lady satisfied
 Of my pure faith, I'd give the whole.

GUILLAUME DE POITIERS

Behold the Meads

Behold, the meads are green again,
 The orchard-bloom is seen again,
 Of sky and stream the mien again
 Is mild, is bright!

French Troubadour Songs. The first two are translated by Harriet Waters Preston, the last by Stanley Burnshaw

Now should each heart that loves obtain
 Its own delight. 5

But I will say no ill of Love,
 However slight my guerdon prove:
 Repining doth not me behove:
 And yet—to know
 How lightly she I fain would move
 Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
 Because with little hope I wait;
 But one old saw doth animate

And me assure:
 Their hearts are high, their might is great,
 Who will endure. 15

Anonymous Alba

Sheltered beneath white hawthorn boughs,
 A lady held her loved one close
 In her arms, till the watchman cried abroad:
God! It is dawn! How soon it's come!

"How wildly have I wished that the night
 Would never end, and that my love
 Could stay, and the watchman never cry
God! It is dawn! How soon it's come! 5

"My gentle love, let us kiss once more
 Here in this field where the small birds sing; 10
 Let us defy their jealous throats—
God! It is dawn! How soon it's come!

"Still one more touch, my tender love,
 Here in our field where the small birds sing,
 Till the watchman blow his reedy strain— 15
God! It is dawn! How soon it's come!

"From the wind from below where my love has
 gone
 Thoughtful and happy, I have drunk
 A long sweet draught of his breath—O God,
God! It is dawn! How soon it's come!" 20

ENVOR

Flowing with grace and charm is she;
 Her loveliness draws many eyes,
 Whose full heart throbs with a true love:
God! It is dawn! How soon it's come!

MARIE DE FRANCE

Would I Might Go Far Over Sea

Would I might go far over sea,
My Love, or high above the air,
And come to land or heaven with thee,
Where no law is, and none shall be.
Against beholding the most rare
Strange beauty that thou hast for me.
Alas, for, in this bitter land,
Full many a written curse doth stand
Against the kiss thy lips should bear;
Against the sweet gift of thy hands;
Against the knowing that thou art fair,
And too fond loving of thy hair.

The Lay of the Honeysuckle

With a glad heart and right good mind will I tell the Lay that men call Honeysuckle; and that the truth may be known of all it shall be told as many a minstrel has sung it to my ear, and as the scribe hath written it for our delight. It is of Tristan and Isoude, the Queen. It is of a love which passed all other love, from whence came wondrous sorrow, and whereof they died together the selfsame day.

King Mark was sorely wroth with Tristan, his sister's son, and bade him avoid his realm, by reason of the love he bore the Queen. So Tristan repaired to his own land, and dwelt for a full year in South Wales, where he was born. Then since he might not come where he would be, Tristan took no heed to his ways, but let his life run waste to Death. Marvel not overmuch thereat, for he who loves beyond measure must ever be sick in heart and hope, when he may not win according to his wish. So sick in heart and mind was Tristan that he left his kingdom, and returned straight to the realm of his banishment, because that in Cornwall dwelt the Queen. There he hid privily in the deep forest, withdrawn from the eyes of men; only when the evening was come, and all things sought their rest, he prayed the peasant and other mean folk of that country, of their charity to grant him shelter for the night. From the serfs he gathered tidings of the King. These gave again to him what they, in turn, had taken from some outlawed knight. Thus Tristan learned that when Pentecost was come King Mark purposed to hold high court at Tintagel; moreover that thither would ride Isoude, the Queen. When Tristan heard this thing he rejoiced greatly, since the Queen might not adventure through the forest, except he saw her with his eyes.

"Would I Might Go Far Over Sea" translated by Arthur O'Shaughnessy; "The Lay of the Honeysuckle," by Eugene Mason.

After the King had gone his way, Tristan entered within the wood, and sought the path by which the Queen must come. There he cut a wand from out a certain hazel-tree, and having trimmed and peeled it of its bark, with his dagger he carved his name upon the wood. This he placed upon her road, for well he knew that should the Queen but mark his name she would bethink her of her friend. Thus had it chanced before. For this was the sum of the writing set upon the wand, for Queen Isoude's heart alone: how that in this wild place Tristan had lurked and waited long, so that he might look upon her face, since without her he was already dead. Was it not with them as with the Honeysuckle and the Hazel tree she was passing by! So sweetly laced were they in one close embrace, that thus they might remain whilst life endured. But should rough hands part so fond a clasping, the hazel would wither at the root, and the honeysuckle must fail. Fair friend, thus is the case with us, nor you without me, nor I without you.

Now the Queen fared at adventure down the forest path. She spied the hazel wand set upon her road, and well she remembered the letters and the name. She bade the knights of her company to draw rein, and dismount from their palfreys, so that they might refresh themselves a little. When her commandment was done she withdrew from them a space, and called to her Brangwaine, her maiden, and own familiar friend. Then she hastened within the wood, to come on him whom more she loved than any living soul. How great the joy between these twain, that once more they might speak together softly, face to face. Isoude showed him her delight. She showed in what fashion she strove to bring peace and concord betwixt Tristan and the King, and how grievously his banishment had weighed upon her heart. Thus sped the hour, till it was time for them to part; but when these lovers freed them from the other's arms, the tears were wet upon their cheeks. So Tristan returned to Wales, his own realm, even as his uncle bade. But for the joy that he had had of her, his friend, for her sweet face, and for the tender words that she had spoken, yea, and for that writing upon the wand, to remember all these things, Tristan, that cunning harper, wrought a new Lay, as shortly I have told you. Goatleaf, men call this song in English. Chèvreuil it is named in French; but Goatleaf or Honeysuckle, here you have the very truth in the Lay that I have spoken.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE

"Tis of Aucassin and Nicolete.
Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive gray?
"Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolete,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outworned, so foredone,
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,
But is healed, but is glad,
"Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvelous, and so mortal that never a day dawned but alway he was there, by the gates and walls, and barriers of the town with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men at arms, horsemen and footmen: so burned he the Count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only; such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau: fair was he, goodly, and great, and feathily fashioned of his body, and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him:

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives, and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or

face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolete, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolete go, a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honorably. Herein hast thou nought to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolete the fair
None might win his heart away
Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay,
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolete is glad enow!
Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair
Choose a maid of high degree
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these I have no care,
Nicolete is debonaire,
Her body sweet and the face of her
Take my heart as in a snare,
Loyal love is but her share
That is so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would avail not to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolete, he went to the Captain

of the city, who was his man, and spake to him saying:

"Sir Count; away with Nicolete thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honorably. With this had Aucassin thy son nought to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they from each other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolete with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, where through came to them a little air.

Here singeth one:

Nicolete as ye heard tell
Prisoned is within a cell
That is painted wondrously
With colors of a far countrie,
And the window of marble wrought,
There the maiden stood in thought,
With straight brows and yellow hair
Never saw ye fairer fair!
On the wood she gazed below,
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing loud and low,
Therefore spoke she woefully:
"Ah me, wherefore do I lie
Here in prison wrongfully:
Aucassin, my love, my knight,
Am I not thy heart's delight,
Thou that lovest me aright!
'Tis for thee that I must dwell
In the vaulted chamber cell,
Hard beset and all alone!"

By our Lady Mary's Son
Here no longer will I wonn,
If I may flee!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the coun-
try, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spoke to him, saying:

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I loved the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this thou hast naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now. Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither

pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the princes of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing.

Here singeth one:

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his love so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear.
To the palace doth he fare
Climbeth up the palace-stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear,
For his lady and love so fair.
"Nicolete how fair art thou,
Sweet thy foot-fall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace,
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolete his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no wit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the townsfolk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and pikes. Then while the assault was great and even at its height, the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolete, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest. Know thou that if thou lose

it, thou losest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolete, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms, and go into the stour, on this covenant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad.

Here one singeth:

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel,
Twyfold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on.
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear
Setteth spurs to the destriere,
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his

shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau was tall, fair, feately fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine, nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straightway they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Savior. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady, that I love so well. Natheless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a-smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drove it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell groveling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all malengin. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

"Father," said Aucassin, "sermon me no sermons, but fulfill my covenant."

"Hal what covenant, fair son?"

"What, father, hast thou forgotten it? By mine own head, whosoever forgets, will I not forget it, so much it hath me at heart. Didst thou not covenant with me when I took up arms, and went into the stour, that if God brought me back safe and sound, thou wouldst let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss? So didst thou covenant, and my mind is that thou keep thy word."

"I!" quoth the father, "God forsake me when I keep this covenant! Nay, if she were here I would let her burn in the fire, and thyself shouldst be sore adread."

"Is this thy last word?" quoth Aucassin.

"So help me God," quoth his father, "yea!"

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "this is a sorry thing meseems, when a man of thine age lies!"

"Count of Valence," quoth Aucassin, "I took thee?"

"In sooth, Sir, didst thou," saith the Count.

"Give me thy hand," saith Aucassin.

"Sir, with good will."

So he set his hand in the other's.

"Now givest thou me thy word," saith Aucassin, "that never whiles thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonor, or harm him in body, or in goods, but do it thou wilt?"

"Sir, in God's name," saith he, "mock me not, but put me to my ransom; ye cannot ask of me gold nor silver, horses nor palfreys, *vair* nor *gris*, hawks nor hounds, but I will give you them."

"What?" quoth Aucassin. "Ha, knowest thou not it was I that took thee?"

"Yea, sir," quoth the Count Bougars.

"God help me never, but I will make thy head fly from thy shoulders, if thou makest not truth," said Aucassin.

"In God's name," said he, "I make what promise thou wilt."

So they did the oath, and Aucassin let mount him on a horse, and took another and so led him back till he was all in safety.

Here one singeth:

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he walileth in his woe.

Crying thus as ye shall know.
 "Nicolete, thou lily white,
 My sweet lady, bright of brow,
 Sweeter than the grape art thou,
 Sweeter than sack posset good
 In a cup of maple wood!
 Was it not but yesterday
 That a palmer came this way,
 Out of Limousin came he,
 And at ease he might not be,
 For a passion him possessed
 That upon his bed he lay,
 Lay, and tossed, and knew not rest
 In his pain discomfited.
 But thou camest by the bed,
 Where he tossed amid his pain,
 Holding high thy sweeping train,
 And thy kirtle of ermine,
 And thy smock of linen fine,
 Then these fair white limbs of thine,
 Did he look on, and it fell
 That the palmer straight was well,
 Straight was hale—and comforted,
 And he rose up from his bed,
 And went back to his own place,
 Sound and strong, and full of face!
 My sweet lady, lily white,
 Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
 And the mirth of thy replies.
 Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
 Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
 And the touch of thine embrace.
 Who but doth in thee delight?
 I for love of thee am bound
 In this dungeon underground,
 All for loving thee must lie
 Here where loud on thee I cry,
 Here for loving thee must die
 For thee, my love."

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, ⁴⁰ when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew whereas she lay, an ill death ⁵⁰ would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by

her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

¹⁰ Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face feathly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clapped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her ²⁰ feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing ³⁰ within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well. And when she had listened to him she began to say:

Here one singeth:

Nicolete the bright of brow
 On a pillar leanest thou,
 All Aucassin's wail dost hear
 For his love that is so dear,
 Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
 "Gentle knight withouten fear
 Little good befalleth thee,
 Little help of sigh or tear,
 Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
 Never shalt thou win me; still
 Am I held in evil will
 Of thy father and thy kin,
 Therefore must I cross the sea,
 And another land must win."
 Then she cut her curls of gold,
 Cast them in the dungeon hold,
 Aucassin doth clasp them there,
 Kissed the curls that were so fair,
 Them doth in his bosom bear,
 Then he wept, even as of old,
 All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed and that bed not mine, wit ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself. Nay, verily, wait so long I would not; but would hurl myself on it so soon as I could find a wall, or a black stone, thereon would I dash my head so mightily, that the eyes would start, and my brain burst. Rather would I die even such a death, than know thou hadst lain in a man's bed, and that bed not mine."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolete held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete as they went, and threatening to slay her.

"God!" quoth he, "this were great pity to slay so fair a maid! Right great charity it were if I could say aught to her, and they perceive it not, and she should be on her guard against them, for if they slay her, then were Aucassin, my damoiseau, dead, and that were great pity."

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practiced well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.
"Maiden fair that ~~wert~~ ^{wert} here,
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word
To thy lover and thy lord,

That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord,
Of the cloaked men of the sword,
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

"Ha!" quoth Nicolete, "be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands."

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall. Now that wall was wasted and broken, and some deal mended, so she clomb thereon till she came between wall and fosse, and so looked down, and saw that the fosse was deep 20 and steep, whereat she was sore adread.

"Ah, God," saith she, "sweet Savior! If I let myself fall hence, I shall break my neck, and if here I abide, tomorrow they will take me and burn me in a fire. Yet liefer would I perish here than that tomorrow the folk should stare on me for a gazing-stock."

Then she crossed herself, and so let herself slip into the fosse, and when she had come to the bottom, her fair-feet, and fair hands that had not custom thereof, were bruised and frayed, and the blood springing from a dozen places, yet felt she no pain nor hurt, by reason of the great dread wherein she went. But if she were in cumber to win there, in worse was she to win out. But she deemed that there to abide was of none avail, and she found a pike sharpened, that they of the city had thrown out to keep the hold. Therewith made she one stepping place after another, till, with much travail, she climbed the wall. Now the forest lay within two crossbow shots, and the forest was of thirty leagues this way and that. Therein also were wild beasts, and beasts serpentine, and she feared that if she entered there they would slay her. But anon she deemed that if men found her there they would hale her back into the town to burn her.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the fair of face,
Climbed upon the coping stone,
There made she lament and moan
Calling on our Lord alone

"Father, king of Majesty,
Listen, for I nothing know
Where to flee or whither go.
If within the wood I fare,
Lo, the wolves will slay me there,
Boars and lions terrible,
Many in the wild wood dwell,
But if I abide the day,
Surely worse will come of it,
Surely will the fire be lit
That shall burn my body away,
Jesus, lord of Majesty,
Better seemeth it to me,
That within the wood I fare,
Though the wolves devour me there
Than within the town to go,
Ne'er be it so!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete made great moan, as ye have heard; then commended she herself to God, and anon fared till she came unto the forest. But to go deep in it she dared not, by reason of the wild beasts, and beasts serpentine. Anon crept she into a little thicket, where sleep came upon her, and she slept till prime next day, when the shepherds issued forth from the town and drove their bestial between wood and water. Anon came they all into one place by a fair fountain which was on the fringe of the forest, thereby spread they a mantle, and thereon set bread. So while they were eating, Nicolete wakened, with the sound of the singing birds, and the shepherds, and she went unto them, saying, "Fair boys, our Lord keep you!"

"God bless thee," quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest.

"Fair boys," quoth she, "know ye Aucassin, the son of Count Garin de Biaucaire?"

"Yea, well we know him."

"So may God help you, fair boys," quoth she, "tell him there is a beast in this forest, and bid him come chase it, and if he can take it, he would not give one limb thereof for a hundred marks of gold, nay, nor for five hundred, nor for any ransom."

Then looked they on her, and saw her so fair that they were all astonished.

"Will I tell him thereof?" quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest; "foul fall him who speaks of the thing or tells him the tidings. These are but visions ye tell of, for there is no beast so great in this forest, stag, nor lion, nor boar, that one of his limbs is worth more than two deniers, or three at the most, and ye speak of such

great ransom. Foul fall him that believes your word, and him that telleth Aucassin. Ye be a Fairy, and we have none liking for your company, nay, hold on your road."

"Nay, fair boys," quoth she, "nay, ye will do my bidding. For this beast is so mighty of medicine that thereby will Aucassin be healed of his torment. And lo! I have five sols in my purse, take them, and tell him: for within three days must he come hunting it hither, and if within three days he find it not, never will he be healed of his torment."

"My faith," quoth he, "the money will we take, and if he come hither we will tell him, but seek him we will not."

"In God's name," quoth she; and so took farewell of the shepherds, and went her way.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete the bright of brow
From the shepherds doth she pass
All below the blossomed bough
Where an ancient way there was,
Overgrown and choked with grass,
Till she found the cross-roads where
Seven paths do all way fare,
Then she deemeth she will try,
Should her lover pass thereby,
If he love her loyally.
So she gathered white lilies,
Oak-leaf, that in green wood is,
Leaves of many a branch I wis,
Therewith built a lodge of green,
Goodlier was never seen,
Sware by God who may not lie,
"If my love the lodge should spy,
He will rest awhile thereby
If he love me loyally."
Thus his faith she deemed to try,
"Or I love him not, not I,
Nor he loves me!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete built her lodge, of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and featuously, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through all the country and all the land, that Nicolete was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. And the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and let make

a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin his son. Now at the high time of the feast, was Aucassin leaning from the gallery, all woeful and discomfited. Whatsoever men might devise of mirth, Aucassin had no joy thereof, nor no desire, for he saw not her that he loved. Then a knight looked on him, and came to him, and said:

"Aucassin, of that sickness of thine have I been sick, and good counsel will I give thee, if thou wilst hearken to me—"

"Sir," said Aucassin, "gramercy, good counsel would I fain hear."

"Mount thy horse," quoth he, "and go take thy pastime in yonder forest, there wilt thou see the good flowers and grass, and hear the sweet birds sing. Perchance thou shalt hear some word, whereby thou shalt be the better."

"Sir," quoth Aucassin, "gramercy, that will I do."

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He let saddle and bridle him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest, so rode till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

Here singeth one:

There were gathered shepherds all,
Martin, Esmeric, and Hal,
Aubrey, Robin, great and small.
Saith the one, "Good fellows all,
God keep Aucassin the fair,
And the maid with yellow hair,
Bright of brow and eyes of vair.
She that gave us gold to ware.
Cakes therewith to buy ye know,
Goodly knives and sheaths also.
Flutes to play, and pipes to blow,
May God him heal!"

Here speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the shepherds, anon he bethought him of Nicolete, his sweet lady he loved so well, and he deemed that she had passed thereby; then set he spurs to his horse, and so came to the shepherds.

"Fair boys, God be with you."

"God bless you," quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest.

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "say the song again that anon ye sang."

"Saiit it we will not," quoth he that had more

words to his tongue than the rest, "foul fall him who will sing it again for you, fair sir!"

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "know ye me not?"

"Yea, we know well that you are Aucassin, our damoiseau, nathless we be not your men, but the Count's."

"Fair boys, yet sing it again, I pray you."

"Hearken! by the Holy Heart," quoth he, "wherefore should I sing for you, if it likes me not? Lo, there is no such rich man in this country, saving the body of Garin the Count, that dare drive forth my oxen, or my cows, or my sheep, if he finds them in his fields, or his corn, lest he lose his eyes for it, and wherefore should I sing for you, if it likes me not?"

"God be your aid, fair boys, sing it ye will, and take ye these ten sols I have here in a purse."

"Sir, the money will we take, but never a note will I sing, for I have given my oath, but I will tell thee a plain tale, if thou wilst."

"By God," saith Aucassin, "I love a plain tale better than naught."

"Sir, we were in this place, a little time agone, between prime and tierce, and were eating our bread by this fountain, even as now we do, and a maid came past, the fairest thing in the world, whereby we deemed that she should be a fay, and all the wood shone round about her. Anon she gave us of that she had, whereby we made covenant with her, that if ye came hither we would bid you hunt in this forest, wherein is such a beast that, an ye might take him, ye would not give one limb of him for five hundred marks of silver, nor for no ransom; for this beast is so mighty of medicine, that, an ye could take him, ye should be healed of your torment, and within three days must ye take him, and if ye take him not then, never will ye look on him. So chase ye the beast, an ye will, or an ye will let be, for my promise have I kept with her."

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "ye have said enough. God grant me to find this quarry."

Here singeth one:

Aucassin when he had heard,
Sore within his heart was stirred,
Left the shepherds on that word,
Far into the forest spurred
Rode into the wood; and fleet
Fled his horse through paths of it,
Three words spake he of his sweet,
"Nicolete the fair, the dear,
'Tis for thee I follow here

Track of boar, nor slot of deer,
But thy sweet body and eyes so clear,
All thy mirth and merry cheer,
That my very heart have slain,
So please God to me maintain
I shall see my love again,
Sweet sister, friend!"

"Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin fared through the forest from path to path after Nicolete, and his horse bare him furiously. Think ye not that the thorns him spared, nor the briars, nay, not so, but tare his raiment, that scarce a knot might be tied with the soundest part thereof, and the blood sprang from his arms, and flanks, and legs, in forty places, or thirty, so that behind the Childe men might follow on the track of his blood in the grass. But so much he went in thoughts of Nicolete, his lady sweet, that he felt no pain nor torment, and all the day hurled through the forest in this fashion nor heard no word of her. And when he saw Vespers draw nigh, he began to weep for that he found her not. All down an old road, and grassgrown he fared, when anon, looking along the way before him, he saw such an one as I shall tell you. Tall was he, and great of growth, laidly and marvelous to look upon: his head huge, and black as charcoal, and more than the breadth of a hand between his two eyes, and great cheeks, and a big nose and broad, big nostrils and ugly, and thick lips redder than a collop, and great teeth yellow and ugly, and he was shod with hosen and shoon of bull's hide, bound with cords of bark over the knee, and all about him a great cloak twyfold, and he leaned on a grievous cudgel, and Aucassin came unto him, and was afraid when he beheld him.

"Fair brother, God aid thee."

"God bless you," quoth he.

"As God he helpeth thee, what makest thou here?"

"What is that to thee?"

"Nay, naught, naught," saith Aucassin, "I ask but out of courtesy."

"But for whom wepest thou," quoth he, "and makest such heavy lament? Certes, were I as rich a man as thou, the whole world should not make me weep."

"Ha! know ye me?" saith Aucassin.

"Yea, I know well that ye be Aucassin, the son of the Count, and if ye tell me for why ye weep, then will I tell you what I make here."

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "I will tell you right

gladly. Hither came I this morning to hunt in this forest; and with me a white hound, the fairest in the world; him have I lost, and for him I weep."

"By the Heart our Lord bare in his breast," quoth he, "are ye weeping for a stinking hound? Foul fall him that holds thee high henceforth! for there is no such rich man in the land, but if thy father asked it of him, he would give thee ten, or fifteen, or twenty, and be the gladder for it. But I have cause to weep and make dole."

"Wherfore so, brother?"

"Sir, I will tell thee. I was hireling to a rich villain, and drove his plow; four oxen had he. But three days since came on me great misadventure, whereby I lost the best of mine oxen, Roger, the best of my team. Him go I seeking, and have neither eaten nor drunken these three days, nor may I go to the town, lest they cast me into prison, seeing that I have not wherewithal to pay. Out of all the wealth of the world have I no more than ye see on my body. A poor mother bare me, that had no more but one wretched bed; this have they taken from under her, and she lies in the very straw. This ails me more than mine own case, for wealth comes and goes; if now I have lost, another tide will I gain, and will pay for mine ox whenas I may; never for that will I weep. But you weep for a stinking hound. Foul fall whoso thinks well of thee!"

"Certes thou art a good comforter, brother, blessed be thou! And of what price was thine ox?"

"Sir, they ask me twenty sols for him, whereof I cannot abate one doit."

"Nay, then," quoth Aucassin, "take these twenty sols I have in my purse, and pay for thine ox."

"Sir," saith he, "gramercy. And God give thee to find that thou seekest."

So they parted each from other, and Aucassin rode on: the night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolete had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolete, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolete his right sweet lady, that he

slipped on a stone, and drove his shoulder out of its place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, nathless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

10

Here one singeth:

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolete with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star,
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell.
I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

20

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Nicolete heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

"Fair sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair sweet love, be thou welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin, "but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

"Aucassin," saith she, "fair sweet love, take counsel what thou wilt do. If thy father let search this forest tomorrow, and men find me here, they will slay me, come to thee what will."

"Certes, fair sweet love, therefore should I sorrow heavily, but, an if I may, never shall they take thee."

Anon gat he on his horse, and his lady before him, kissing and clipping her, and so rode they at adventure.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight, and true lover,
From the forest doth he fare,
Holds his love before him there,
Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes,
But she spake in sober wise,
"Aucassin, true love and fair,
To what land do we repair?"
Sweet my love, I take no care,
Thou art with me everywhere!
So they pass the woods and downs,
Pass the villages and towns,
Hills and dales and open land,
Came at dawn to the sea sand,
Lighted down upon the strand,
Beside the sea.

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin lighted down and his love, as ye have heard sing. He held his horse by the bridle, and his lady by the hands; so went they along the sea shore, and on the sea they saw a ship, and he called unto the sailors, and they came to him. Then held he such speech with them, that he and his lady were brought aboard that ship, and when 30 they were on the high sea, behold a mighty wind and tyrannous arose, marvelous and great, and drove them from land to land, till they came unto a strange country, and won the haven of the castle of Torelore. Then asked they what this land might be, and men told them that it was the country of the King of Torelore. Then he asked what manner of man was he, and was there war afoot, and men said,

"Yea, and mighty!"

Therewith took he farewell of the merchants, and they commended him to God. Anon Aucassin mounted his horse, with his sword girt, and his lady before him, and rode at adventure till he was come to the castle. Then asked he where the King was, and they said that he was in childbed.

"Then where is his wife?"

And they told him she was with the host, and had led with her all the force of that country.

Now when Aucassin heard that saying, he made great marvel, and came into the castle, and lighted down, he and his lady, and his lady held his horse. Right so went he up into the castle, with his sword

girt, and fared hither and thither till he came to the chamber where the King was lying.

Here singeth one:

Aucassin the courteous knight
To the chamber went forthright,
To the bed with linen dight
Even where the King was laid.
There he stood by him and said:
"Fool, what makst thou here abed?"
Quoth the King: "I am brought to bed
Of a fair son, and anon
When my month is over and gone,
And my healing fairly done,
To the Minister will I fare
And will do my churching there,
As my father did repair.
Then will sally forth to war,
Then will drive my foes afar
From my countrie!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the King speak on this wise, he took all the sheets that covered him, and threw them all abroad about the chamber. Then saw he behind him a cudgel, and caught it into his hand, and turned, and took the King, and beat him till he was well-nigh dead.

"Ha! fair sir," quoth the King, "what would you with me? Art thou beside thyself, that beatest me in mine own house?"

"By God's heart," quoth Aucassin, "thou ill son of an ill wench, I will slay thee if thou swear not that never shall any man in all thy land lie in of child henceforth for ever."

So he did that oath, and when he had done it,

"Sir," said Aucassin, "bring me now where thy wife is with the host."

"Sir, with good will," quoth the King.

He mounted his horse, and Aucassin gat on his own, and Nicolete abode in the Queen's chamber.⁴⁰ Anon rode Aucassin and the King even till they came to that place where the Queen was, and lo! men were warring with baked apples, and with eggs, and with fresh cheeses, and Aucassin began to look on them, and made great marvel.

Here singeth one:

Aucassin his horse doth stay,
From the saddle watched the fray,
All the stour and fierce array;
Right, fresh cheeses carried they,
Apples baked, and mushrooms gray,
Whoso splasheth most the ford

He is master called and lord.
Aucassin doth gaze awhile,
Then began to laugh and smile,
And made game.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin beheld these marvels, he came to the King, and said, "Sir, be these thine enemies?"

⁴⁰ "Yea, Sir," quoth the King.

"And will ye that I should avenge you of them?"

"Yea," quoth he, "with all my heart."

Then Aucassin put hand to sword, and hurled among them, and began to smite to the right hand and the left, and slew many of them. And when the King saw that he slew them, he caught at his bridle and said,

"Ha! fair sir, slay them not in such wise."

²⁰ "How," quoth Aucassin, "will ye not that I should avenge you of them?"

"Sir," quoth the King, "over-much already hast thou avenged me. It is nowise our custom to slay each other."

Anon turned they and fled. Then the King and Aucassin betook them again to the castle of Torelore, and the folk of that land counseled the King to put Aucassin forth, and keep Nicolete for his son's wife, for that she seemed a lady high of lineage. And Nicolete heard them and had no joy of it, so began to say:

Here singeth one:

Thus she spake the bright of brow:
"Lord of Torelore and king,
Thy folk deem me a light thing,
When my love doth me embrace,
Fair he finds me, in good case,
Then am I in such derry,
Neither harp, nor lyre, nor lay,
Dance nor game, nor rebeck play
Were so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin dwelt in the castle of Torelore, in great ease and great delight, for that he had with him Nicolete his sweet love, whom he loved so well. Now while he was in such pleasure and such delight, came a troop of Saracens by sea, and laid siege to the castle and took it by main strength.

⁵⁰ Anon took they the substance that was therein and carried off the men and maidens captives. They seized Nicolete and Aucassin, and bound Aucassin hand and foot, and cast him into one

ship, and Nicolete into another. Then rose there a mighty wind over sea, and scattered the ships. Now that ship wherein was Aucassin, went wandering on the sea, till it came to the castle of Biaucaire, and the folk of the country ran together to wreck her, and there found they Aucassin, and they knew him again. So when they of Biaucaire saw their damoiseau, they made great joy of him, for Aucassin had dwelt full three years in the castle of Torelore, and his father and mother were dead. So the people took him to the castle of Biaucaire, and there were they all his men. And he held the land in peace.

Now leave we Aucassin, and speak we of Nicolete. The ship wherein she was cast pertained to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings. When they beheld Nicolete, how fair she was, they did her great worship, and made much joy of her, and many times asked her who she was, for surely seemed she a lady of noble line and high parentry. But she might not tell them of her lineage, for she was but a child when men stole her away. So sailed they till they won the City of Carthage, and when Nicolete saw the walls of the castle, and the country-side, she knew that there had she been nourished and thence stolen away, being but a child. Yet was she not so young a child but that well she knew she had been daughter of the King of Carthage; and of her nurture in that City.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete the good and true
To the land hath come anew,
Sees the palaces and walls,
And the houses and the halls!
Then she spake and said, "Alas!
That of birth so great I was,
Cousin of the Amiral
And the very child of him
Carthage counts King of Paynim,
Wild folk hold me here withal;
Nay, Aucassin, love of thee
Gentle knight, and true, and free,
Burns and wastes the heart of me.
Ah, God grant it of his grace,
That thou hold me, and embrace,
That thou kiss me on the face
Love and lord!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the King of Carthage heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he cast his arms about her neck.

"Fair sweet love," saith he, "tell me who thou art, and be not adread of me."

"Sir," said she, "I am daughter to the King of Carthage, and was taken, being then a little child, it is now fifteen years gone."

When all they of the court heard her speak thus, they knew well that she spake sooth: so made they great joy of her, and led her to the castle in great honor, as the King's daughter. And they would have given her to her lord a King of Paynim, but she had no mind to marry. There dwelt she three days or four. And she considered by that means she might seek for Aucassin. Then she got her a viol, and learned to play on it, till they would have married her on a day to a great King of Paynim, and she stole forth by night, and came to the seaport, and dwelt with a poor woman thereby. Then took she a certain herb, and therewith smeared her head and her face, till she was all brown and stained. And she let make coat, and mantle, and smock, and hose, and attired herself as if she had been a harper. So took she the viol and went to a mariner, and so wrought on him that he took her aboard his vessel. Then hoisted they sail, and fared on the high seas even till they came to the land of Provence. And Nicolete went forth and took the viol, and went playing through all that country, even till she came to the castle of Biaucaire, where Aucassin lay.

Here one singeth:

At Biaucaire below the tower
Sat Aucassin, on an hour,
Heard the bird, and watched the flower,
With his barons him beside,
Then came on him in that tide,
The sweet influence of love
And the memory thereof:
Thought of Nicolete the fair,
And the dainty face of her
He had loved so many years,
Then was he in dule and tears!
Even then came Nicolete
On the stair a foot she set,
And she drew the viol bow
Through the strings and chanted so;
"Listen, lords and knights, to me,
Lords of high or low degree,
To my story list will ye
All of Aucassin and her
That was Nicolete the fair?
And their love was long to tell
Deep woods through he sought
Paynims took them on a d.
In Torelore and bound the

Of Aucassin naught know we,
But fair Nicolete the free
Now in Carthage doth she dwell,
There her father loves her well,
Who is king of that countrie.
Her a husband hath he found,
Paynim lord that serves Mahound!
Ne'er with him the maid will go,
For she loves a damoiseau,
Aucassin, that ye may know,
Swears to God that never mo
With a lover she will go
Save with him she loveth so
In long desire."

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he was right joyful, and drew her on one side, and spoke, saying:

"Sweet fair friend, know ye nothing of this Nicolete, of whom ye have thus sung?"

"Yea, Sir, I know her for the noblest creature, and the most gentle, and the best that ever was born on ground. She is daughter to the King of Carthage that took her there where Aucassin was taken, and brought her into the city of Carthage, till he knew that verily she was his own daughter, whereon he made right great mirth. Anon wished he to give her for her lord one of the greatest kings of all Spain, but she would rather let herself be hanged or burned, than take any lord. how great ^{soever}"

"Ha! fair sweet friend," quoth the Count Aucas-sin, "if thou wilt go into that land again, and bid her come and speak to me, I will give thee of my substance, more than thou wouldest dare to ask or take. And know ye, that for the sake of her, I have no will to take a wife, howsoever high her lineage. So wait I for her, and never will I have a wife, but her only. And if I knew where to find her, no need would I have to seek her."

40

"Sir," quoth she, "if ye promise me that, I will go in quest of her for your sake, and for hers, that I love much."

So he sware to her, and anon let give her twenty ^s, and she departed from him, and he wept ² sweetness of Nicolete. And when she saw ³ sping, she said:

"uble not thyself so much withal. For in ⁴ e shall I have brought her into this city, ⁵ e her."

50

When Aucassin heard that, he was right glad thereof. And she departed from him, and went into the city to the house of the Captain's wife, for the Captain her father in God was dead. So she dwelt there, and told all her tale; and the Captain's wife knew her, and knew well that she was Nicolete that she herself had nourished. Then she let wash and bathe her, and there rested she eight full days. Then took she an herb that was named ¹⁰ Eyebright and anointed herself therewith, and was as fair as ever she had been all the days of her life. Then she clothed herself in rich robes of silk whereof the lady had great store, and then sat herself in the chamber on a silken coverlet, and called the lady and bade her go and bring Aucassin her love, and she did even so. And when she came to the Palace she found Aucassin weeping, and making lament for Nicolete his love, for that she delayed so long. And the lady spake unto him and ²⁰ said:

"Aucassin, sorrow no more, but come thou on with me, and I will shew thee the thing in the world that thou lovest best; even Nicolete thy dear love, who from far lands hath come to seek of thee." And Aucassin was right glad.

Here singeth one:

When Aucassin heareth now
That his lady bright of brow
Dwelleteth in his own countrie,
Never man was glad as he.
To her castle doth he hie
With the lady speedily,
Passeth to the chamber high,
Findeth Nicolete thereby.
Of her true love found again
Never maid was half so fain.
Straight she leaped upon her feet;
When his love he saw at last,
Arms about her did he cast,
Kissed her often, kissed her sweet
Kissed her lips and brows and eyes.
Thus all night do they devise,
Even till the morning white.
Then Aucassin wedded her,
Made her Lady of Biaucaire.
Many years abode they there,
Many years in shade or sun,
In great gladness and delight.
Ne'er hath Aucassin regret
Nor his lady Nicolete.
Now my story all is done,
Said and sung!

ABELARD AND HELOISE

Heloise to Abelard

To her Lord, her Father, her Husband, her Brother; his Servant, his Child, his Wife, his Sister, and to express all that is humble, respectful and loving to her Abelard, Heloise writes this.

A consolatory letter of yours to a friend happened some days since to fall into my hands; my knowledge of the writing and my love of the hand gave me the curiosity to open it. In justification of the liberty I took, I flattered myself I might claim a sovereign privilege over everything which came from you. Nor was I scrupulous to break through the rules of good breeding when I was to hear news of Abelard. But how dear did my curiosity cost me! What disturbance did it occasion, and how surprised I was to find the whole letter filled with a particular and melancholy account of our misfortunes! I met with my name a hundred times; I never saw it without fear—some heavy calamity always followed it. I saw yours too, equally unhappy.

These mournful but dear remembrances put my heart into such violent motion that I thought it was too much to offer comfort to a friend for a few slight disgraces, but such extraordinary means as the representation of our sufferings and revolutions. What reflections did I not make! I began to consider the whole afresh, and perceived myself pressed with the same weight of grief as when we first began to be miserable. Though length of time ought to have closed up my wounds, yet the seeing them described by your hand was sufficient to make them all open and bleed afresh. . . .

My tears, which I could not restrain, have blotted half your letter; I wish they had effaced the whole, and that I had returned it to you in that condition; I should then have been satisfied with the little time I kept it; but it was demanded of me too soon.

I must confess I was much easier in my mind before I read your letter. Surely all the misfortunes of lovers are conveyed to them through the eyes: upon reading your letter I feel all mine renewed. I reproached myself for having been so long without venting my sorrows, when the rage of our unrelenting enemies still burns with the same fury.

Since length of time, which disarms the strongest hatred, seems but to aggravate theirs; since it is decreed that your virtue shall be persecuted till it takes refuge in the grave—and even then, perhaps, your ashes will not be allowed to rest in peace!—let me always meditate on your calamities, let me publish them through all the world, if possible, to shame an age that has not known how to value you. . . .

Let me have a faithful account of all that concerns you; I would know everything, be it ever so unfortunate. Perhaps by mingling my sighs with yours I may make your sufferings less, for it is said that all sorrows divided are made lighter.

Tell me not by way of excuse you will spare me tears; the tears of women shut up in a melancholy place and devoted to penitence are not to be spared. And if you wait for an opportunity to write pleasant and agreeable things to us, you will delay writing too long. Prosperity seldom chooses the side of the virtuous, and fortune is so blind that in a crowd in which there is perhaps but one wise and brave man it is not to be expected that she should single him out. Write to me then immediately and wait not for miracles; they are too scarce, and we too much accustomed to misfortunes to expect a happy turn. I shall always have this, if you please, and this will always be agreeable to me, that when I receive any letter from you I shall know you still remember me. . . .

I have your picture in my room; I never pass it without stopping to look at it; and yet when you are present with me I scarce ever cast my eyes on it. If a picture, which is but a mute representation of an object, can give such pleasure, what cannot letters inspire? They have souls; they can speak; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart; they have all the fire of our passions, they can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present; they have all the tenderness and the delicacy of speech, and sometimes even a boldness of expression beyond it.

We may write to each other; so innocent a pleasure is not denied us. Let us not lose through negligence the only happiness which is left us, and the only one perhaps which the malice of our enemies can never ravish from us. I shall read that you are my husband and you shall see me sign myself your wife. In spite of all our misfortunes

you may be what you please in your letter. Letters were first invented for consoling such solitary wretches as myself. Having lost the substantial pleasures of seeing and possessing you, I shall in some measure compensate this loss by the satisfaction I shall find in your writing. There I shall read your most sacred thoughts; I shall carry them always about with me, I shall kiss them every moment; if you can be capable of any jealousy let it be for the fond caresses I shall bestow upon your letters, and envy only the happiness of those rivals.

That writing may be no trouble to you, write always to me carelessly and without study; I had rather read the dictates of the heart than of the brain. I cannot live if you will not tell me that you still love me; but that language ought to be so natural to you, that I believe you cannot speak otherwise to me without violence to yourself. And since by this melancholy relation to your friend you have awakened all my sorrows, 'tis but reasonable you should allay them by some tokens of your unchanging love. . . .

You cannot but remember (for lovers cannot forget) with what pleasure I have passed whole days in hearing your discourse. How when you were absent I shut myself from everyone to write to you; how uneasy I was till my letter had come to your hands; what artful management it required to engage messengers. This detail perhaps surprises you, and you are in pain for what may follow. But I am no longer ashamed that my passion had no bounds for you, for I have done more than all this. I have hated myself that I might love you. I came hither to ruin myself in a perpetual imprisonment that I might make you live quietly and at ease.

Nothing but virtue, joined to a love perfectly disengaged from the senses, could have produced such effects. Vice never inspires anything like this: it is too much enslaved to the body. When we love 40 pleasures we love the living and not the dead. We leave off burning with desire for those who can no longer burn for us. This was my cruel uncle's notion; he measured my virtue by the frailty of my sex, and thought it was the man and not the person I loved. But he has been guilty to no purpose. I love you more than ever; and so revenge myself on him. I will still love you with all the tenderness of my soul till the last moment of my life. If, formerly, my affection for you was not so pure, if in those days both mind and body loved you, I often told you even then that I was more pleased with possessing your heart than with any other happy-

ness, and the man was the thing I least valued in you.

You cannot but be entirely persuaded of this by the extreme unwillingness I showed to marry you, though I knew that the name of wife was honorable in the world and holy in religion; yet the name of your mistress had greater charms because it was more free. The bonds of matrimony, however honorable, still bear with them a necessary engagement, and I was very unwilling to be necessitated to love always a man who would perhaps not always love me. I despised the name of wife that I might live happy with that of mistress; and I find by your letter to your friend you have not forgot that delicacy of passion which loved you always with the utmost tenderness—and yet wished to love you more!

You have very justly observed in your letter that I esteemed those public engagements insipid which form alliances only to be dissolved by death, and which put life and love under the same unhappy necessity. But you have not added how often I have protested that it was infinitely preferable to me to live with Abelard as his mistress than with any other as Empress of the World. I was more happy in obeying you than I should have been as lawful spouse of the King of the Earth. Riches and pomp are not the charm of love. True tenderness makes us separate the lover from all that is external to him, and setting aside his position, fortune, or employments, consider him merely as himself. . . .

It is not love, but the desire of riches and position which makes a woman run into the embraces of an indolent husband. Ambition, and not affection, forms such marriages. I believe indeed they may be followed with some honors and advantages, but I can never think that this is the way to experience the pleasures of affectionate union, nor to feel those subtle and charming joys when hearts long parted are at last united. These martyrs of marriage pine always for larger fortunes which they think they have missed. The wife sees husbands richer than her own, and the husband wives better portioned than his. Their mercenary vows occasion regret, and regret produces hatred. Soon they part—or else desire to. This restless and tormenting passion for gold punishes them for aiming at other advantages by love than love itself.

If there is anything that may properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded it is the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination, and satisfied with each other's merits. Their

hearts are full and leave no vacancy for any other passion; they enjoy perpetual tranquillity because they enjoy content. . . .

What rivalries did your gallantries of this kind occasion me! How many ladies lay claim to them? 'Twas a tribute their self-love paid to their beauty. How many have I seen with sighs declare their passion for you when, after some common visit you had made them, they chanced to be complimented for the Sylvia of your poems. Others in despair and envy have reproached me that I had no charms but what your wit bestowed on me, nor in anything the advantage over them but in being beloved by you. Can you believe me if I tell you, that notwithstanding my sex, I thought myself peculiarly happy in having a lover to whom I was obliged for my charms; and took a secret pleasure in being admired by a man who, when he pleased, could raise his mistress to the character of a goddess. Pleased with your glory only, I read with delight all those praises you offered me, and without reflecting how little I deserved, I believed myself such as you described, that I might be more certain that I pleased you.

But oh! where is that happy time? I now lament my lover, and of all my joys have nothing but the painful memory that they are past. Now learn, all you my rivals who once viewed my happiness with jealous eyes, that he you once envied me can never more be mine. I loved him; my love was his crime and the cause of his punishment. My beauty once charmed him; pleased with each other, we passed our brightest days in tranquillity and happiness. If that were a crime, 'tis a crime I am yet fond of, and I have no other regret save that against my will I must now be innocent.

But what do I say? My misfortune was to have cruel relatives whose malice destroyed the calm we enjoyed; had they been reasonable I had now been happy in the enjoyment of my dear husband. Oh! how cruel were they when their blind fury urged a villain to surprise you in your sleep! Where was I—where was your Heloise then? What joy should I have had in defending my lover; I would have guarded you from violence at the expense of my life. Oh! whither does this excess of passion hurry me? Here love is shocked and modesty deprives me of words.

But tell me whence proceeds your neglect of me since my being professed? You know nothing moved me to it but your disgrace, nor did I give my consent, but yours. Let me hear what is the occasion of your coldness, or give me leave to tell

you now my opinion. Was it not the sole thought of pleasure which engaged you to me? And has not my tenderness, by leaving you nothing to wish for, extinguished your desires?

Wretched Heloise! you could please when you wished to avoid it; you merited incense when you could remove to a distance the hand that offered it; but since your heart has been softened and has yielded, since you have devoted and sacrificed yourself, you are deserted and forgotten!

I am convinced by a sad experience that it is natural to avoid those to whom we have been too much obliged, and that uncommon generosity causes neglect rather than gratitude. My heart surrendered too soon to gain the esteem of the conqueror; you took it without difficulty and threw it aside with ease. But ungrateful as you are I am no consenting party to this, and though I ought not to retain a wish of my own, yet I still preserve secretly the desire to be loved by you.

When I pronounced my sad vow I then had about me your last letters in which you protested your whole being wholly mine, and would never live but to love me. It is to you therefore I have offered myself; you had my heart and I had yours; do not demand anything back. You must bear with my passion as a thing which of right belongs to you, and from which you can be no ways disengaged.

Alas! what folly it is to talk in this way! I see nothing here but marks of the Deity, and I speak of nothing but man! You have been the cruel occasion of this by your conduct, unfaithful one! Ought you at once to break off loving me! Why did you not deceive me for a while rather than immediately abandon me? If you had given me at least some faint signs of a dying passion I would have favored the deception. But in vain do I flatter myself that you could be constant; you have left no vestige of an excuse for you. I am earnestly desirous to see you, but if that be impossible I will content myself with a few lines from your hand.

Is it so hard for one who loves to write? I ask for none of your letters filled with learning and writ for your reputation; all I desire is such letters as the heart dictates, and which the hand cannot transcribe fast enough. How did I deceive myself with hopes that you would be wholly mine when I took the veil, and engaged myself to live forever under your laws? For in being professed I vowed no more than to be yours only, and I forced myself voluntarily to a confinement which you desired for me. Death only then can make me leave the cloister where you have placed me; and then my ashes

shall rest here and wait for yours in order to show to the very last my obedience and devotion to you.

Why should I conceal from you the secret of my call? You know it was neither zeal nor devotion that brought me here. Your conscience is too faithful a witness to permit you to disown it. Yet here I am, and here I will remain; to this place an unfortunate love and a cruel relation have condemned me. But if you do not continue your concern for me, if I lose your affection, what have I gained by my imprisonment? What recompense can I hope for? The unhappy consequences of our love and your disgrace have made me put on the habit of chastity, but I am not penitent of the past. Thus I strive and labor in vain. Among those who are wedded to God I am wedded to a man; among the heroic supporters of the Cross I am the slave of a human desire; at the head of a religious community I am devoted to Abelard alone.

What a monster am I! Enlighten me, O Lord, for I know not if my despair of Thy grace draws these words from me! I am, I confess, a sinner, but one who, far from weeping for her sins, weeps only for her lover; far from abhorring her crimes, longs only to add to them; and who, with a weakness unbecoming my state, please myself continually with the remembrance of past delights when it is impossible to renew them.

Good God! What is all this? I reproach myself for my own faults, I accuse you for yours, and to what purpose? Veiled as I am, behold in what a disorder you have plunged me! How difficult it is to fight for duty against inclination. I know what obligations this veil lays upon me, but I feel more strongly what power an old passion has over my heart. . . .

Oh, for pity's sake help a wretch to renounce her desires—her self—and if possible even to renounce you! If you are a lover—a father, help a mistress, comfort a child! These tender names must surely move you; yield either to pity or to love. If you gratify my request I shall continue a religious, and without longer profaning my calling.

I am ready to humble myself with you to the wonderful goodness of God, who does all things for our sanctification, who by His grace purifies all that is vicious and corrupt, and by the great riches of His mercy draws us against our wishes, and by degrees opens our eyes to behold His bounty which at first we could not perceive. . . .

A heart which has loved as mine cannot soon be indifferent. We fluctuate long between love and hatred before we can arrive at tranquillity, and we

always flatter ourselves with some forlorn hope that we shall not be utterly forgotten.

Yes, Abelard, I conjure you by the chains I bear here to ease the weight of them, and make them as agreeable as I would they were to me. Teach me the maxims of Divine Love; since you have forsaken me I would glory in being wedded to Heaven. My heart adores that title and disdains any other; tell me how this Divine Love is nourished, how it works, how it purifies.

When we were tossed on the ocean of the world we could hear of nothing but your verses, which published everywhere our joys and pleasures. Now we are in the haven of grace is it not fit you should discourse to me of this new happiness, and teach me everything that might heighten or improve it? Show me the same complaisance in my present condition as you did when we were in the world. Without changing the ardor of our affections let us change their objects; let us leave our songs and sing hymns; let us lift up our hearts to God and have no transports but for His glory!

I expect this from you as a thing you cannot refuse me. God has a peculiar right over the hearts of great men He has created. When He pleases to touch them He ravishes them, and lets them not speak nor breathe but for His glory. Till that moment of grace arrives, O think of me—do not forget me—remember my love and fidelity and constancy: love me as your mistress, cherish me as your child, your sister, your wife! Remember I still love you, and yet strive to avoid loving you. What a terrible saying is this! I shake with horror, and my heart revolts against what I say. I shall blot all my paper with tears. I end my long letter wishing you, if you desire it (would to Heaven I could!), forever adieu!

Abelard to Heloise

Could I have imagined that a letter not written to yourself would fall into your hands, I had been more cautious not to have inserted anything in it which might awaken the memory of our past misfortunes. I described with boldness the series of my disgraces to a friend, in order to make him less sensible to a loss he had sustained.

If by this well-meaning device I have disturbed you, I purpose now to dry up those tears which the sad description occasioned you to shed; I intend to mix my grief with yours, and pour out my heart before you: in short, to lay open before your eyes all my trouble, and the secret of my soul, which my vanity has hitherto made me con-

ceal from the rest of the world, and which you now force from me, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary.

It is true, that in a sense of the afflictions which have befallen us, and observing that no change of our condition could be expected; that those prosperous days which had seduced us were now past, and there remained nothing but to erase from our minds, by painful endeavors, all marks and remembrances of them. I had wished to find in philosophy and religion a remedy for my disgrace; I searched out an asylum to secure me from love. I was come to the sad experiment of making vows to harden my heart.

But what have I gained by this? If my passion has been put under a restraint my thoughts yet run free. I promise myself that I will forget you, and yet cannot think of it without loving you. My love is not at all lessened by those reflections I make in order to free myself. The silence I am surrounded by makes me more sensible to its impressions, and while I am unemployed with any other things, this makes itself the business of my whole vocation. Till after a multitude of useless endeavors I begin to persuade myself that it is a superfluous trouble to strive to free myself; and that it is sufficient wisdom to conceal from all but you how confused and weak I am.

I remove to a distance from your person with an intention of avoiding you as an enemy; and yet I incessantly seek for you in my mind; I recall your image in my memory, and in different disquietudes I betray and contradict myself. I hate you! I love you! Shame presses me on all sides.

I am at this moment afraid I should seem more indifferent than you fare, and yet I am ashamed to discover my trouble. How weak are we in ourselves if we do not support ourselves on the Cross of Christ. Shall we have so little courage, and shall that uncertainty of serving two masters which afflicts your heart affect mine too? You see the confusion I am in, how I blame myself and how I suffer.

Religion commands me to pursue virtue since I have nothing to hope for from love. But love still preserves its dominion over my fancies and entertains itself with past pleasures. Memory supplies the place of a mistress. Piety and duty are not always the fruits of retirement; even in deserts, when the dew of heaven falls not on us, we love what we ought no longer to love.

The passions, stirred up by solitude, fill these regions of death and silence; it is very seldom that

what ought to be is truly followed here and that God only is loved and served. Had I known this before, I had instructed you better. You call me your master; it is true you were entrusted to my care. I saw you, I was earnest to teach you vain sciences; it cost you your innocence and me my liberty.

Your uncle, who was fond of you, became my enemy and revenged himself on me. If now having lost the power of satisfying my passion I had also lost that of loving you, I should have some consolation. My enemies would have given me that tranquillity which Origen¹ purchased with a crime. How miserable am I! I find myself much more guilty in my thoughts of you, even amidst my tears, than in possessing you when I was in full liberty. I continually think of you; I continually call to mind your tenderness.

In this condition, O Lord! if I run to prostrate myself before your altar, if I beseech you to pity me, why does not the pure flame of the Spirit consume the sacrifice that is offered? Cannot this habit of penitence which I wear interest Heaven to treat me more favorably? But Heaven is still inexorable, because my passion still lives in me; the fire is only covered over with deceitful ashes, and cannot be extinguished but by extraordinary grace. We deceive men, but nothing is hid from God.

You tell me that it is for me you live under that veil which covers you; why do you profane your vocation with such words? Why provoke a jealous God with a blasphemy? I hoped after our separation you would have changed your sentiments; I hoped too that God would have delivered me from the tumult of my senses. We commonly die to the affections of those we see no more, and they to ours; absence is the tomb of love. But to me absence is an unquiet remembrance of what I once loved which continually torments me. I flattered myself that when I should see you no more you would rest in my memory without troubling my mind; that Brittany and the sea would suggest other thoughts; that my fasts and studies would by degrees delete you from my heart. But in spite of severe fasts and redoubled studies, in spite of the distance of three hundred miles which separates us, your image, as you describe yourself in your veil, appears to me and confounds all my resolutions.

What means have I not used! I have armed my hands against myself; I have exhausted my strength in constant exercises; I comment upon Saint Paul; I contend with Aristotle: in short, I do all I used

¹ Origen (185-254), philosopher of Alexandria, whose views gave rise to bitter theological struggles.

to do before I loved you, but all in vain; nothing can be successful that opposes you. Oh! do not add to my miseries by your constancy . . . Why use your eloquence to reproach me for my flight and for my silence? Spare the recital of our assignations and your constant exactness to them; without calling up such disturbing thoughts I have enough to suffer. What great advantages would philosophy give us over other men, if by studying it we could learn to govern our passions? What efforts, what relapses, what agitations do we undergo! And how long are we lost in this confusion, unable to exert our reason, to possess our souls, or to rule our affections? . . .

How can I separate from the person I love, the passion I should detest? Will the tears I shed be sufficient to render it odious to me? I know not how it happens, there is always a pleasure in weeping for a beloved object. It is difficult in our sorrow to distinguish penitence from love. The memory of the crime and the memory of the object which has charmed us are too nearly related to be immediately separated. And the love of God in its beginning does not wholly annihilate the love of the creature.

But what excuses could I not find in you if the crime were excusable? Unprofitable honor, troublesome riches, could never tempt me: but those charms, that beauty, that air, which I yet behold at this instant, have occasioned my fall. Your looks were the beginning of my guilt; your eyes, your discourse, pierced my heart; and in spite of that ambition and glory which tried to make a defense, love was soon the master.

God, in order to punish me, forsook me. You are no longer of the world; you have renounced it: I am a religious devoted to solitude; shall we not take advantage of our condition? Would you destroy my piety in its infant state? Would you have me forsake the abbey into which I am but newly entered? Must I renounce my vows? I have made them in the presence of God; whither shall I fly from His wrath should I violate them? Suffer me to seek ease in my duty. . . .

Regard me no more, I entreat you, as a founder or any great personage; your praises ill agree with my many weaknesses. I am a miserable sinner, prostrate before my Judge, and with my face pressed to the earth I mix my tears with the earth. Can you see me in this posture and solicit me to love you? Come, if you think fit, and in your holy habit thrust yourself between my God and me, and be a wall of separation. Come and force from me

those sighs and thoughts and vows I owe to Him alone. Assist the evil spirits and be the instrument of their malice. What cannot you induce a heart to do whose weakness you so perfectly know?

Nay, withdraw yourself and contribute to my salvation. Suffer me to avoid destruction, I entreat you by our former tender affection and by our now common misfortune. It will always be the highest love to show none; I here release you from all your oaths and engagements. Be God's wholly, to whom you are appropriated; I will never oppose so pious a design. How happy shall I be if I thus lose you! Then shall I indeed be a religious and you a perfect example of an abbess.

Make yourself amends by so glorious a choice; make your virtue a spectacle worthy of men and angels. Be humble among your children, assiduous in your choir, exact in your discipline, diligent in your reading; make even your recreations useful.

²⁰ Have you purchased your vocation at so light a rate that you should not turn it to the best advantage? Since you have permitted yourself to be abused by false doctrine and criminal instruction, resist not those good counsels which grace and religion inspire me with.

I will confess to you I have thought myself hitherto an abler master to instill vice than to teach virtue. My false eloquence has only set off false good. My heart, drunk with voluptuousness, could only suggest terms proper and moving to recommend that. The cup of sinners overflows with so enchanting a sweetness, and we are naturally so much inclined to taste it, that it needs only to be offered to us.

On the other hand the chalice of saints is filled with a bitter draught and nature starts from it. And yet you reproach me with cowardice for giving it to you first. I willingly submit to these accusations. I cannot enough admire the readiness you showed to accept the religious habit; bear therefore with courage the Cross you so resolutely took up. Drink of the chalice of saints, even to the bottom, without turning your eyes with uncertainty upon me; let me remove far from you and obey the Apostle who hath said "Fly!"

⁴⁰ You entreat me to return under a pretense of devotion. Your earnestness in this point creates a suspicion in me and makes me doubtful how to answer you. Should I commit an error here my words would blush, if I may say so, after the history of our misfortunes. The Church is jealous of its honor, and commands that her children should be induced to the practice of virtue by virtuous

means. When we approach God in a blameless manner then we may with boldness invite others to Him.

But to forget Heloise, to see her no more, is what Heaven demands of Abelard; and to expect nothing from Abelard, to forget him even as an idea, is what Heaven enjoins on Heloise. To forget, in the case of love, is the most necessary penance, and the most difficult. It is easy to recount our faults; how many, through indiscretion, have made themselves a second pleasure of this instead of confessing them with humility. The only way to return to God is by neglecting the creature we have adored, and adoring the God whom we have neglected. This may appear harsh, but it must be done if we would be saved.

To make it more easy consider why I pressed you to your vow before I took mine; and pardon my sincerity and the design I have of meriting your neglect and hatred if I conceal nothing from you. When I saw myself oppressed by my misfortune I was furiously jealous, and regarded all men as my rivals. Love has more of distrust than assurance. I was apprehensive of many things because of my many defects, and being tormented with fear because of my own example I imagined your heart so accustomed to love that it could not be long without entering on a new engagement. Jealousy can easily believe the most terrible things.

I was desirous to make it impossible for me to doubt you. I was very urgent to persuade you that propriety demanded your withdrawal from the eyes of the world; that modesty and our friendship required it; and that your own safety obliged it. After such a revenge taken on me you could expect to be secure nowhere but in a convent.

I will do you justice, you were very easily persuaded. My jealousy secretly rejoiced in your innocent compliance; and yet, triumphant as I was, I yielded you up to God with an unwilling heart. I still kept my gift as much as was possible, and only parted with it in order to keep it out of the power of other men. I did not persuade you to religion out of any regard to your happiness, but condemned you to it like an enemy who destroys what he cannot carry off. And yet you heard my discourses with kindness, you sometimes interrupted me with tears, and pressed me to acquaint you with those convents I held in the highest esteem. What a comfort I felt in seeing you shut up. I was now at ease and took a satisfaction in considering that you continued no longer in the world after my disgrace, and that you would return to it no more.

But still I was doubtful. I imagined women were incapable of steadfast resolutions unless they were forced by the necessity of vows. I wanted those vows, and Heaven itself for your security, that I might no longer distrust you. Ye holy mansions and impenetrable retreats! from what innumerable apprehensions have ye freed me? Religion and piety keep a strict guard around your grates and walls. What a haven of rest this is to a jealous mind! And with what impatience did I endeavor after it!

I went every day trembling to exhort you to this sacrifice; I admired, without daring to mention it then, a brightness in your beauty which I had never observed before. Whether it was the bloom of a rising virtue, or an anticipation of the great loss I was to suffer, I was not curious in examining the cause, but only hastened your being professed. I engaged your prioress in my guilt by a criminal bribe with which I purchased the right of burying you. The professed of the house were alike bribed and concealed from you, at my directions, all their scruples and disgusts. I omitted nothing, either little or great; and if you had escaped my snares I myself would not have retired; I was resolved to follow you everywhere. The shadow of myself would always have pursued your steps and continually have occasioned either your confusion or your fear, which would have been a sensible gratification to me.

But, thanks to Heaven, you resolved to take the vows. I accompanied you to the foot of the altar, and while you stretched out your hand to touch the sacred cloth I heard you distinctly pronounce those fatal words that forever separated you from man. Till then I thought your youth and beauty would foil my design and force your return to the world. Might not a small temptation have changed you? Is it possible to renounce oneself entirely at the age of two-and-twenty? At an age which claims the utmost liberty could you think the world no longer worth your regard? How much did I wrong you, and what weakness did I impute to you? You were in my imagination both light and inconstant. Would not a woman at the noise of the flames and the fall of Sodom involuntarily look back in pity on some person? I watched your eyes, your every movement, your air; I trembled at everything. You may call such self-interested conduct treachery, perfidy, murder. A love so like to hatred should provoke the utmost contempt and anger.

It is fit you should know that the very moment when I was convinced of your being entirely de-

voted to me, when I saw you were infinitely worthy of all my love, I imagined I could love you no more. I thought it time to leave off giving you marks of my affection, and I considered that by your Holy Espousals you were now the peculiar care of Heaven, and no longer a charge on me as my wife. My jealousy seemed to be extinguished. When God only is our rival we have nothing to fear; and being in greater tranquillity than ever before I even dared to pray to Him to take you away from my eyes.

But it was not a time to make rash prayers, and my faith did not warrant them being heard. Necessity and despair were at the root of my proceedings, and thus I offered an insult to Heaven rather than a sacrifice. God rejected my offering and my prayer, and continued my punishment by suffering me to continue my love. Thus I bear alike the guilt of your vows and of the passion that preceded them, and must be tormented the rest of my life.²⁰

If God spoke to your heart as to that of a religious whose innocence had first asked Him for favors, I should have matter of comfort; but to see both of us the victims of a guilty love, to see this love insult us in our very habits and spoil our devotions, fills me with horror and trembling. Is this a state of reprobation? Or are these the consequences of a long drunkenness in profane love?

We cannot say love is a poison and a drunkenness till we are illuminated by grace; in the meantime it is an evil we dote on. When we are under such a mistake, the knowledge of our misery is the first step towards amendment. Who does not know that 'tis for the glory of God to find no other reason in man for His mercy than man's very weakness? When He has shown us this weakness and we have bewailed it, He is ready to put forth His omnipotence and assist us. Let us say for our comfort that what we suffer is one of those terrible temptations which have sometimes disturbed the vocations of the most holy.⁴⁰

God can grant His presence to men in order to soften their calamities whenever He shall think fit. It was His pleasure when you took the veil to draw you to Him by His grace. I saw your eyes, when you spoke your last farewell, fixed upon the Cross. It was more than six months before you wrote me a letter, nor during all that time did I receive a message from you. I admired this silence, which I durst not blame, but could not imitate. I wrote to you, and you returned me no answer: your heart was then shut, but this garden of the spouse is now opened; He is withdrawn from it and has left you lone.

By removing from you He has made trial of you; call Him back and strive to regain Him. We must have the assistance of God, that we may break our chains; we are too deeply in love to free ourselves.

Our follies have penetrated into the sacred places; our amours have been a scandal to the whole kingdom. They are read and admired; love which produced them has caused them to be described. We shall be a consolation to the failings of youth forever; those who offend after us will think themselves less guilty. We are criminals whose repentance is late; oh, let it be sincere! Let us repair as far as is possible the evils we have done, and let France, which has been the witness of our crimes, be amazed at our repentance. Let us confound all who would imitate our guilt; let us take the side of God against ourselves, and by so doing prevent His judgment.

Our former lapses require tears, shame, and sorrow to expiate them. Let us offer up these sacrifices from our hearts, let us blush and let us weep. If in these feeble beginnings, O Lord, our hearts are not entirely Thine, let them at least feel that they ought to be so.

Deliver yourself, Heloise, from the shameful remains of a passion which has taken too deep root. Remember that the least thought for any other than God is an adultery. If you could see me here with my meager face and melancholy air, surrounded with numbers of persecuting monks, who are alarmed at my reputation for learning and offended at my lean visage, as if I threatened them with a reformation, what would you say of my base sighs and of those unprofitable tears which deceive these credulous men? Alas! I am humbled under love, and not under the Cross. Pity me and free yourself. If your vocation be, as you say, my work, deprive me not of the merit of it by your continual inquietudes.

Tell me you will be true to the habit which covers you by an inward retirement. Fear God, that you may be delivered from your frailties; love Him that you may advance in virtue. Be not restless in the cloister, for it is the peace of saints. Embrace your bands, they are the chains of Christ Jesus; He will lighten them and bear them with you, if you will but accept them with humility.

Without growing severe to a passion that still possesses you, learn from your misery to succor your weak sisters; pity them upon consideration of your own faults. And if any thoughts too natural should importune you, fly to the foot of the Cross and there beg for mercy.

At the head of a religious society be not a slave, and having rule over queens, begin to govern yourself. Blush at the least revolt of your senses. Remember that even at the foot of the altar we often sacrifice to lying spirits, and that no incense can be more agreeable to them than the earthly passion that still burns in the heart of a religious.

If during your abode in the world your soul has acquired a habit of loving, feel it now no more save for Jesus Christ. Repent of all the moments of your life which you have wasted in the world and on pleasure; demand them of me, 'tis a robbery of which I am guilty; take courage and boldly reproach me with it.

I have been indeed your master, but it was only to teach sin. You call me your father; before I had any claim to the title, I deserved that of parricide. I am your brother, but it is the affinity of sin that brings me that distinction. I am called your husband, but it is after a public scandal.

If you have abused the sanctity of so many holy terms in the superscription of your letter to do me honor and flatter your own passion, blot them out and replace them with those of murderer, villain, and enemy, who has conspired against your honor, troubled your quiet, and betrayed your innocence. You would have perished through my means but for an extraordinary act of grace, which, that you might be saved, has thrown me down in the middle of my course.

This is the thought you ought to have of a fugitive who desires to deprive you of the hope of ever seeing him again. But when love has once been sincere how difficult it is to determine to love no more! 'Tis a thousand times more easy to renounce the world than love. I hate this deceitful,

faithless world; I think no more of it; but my wandering heart still eternally seeks you, and is filled with anguish at having lost you, in spite of all the powers of my reason. In the meantime, though I should be so cowardly as to retract what you have read, do not suffer me to offer myself to your thoughts save in this last fashion.

Remember my last worldly endeavors were to seduce your heart; you perished by my means and I with you: the same waves swallowed us up. We waited for death with indifference, and the same death had carried us headlong to the same punishments. But Providence warded off the blow, and our shipwreck has thrown us into a haven.

There are some whom God saves by suffering. Let my salvation be the fruit of your prayers; let me owe it to your tears and your exemplary holiness. Though my heart, Lord, be filled with the love of Thy creature, Thy hand can, when it pleases, empty me of all love save for Thee.

To love Heloise truly is to leave her to that quiet which retirement and virtue afford. I have resolved it: this letter shall be my last fault. Adieu.

If I die here I will give orders that my body be carried to the house of the Paraclete. You shall see me in that condition, not to demand tears from you, for it will be too late; weep rather for me now and extinguish the fire which burns me.

You shall see me in order that your piety may be strengthened by horror of this carcass, and my death be eloquent to tell you what you brave when you love a man. I hope you will be willing, when you have finished this mortal life, to be buried near me. Your cold ashes need then fear nothing, and my tomb shall be the more rich and renowned.

SPANISH BALLADS

Abenamar, Abenamar

O thou Moor of *Morería*,
There were mighty signs and aspects
On the day when thou wert born,
Calm and lovely was the ocean,
Bright and full the moon above.
Moor, the child of such an aspect
Never ought to answer falsely.
Then replied the Moorish captive,
(You shall hear the Moor's reply):
Nor will I untruly answer,
Though I died for saying truth.
I am son of Moorish sire.

5

10

My mother was a Christian slave.
In my childhood, in my boyhood,
Often would my mother bid me
Never know the liar's shame.
Ask thou, therefore, King, thy question.
Truly will I answer thee.

Thank thee, thank thee, Abenamar,
For thy gentle answer, thanks.
What are yonder lofty castles,
Those that shine so bright on high?

That, O King, is the Alhambra,
Yonder is the Mosque of God.

There you see the Alixares,
Works of skill and wonder they;
Ten times ten doubloons the builder
Daily for his hire received;
If an idle day he wasted
Ten times ten doubloons he paid.
Farther is the Generalife,
Peerless are its garden groves.
Those are the Vermilion Towers,
Far and wide their fame is known.

Then spake up the King Don Juan
(You shall hear the Monarch's speech):
Wouldst thou marry me Granada,
Gladly would I for thy dowry
Cordoba and Seville give.

I am married, King Don Juan.
King, I am not yet a widow.
Well I love my noble husband.
Well my wedded Lord loves me.

The Lamentation for Celin

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe!—
“What tower is fallen? what star is set; what chief come these bewailing?”
“A tower is fallen! a star is set!—Alas! alas for Celin!”
Three times they knock, three times they cry,—and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,—
For all have heard the misery,—“Alas! alas for Celin!”
Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood,—
Twas at the solemn jousting,—around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair

25 Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share:
But now the nobles all lament,—the ladies are bewailing,—
For he was Granada's darling knight,—“Alas! alas for Celin!”

30 Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
20 Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry,—“Alas! alas for Celin!”

O, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all!
26 His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,—
Its sound is like no earthly sound,—“Alas! alas for Celin!”

30 The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the loud bewailing,
35 From door and lattice, high and low,—“Alas! alas for Celin!”

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry,—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eyes;
“Twas she that nursed him at her breast,—that nursed him long ago:
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
40 With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing,—
“Let me kiss my Celin, ere I die!—Alas! alas for Celin!”

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